

СВОБОДА

Український Щоденник

PIK LIII. Ч. 231



SVOBODA

Ukrainian Daily

VOL. LIII. No. 231.

SECTION II.

# The Ukrainian Weekly

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

No. 45

NEW YORK and JERSEY CITY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1945

VOL. XIII

## THANKSGIVING

Though two days have passed since Thanksgiving, thanksgiving is now and ever will be with us. Just about a year ago the fighting of the bloody Battle of the Bulge was about to begin. A year ago our Marine, Navy and Army forces were engaged in a terrific struggle to drive the Japs out of their Pacific island lairs, and paying a terrible cost in the process. Homes were saddened over the loss of sons, brothers, sweethearts and husbands. Over other homes there hung the constant dread of receiving ill tidings: the ominous ring of the doorbell... the War Department telegram...

And our fellows overseas. In the European war theatre or the Pacific theatre, wallowing through mud or through the coral sand, fighting every foot of the way, seeing their comrades dead, or dying or wounded all about them, dirty, gaunt, and so tired, with their thoughts involuntarily drifting through the haze of battle and weariness back to the Thanksgiving days of pre-war times: the succulent turkey—and yes, the chicken, instead, was good too—with all the trimmings, and the whole family around the table, either at home or invited out for dinner... all that and more, and very much more, seemed but a dream to our servicemen a year ago, were they on land, or sea or in the air... a dream of utter nostalgia... "Will those days ever come back!?"

They did. But not for all. A quarter of a million of our young men today are among the war dead. Many veterans are still in hospitals, and many will have to carry serious handicaps all the rest of their lives.

But for all of the more fortunate of us Thanksgiving Day two days ago seemed to be too good to be true. Out here in the East the day was truly lovely and invigorating. The food was really too good. And sentiment—the thoughts of the yore and the thoughts of the morrow, intertwined with the warm, en-

dearing charm of those close and dear to us, together with the sadness for those who are still overseas, still far from home and families—the sentiment engendered by all this welled up within us, until we had to get a grip on ourselves to keep it from overflowing, and overwhelming us. And then the thoughts of the shape of the world today, and of the things to come. Quite foreboding. For the cause of peace, freedom and democracy, for which the fighting men of our country died, is not yet fully won. The defeat of the totalitarian Axis powers still leaves in being, and rampant, the powerful totalitarian, aggression-minded and Kremlin-centered regime in being, the very antithesis of all those principles and freedom in the cause of which we entered the war.

As a result, there is no security in Europe today. Moreover, the invention and the use of the atomic bomb have left us with new fears. And when we dined so well last Thursday, no one of any sensibilities among us could not help but remember the countless millions of cold and hungry people, could not help but remember, especially we who are of Ukrainian extraction, the terrible plight of our Ukrainian war refugees in Central and Western Europe, and the over 40 million of foreign-ruled and oppressed Ukrainians in their native but Moscow-dominated and despoiled land of Ukraine.

Still, it was a day of Thanksgiving for all of us. For a lot of the evil, the suffering, and the dread is now of the past. What faces us now is another problem, another struggle. The world can never be perfect. To get as near as possible to perfection is a constant struggle, a struggle ending in the survival of the fittest. That is nature's inexorable law.

And those who survive are those who have faith, the faith by which men live, the faith which keeps peace, and the faith which when peace cannot be kept wins war.

## Lesawyer Tells of DPs He Met

Interesting accounts of the Ukrainian displaced persons he met in Austria were related to this writer by Captain Joseph Lesawyer of Hudson, New York, member of U.N.A. Branch 477, who arrived home this month and is due for an early discharge.

A graduate of New York University where he played varsity baseball and later for the New York Athletic Club, Capt. Lesawyer was prior to entering service active in Ukrainian American younger generation life. He rose in rank from private. He served with the 11th Armored Division which saw much fighting and suffered heavy initial casualties during the critical Battle of the

Bulge when the Germans broke through about a year ago. He wears three campaign stars, a Bronze Star medal ribbon, and pre-pearl Harbor ribbon.

### Brother's Ship Torpedoed

A brother, Eddie, was recently discharged after seeing action with the Engineers in the North African and European campaigns. On his way to Europe his convoy was attacked by U-boats and his ship was sunk. A couple of hours later he and other survivors were picked up by a destroyer. Upon return to an Eastern port, his outfit embarked upon a freighter which made a solitary 29 day voyage without any escort what-

## Eisenhower Ordered Investigation of Forced Repatriation

In response to a letter sent by the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee protesting against forced repatriation by Soviet agents of Ukrainian displaced persons in the American zone of occupation in Germany, General Dwight T. Eisenhower ordered a complete investigation, ac-

ording to a letter received from him by Dr. Walter Gallan of Philadelphia, Pa., head of the relief committee. Text of letter follows.

### HEADQUARTERS

U. S. Forces, European Theatre  
Office of the Commanding General  
23 October, 1945

Dear Dr. Gallan:

Your letter and enclosure have just reached me.

I am sending them to my proper staff section, which will make a complete investigation concerning displaced persons in Mannheim.

Sincerely,

Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Fresh reports from Europe buttress earlier reports, reported on these pages, that Soviet forced repatriation of Ukrainian DPs in the American zone has been stopped.

Thus it appears that the protest action conducted by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, and their affiliated organizations, societies and parishes has been of some avail.

There should be no relaxation, however, of efforts to draw attention of public opinion to the plight of the Ukrainian DPs, their need of food, clothing and shelter, and the threat of recurring forced repatriation of them by the Reds.

soever, to a South African port. "One fear that was uppermost in our minds then," he says, "was what would happen to us this time if we were torpedoed and with no destroyer or any other ship around to pick up the survivors."

### DPs Envious of American Freedom

Following the closing of hostilities, Capt. Lesawyer was assigned to duty in Austria, near the River Enns, which separates the American and Soviet zones of occupation. There he met many of the suffering Ukrainian displaced persons. Some of them travelled many miles by foot and all manner of vehicles to see this American officer about whom they had heard that he could speak Ukrainian. They could not get over their wonder over the latter fact. To him they told many stories of their sufferings either under Nazi or Soviet misrule. They especially asked questions whether the Ukrainian American people had the freedom of action, speech, press, etc. and when assured that such was the case they were both envious and happy over the fact.

Asked whether he had witnessed any forced Soviet repatriation of Ukrainians, Capt. Lesawyer recounted of one incident where a group of them were threatened with such repatriation in his sector but whom American military authorities saved.

Capt. Lesawyer likewise met a number of Soviet officers, including a

Ukrainian general, on various occasions, both in the line of duty and socially. One marked feature of them all, he says, was that despite their general sociability they were extremely close-mouthed when he inquired about conditions under Soviet rule. It appeared, he says, as if they feared to talk.

