



## SECTION II.

## The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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## A REUNION CONVENTION?

There is much talk now among our young people, particularly the ex-servicemen, about holding a reunion convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. To be sure, the league has been dormant since its last annual convention, the ninth, held in Detroit over the Labor Day weekend of 1941. But now that the war is over and younger generation activities are taking on new life, it is argued that the league should call a convention of representatives of young people's clubs throughout the nation.

The specific purpose of the convention would be threefold: (1) to afford the young delegates the opportunity to discuss the possibilities of future younger generation development, (2) to consider the question whether the league should be revived with younger blood, as those who founded and developed it are no longer youth today, or whether younger generation activity on a national scale should take on a different form, (3) to enable old friends and acquaintances who have not seen each other in most instances since Pearl Harbor to meet again, and thereby strengthen the ties of a common background and cultural heritage that are indispensable to Ukrainian American life and progress.

In our opinion these and other reasons for holding the proposed reunion convention of the league are sound. By now it is a recognized fact that the youth league national conventions and regional rallies played an important part in keeping our young people together and active in Ukrainian American life. Future gatherings of a similar nature are bound to do likewise. That is why they should be encouraged, and held. Now the question is—when should the proposed reunion league convention be held?

We think that it should be held not sooner than next summer or thereabouts, preferably on some holiday weekend, either Decoration Day, Fourth of July, both of which will fall on a Thursday next year, or Labor Day on the usual Monday. By then most of our servicemen will be home, life will be more normal, and traveling easier. Local rallies, of course, can be held sooner. The Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut, for instance, is holding a state convention on December 2.

## Plan to Attend Washington Congress

In the meanwhile, until such a national reunion league convention is held, we strongly urge our young people to concentrate upon the highly important Third Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent to be held Saturday, January 26, 1941 in Hotel Washington, Washington, D. C. Key-

noted by "Our role in America's peace effort," the congress will be attended by delegates of clubs, societies and parishes from all over the country.

It is highly desirable that as many of our younger generation clubs as possible be represented at this congress, so that the younger generation views may find adequate expression there. There too some of younger generation people can be elected to office in the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, which is sponsoring the congress.

The coming congress will afford our young people their first opportunity for a national reunion, not only among themselves but, what is equally important, with the older folks as well.

Likewise it will be a great opportunity for them to cooperate with the older folks in planning future Ukrainian American activity designed to support our country's peace effort and, at the same time, to awaken public opinion and conscience to the inescapable fact that as long as the Ukrainian people in their native land remain under foreign domination and totalitarian rule, there can be no lasting peace there.

## A Fine Example

Six hundred rabbis, chanting hymns of their orthodox faith, marched to the Capitol in Washington last Monday and then visited the White House and the British Embassy to petition for the admission of 100,000 German Jews to Palestine and for a Jewish national home within biblical boundaries. The press reported that the rabbis, many of them elderly and with flowing beards, seemed timid and mild-mannered, obviously unaccustomed to demonstrations.

Nevertheless they journeyed to Washington, they marched, they demonstrated, and they petitioned. Thereby they set an inspiring example of what can be done to help one's kinsmen sorely in need of help.

## Prydatkevich Plays At Reed Hospital

Among the group of artists, including some from New York Metropolitan Opera House, who sang and played for the soldiers of the Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington, D. C. on November the second, was Roman Prydatkevich, well known Ukrainian American concert violinist and composer, who, as reported in the Service Stripes newspaper published at the hospital, "has won acclaim with his concerts in the principal cities of Europe and America." The artists who presented the concert are a USO unit.

## Bombardier Released With Many Honors

After more than six years of military service, Captain Zenon B. Malanchuk, 26, son of A. Malanchuk of Pittsfield, Mass., a U.N.A. organizer, was recently honorably discharged from active duty with the Army Air Forces at the separation base of Scott Field, Ill., parent radio school of the AAF Training Command. Retaining his commission and rank he is still subject to recall at any time.

A member of U.N.A. Branch 54, to which his entire family belongs, Capt. Malanchuk entered service in April, 1939. Upon becoming a bombardier, his proficiency as such caused his superiors to keep him as an instructor at a Texas air field, much

against his wishes as he preferred to see some action. Finally he managed to get an overseas assignment, going over last January. He spent six months in the Central Pacific as lead bombardier of the 20th Air Force's 500th.

Capt Malanchuk completed 35 missions on B-29 Superfortresses and participated in the Western Pacific, Ryukus and the air offensive of Japan campaigns. He wears the Distinguished Flying Cross with one Oak Leaf Cluster, the Air Medal with four clusters, and the Asiatic-Pacific Ribbon with three battle stars. He returned to this country in August, 1945. His wife and son, Benny, live in Haldton, Okla.

Capt. Malanchuk's older brother, Myron, is a former writer of a humorous column for this Weekly, "And Chronicle Small Beer," written under the pseudonym of "Eation Shrdlu." At present Myron is an officer in the Merchant Marine. Another brother is in the air force. A sister, Vera, is serving with the Red Cross in Europe, and is expected home soon.

## Killed in Accident in Austria

T/Sgt. Nicholas Wereszczak, 24, son of Iiko and Justina Wereszczak of Richfield Springs, N. Y., was killed



T/SGT. NICHOLAS WERESZCZAK in a vehicle accident in Austria on September 18, reports Mathew Politylo, secretary of U.N.A. Branch 192 in Herkimer, to which the dead soldier belonged.

Sgt. Wereszczak, who was also known as Wercz, was a member of a tank battalion, and had served throughout the western European campaign with General George S. Patton's Third Army. He was stationed at St. Gilgen, Austria, at the time of the accident, word of which reached his family September 29.

## Lost On Air Mission, Now Listed Dead

First Lieutenant Peter Kowalski, 21 Leeds street, Stamford, Conn., who had been listed as missing over Germany since March 22, 1945, has been officially declared dead, the War Department announced, reports the Stamford Advocate.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Kost Kowalski, members of the local Ukrainian parish, the 25-year-old lieutenant was overseas for a year as a bombardier on the "Martha Sue," a B-17 Flying

## Times Square Bond Rally Draws Multitude

Thousands of persons attended the Victory Bond Rally held outdoors in Times Square in New York City under the auspices of the local United Committee of Ukrainian American Societies. They were regaled by a fine program of Ukrainian songs and dances, interspersed with talks.

During the two hour program Victory Bonds in the amount of \$417,500.00 were purchased.

Taking part in the program, which started with the singing of the American anthem followed by the Ukrainian anthem, were the St. George's Ukrainian Catholic Church Choir under the direction of T. Onufryk, the St. Volodimir's Ukrainian Orthodox Choir led by J. Martsiniuk, Mary Polynak and Myron Shandrowsky, soloists, and a group of folk dancers led by Olga Yalqwega. Piano accompaniment was by Olga Dmytriw. Solo bits in choral numbers were sung by Miss Kolesko and Miss Pershyn. 10-year-old Joan Krawetz did a solo folk dance.

Master of recemonies was Nicholas Hawrylko, sponsoring committee chairman. Talks were given by Dmytro Halychyni, U. N. A. Secretary, Stephen Jarema, former Assemblyman and George Generalis, chairman, Motion Picture Industry Bond Committee.