### An Amusing Incident

An amusing incident he related dealt with a party given by a Soviet general to which a number of American officers were invited. The Russian general proposed toast after toast, and the Americans felt obliged to keep up with him, drink after drink. The vodka was not bad, he says, but some concoction called "spirits" was nearly enough to turn a man's stomach. All the while the Russian general kept pouring himself drinks for each toast out of his own special bottle. And then came the accidental discovery by one of the Americans. The general's bottle contained—water.

Among the things much in demand there, Capt. Lesawyer says, are American cigarettes. One Ukrainian professor he met there had a habit, when given some cigarettes, to cut it carefully in half and smoke one of halves, saving the other for another day. "Don't you ever smoke a whole cigarette?" he was asked. "Oh yes," the professor replied. "I do. But only on holidays."

## "YA"—(I)

By Mikola Khvyloviy

Translated by John Paschuk

(Concluded)

(2)

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

A crowd of nuns burst into the chamber. I did not observe this but felt it. It was dusk. For a long time I did not turn around. I contemplated that in less than two hours they would all perish. It was growing darker. Once more the ominous machine gun fire flashed on the horizon, and puffs of smoke were dimly visible beyond the brick kilns. "The Versaillesans are making fierce attacks," read the telephone bulletin. On the roads the supply wagons appeared more numerous in their hurried retreat to the north. Silhouettes of cavalry outposts were visible out on the steppes.

Crisis!

All public places were closed. The city was lifeless. It had the appearance of some long abandoned medieval fortress city. Stars began to spangle the sky and reflect greenish light on earth. Then they seemed to die out and vanish.

"But I must hurry! There is a crowd of nuns behind my back." I turned around briskly and wanted to pronounce the inevitable: "Execute them!"

Before me stood my mother—my melancholy mother with the eyes of Mary.

I shuddered. "What is this? Hallucination!" I exclaimed:

"You!"

I heard a sorrowful voice among the crowd of women:

"My son. My mint son!"

I felt myself falling. I was in a swoon and grasped a chair for support. At that moment, a loud, coarse laugh rent the chamber. It was doctor Tahabat.

"Mother! Why, you devil's puppy! Do you want to be suckled? Mother!"

I came to in a flash and seized my mauser. "Demon!" I cried and rushed at the doctor.

He eyed me coldly and said: "Now, now, calm yourself, traitor of the commune! Have the courage to take care of 'mother' (he emphasized mother) as you took care of the others!"

With those words he left the chamber silently. I was dazed. Pallid, almost lifeless, I gazed in bewilderment at the crowd of nuns before me and felt like a subdued wolf. My conscience became a submissive hostage of the Commune. I resolved never to waver again, nor to disclose to any one how my conscience had vacillated. As a son of the Revolution, I could not fail in my duty at this critical moment, I could not forsake the ranks and ignominiously turn traitor to the Commune.

Clenching my teeth and looking sternly at my mother, I said tersely: "Take them to the enclosure; I will be there soon."

I had hardly finished giving my order, when the chamber quivered with laughter again. I turned to the doctor and remarked vehemently: "Doctor Tahabat, you have evidently forgotten with whom you are dealing. Maybe you would like to join with the staff of Denikin—with that rabble," pointing in the direction where my mother stood, as I went out of the chamber. I heard no sound behind me.

I walked away from the palace into the setting dusk, stunned and depressed. The cannonade gathered force. Puffs of smoke appeared over the distant brick kilns. The din of the machine gun fire beyond the hill announced a decisive duel. The enemy troops were attacking successfully.

I walked aimlessly. Wagons passed me; horsemen dashed by, and tanks rumbled over the bridge.

III

Those were trying moments. It was painful. But I knew what I was going to do. I knew it at the time I

left the palace. Otherwise I would not have left the chamber of the Tribunal so suddenly. I resolved to be exemplary.

I remained awake all night. During a period of several hours that night, brisk shots were fired periodically. I, chief of the Dark Tribunal of the Commune, was fulfilling my Revolutionary obligations.

And was I to blame that all night long the image of my mother did not leave me for a moment?

Was I to blame?

At noon Andrew came to me with a harassed look in his eyes and said: "Listen! Permit her to go!"

I, "Whom?"

"Your mother."

I was silent. I felt myself driven almost to frenzy with anguish. I could contain myself no longer and burst into frenzied laughter.

Andrew looked at me hopelessly and said "Listen, what's the sense of this melodrama?" My dear, naive Andrew tried to be sarcastic this time.

But he was mistaken. I shouted: "To the wall!"

Andrew turned pale again. I was exasperated with such a naive communist. He failed to comprehend the reason for the savage and fierce brutality. He could not see anything behind my cold, wooden visage.

I, "Telephone. Find out where the enemy is."

Andrew "Listen!"

I, "Telephone. Find out where the enemy is."

A shrapnel whizzed over the palace and burst near by. The windows rattled, and the echo resounded through the deserted palace chambers.

We received word that the "Versaillesans," were only three versts away. Cossacks were reported to be advancing. The depot siren was shrieking incessantly.

Andrew ran outside. I followed him.

The cannon reports were ominously near. Puffs of smoke burst over the horizon repeatedly. A blanket of dust hung over the city. The sun appeared like a copper disk against the invisible sky.

The cannons roared, horsemen dashed by, tanks and wagons retreated to the north. I forgot the turmoil, I heard nothing, I could not recall how I returned to the palace wall. A shrapnel burst near by. The court of the palace was deserted. I came to a door and wanted to look through the small window where my mother was imprisoned when some one seized my hand. I turned. It was the degenerate sentinel:

"What a terror! All have fled. Ha, ha, ha!"

I, "How about you?"

He, "I? Oh, I!" and knocked at the door with his knuckles significantly.

Yes, he was a faithful watch dog of the Revolution. He would remain on guard under the most deadly fire. I reflected: "He is the sentinel of my conscience." Aimlessly, I went back to the city.

Toward evening, the northern portion of the suburb was occupied by the enemy. Our troops were forced to retreat to the north. Nevertheless, the insurgents were ordered to hold out until night. They died valiantly defending the trenches, sniping from obscure nooks, and guarding the cross roads.

Where was I?

We were getting ready to evacuate. Documents were burned, supplies packed away, and groups of prisoners transferred to safety.

I was completely exhausted. Suddenly my mother's image appeared before me, and I turned speechless with anguish.

I brushed aside my disheveled hair as my weary eyes watched the city

tower. Dusk was still setting. To the south villages were as yet

The Dark Tribunal of the Commune was preparing for flight. Convoys were crowding the roads, and disorderly bands of stray soldiers were fleeing to the north. Only our solitary armored train continued to hold the right flank against the enemy although its resistance was well nigh at an end.

Andrew disappeared somewhere. Doctor Tahabat set calmly on the davenport, drinking wine. He was silently noting my orders. Now and he glanced ironically at the portrait of the prince. But I felt his glance penetrating me and it troubled and agitated me.

Twilight was rapidly merging into night. Machine guns barked monotonously, incessantly. The deserted chambers of the palace were dead silent. I looked at the doctor and addressed him briskly: "Doctor Tahabat, within an hour I must dispose of the remaining group of the condemned."

He responded ironically and indifferently: "What of it? It's all right."

I shuddered, but he merely looked at me with a smile. He was fully aware of my predicament. In that group of the condemned was my mother.

I, "Please leave the chamber."

Doctor, "I'll go."

I was unable to control my emotion any longer: "Doctor Tahabat! For the last time I warn you. Do not provoke me!" Then my voice failed me. I swallowed the words on my tongue. I seized my mauser. Suddenly I felt penitent, unworthy, and poignantly conscious that my last ounce of will power had vanished. I sat down on the davenport humiliated, and, like a beaten, helpless dog, I looked at Tahabat.

Moments flew and we had to leave. I mustered courage, and cast a last glance at the portrait of the princess. Darkness.

"Guard!" The sentinel entered and reported:

"The condemned have been taken out. The place of execution has been selected at the edge of the woods outside the city."

The moon rose above the distant hill tops. It moved slowly over the sky, casting a silvery light upon the stream. At midnight it crossed the zenith, and shone upon the abyss. Frequent shooting was heard in the city. We followed the northern road.

I will never forget this silent procession of veiled prisoners led to their execution.

Behind us rumbled the tanks. The communist garrison formed the advance guard. These were followed by the company of nuns. In the rear were more of the garrison, I, and doctor Tahabat.

The nuns displayed the temper of genuine Versaillesans. During the whole march not one of them so much as uttered a single word. They were sincere fanatics. I seemed to walk in a stupor. Along side of me walked the sentinels of my conscience—the doctor and the degenerate. My eyes were on the crowd of nuns, but I saw nothing.

But I felt: There goes my mother with head bowed. I felt the aroma of mint. I felt that I was stroking her lovely head with its silver gray tresses.

Suddenly I raised my head, and caught a glimpse of the shadowy hills in the distance. I felt constrained to fall on my knees and gaze at the checkered silhouette of the Dark Tribunal of the Commune.

In a moment I regained my poise again. What was it? A hallucination? Could that be my mother's voice? Once more I felt myself unworthy. Something was gnawing at my heart. I wept small tears like an infant on the warm breast of its mother.

The question flashed again: "Could I be really leading her to execution?"

What was it? Reality or Hallucination? It was a reality, a living,

genuine reality—violent and fierce like a pack of hungry wolves. It was a fatal reality—inevitable as death itself.

"But perhaps it's an error?"

"Perhaps something else must be done?"

"Ah, that is merely fear, cowardice. There is a dependable rule of life: Errare humanum est. Why trouble yourself. Err! and err thus and so. And not thus and so!... And what errors could there be?"

Actually it was a reality like a pack of hungry wolves. But that was the sole road to the golden city of the beautiful unknown Commune. Then the fervor of fanaticism consumed me and I stepped lively along the northern highway.

The silent procession was approaching the woods.

I do not remember now they lined the nuns, but I do remember that the doctor came to me and laid his hand on my shoulder and said: "Your mother is there! Do what you will!" I looked up. One solitary figure separated itself from the group of nuns and advanced to the edge of the woods.

The moon stood at the zenith and hung over the abyss. The silent road wound its way through the greenish-yellow unknown. On the right appeared the dim silhouettes of my battalion.

At this moment rapid firing broke out in the city. The enemy had caught a glimpse of the retreating insurgents. A shell burst near-by.

I took my mauser out of the holster and advanced rapidly towards the lonely figure.

I remember a brisk rifle salvo—and the nuns strewn over the ground.

And then I remember that our armored train sounded a retreat from the woods. The forest echoed with the rapidly increasing fire. The enemy was pressing us and we had to hasten.

I walked about nervously. The solitary figure of my mother stood waiting there. She was standing and watching me anxiously. I hastened to the enchanted, doleful edge of the woods, while the solitary figure was waiting, always waiting. All around was desolation. Only the moon poured his green light from above. I held the mauser in my hand but my grip weakened, and I felt tears welling in my eyes. I wanted to shout:

"Mother, come to me! I must shoot you!"

The doleful voice pierced my mind. Again, I heard her say that I, her mint son, looked completely exhausted.

What is this? Could it be a hallucination again? I shook my head.

Yes, it was a hallucination. I had been standing for some time at the deserted edge of the forest before my mother and gazed at her.

She was silent.

The armored train shrieked in the woods. The firing continued. Danger was near. The enemy was attacking, and the insurgents were retreating. Dazed and consumed with the fervor of inexpressible ecstasy, I placed my arm around my mother's head and pressed it close to my breast. Then I raised the mauser and pointed the muzzle at her head. Like a nipped stem she fell upon me. I laid her on the ground and looked around wildly. There was no one around. Close by lay the warm bodies of the nuns. I heard the sound of firearms nearby.

I placed my hand in my pocket and remembered that I had forgotten something in the palace.

"What a fool!" I thought. Then I collected myself. And remembered that my battalion had retreated. I turned to the road.

But I had not taken three steps when something stopped me.

I shuddered and ran to the corpse of my mother. I knelt down beside it and eagerly watched her features. She was dead. Blood flowed in a dark stream over her chin. Then I lifted her head and pressed my lips with

# 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)

(Concluded)

### The Stalinist Execution

BY a freak of history, in part attributable to the German general staff, upon the orders of which Lenin was transported to Russia, the coveted political power was seized in 1917, in a spirit in harmony with Marx's revolutionary Terror. What next? The next step was obviously to consolidate this power to implement Marx objectively by establishing his dictatorship of the proletariat. As Marx put it, the leaders of the proletariat must see to it "that the revolutionary excitement shall not subside immediately after the victory is won. On the contrary, this excitement must be kept up as long as possible. Far from stopping so-called excesses, examples of popular vengeance upon hated individual and public buildings, . . . one must not only tolerate these examples but lead and conduct them" (Simkovich, Op. cit., pp. 195-6). In Russia, after the recuperating period of the N.E.P., during which capitalist activity, that was permitted, made such remarkable strides, and caused even Stalin to fear it (Leninism II, pp. 60-64), the firm dictatorship commenced, with Stalin at the helm.