Fortress of the Eighth Air Force. He completed more than 25 bombing missions against enemy targets, and was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action on a mission to Berlin on June 21, 1944. He was also awarded the Purple Heart with an Oak Leaf Cluster for wounds received twice in action, and a presidential citation for battle honors won over Oscherslebe, Germany.



# UKRAINE IN THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY

## A THEORETICAL EXPLANATION

By LEV DOBRIANSKY, *New York University*

(Courtesy, "The Ukrainian Quarterly," published by Ukrainian Congress Committee of America)

(1)

WITH the conclusion of the second World War in this century and the emergence of the manifold changes which it has created, it becomes indispensable for those who are sincerely interested in the liberation of man from bondage of whatever sort and in the firm establishment of international peace and comity to appraise as objectively as possible the paramount socio-economic forms and forces now confronting us. Many thinkers have already tried this from numerous points of analysis and interest, and many more will do so. But with respect to the problem of Ukraine, meaningful and explosive as it is to countless people who understand it, this appraisal is still gravely wanting. Yet it can be only within such a framework that one, devoted to the principle of the genuine liberation of peoples as well as of individuals in national groups, can form a judgment of the character of contemporary forms of bondage and the possibilities for their eventual destruction.

A general analysis of this kind, admittedly purposed to serve the interests of Ukrainian freedom, in itself a hardly ignoble aim even in this unprecedented age of "political realism," must of necessity concern both the internal and external lines of development. The reason for this, in connection with Ukraine, is to be found in the reality of contemporary politics. Ukraine is politically dominated by Russian interests and the character of this subjugation is necessarily determined by the ideologically motivated activity of the latter: on the other hand, externally, the Soviet Union and the western democracies, by the necessity of events, have entered a common sphere of mutual contact and the friction caused by this will unavoidably affect the status and the future of Ukraine. This undeniable development then, shaped by the history of our time, determines the method of any scientific investigation of this national problem and concurrently avoids the polaristic pitfalls of airy idealizations and naive generalization.

### The Internal Russo-Ukrainian Relationship

So much useless literature, thickly tainted with personal speculations and bias in favor of and against the political economy of the Soviet Union—whether it is developing toward capitalism or will remain socialist, whether it is democratic or authoritarian, etc.—has appeared in the last decade that one is forced to reconsider the necessary pre-requisites for an adequate understanding of this imposing structure. After all it is only thus that the basic social relations in the Union, be they between the government and the people or the peasantry and the industrial workers or among the various national groups, can be accurately gauged in an intelligible form. Without it, obviously, an endless flow of nonsensically isolated and particularly observations and statements, substantially supported by prodigious misinformation, must continue, as is the situation now, notably here in the United States.

Thus for a comprehensive understanding of Soviet political economy, and more particularly the nature of the present Russo-Ukrainian relationship, the essential requisites are (1) an adequate background of the teaching of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin; (2) a knowledge of the separate histories of the national groups in the Union, and of the rise of the Russian Communist Party; and (3) the

intellectual acumen to interpret current phenomena in terms of the preceding requisites. Only such a course can preclude much wasteful thinking on this subject: only on this grounded basis is the effort made here to present, to be sure quite schematically, an evaluation of Ukraine's foremost problems and possibilities in this century.

### The Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist Ideology

The all-embracing force that has fashioned the political relationship between dominant Russia and Ukraine into an apparently indissoluble bondage for the latter is Marxism with its Leninist and Stalinist revisions. The imperialistic annexation of Ukraine by Trotsky's Red forces in 1921, the horrible ravages of famine resulting from the inhuman collectivization program in 1930-32, and the incessant persecution of Ukrainian intellectuals and citizenry up to the present time are phenomena intrinsically related to the vigorous promulgation of this un-Western ideology. Each of these, it should be noted, is related respectively to a well-organized armed force, an economic plan, a secret police (the Cheka, G.P.U., and N.K.V.D. successively) executing the orders of a dictatorial Party, and all are harmoniously fitted in to the framework of this composite ideology. This statement requires a brief explanation in view of the opposition which it naturally calls forth.

The notion that Leninist thought and Stalinist action are in reality radical departures from Marxian orthodoxy and that consequently it is absurd to consider the present Russian regime in terms of Marxian ideology has received wide currency in the last decade. The usual illustrations offered to support this view are the nationalism of present-day Russia, the expulsion of Trotsky, etc. The main sponsors of this view are followers of Trotsky and wishful thinkers of diverse brands. The evidence which they provide will be judged below in its true perspective; here it is sufficient to say in reply that no official repudiation of Marxism and all its implications has been made by the Kremlin which, on the contrary, despite any seeming heretical deviations from orthodoxy, has so far successfully fused the spirit of Marxism with its internal and external politics. To fully perceive the error of this current view and the manner in which the fusion has been in some respects, and is being achieved, necessitates a cursory review of Marxian doctrine stripped of its subsequent appendages and re-interpretations.

Free and unhampered socio-economic Western scholarship has subjected, as perhaps in no other case, the synthesized theories of Marxian socialism to such rigorous logical and objective tests of empirical research that it, from an intellectual and scholarly point of view, has collapsed under its own weight. The basic conception of the economic interpretation of history, vastly transformed by socialists themselves from the original contention of Marx and Engels, is about the main contribution that has withstood scholarly criticism. The other socio-economic ideas in the dialectic—the labor theory of value, the theory of accumulation, the theories of concentration, increasing misery, class groups and struggle, and business cycles—have been found to be either fallacious or grossly superficial.\* On the extensive con-

\* See Simkovitch, V. G., "Marxism versus Socialism"; Bohm-Bawerk, E.,

concentration of industry and agriculture, the socialization of every form of production, the vast accumulation of all capital and wealth in the hands of a very few, the extinction of the middle class, the progressive rivalry between the diminishing bourgeoisie and the enormously expanding class-conscious proletariat, and the increasing impoverishment of the masses, Marx staked the inevitability of ruthless revolution, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and the final victory of socialism. These phenomena he held would inevitably occur under that pressure of economic necessity which he prophetically saw in the historical process of capitalistic production as established in the industrially advanced countries.

This last point is crucial for our analysis. Mere acquaintance with modern history is sufficient to show that Russia did not, since it could not possibly, enter into Marx's mind as the place where socialism was to triumph. Moreover, the same acquaintance easily demonstrates how pathetically incorrect Marx was concerning the West. Actually, socio-economic developments in the western industrialized countries contradicted Marx's theorizations to such an extent that his followers began to resemble the Millerite sect by re-charting their chronology of the downfall of capitalism after each depression in the nineteenth century. If the liberal enterprise system collapses in this century, it will certainly be due to causes unaccounted for in the Marxian scheme.

The manifest consequence of the above was the repudiation of many of the basic theories of Marx by his former disciples, e.g., Eduard Bernstein and practically the German Social Democratic party, while the die-hards were destined to bide their time, lonesomely perched on the wreckage of Marxist "scientific" socialism. Apostate socialists in reality became social reformers dedicated to the administering of capitalism, as witness the history of the German Social Democratic party.

### The Leninist Salvage

Friedrich Engels, Marx's close friend and collaborator, confessed in 1895, concerning the ripeness of conditions for proletarian struggle in the highly capitalistic countries in which, according to Marxian thought economic necessity pre-determines the inevitability of socialism: "History proved us wrong, and showed the views which we then held to be illusions. More than that, it not only destroyed our error of that time (1850), but it also completely changed the conditions under which the proletariat was to struggle." (Einleitung zu Karl Marx's Die Klassenkämpfe in Frankreich, 1848-1850 [Berlin, 1895] p. 6: as quoted in Simkovitch, Op. cit., p. 253.)

But the struggle was not yet lost. Though historical conditions have changed to the discomfiture of the Marxian apocalyptic, the power of human will and strategy could still alter the former to favor the religiously accepted "truths" of the latter. In other words, political action may be resorted to in order to maintain the spirit of the Faith, if not also to give to abstract ideas approximate validation in an enforced political reality. Instead of the adaptation of the Word to the Deed, as the basic economic interpretation of history demands, there is to be the adaptation of the Deed to the Word. This was to be the task of Lenin and his successor Stalin.

Since objectively Marxian doctrine made a bad mistake in respect to capitalistic development, it must be emphasized that, with any claim to truth, there was little else to draw from Marx. His concern was to explain the inevitability of socialism on

the basis of what he saw as the unalterable course of capitalist development. Specific elaborations on the nature and details of this socialist paradise are therefore non-existent in his treatises. Thus all that was left of Marx for the revolutionaries was the doctrine of revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. But as both Marx and Engels maintained, these weapons are of use only upon the ripening of conditions along the lines of their numerous prophecies which in the end necessarily spell socialism. A revolution proclaims the *dies irae*, it is not to create a socialist state!

But what if the conditions fail to fructify, as they overwhelmingly have? Logically, a confession of error would be in order: instead, fabricated rationalizations were employed in the guise of extended Marxian interpretations, a human procedure quite characteristic of chiliastic groups, with redoubled recourse to the revolutionary exhortations of Marx. This bare faced turning into politics of Marxism, shorn of its economic basis, was indeed un-Marxian; but then, what else of Marx could have remained? A neurasthenic religious adherence to the Faith demanded an un-Marxian politicalization of Marxism, infused with revolutionary terrorism.

It was in Russia that the decision was made. After the creation of a Marxist party there, as early as 1883, followed by the Social Democratic party in 1898, largely under the tutelage of Plekhanov and dominated by intellectuals, this question arose, and led to the conflict between the Bolsheviks and Mensheviks in 1903. The former, under Lenin, called for the seizure of power by a disciplined intellectual leadership when any occasion presented itself; the latter, the majority following Martov, declared this heretical in the name of Marx. In terms of the composite intellectual system of Marx, the latter were correct, but the system was objectively dead; in terms of the revolutionary political spirit of Marx, the former were correct, for in reality only in their way could Marxism as a political force survive. After all, it was as a theorist of revolution, not as an economist, that Marx began his work. In the last number of his "Die neue Rheinische Zeitung" (No. 301, May 19, 1849), Marx declared: "We are ruthless and want no consideration from you (the bourgeoisie). When our turn comes, revolutionary terrorism will not be sugar-coated... there is but one way of simplifying, shortening, concentrating the death agony of the old society as well as the bloody labor of the new world's bath—revolutionary Terror." To this, practically the only usable vestige of Marx, in addition to his idea of a proletarian dictatorship, Lenin gave his allegiance, rationalizing his act as "Marxism in the epoch of imperialism."

Thus the only mark of objectification that synthetic Marxism could win had to be secured by this un-Marxian particularization of the system, necessarily coated, of course, with an appropriate rationalization. In his "Foundations of Leninism" (pp. 20-21), Stalin states: "But suppose an historic situation arises (war, agrarian crisis, etc.) in which the proletariat, a minority of the population, is able to rally around itself the vast majority of the working masses, why should it not seize power then? Why should it not profit by the favorable internal and international situation to pierce the front of capitalism and hasten the general debacle?" Notice that it is in the faith that Marxism is "true," rather than in the objective knowledge of any truth it may possess that this statement is made! Stalin again says, (Ibid., pp. 33-34): "Where will the revolution begin?... Formerly, the reply used to be—where industry is most perfected, where the proletariat forms the majority, where

"Karl Marx and the Close of His System": Schumpeter, J. A., "Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy"



# "YA"—(I) By Mikola Khvyloviy\*

Translated by John Panchuk

I  
OUT of the distant mist, out of the peaceful bourne of the Commune beyond the hills, came a rustling sound. Mary was approaching. I walked through the broad meadows, crossed over ridges, and stopped on a desolate, rocky ledge overlooking the mounds on the horizon. I gazed into the distance. Strange thoughts possessed me and flitted like fantastic Amazons through my mind. Everything became dim. The mysterious mound tops seemed to fuse into the foothills as dusk set in.

I brushed aside the veil, and beheld my mother's face, so like the image of the divine Mary, guardian of immemorial ages. My Mother was sincerity, calm, melancholy, and unbounded kindness. (This I remember well.) I felt acute pain as the torchlight of fantasy revealed this exquisitely pitiful image. Mother said that I (her mint son) appeared completely exhausted. I touched her lovely head, gilded with argent gray, and gently pressed it to my breast...

Outdoors dewy morning passed and rain pattered.

We witnessed trying days. Stragglers came out of the dark forest and halted by the blue well at the crossroads where a crucifix stands. They were the nascent partisans. Nights passed, poplars rustled in the twilight and faded and vanished on the horizon and after them the seasons and the years, and my turbulent youth.

Ominous days. Beyond the horizon of the blue forest, lightnings flashed, and the mountains boiled and effervesced. The heavy thunder could not break through the Himalyas from India, from the Orient. Nature sensed a catastrophe and was agitated. Above the clouds arose another distinct sound—a dull cannonade. Dual threats of disaster surcharged the atmosphere.

Crisis! Mother said, that she had watered the mint today as it was wilting from melancholy and added, "I sense danger." I noticed two crystal tears in her eyes.

Attack followed attack. The enemy pressed furiously. Our cavalry made a flank attack. Battalions of partisans rushed into counter attacks. Danger increased every moment.

My mind was imminently tense. Day and night I disappeared into the Cheka.

Our quarters were a gorgeous palace, the home of an executed noble. Wonderful paintings, attractive statues, and family portraits surrounded me in my fortuitous office. Somewhere the telephone sounded its painful, agitated note, reminiscent of the distant echo of the station horn.

Upon the luxurious davenport sat an armed Tartar, with his legs under him, humming a monotonous Ori-

civilization is most advanced, where democracy is most developed. The Leninist theory of the revolution says—no! The front of capital will not necessarily be pierced where industry is most developed, and so forth; it will be broken where the chain of imperialism is weakest... In this remark, Stalin at once, in one breath, justifies the revolution in agrarian Russia, the objective paucity of Marxist doctrine, and the continuation of the last Marxist usable idea—revolutionary Terror! The theory that imperialism is the last stage of capitalism, was of course a suitable political fabrication rationalizing all of the above, but, as usual, it distorts fact. If it were true that imperialism, whatever that might mean, is the last stage of capitalism, which logically must be a developed one, then how does the theory account for the "imperialist" splurges of Holland, Spain, Portugal, and England when capitalism was hardly a babe? In the political arena this is impossible. (To be concluded)

ental air, "Ahla, la, lo." I gazed at the portraits: The prince frowned upon me; the princess eyed me disdainfully; while the children observed me curiously out of the shadows of the century old oaks. In the severity of their glances, I seemed to sense the whole atmosphere of the nobility, the impotent grandeur and the lovely youthfulness of the bygone days of the nobility.