The political realism of the entire trend, as depicted above, stems from the bifurcated condition of Marxism—its objective paucity of ideas and its revolutionary politics. This is the apogee of the entire explanation of the Marxist form as it affects Russo-Ukrainian relations. But, as Marx held, theory and action must be as one. For him, socialized conditions of production were to come first, then the political revolution, but history demurred: thus for the realists Lenin and Stalin, including also Trotsky, operating in the spirit of the Marxian tradition, the political revolution was to come first, and it came, and the socialized conditions next, as history must be forcibly shaped. Only in this light, thus, can one understand the complex phenomena of the Soviet Union. Political force, terrorism, regimentation, and wholesale murder now come to have meaning as Stalin, as indeed Trotsky would also have done, proceeds to create these socialized conditions so that theory and action may be brought into harmony.

Now for some observations concerning this socialist enterprise since 1928. Stalin declared, "In the U.S.S.R. only one party can exist, the Communist Party, which courageously defends the interests of the workers and peasants to the very end" (Report to 8th Congress of Soviets, Nov. 25, 1936). In Marxian ideology, there was to be left after the expropriation of property of the few bourgeoisie, only the enormous

frenzy to her white forehead. Gloom. Suddenly I heard:

"Up, Communist! Time to join the battalion!"

I glanced up and saw the degenerate standing before me.

"Oh, yes. In a moment." Yes I should have gone long ago. I adjusted the strap of my mauser and dashed down the road.

In the steppe I noticed some partisans on horse. I ran there, holding my hand to my head.

Crisis. Here and there was a glimmer of dawn. Silently the moon was fading over the horizon. Clouds were coming from the West. The brisk incessant firing continued.

I stepped somewhere in the death-like steppe. Yonder in the distance, shone the calm rays of the Commune beyond the hills.

proletariat upon whom leadership rested. To expand the proletariat, and also socialize agricultural production, a Marxian pre-requisite, Stalin embarked upon a program of tyrannical collectivization and rapid industrialization, which he borrowed from Trotsky's program. Only one class—the proletariat—is to exist. What have been the results? The Party, instead of being controlled by the proletariat, is in the hands of a few thousand men (members of the Politbureau, the Central Committee, and the N.K.V.D.); the quelling of the politically unreliable peasantry into a subservient proletarian group is still unsuccessful; a new class of bureaucratic managers has emerged, contrary to the Marxian scheme.<sup>1</sup> But these are still pending problems for the dictatorship and its class ideology.

In the matter of economic distribution, a further problem presents itself in the wide income disparities (see Eastman, M., "The End of Socialism in Russia," pp. 30-34), and this receives a typical rationalization in the Soviet Labor Law (Moscow, 1939) as follows: "Petty bourgeois equalitarianism in wage policies is the worst enemy of socialism."

These problems, in addition to the seeming deviations on religion and patriotic nationalism, have deceived many into thinking that Marxist ideology in the U.S.S.R. is at an end. They are correct in that the colossal experiment, with its incalculable costs in human life and property, which was undertaken to realize Marxist conditions that should have arisen in capitalistically developed countries and Marxist ideas, such as the labor theory of value, has failed. But sound western scholarship arrived at this conclusion of failure long ago by disproving Marxian thought. They are incorrect in thinking, however, that the spirit of Marxist ideology has subsided—the spirit of violence, hatred, dictatorship, and revolutionary terror. It is this political force of Marxist ideology that alone reconciles the innumerable paradoxes and seeming contradictions of the Russian regime. Articles in the "Propagandist" since 1942 and the popularization of the "History of the Communist Party, Brief Course" (1938) certainly substantiate this conclusion.

In concluding this section, it may be said that socialism, with its advocacy of the nationalization of the means of production, has indeed arrived at an impasse. Discussions concerning the possibility of a democratic socialism appear fruitless when centralized direction of production receives its best concrete evidence in Soviet management. Professor Hayek's "The Road to Serfdom" presents stubborn arguments why dictatorial control is a natural accompaniment of such direction. As for recent political trends, viz., in Great Britain, before one rejoices in the apparent victory of socialist principles, he would do well to acquaint himself with the history of the German Social Democratic party. As for Ukraine, it seems hopeless to think that it can liberate itself from the domination of the imposing socialist machine directed from the Kremlin. To call simply for political liberalization, as Mr. William H. Chamberlin does, as a partial solution of the Ukrainian problem is somewhat too optimistic for it is evident that the concentrated

<sup>1</sup> Ropke, W., "International Economic Disintegration", p. 149. (based on articles in Pravda).

<sup>2</sup> Bienstock, G. etc., "Management in Russian Industry and Agriculture".

dictatorial power of the Party is based fundamentally upon the concentrated and centralized socialist machine which is an institutional sine qua non for that planned economy that is so cherished by real socialists.

### The External Situation

The first important principle to grasp is that the game of internal political opportunism may be very easily adapted for international use. The Russians possess this power. Secondly, when we recall that we were not so long ago asked to read Hitler's "Mein Kampf" to recognize his plan for us and when we are aware of the present propaganda that Stalin always keeps his word, it would do well to review portions of his unpublished "Kampf," also, in order to form a grounded opinion. Concerning the world economy, Stalin teaches: "That is precisely why an international proletarian revolution is needed. Without this there is no use even thinking of the organization and normal development of world economy. However, in order to begin (at least begin) instituting a correct world economy, the victory of the proletariat in at least a few advanced countries is necessary. So long as this has not been achieved, our Party must seek circuitous paths of co-operating with capitalist groups in the economic arena" ("The October Revolution" p. 49). Some will quickly point to the dissolution of the Comintern as counterproof. Organizationally, yes perhaps. Functionally, no, as notice the recent distribution from Moscow of the "Agitator's Notebook" to party members throughout the world.<sup>3</sup> Moreover, recall the ostentatious consultations of Togliatti, an Italian cabinet member, and Marshal Tito with the Kremlin before assuming their respective national tasks. Strategy and tactics, circuitous or direct, are the implements of external intervention as forged by the master craftsmen of the Kremlin.

Still trusting in Stalin's word, we find him teaching a portion of Leninism: "We are living not merely in a state, but in a system of states, and it is conceivable that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist for a long period side by side with imperialist states. Ultimately, one or the other must conquer." Or more appropriate for the present:

"We have two stabilizations: the temporary stabilization of capitalism and the stabilization of the Soviet system. The setting in of a certain temporary equilibrium between these two stabilizations—such is the characteristic feature of the present international situation . . . at the one pole we find capitalism stabilizing itself, consolidating the position it has reached and continuing its development. At the other pole we find the Soviet system stabilizing itself, consolidating the positions it has won and marching forward on the road to victory. Who will defeat whom? That is the essence of the question . . . the world is now split into two camps: the capitalist camp, with Anglo-American capital at the head; and the socialist camp, with the Soviet Union at the head.

"Whoever has failed to understand this antithesis will never understand the quintessence of the present international situation."

It goes without saying that the last sentence of the above statement really justifies Stalin's claim to political realism and sagacity. The positions, he mentions, are being presently consolidated in Yugoslavia under Tito, by the liquidation of democratic Bulgarian statesmen under the useful caption of "war criminals," in Poland etc. Yes, even in the United States, as witnessed by the recent somersault of our comrades. Any method will do, depending on conditions; even that of Tsarist imperialism as shown by the recent recovery of the integral

<sup>3</sup> Sulzberger, C. L., New York Times, June 6, 1945.

parts of the old Russian Empire—from Europe to the Pacific. Marxist politics, nihilistic in essence, all nurture this power-driven opportunism.

Of course one cannot accept an opportunist's word. That the end (Revolution) justifies any means is basic to Bolshevik policy, as many a comrade knows. For example, concerning the national question, when Stalin was still out of power, he fervently declared: "The first question is, how are we to arrange the political life of the oppressed nations? In answer to this question it must be said that the oppressed nations forming part of Russia must be allowed the rights to decide for themselves whether they wish to remain part of the Russian state or to separate and form an independent state" ("Marxism and the Nat'l. and Colonial Ques." pp. 62-65). As we well know, Trotsky's hordes settled the question, despite the fact that the above was expressed by Lenin too (Lenin-Stalin, Selected Writings and Speeches, pp. 114-115). Then, as is to be expected of chauvinists, there follows the rationalization: "The question of the rights of nations is not an isolated question, complete in itself; it is a part of the general question of the proletarian revolution, a part which is subordinate to the whole and must be dealt with from the point of view of the whole question," (Foundations of Leninism, pp. 76-77).

### World Conflict Not Over Yet

The world conflict that began in 1914 with its interim recuperative period between 1918 and 1939 is certainly not yet over. In point of fact, the problems and dangers issuing from this so-called Second World War are infinitely greater than those of the First War. Moreover, the new political factor on the international stage is this socialist colossus of the East, with aims philosophically opposed to the values of the West. As after Napoleon's collapse Russian armies penetrated the heart of Europe and almost brought Europe to the brink of another war between the Russian Empire and a European coalition led by Great Britain, so today, after the defeat of Hitler, a similar penetration has occurred, only to meet the safeguarding bulwark of American might. Today the position of Britain in Europe, as preserver of the balance of power, is occupied by the United States. The meaning of this is best revealed in the statement appearing in an article by Forrest Davis in the Saturday Evening Post, May 13, 1944, which was rumored to have received the blessing of the late President of it: "Stripped to the bare essentials, we fought in 1917 and are fighting now to prevent the mastery of Europe by one aggressive power. Should Russia, as the sole European power, display tendencies toward world conquest, our vital interest would be again called into account."

It would be foolhardy and perilous to trust solely in a belief that Russia will neutralize its dynamistic outlook in the political world. The stakes are too immense. With American power at its peak, every pressure, as Messrs. Bevin and Churchill have already suggested, should be exerted upon the Soviets, e.g., international demands for universal disarmament, political liberties for all peoples etc. Recalcitrance on the Soviet part to accede to these measures, to which other nations must likewise subscribe, would probably mean an earlier showdown: carrying them into effect would mean the end of Marxist ideology at the Kremlin inasmuch as the Red Army, the N.K.V.D., the forced labor camps, and a single-party government constitute the foundation of the present Russian regime's political power.

The points of eventual friction are numerous. The Balkans, Greece, the Dardanelles, Persia, India, northern China, and the northern Pacific Islands are some of the sore spots. About these and the continent of Europe the flames of the future may

# 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)

(Concluded)

WHEREAS in the 17th and 18th centuries the principal (Russian) accusations against the Ukrainians were in the field of religion, in the 19th century they dealt exclusively with the language question. In a large measure this was due to the way in which the two languages developed; the Russian from above and the Ukrainian from below or, as the Russians said, from the vulgar source. The democratic Ukrainian people accepted their popular speech in literature whereas, as I have said before, the literary language of Russia was far removed from the language of the people and could be fittingly described as a dead language. The attack against the so-called vulgar Ukrainian language was led by Prof. Kachenovsky who was ably assisted by Bishop Eugenie Bolkhovitinov. The latter wrote in 1814, "I do not believe that Nestor wrote in the Little Russian language. Because the Little Russians have more of the words which he used than we have, is not proof as far as I am concerned."<sup>12</sup>

Another lengthy discussion on this subject developed between 1850 and 1860 as a result of the hypothesis expounded by Prof. Pogodin. Prof. M. Maximovich, the first Rector of Kiev University, had started a serious study of the Ukrainian language. In numerous works between 1827 and 1863 he showed conclusively that the Ukrainian language was independent, and more closely allied to Western and Southern Slav languages than to Russian. He showed that the Ukrainian language had its separate status even in prehistoric times,<sup>13</sup> and that the Ukrainians are autochthons on the territories which they occupy from the mouth of the Danube to the Don. These writings of Maximovich started this prolonged debate. The first to oppose him was Prof. Lavrovsky,<sup>14</sup> who maintained that the until the 13th century and could not therefore claim a separate status in the 11th and 12th centuries. Yet Lavrovsky recognized Ukrainian as a separate language and vehemently disagreed with those who suggested that it was closely allied to Russian.<sup>15</sup> Ukrainian language did not develop

In 1856 Prof. Pogodin published his theory,<sup>16</sup> in which he upheld Maximovich by saying that the Ukrainian language began in the 9th century and was further removed from Russian than from other Slavonic languages. But according to Pogodin, this language does not possess a lit-

erature. Pogodin wrote: "How is it that the governing people who supplied the rulers (kniazi) for the whole of Rus', a people who were great colonizers and a people who gave Christianity and enlightenment could fail to leave clear traces of its spirit and its language? If it were so it would be without parallel in history." By such reasoning Pogodin came to the conclusion that the Poliany (Ukrainian tribe around Kiev or Rus' proper) were Great Russians who left Kiev only after the Tartar invasions in the 13th and 14th centuries and their place was taken by Ukrainians from Galicia. Of course this thesis pleased the Russians and it became very popular. But it could not withstand serious criticism and was easily disproved from the philological point of view by Maximovich<sup>17</sup> and from the historical point of view by A. Kotliarevsky.<sup>18</sup>

The broken hypothesis of Pogodin was again raised by Prof. A. Sobolevsky in 1883, who did not try to support his theory by historical material as did Pogodin but resorted to illustrations from philology. His whole argument revolved around one letter which he considered enough to enable him to reach the same conclusion as did Pogodin.<sup>19</sup> Prof. Sobolevsky's writing on this subject caused a new academic furore in which Professors Dashkevich, Antonovich, Budanov and Leontovich attacked him from the historical side and Prof. Zhytetsky, Academician Yagir, Shimanovsky, the Academician Shakhmatov and specially Prof. Krymsky attacked him from the philological side.<sup>20</sup>

Sobolevsky's theory was of great importance in the study of the history of the Ukrainian language. He himself had taken a purely scientific stand and this forced his adversaries to support their contentions on well grounded scientific materials. Ukrainian philologists will always be thankful to Academician Sobolevsky because he forced them to become purely scientific. It should be mentioned in passing that the struggle against the recognition of the Ukrainian language was not carried on so much by Muscovite scholars as by the Muscovite Government whose policies had nothing to do with science, for this argument had long ago become superficial as far as scientific opinion was concerned. As Prof. A. I. Thompson said: "The argument as to whether the Little Russian language is a language or a dialect is profoundly baseless, in that it is an argument about words which have not been assigned

<sup>12</sup> Old and New Russia 1880 Book X. pp. 335, 361.