And there was I, an entirely strange person, a bandit partizan. Yet while I looked at those portraits with a clear vision, there was no rancour in my heart. I was a Chekist, but I was also a man.

At night when darkness stole over the city and the blue wreathes of smoke rose above the chimneys, my comrades gathered in my chamber. They constituted a new synod, the Black Tribunal of the Commune. The shadow of death seemed to lurk in every nook.

The guard: "Sadism reigns here." I did not answer.

In the city tower beyond the mote, the chimes pealed alarmingly the hour of midnight. A dull cannonade echoed from the steppes. My companions sat behind a wide table of dark wood. The stillness of the place was broken only by the troubled and melancholy sound of the telephone bell. Stray partisans passed by the window now and then.

My companions were easily recognized: Doctor Tahabat, Andrew, and the Degenerate (the sentinel of the tribunal.) The Black Tribunal was complete.

"Attention!" I called with a military tone of voice. "The case of the merchant is ready."

From the adjoining chamber entered the butler. Bowing graciously as before a prince and timidly observing the new session, he placed tea on the table. Then silently he disappeared into the labyrinth of the high chambers, treading softly over the luxurious rugs. The candalabra with only two candles reflected a melancholy light, which scarcely dissipated a quarter of the gloom in the chamber. The powerhouse had been blown up and the city was in darkness.

Doctor Tahabat lounged on the wide davenport back of the candalabra, so that I could see only his high bald pate. In the gloom beyond him, sat the faithful sentinel with an abnormally shaped head. I could discern his blank eyes only, but I knew that he had a low forehead, a mop of dishevelled black hair, and flat nose. He reminded me of an executioner. His name must have figured prominently on the criminal docket. Sitting on my right with his mouth open, Andrew glanced furtively at the doctor. I understood his plight: The district commander had assigned him to the Cheka against his will. Whenever the execution orders required a steady poise Andrew, that unhappy communist, always became nervous, and scribbled some unintelligible and curious hieroglyph on the gloomy order instead of his name.

I concluded, "This is all, Doctor Tahabat. What do you think?"

Doctor, energetically: "Execute him!"

Andrew glanced fearfully at Tahabat and stirred nervously. Finally he broke the silence with a trembling timid tone of voice: "I don't agree with you, Doctor!"

"You don't agree with me?" And a peal of coarse laughter echoed through the dim recesses of the hall. I expected this laugh. It was always so. But this time I trembled and a cold shiver seemed to pass over me. Something flashed through my mind. At that moment the image of my mother stood before me.

"Execute him?" And mother looked at me with calm melancholy eyes.

The clock in the distant city tower

\* Turn to p. 6 about author.

## Autumn Song

By IVAN FRANKO

Translated by Percival Cundy

O autumn wind! who o'er the trees dost moan  
And weep, like mother sorrowing o'er a child;  
Who drivest clouds in wild confusion piled,  
As though thou would'st near winter's power dethrone:  
Who in the deep ravines dost howl and whine;  
Who tearest thatch from off the peasants' huts,  
And withered leaves dost scatter from the ruts  
And send them flying till they sink supine.  
Long have I listened to thy mighty moan;  
Well do I know why thou dost weep and groan:  
Thou grieveest for the flowers, the summer day.  
O brother wind! When some day, thou shalt see  
Me old and withered, wilt thou weep for me,  
Or swiftly sweep all trace of me away?

was an aroma of mint in the garden. Beyond the city rattled the machine guns, and a dull roar of thunder was heard in the distance.

Mist.

I entered the house, laid aside my mauser and lighted a candle.

"Are you sleeping?" But mother was not sleeping. She came to meet me. She fondled my cheeks with her withered old hands and rested her head on my chest. Again she said that I, her mint son, was completely exhausted. I felt her crystal tears on my hands.

I, "Oh, I am so tired, mother!" She led me up to the candlelight and examined my emaciated features. Then she went to the icon and her sad eyes gazed upon the image of Mary. I had a premonition that tomorrow my mother would enter the monastery. The tumult and the violence were unbearable to her.

I sat on the bed and shuddered. Violent surroundings? Could mother permit herself to seek asylum in the monastery? Only the Aristocrats do such things. Confused, I tried to reassure myself that there was no mother before me, that mother was no more than a phantom.

"A phantom?" Again I shuddered. "No, all this is untrue! Here in this silent room, my mother is not a phantom, but a portion of my perfidious conscience to which I am becoming indulgent. Here, in an obscure shelter by the city wall, I am hiding from the guillotine a portion of my conscience. And then I closed my weary eyes and half murmured: "Who will know the details of my personal experience? I am a true and loyal communist. Who will question or deny it?"

The candle cast a bleak reflection upon the image of Mary. My mother stood before the candle like a melancholy statue. Soon I ceased to think of anything sweet and silent sleep fondled my head.

II

Our men fell back, retreating from position to position. There was a panic at the front and a panic in the rear. In less than two days I too would be in the thick of the struggle. Suddenly my battalion was ordered into the line. Oh, the enthusiasm of those youthful fanatics of the commune! Presently I learned what it is to be in the rear of the line, with the enemy laying siege to the city. Depressing rumors spread like serpents through the streets and alleys. Those rumors disheartened the garrison. I heard complaints. Mutiny was brewing. My faithful spies were everywhere, and all the prisons were filled with seditious denizens.

The cannonade grew closer and

struck midnight. Dull echoes of the cannonade reached the palace. A telephone bulletin read: "We have made a counter attack." Through the glass-doors of the vestibule, I watched a flaming spectacle. Beyond the distant mounds, villages were in conflagration. The steppes were afire and at the city gates watch dogs howled. All else was silent in the city except the muffled beat of frightened hearts.

Doctor Tahabat trimmed the wick. The butler brought some old wine on a tray and went away again, the leopard skins deadening the sound of his retreating footsteps. I tried to look at the candalabra but my gaze strayed involuntarily in the direction of Doctor Tahabat and the sentinel. They were holding flasks of wine in their hands and drinking avidly. I seemed to reason that everything was proper. Andrew walked about nervously and tried to say something. I knew what he thought: He wanted to say that such conduct was improper for a communist, that it was a brawl, etc. What a strange fellow was this communist Andrew!

When doctor Tahabat threw the empty bottle on the velvet rug and signed his name to the order of execution, despair seized me momentarily. This doctor with a bald pate and broad forehead, with a cold reason and a stone heart, was my inescapable master, my animal instinct. And I, the head of the Black Tribunal of the Commune, was but a puppet in his hands, and submitted to the will of his ferocious impulses.

But what was I to do! I saw no way out of it. Suddenly there flashed before me the gloomy annals of civilization, and I had a vision of struggling nations, ages, and time itself passing before my eyes.