<sup>13</sup> Collected Works of Prof. M. Maximovich Vol. III. Kiev 1880.

<sup>14</sup> Concerning the language used by the Northern Russian Chroniclers 1852.

<sup>15</sup> P. Lavrovsky, A Review of the Outstanding Characteristics of the Little Russian Language compared with the Great Russian and other Slavonic Languages. 1859 Book VI. p. 225.

<sup>16</sup> A Memorandum dealing with the Ancient Russian Language. The Philological News of the Academy of Science 1856 Vol. V. pp. 70-92.

<sup>17</sup> Collected works of Prof. M. Maximovich. Vol. III. Kiev 1880.

<sup>18</sup> A. Kotliarevsky, Were the Little Russians indigenous inhabitants of the Land of Poliany or did they come from across the Carpathians in the 14th century? Osnova 1862 Book X. pp. 1-12.

<sup>19</sup> How did the people speak in Kiev in the 14th and 15th Centuries? A Lecture printed in the Nestorian Society Revue Vol. II 1888.

<sup>20</sup> The pertinent works of the above works are given by Prof. Ohlenko in his History of Ukrainian Culture.

# WE ARE UKRAINIANS, TOO

By HONORE EWACH

In the first days of June in 1934 I received an invitation from Prof. Watson Kirkconnell, on behalf the Canadian Authors' Association, to deliver a speech on the Ukrainian authors in Canada at the annual convention of the Canadian authors which was to take place at the C.P.R. Devil's Gap Chateau on the Lake of Woods at Kenora, Ontario. I accepted the invitation and began to prepare my paper for the occasion.

The Devil's Gap Chateau was an ideal place for the Canadian authors to meet. Kenora is one of the beauty spots of Canada. It lies almost midway between the western half and the eastern half of Canada, with some 1,600 miles stretching from there to the shores of the Pacific and with as many miles stretching towards the shores of the Atlantic. It is a small, clean and picturesque Canadian town, lying right on the edge of the Lake of the Woods with its one thousand islands.

## Beautiful Kenora

I fell in love with Kenora at first sight. It was just after sunset when I caught my first glimpse of it from the train. I saw the golden, red and purple sunset tints mirrored in the lake as I was getting ready to get off the train.

It was Mr. Kokor who met me at the station. After an exchange of greetings, Mr. Kokor took me in his car for a sightseeing ride through the town. We went up and down between the houses, as the terrain in Kenora is very uneven, with rocks bulging out here and there. Soon we were at Mr. Kokor's house. Mrs. Kokor greeted us with a lunch. Before the lunch was over my host told me many interesting things about Kenora, his own business, and of all his worries as one of the local school trustees.

Next day Mr. Kokor took me to the place where there was a motor boat waiting for the in-coming authors. In it was the boatkeeper, I, and a French Canadian editor from the city of Quebec with his wife. As the boat set out across the lake towards the hotel, I got acquainted with the editor and his wife. Now and then the editor would exchange remarks with his wife in French. My ear told me at once that here was a man who came from France and had married a Canadian-born girl. It was so easy and natural to chat with them. They were as emotionally responsive as I. We were chatting because it is but natural for the French and the Ukrainians to chat with their fellow

a precise meaning."<sup>21</sup> In the latter part of the 19th century the independent status of the Ukrainian language was accepted by all the leading philologists, among whom were Mikloshich, Pogodin, Yagir, Shakhmatov, Lavrovsky, W. Dahl, and others.

<sup>21</sup> A. I. Thompson, A General Revue of Philology, Odessa 2nd ed. 1910 p. 38.

beings, whether they know each other or not.

As our boat was just about to go in a semi-circle around a huge rock I noticed on it a huge head of a terrible devil painted in reddish color. Well, ahead of us was the water gap between the rocks leading to the Devil's Gap Chateau (hotel). We had a hearty laugh at the devil's terrible grimace, intended to give us cold shivers along our spines.

It was Mr. R. Kennedy who met me at the Chateau's landing place, one of the leading Canadian editors—the present president of the Canadian Authors' Association. He told me that I would stay during the convention in a double cabin with Prof. Watson Kirkconnell. That news delighted me, as Prof. Kirkconnell was the author that I knew best personally.

## Meets Noted Authors

After taking a look at our cabin I went to the Chateau. I was then in a cheerful mood, so it took me but a short time to get acquainted with many authors from all over Canada. Among the many young faces of the Canadian novelists, poets, and editors I could see such grey-haired deans of Canadian literature as Sir Charles D. G. Roberts, Ralph Connor, and Murray Gibbon. In spite of the many pretty young lady authors I also noticed many beauties among the girls who served us during meal hours. There was something familiar in the faces of these young girls who were fitting with dishes among our tables, though I had never met them before.

Prof. Kirkconnell's turn to speak came next day in the afternoon. He read his paper on the Canadian authors who write in other languages than English. He also read some of his own translations from the verses of such authors. He had a very high praise for the Canadian Icelandic poets. He also named many Canadian Ukrainians who wrote verses. In addition, he read several of their poems in his own English version. He got a hearty applause from the public, consisting of the authors and the prominent local citizens.

Then I was called upon to deliver my speech. I spoke on the Canadian Ukrainian authors, thus corroborating Prof. Kirkconnell's statement that literary works were done in Canada also in Ukrainian. Perhaps I was a bit nervous standing there in front of so many veteran Canadian writers, but there was no doubt about the effect that my speech made. I was surprised at the thunderous applause I got from the public for my speech. As I was returning to my seat, I noticed that even the pretty waitresses who were standing at the back of the hall were applauding me.

After my speech the afternoon meeting came to an end. It was a jolly, cheerful crowd that started to surge towards the exit. All of us were going to take a pleasure trip at the expense of the citizens of Kenora on a big ship towards the Indian reserve to see there Indian native dancing.

As I was passing, on my way out, by the girls who were standing in the back part of the hall and applauding my speech, several of them came near me and each one of them said, "Hello, Mr. Ewach, I am a Ukrainian, too." I answered, "How glad I am to meet you."

As our ship moved among the many beautiful islands of the woods, I sat there on the deck chatting with Ralph Connor, still hearing those sweet-toned and brave words of Ukrainian lassies—"I am an Ukrainian, too." And I thought to myself, "It is the realization of one's own intrinsic worth that gives one courage and impetus to higher aspirations." And I was happy.

soar. To prevent it, in these next few years Anglo-American power may have to display in one way or another its full strength. Force is after all, what the men of the Kremlin understand best.

For Ukraine, the future rests in this sphere. Internal strife against steel is unthinkable: the opening wedge must come from without. Should a conflict arise between the totalitarian power of U.S.S.R. and the democracies, as there is every indication that it must eventually, the best guarantee for peace after that would be the disintegration of the Union, and the substitution of a completely European federation of nations. Toward this goal, Ukraine and its friends should strive.

## Subscription to UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

Please enter my subscription for one year for which I enclose \$2.00.

Name .....

Address .....

Fill out this subscription blank and mail to

**SVOBODA**

P. O. BOX 346

JERSEY CITY 3, N. J.

## FIGHTER ACE IVAN KOZHEDUB

[One of the top fighting pilots of the Soviet air force is a twenty five year old Ukrainian, Ivan Kozhedub, who shot down 62 Nazi planes. A brief account of him and his exploits appeared several weeks ago in Delos W. Lovelace's New York Sun column, "Who's News Today." Below is an interview with him by L. Lerov, a Soviet writer.]

NO one could describe that battle. Things moved faster than the eye could follow. Of only one thing could you be certain—that one of the fighters in the mixup was always higher than his adversaries and kept coming on at the Luftwaffe planes from above. With dizzy figures executed at lightning speed the pilot retained his advantage. First he shot down one Focke-Wulf 190, then another. Finally he was alone against four Nazis, as the rest of our fighters were ordered at a bevy of Junkers that had appeared. One of the German fighters seemed to crumple up under his guns, and he came down in flames. Down below we heaved a combined sigh of relief as the remaining three turned tail.

"Good for Kozhedub!" exclaimed Air Colonel General Goryunov, the commander of our air forces, with whom I watched the intense struggle 2,000 meters above.

### Leader of Famed Ace Outfit

It was my first introduction to Major Ivan Kozhedub, and it took place during the summer of 1944, in the course of the fighting in Rumania. The weather was excellent and the air over Jassy was thick with air engagements, dozens of which were fought every day. To relax the tension and insure our superiority in the air our Command sent the famous Sword Squadron to this sector, made up of ace fliers under Kozhedub.

The day I first saw Kozhedub fly, the Sword Squadron had been sent up to block a German attempt to gain the upper hand in the air; our Command expected such an attempt would be made, for it knew the enemy was preparing major counterattacks. Such action usually means that a large Luftwaffe fighter force would try to clear the way for bombers. This was true now; soon the German fighters made their appearance on the horizon. At the same time reports came in to the General that fighters, piloted by the crack fliers of the Udet Squadron, had taken off from German airdromes. In a few minutes they had to reckon with Kozhedub and his aces.

A few days after that lighting engagement I attended the presentation of decorations to the fliers of the air regiment in which Kozhedub served. His name headed the honors list. When his name was called out I saw a broad-shouldered, blue-eyed man of 25, with fair hair combed smoothly back, step out of the ranks and, with the rolling gait of a sailor, walk up to the General. Besides receiving the decoration he was thanked by Marshal Konev.

After the ceremony the General gave a dinner in honor of those who had received awards. He seated Kozhedub next to himself in order "to protect him from the correspondents." So my next bet was his best friend, Hero of the Soviet Union Captain Yevstigneyev, also of the Sword Squadron. From him I learned that Kozhedub, the number one fighter pilot of the front, had seen his first action only in July, 1943 near Belgorod. "Perhaps no other Soviet flier has done so much in so short a time," he said.

Any notion that the fighting ace had begun his career with a brilliant exploit and thus gotten a head start was soon corrected.

"His flying began with a defeat—mistake you can call it—that almost cost him his life," the Captain told me. "He was shot down during his first mission. He took it very badly,

could not forgive himself for having been caught napping by an enemy flier."

This first bitter lesson was not lost on the airman. He began persistently to cultivate in himself the ability to see everything—a quality so important to a crack flier. His fellow fliers began to joke that Kozhedub had a rubber neck which enabled him to turn his head a full 360 degrees.

Fame came to him on the Dnieper. Almost every day the front-line papers featured his name. In the course of a single week he brought down 11 German planes.

The conversation with Yevstigneyev was interrupted by the General rising to drink to Kozhedub's second Gold Star Medal, the insignia of Hero of the Soviet Union which he was certain the flier would earn. And true enough he got it later. I poised my pencil to jolt down his reply to the toast, but there was not much to write. Embarrassed and blushing, Kozhedub said when the applause had died down, "I will do my best."

### In the Fiercest and Heaviest Fighting

Beginning with the Dnieper, Kozhedub's fame grew and spread. His name appeared time and again, both in the press and dispatches. Particularly dazzling was his performance at the bridgeheads on the Dnieper, Southern Bug, Dniester, Prut, Bug, Sozh, Vitula and the Oder. He flew over all these rivers when they were the scene of the fiercest and heaviest fighting.

During the latter period of the war when the front moved to the approaches of Berlin, he was already second in command of the so-called Marshall's Regiment, which consisted of picked topnotch airmen and was at the disposal of the Chief Air Marshal for use on decisive sectors of the front.

Kozhedub was on a mission when I arrived at his airdrome. According to the officer on duty at the regimental radio station, he was in action over one of the suburbs of Berlin. Hearing I had come to see the famed airman, the officer began to praise him for the fighting in which he was then engaged.

"The other day he and his group shot down 27 enemy aircraft in three days while covering our bridgeheads on the Oder," the officer said. "In another action his sextet took on 30 Focke-Wulf 190's, Kozhedub himself downing three Germans while his comrades accounted for another five. We got a wire from the ground forces artillery commander stating the performance exceeded anything he had seen in air fighting."

The officer was just beginning to tell us about how the airman lent a hand to some British fliers, when our conversation was interrupted by the return of the Lavochkin fighters piloted by Kozhedub and his fliers.

It was more than an hour later before I was able to get hold of the noted flier himself: One of his men had committed some error in the fighting they had just seen, and before he would talk to anyone he held a "closed lecture" to explain why the erring pilot should have conducted himself differently. And before he would see me he wanted to read a letter he had just received from his father in the Sumy Region. In a few minutes he was through and we sat down under the wing of one of the planes. Kozhedub was in gloomy spirits. I asked whether the letter had bad news.