But I saw no way out of it. Decidedly truth must be with doctor Tahabat. Andrew hurriedly scratched his name on the order. The degenerate sentinel surveyed the signatures with a feeling of satisfaction. I smiled: "If the Doctor is an evil genius, and if my will is malicious, then the degenerate sentinel must be the spirit of guillotine."

I checked myself: "Ah what nonsense! Is he even a spirit? How odd that I should be composing panegyrics to this degenerate sentinel at this supreme moment of tense feeling and excitement!"

And then my mother left me and vanished into the mist.

The candles were burning low. The austere figures of the prince and the princess faded away in the blue vapor of the tobacco smoke.

Six persons were condemned to be shot. That was enough for the night.

The Tartar was again humming his Oriental air, "Ahla, la, la." I was gazing at the conflagration through the glass doors. Andrew had disappeared. Tahabat and the sentinel were imbibing the old wines. I picked up my mauser and walked out of the palace. I roamed the silent, deserted streets of the besieged city. The city was wrapped in stillness. The inhabitants realized that in three or four hours we would be all gone, that our counter attacks were futile, and that soon our tanks would rumble along to the north. The city lurked in the mist. To the east appeared the dim silhouette of the palace, now the Black Tribunal of the Commune.

I directed my steps back to the palace, and suddenly remembered that there were six lives on my conscience. Six on my conscience? No, that is not correct! Six hundred. Six thousand. Six million—my mind became hazy, gloomy. I pressed my forehead. Again there flashed before me the gloomy annals of civilization, nations, ages, and even time itself.

Exhausted, I leaned against a fence. Then I fell on my knees and ardently blessed the moment that I had met doctor Tahabat and the sentinel. I lifted my eyes solemnly in the direction of the checkered silhouette in the east. Once more I vanished in the maze of the streets.

Finally I reached the lonely little house where my mother lives. There



## THE UKRAINIAN LANGUAGE

(From lectures delivered by Prof. Ivan Ohlenko at the Ukrainian National University in 1918 in Kiev, translated by Stephen Davidovich of London)

(Continued)

### Growth of Popular Speech as Literary Medium

The Ukrainian literary language began in the 11th century with the famous legal collections known as the "Zbirnik Sviatoslava" of 1073. The language developed fairly rapidly and soon became almost the exclusive medium in the schools and in the cultured circles of Eastern Europe. It grew on the old Slavonic or old Bulgarian foundation which came to Ukraine together with Christianity and continued to hold sway up to the 19th century. As a result there grew the opinion that books could be written only in the old Slavonic language and no cultured person dared write in any other. But together with the literary language there was the living speech of the Ukrainian people which was different from the literary language. The writers of that day, mostly ecclesiastics, did not avail themselves of this popular language in writing because it did not have a church status. It was only authors with an incomplete knowledge of the old Slavonic who made mistakes and injected into their writing words and expressions from the living language.

But the popular language clamoured for admission into the literary field and it succeeded, if only in part, as can be seen from such literary monuments as the "Slovo o Polku Ihorevi" of the 12th century. The old Slavonic also underwent a change since few people understood it. Of necessity it took on more and more characteristics of the living language. Thus during the 14th and 15th centuries the popular language infiltrated into the language of the literati. When the principles of the reformation reached Ukraine in the 16th century the barriers between the popular and the literary language which developed in Ukraine from the 16th century is interesting in many ways: its basis is still the old Slavonic but stripped of many of its characteristics. Under pressure of the living language it combined many traits of both languages and became known as the

"Slaviano-Ruska" language. Also about the same time the Polish influence began to exert itself since the Polish had become the official language in Ukraine.<sup>11</sup>

During the 17th century the influence of the popular language increased as is witnessed by the works of Haliatovsky. I should mention also that there was in Ukraine a more or less separate juridical language which combined both popular and church Slavonic and which lasted throughout the Lithuanian-Ukrainian period. This language disappeared slowly only under Polish pressure and was re-placed by the Polish language.

### Ukrainian Literary Tongue Taken to Moscow

In the middle of the 17th century, when Ukraine became allied to Moscow, numerous Ukrainians went to Russia and carried with them the Ukrainian literary language. At that time the literary language of Russia was Church Slavonic with hardly any traces of living Russian speech. These differences between the two literary languages resulted in friction and from the very beginning Moscow tried to force the Ukrainians to abandon their language in favour of the Muscovite.

During the 18th century the literary Muscovite language experienced a fundamental change under Ukrainian tutelage. The final product was truly the result of a Ukrainian-Russian literary struggle. It combined old literary Russian, popular Russian, and literary and juridical Ukrainian languages. This is why written Russian of today combines so many Church Slavonic as well as Ukrainian and Polish elements. It is no exaggeration to say that literary Russian is further removed from the popular root than any other Slavonic language.

As the literary Ukrainian language of the 17th century shifted to Russia, the popular language gained predominance in Ukraine. With the publication of Kotliarevsky's "Aeneid" in 1798 the old literary Ukrainian language disappeared forever.

<sup>11</sup> For an illustration of the "Slav Rus" language see Prof. Ohlenko's Ukrainian Culture, pp. 42, 43, 75.

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closer. Messengers returned from the front at short intervals. A cloud of dust rose over the city to obscure the sun. The rattle of the machine guns continued unabated. Supply vehicles hurried along, locomotives whistled excitedly, cavalry dashed by. Only the Black Tribunal remained enveloped in a depressing silence, forboding the impending executions before the retreat. The spacious and deadly silence of the palace above the city was broken at intervals by sharp rifle shots.

The cannonade sounded closer and closer. Messengers returned from the front at short intervals of time. A cloud of dust gathered over the city, obscuring the bright sun. The rattle of the machine guns subsided. Supply wagons rumbled by in disorderly haste, locomotives whistled excitedly, and remnants of cavalry dashed by. Only the Dark Tribunal remained enveloped in a depressing silence.

I entered the palace and found doctor Tahabat and the sentinel drinking wine. Andrew was sitting sullenly in the corner. Presently he approached me and begged very earnestly: "Listen, comrade, let me go!"

I, "Where?"

Andrew, "To the front! I can't stand it here any longer!"

Anger seized me suddenly, as the thought flashed: "He wants to go to the front. He wants to escape this lack and ruthless deed. He wants to wipe his hands and become in-

nocent as a dove. He would assign to me his right to 'bathe in the puddles of blood.'"

Then I shouted: "You forget yourself! Do you hear? If you mention this once more to me, I will shoot you on the spot."

Doctor Tahabat cut in energetically: "That's the way. That's the way!" His laughter echoed through the deserted chambers of the palace: That's the way! That's the way!"

Andrew, pale and dejected withdrew from the chamber.

Doctor Tahabat broke the silence again, tersely: "Take note, I am going to rest a little, while you work."

I, "What is up next?"

"Case No. 282."

I, "Bring him in."

The sentinel left the chamber silently as an automaton. (He was a priceless guard. While Andrew, Tahabat, and I, at times, neglected our duty, he never failed to witness the executions. He was always a true soldier of the Revolution, and left his hideous post only when darkness fell and the corpses were buried.)

The doors opened. A woman in mourning and a bespectacled man entered into my office. They were visibly frightened at the aristocratic luxury and princely portraits, desecrated by scattered empty bottles, revolvers and blue vapors of tobacco smoke.

I, "Your family name?"

"X."

## SOMEWHERE IN...

[Another war-time letter of the series written by a Ukrainian American serviceman and published in the "Uke-Views" bulletin of Olyphant, Pa.]

\*

We observed Memorial Day pretty much the same as we would in the States, holding a service for the boys from our outfit who had died or been killed since we came up here. By comparison with other outfits our losses seem to be little enough but when it's somebody you know it hurts just as much.

We've been seeing some excellent "restricted" army films of late. Some of them were captured from the Japs and some from the Germans. We have a complete account of the attack on Pearl Harbor as seen through Jap eyes. We've also seen "Battle of Britain" and "Battle of Russia."

We're taking a course of lectures on psychoneurosis which I think will prove interesting. Since this is the largest single factor responsible for loss of man hours, the War Department is taking steps to remedy, or, at least understand the problem. In a theater of this kind where men are subjected to long periods of isolation, poor food, difficult climatic conditions, inadequate recreational facilities, irregular mail schedules, adjustments are often difficult to make. Radio Tokyo propaganda about civilian misconduct, dissension among the Allies, etc. aggravates the problem. These are the factors mainly responsible for the large number of men who "blow their tops." The course will prove healthful, I'm sure.

Last night we had a bull session and talked mostly of our plans after the war. None of the fellows is sure of what he wants to do. We speculated about the pleasure of wearing a tux every now and then and stopping at an all-night hamburger joint to just smell the food. Simple pleasures will satisfy the boys' immediate post-war needs, but they all expect bigger and better things than they had before the war. Just to be home would be enough for me right now.

Beginning with August (1944) we're going to get a regular beer ration of twenty-four cans per man per month. This is part of the Army's morale building program. In this regard our outfit "chipped in" \$18.00 apiece for a large beer cooler. It hasn't arrived yet and we're not going to pay for it until it's delivered.

When it does come at least one of our three basic appetites will be satisfied anyhow.

### The "Sopranos"

Our special service division is giving us a bunch of "stinkeroo" movies of late. The redeeming factor is the number of short subjects that are presented. Usually we have a couple of Sportsscopes, a couple of Pete Smith novelties and Community "Sings" galore. The fun begins when we come to the part when it says, boys sing this part... girls this.... I never suspected we had so many sopranos in our midst. Another part that usually evokes a round of catcalls is when the speaker announces in silky tones, "Hold your honey's hand when you sing the next verse."

Your picture under the apple tree is as succulent as the forbidden fruit the tree was said to bear. I've dubbed it "Unsmiling Siren," because you've seen fit to withhold that little bit of graciousness from a tempting pose. The dress is attractive, but the shorts would probably have been better received. Perhaps not. My longing for home is much too acute without further aggravation.

I'd gladly risk a little tropical skin disease for the opportunity of getting evacuated. Yet, if this brawl continues to look as promising as it now is, we may get home sooner than the most optimistic dare predict. Things are rosy now, but there's probably plenty of hardships ahead. Anyhow, a fine groundwork is being laid for future operations.

Tonight we were over to one of the "out-of-town" huts to sit in on a poker game but soon found out it was out of our league. I saw a guy bet forty pounds (\$125.00) on a pair of fours—and decided the air was better outside. If I ever scrape up enough dough, however, I'm going to tangle into one of those games. Finally, we settled for a couple of Martinis (with ice) and came home. Some war, eh? Since you may get a wrong impression let me point out that this is not a universal condition. It exists only at the big Headquarters. In fact, it's the first time we were exposed to it.

I've been reading reams of books lately. The Army Special Service is sure catching up to us in a grand manner. Outlets like this cut down the high percentage of psychoneuroses cases. Still,

"Your name?"

"Y."

The man's thin pale lips parted as he tried to speak. He begged for mercy in the most wretchedly tearful voice. The woman kept wiping her eyes with a handkerchief.

I, "Where were you taken?" Answer. At such and such a place.

"Why were you arrested? Answer. For such and such reason.

"I see, you held a meeting! What sort of meeting could you hold during such turmoil—at night—in a private dwelling?"

"I see, you are Theosophians! Searching for the truth. New? Yes! Yes! And who is Christ? No. Some other Savior of the world. Yes! You are not satisfied with Confucius or Laotse, or Budha, or Mohammed, or even the Devil? I see: it is necessary to fill a vacancy. According to you, then, the time has come for a new Messiah?"

The man and the woman: "Yes."

I, "You believe that the present psychological crisis is noticeable in Europe, in Asia, and in all parts of the world?"

The man and the woman: "Yes."

I, "Then why the devil don't you find this Messiah of yours in the Cheka?"

The woman burst into tears, weeping convulsively. The man turned paler. The austere figures of the prince and the princess frowned from the walls. The cannonade grew louder

and seemed to concentrate around the depot. A telephone bulletin advised us that the armored train of the enemy was forcing our position. The city became noisy. Tanks rumbled over the bridge.

The man fell on his knees and begged for mercy. I shoved him vigorously with my boot and he fell on his back. The woman collapsed on the table, pleading faintly: "Hear me, I am a mother of three children!"

I, "Shoot her!"

The sentinel acted quickly, and in half a minute the chamber was cleared.

I went up to the table and poured myself a glass of wine, and gulped it down. Wiping my cold forehead, I gave the order to proceed. But the Degenerate advised me to postpone further executions and to take care of an unscheduled situation. Just then a new group of "Versailleans" had been brought from the city. All were nuns, it appeared, who had been demonstrating publicly in the market place against the commune.

I saw my duty clearly, but at the realization of it, a mist seemed to cloud my brain. I was in a state of delirium. I believe that it was in such a state that men turned fanatics, and went on the crusades.

I went to the window, and said: "Bring them in."

(To be concluded)



## Problem of Ukrainian Artists at Coming Philly Youth Forum

By OLGA DMYTRIIV

**DURING** the past few years, my hobby, which is piano accompaniment, has occasioned many trips to various cities in the eastern United States and Canada. Since most of the concerts in which I have taken part were by or for Ukrainians, I have become acquainted with the Ukrainian key-people, the "doers" of these various cities. These active people are always eager to discuss the local Ukrainian situation.

One curious fact emerging from these chance meetings and talks has made itself so obvious. I think it needs only a little limelight to make us all aware of its existence and its obvious disposition. In every town I visit, some one is certain to mention a young Ukrainian in the vicinity who has distinguished himself or herself in some particular field, yet whose identity is unknown to most Ukrainians. When eventually I met this accomplished person, and asked about his or her Ukrainian activities, the reaction was invariably the same: They would eagerly play, sing, dance or lend their paintings, sculpture etc., but no one had asked them to do it as yet. Invariably, too, they were hurt that their own people knew nothing of the honors they won, for which they had worked and sacrificed.

The first time I became aware of the existence of a large number of talented Ukrainian Americans was several years ago, when I had the opportunity to act as assistant to Miss Mildred Milanowicz, in setting up a Ukrainian Art Exhibit at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City, in connection with the annual convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America held then and there. In response to our small ad in the Ukrainian Weekly, a surprisingly great number of young Ukrainian artists from near and far brought their work to be shown at the exhibit. The success of this occasion, which had no serious planning and no offering of prizes, planted the thought in many a person's mind: "What can be done for our artistic youth with serious planning of a competition offering a substantial prize?"

### Varied Talents

Another more recent exhibit, at which I also acted as assistant, was the Madison Square Garden Exhibit of Ukrainian Folk Art, held under the auspices of the Soyuz Ukrainok. In the course of planning this exhibit (a bit frantically and from scratch), I met many talented artists and highly trained technicians who eagerly consented to use their talents to insure the success of our Ukrainian exhibit. The talent offered extended into various fields. There were architects, artists, dancers, costume designers, display experts, lighting effect experts, Easter egg artists, photographers, advertising men, radio men, public speakers, singers, even carpenters. People with no talent offered their services to sell tickets, sell articles, run errands, tend the booth, and finally some who just worried. Trying to please the worriers who stand around fearing that things are not good enough, is always an incentive to producing better results. This was the occasion where it was conclusively proved that women can work together, forgetting differences of religion and politics.

Again at this occasion the thought arose: "If these people and their talents had been known some time before the necessity arose, what would have been the results of serious and coordinated planning?" In short, why not a committee that can function at a moment's notice and produce a Ukrainian exhibit the fame of which will benefit everyone involved? It has been done and can be done.

I have received numerous requests to supply the name and the fee of an Ukrainian artist for engagement at various functions in many cities. If it was possible, the information was supplied, yet instances remained where no name could be given. Yet that locality certainly must harbor an artist. Why is such information lacking?

When one considers that the above situations are encountered in many cities, one is forced to conclude that a problem exists and its solution is up to all of us Ukrainian Americans.

Therefore, why not a movement to coordinate young Ukrainian talent for appearances at concerts, recitals, festivals, etc.? Our best publicity has come from music, so why not develop that line further?

### Our Music Here needs Newer Treatment

As for music, I can speak from on-the-scene knowledge and say that Ukrainian music in America needs newer treatment. More and more occasions will arise when the American music critics will be called upon to judge and criticize the artistry and musicianship of aspiring young Ukrainian American artists. These artists will naturally be judged on their renditions and interpretations of accepted works. If any Ukrainian offering is included in the Ukrainian artist's program, the American critic will be forced eventually to acquire a basis for judging the work. It is time to cultivate that critic's taste now, for Ukrainian art. That means, in music, concertized arrangements of Ukrainian folk-songs. It means popularizing Ukrainian music among Americans, even to the extent of translating lyrics into English.

The day of performing exclusively in Ukrainian for Ukrainian and only among Ukrainians is past. Such exclusive performances are all right in their way but bring none of the desired and necessary publicity we need right now. This new movement to cultivate American taste for Ukrainian music can be undertaken locally by choirs and individual artists. Especially effective in this field would be women's organizations in promoting and backing American appearances of their local talent. As for finished talent of star calibre, why not a Central Artists' Service Bureau, let say, in New York, which would undertake to launch and sponsor the career of a promising artist recommended by these local committees? A non-profit bureau could do much to benefit both the aspiration and the Ukrainian people and name.

Why not annual music Festivals with choral competitions sponsored by the women's organizations?

With the renewal of our Ukrainian activities, I think some concrete plans to solve these above-mentioned problems should be made.

### Forum on December 9 in Philadelphia

The Ukrainian Womens' League of America has offered its YOUTH FORUM for formulating just such plans. I have been invited to speak on this subject and am deeply interested in any suggestions that would help launch such a music movement soon after the Forum. One excellent and workable plan already has been proposed, but I would like to hear (care of this paper) more before the Forum takes place at the Ukrainian-American Citizen's Club at 847 No. Franklin St., Philadelphia, on Sunday, December 9th, 1945, at 1:30 P.M.

Operator: "Number, please."  
Drunk: (in 'phone booth): "Number, heck; I want my peanuts."

## LET'S CONSIDER

By IRENE E. FEDAN

Over a year ago, there appeared in the "Weekly" two articles by Pauline Dyke Serey entitled, "University Women, Organize" (Sept. 16, 1944), and "It's Entirely Up To you" (Oct. 14, 1944). After having read these articles, I watched the subsequent issues of the "Weekly" very closely to see if anyone of our numerous university graduates would answer her challenges. Much to my disappointment, however, no one appears to have shown any interest.

In Miss Serey's article of September 16, these particular paragraphs were true challenges to me, and I believe them to be very worthy of quotation:

"It is the duty of the more educated to help guide actions into the most constructive channels. Due to their opportunity to learn the scientific method of reasoning and their longer years of education, they should be able to see more clearly and thus prevent many errors from occurring. But how often do they do so? Individually, perhaps, but an individual is powerless in our complex society. And what were the scholars doing? The study of beauty, the study of history, the study of science, etc., occupied their whole hearts and minds, but the misfortunes and problems of our generation and of our organizations were none of their concern."

"Why do we sit back and do nothing that is really significant to more people than to our little selves? We have lived too long in the narrow alleys of life and must now get out on the avenues to make more productive use of our knowledge. It is just like money; if it does not circulate, it has no value. By circulating, it will enrich the circulator as well as the many people through whom it will pass."

I want to commend Pauline Dyke Serey on her excellent articles which contained so many words of wisdom. Such articles will always have call-value, and can be re-read time and again and offer the same inspiration.

### Importance of Own College Fraternal Homes

I have previously mentioned the need for Ukrainian fraternal homes for our university-students. I feel that their establishment in centers where the Ukrainian population is concentrated, and where universities exist, would be of great benefit, not only to the student during his college-years, but to his family, his friends, and to the Ukrainians in general, afterwards. As is very frequently occurring today, our Ukrainian student goes through college, with no group of his own to keep in contact, and he gradually adopts the cultural pattern which accepted him while he was in college. And as I stated be-

fore, we are losing our graduate-student, a person for whom we have the greatest need in order to offer us wise guidance in our policies and activities.

The establishment of such fraternal-homes is not an impossibility, for we have only to look toward our neighbor, Canada, to see that it can be done. There are two fraternal-homes, well-established and very popular with the young people, and third is in the making. Surely, we university-graduates in the United States could direct our interest and effort toward the establishment of one such home. Not only would our students be aided, if necessary, by scholarships to complete their courses, but they would learn more concerning their Ukrainian cultural heritage, which is so priceless, yet can be forgotten very easily, if no interest is directed toward it. Our heritage is something to be proud of, as we have fine literature, some of the most beautiful music that has ever been composed in the history of mankind, and arts and crafts that are greatly admired by everyone who learns of them. It would be a pity to permit the tides of time to wash away every trace of this heritage. And, in the long run, we would be contributing not only to our own benefit, but to the American cultural pattern in the future, if we strive today to keep this heritage alive among our youth.

### Some Possible Activities In Them

Such an undertaking would have much to offer to our young people. Ukrainian libraries could be started, and discussion-groups could meet and discuss the literature of Shevchenko, Franko, and Lesya Ukrainka. There is also much being written today that is of interest to every Ukrainian, and ought to be brought to the limelight. Lectures could be given by prominent authorities on various subjects, such as art, political science, and history. Hobby-clubs, which would enable the student to develop his particular interest in music, debate, sports, or needlecraft, could be formed. This fraternal-home would serve as headquarters where Ukrainian students would meet and commemorate traditional Ukrainian holidays with a play or get-together of the students. Of course, the housing facilities would have to be limited to a certain number, but the other facilities of the home should be available to all who are interested. Such opportunities as I have mentioned would contribute greatly to the welfare of our students by broadening their viewpoint and perspective.

It is the concern of the present university-graduates to consider this

(Concluded on page 6)



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## One GI's Views

[The following arresting comment by Peter Sucharyk of Olyphant, Pa., who recently returned from overseas duty, appears in the current monthly number of the "Uke Views" bulletin published there in English and Ukrainian. Its text follows:]

After being away a few years and returning to civilian life, I've noticed some changes in people. But, even before I went away and now, there is one thing that hasn't changed and it even seems more so now. The lack of interest in our youth, in our church, school and Ukrainian affairs. But the thing that really tops it all is hearing some of our youth calling themselves Russians, which they aren't. This is what prompted me to write this article.

While I was in Africa, I was stationed in Algiers, a city of many different people and nationalities. Through a friend of mine, who knew I spoke Ukrainian, I met a Russian. I had always wanted to see if Russian and Ukrainian were the same. I now learned that there was a lot of difference. But lucky for me the Russian also spoke Ukrainian. He took me to his home to meet his family and for dinner. At dinner I had a real meal of "Holubtsi," the first such treat in a long time. But after dinner I was swamped with questions. They wanted to know all about the

U.S.A. They were especially interested in how and where I learned to speak Ukrainian so well. I told them about our parish, our school and the Ukrainian affairs. They were really surprised at all I told them and said it was wonderful how our people stuck together and kept up our heritage. But I was curious too, for one thing always bothered me: was I a Uke or a Russian and did I speak Ukrainian? Their answers were that I was a Ukrainian and I spoke the Ukrainian language, much different than the Russian.

So those of you who say you are Russian and don't know if you are, I have this to say, "I hope some day you meet a Russian and try to carry on a conversation."

We are American citizens first and are proud of it but we are of Ukrainian decent and we should be proud of that too. Let's take more interest in our church affairs and in our Ukrainian youth. To our Mothers and Fathers: Tell your children about Ukrainian customs. Read about Ukraine in our papers and there are many books about us. Take an interest in it for we will have to carry on where our fathers left off.

We are Ukrainians, so let's say so, unless we are ashamed of it.

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## Tells of Rest Stay In the Himalayas

A description of his stay at a rest camp high in the mountains of India is contained in a letter sent by Sgt. Walther Pytlowany to Stephen Kurlak of Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y., secretary of U. N. A. Branch 435, of which Sgt. Pytlowany is a member. Text of letter follows:

I just got back after spending fifteen days at a rest camp and six days of traveling on trains across India almost to Tibet, in cars that almost resembled the cattle cars back home. We started from Calcutta and travelled three days and two nights to the foot of the Himalayas, where we boarded G. I. trucks and in a drizzling rain climbed a road winding around the mountains up to an elevation of 7,000 feet, where the rest camp was situated.

At one spot the trucks stopped and we were told to get out and walk around a spot where an avalanche had taken half of the roadbed with it down some 3000 feet. The trucks barely got through and we boarded them to complete in about three hours the trip to the camp.

We were dirty, cold and unshaven and after attending to getting ourselves fixed up we got ready for dinner. The mess halls there are spotlessly white with linen and flowers on the tables. There were waiters around to serve us. The food was excellent with fresh vegetables and ice cream. After that we indulged in about a dozen bottles of beer out of our ration of 2½ cases for 15 days.

The next day we decided to go horseback riding. The weather was cool and crisp, the scenery beautiful, and the trails fine. Hiring the horse was very cheap, \$1.50 for all morning. After three days of riding I really was sore, but after all, I had come up here for rest and recreation. I then went in for tennis. In the evenings we played pinochle, drank beer, and threw fresh pine logs on the fire when it went low. At the camp there were also facilities for fishing, golf-

### MIKOLA KHVYLOVYI

The above named and talented author of the well translated story "YA" on page 3 started out as a Ukrainian Communist but eventually rebelled against Moscow domination over Ukraine. Result: he was compelled to shoot himself (May 13, 1933). The story concerns itself with the bloody days of the Russian revolution.—Editor.

ing and archery, and I enjoyed it all every minute.

Finally we had to leave, along roads similar to Burma and dangerous. Several days of rain had caused about eight avalanches, but we got down all right to the train depot, and once more we were on our way by train, back to our base. There I found out that our outfit was being broken up and sent all over India and China, and now I am sweating out my name on a shipment. Considering my low points, it will be a long while before I will see the good old states, but one never knows what to expect.

With the war over we are still combatting the heat, disease and insects in India as in any tropics, but the some day we will be back.

### LET'S CONSIDER

(Concluded from page 5)

matter seriously, offer their interest and efforts toward materializing such a plan, and continue to add to the laudable contributions of our parents, who worked so hard to make life better for us. Let us show them that we have really benefited from our education, and that we will progress and make life better for the coming generations.

We have our organizational goals. Now, we must employ our efforts as the means for attaining these goals. Many others, like myself, are giving much thought to renewing interest in the organizational field. I believe that some interest does exist among our university-graduates and will continue to increase. It will be seen that Pauline Dyke Servey will not be alone in her efforts.

## FIRST POST-WAR CONVENTION

of the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut

SUN., DECEMBER 2, 1945

at 2:30 P. M. SHARP

TOWN HALL, TERRYVILLE, CONN.

REPORT—ELECTIONS—LUNCHEON—COMMUNITY SING—MOVIES.

Come early—make new friends and get reacquainted with old ones. All returned service people are urged to attend. Come with that Cossack spirit of partaking in a little work and a little pleasure and you'll find that you'll have had one of the most interesting and enjoyable Sundays this year. Let the UYOC be one of the first large Ukrainian youth groups in this country to be on the road to full post-war recovery.

EVERY UKRAINIAN—YOUNG IN SPIRIT—INVITED!

УВАГА! — НЮАРК, Н. ДЖ., І ОКОЛИЦЯ!

УКРАЇНСЬКА КАТОЛИЦЬКА ПАРОХІЯ СВ. ІОАНА ХРЕСТИТЕЛЯ В НЮАРКУ

— влаштує —

НАРОДНЕ СВЯТО

В РІЧНИЦЮ СМЕРТІ УКРАЇНСЬКОГО ВЕЛИКОГО МУЖА

Митрополита Андрія Шептицького

В НЕДІЛЮ, 18. ЛИСТОПАДУ (NOVEMBER 18, 1945)

По Службі Божій буде відслужена ПАНАХИДА при участі парохіян, Українських Ветеранів ч. 227, Червоного Хреста, Братств, Товариств і Сестричтв.

ВЕЛИКИЙ ПОМИНАЛЬНИЙ КОНЦЕРТ

— відбудеться —

В УКРАЇНСЬКІЙ ЦЕНТРАЛІ, 180 ВІЛІАМ СТ., НЮАРК.

Початок концерту 7:30 ввечір.

Промови по українськи: д-р Л. Митурга і о. М. Данілюк; по англійськи: С. Шумейко. — Солісти: П. Орландський.

Запрошуємо весь український загальнісцевий і позамісцевий чительний у часті з цим великим святом! Концерт.