"Dad writes he does not think he will last long and wants to see his sons before his death," he said. "All my brothers are at the front, and Mother died before the war. That leaves him all alone, and although the whole village looks after him and he is not lacking anything, he is worried about us. He writes that he does not sleep nights. Maybe I

will get permission to fly home after we have taken Berlin.

"Now let us get down to business; what is it you wanted to know?"

### Helping Allies

I asked about the time he had lent a hand to the British fliers.

"There was a case like that," he replied. "Some British planes were bombing the suburbs of Berlin, and the Germans sent a considerable number of fighters against them. I was sent out to help the Allies cope with the Nazis. It was a rather hot fight. We broke into the very midst of some Focke-Wulf 190's. One of the Germans got above me and I resorted to a stunt the Germans had not experienced before—attacking the Nazi from below. The German went down. I was barely out of this tangle when another Focke-Wulf 190 came at me. We went at each other head on to see whose nerves would crack first. His gave way and I shot him down, too. That is all."

"You're not very talkative, are you, Major?"

"Instead of going into long stories I usually show you newspapermen my notebook," he said. "I have a full record of my air battles there. Want to take a look at it?"

He gave me a small, much-handled notebook, but it contained only diagrams and brief notations, too brief to be of much use to me. But I jotted one of them down. It read:

"October 23, 1944, nine hours, 15 minutes, cut down Junker 87; attacked from above. Eleven hours, ten minutes, set Focke-Wulf 190 on fire, see film record. Thirteen hours, 30 minutes, scrap with four Focke-Wulf 190's, shot one down in head-on attack, then downed another."

Giving his book back to him I asked whether he could say something about the mission he had just been on.

"Nothing out of the ordinary," he replied, "I was going at 4,500 meters when I spotted four Focke-Wulf 190's. Relying on their numerical superiority, the Germans attacked head on. Two of them flew a little higher than I and two below. While the Germans were trying to close in on me, I attacked the lower pair and shot down the leading machine. The rest decided not to engage me. It was just an ordinary air battle that was over in a flash. For me it is interesting because it rounded out my score at 60."

I barely had time to congratulate him on the occasion, when the cook drove up in a jeep carrying a birthday cake which he handed to Kozhedub with appropriate felicitations. The words "In Honor of the 60th Victory" in icing decorated the top of the cake. Kozhedub threw a rapid glance at me, and then "Stand by, Kozhedub, for a raid by a division of war correspondents."

A few weeks later I met him in

## Our Trilling Thrushes

On Sunday, November 18th, the Ukrainian Girls' Chorus of New York and New Jersey participated in a concert at the Newark Museum in Newark, N. J. The concert was one of a series being held by the museum in honor of the United Nations.

The Chorus, under the able direction of Stephen Marusevich, sang such popular Ukrainian songs as "Viye Viter," "Koly Rozluchayutsha Dvoye," "Viddala Mene Matinka," and others, which were enjoyed by the mixed audience.

The concert followed closely on the heels of a Musicales given by the Chorus on November 4th at the International Institute in New York. There additional entertainment was supplied by a male quartet, which excelled in a group of American songs, and by Mary Bodnar, soprano, who sang two melodies accompanied by Olga Dmytriw at the piano. A performance by a Ukrainian dance group followed.

Refreshments were served, and dancing concluded the evening.

The Chorus is anxious to acquire new members, and invites girls from New York and New Jersey to its rehearsals, held every Tuesday evening at 8:30 at the International Center of the Y.W.C.A., 341 East 17th Street, in New York.

S. D.

Moscow—three days after Victory Day. He was complaining that newspapermen, artists and sculptors had not given him a moment of peace.

"Fame may be all right, but in small doses. I want to get back to my regiment as soon as possible. I will go as soon as I have met Lavochkin, the aircraft designer. After all, it is in his plane I bagged all 62 German aircraft."

"How many?" I interrupted. "Sixty-two. Since I saw you last I shot down two planes over Berlin. I am certainly looking forward to meeting Lavochkin."

### IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Why not relax from routine duties and interest yourself in

## NEEDLE-POINT AND PETIT-POINT

We have in stock now a book illustrating in colors very beautiful designs with full instructions.

Price \$1.00.

Send your order together with remittance to:

"SVOBODA"

P. O. BOX 346, JERSEY CITY, N. J.



## Something NEW in Xmas Cards!

We have in stock already a

FINE SELECTION OF UKRAINIAN XMAS CARDS.

They are made up of good quality paper, the pictures are embossed and each card has a colored border or a design of Ukrainian cross-stitch pattern. The greetings consist of Ukrainian "koliadky."

The cards sell for 10c. each.

Send your order now together with remittance to:

**SVOBODA**

31-33 Grand Street (P. O. Box 346) Jersey City 3, N. J.

## Праця для жінок і муштин WANT ADS

Classified Department—Bergen 4-0237—Bryant 9-0662

### ПОТРІБНО ЖЕНЩИН

#### KREISLER ПРИЙМАЄ ЗНОВА

Дівчат—жінок вік 18 до 35  
Досвід не потрібний  
Години 8 рано до 4 пополудні  
від 4 пополудні до півночі  
Складання і легка машинна робота  
Чистота, воздух і чудова атмосфера  
ДОБРА ПЛАТНЯ І БОНУС  
JACQUES KREISLER MFG. CORP.  
9015 Bergenline Avenue  
North Bergen, N. J.

## Weekly Banter

### His Verdict

"Did you ever see a giant?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the little fellow. "Last night one sat in front of me at the movies."

### Atomic Bomb

An eight-year old boy walking down the street is a good illustration of untrammelled dissipation of energy. He takes a few slow cautious steps and then dashes behind a telephone pole. With infinite patience he slowly peers around it. Was that a bunch of Indians over there behind the bushes across the street? Suddenly he gathers his energy and starts dashing down the sidewalk. With equal suddenness he stops and casually saunters a few steps. Hark! What was that? The blood-chilling howl of a wolf on his trail! He leaps behind a big maple tree. He looks up the street. No wolf in sight. What shall he do? With set jaw and staring eyes he makes a rush for the fence across the street, balances himself and springs for the tree branch overhead. Ha! Let the bloodthirsty wolf come. If a fellow has his Bowie knife he can drop on the cruel beast and drive the razor-sharp blade into the brute's heart. Never again will the wolf carry off the pioneers' children. "Richard! Richard, come get washed up for supper." And a lad who was ready for wolves and panthers and rattlesnakes has to leave the table to wash his hands again.

—Pepper and Salt

### He's It

New Recruit (on K. P. duty).—"I thought there were potato peeling machines in here."

Mess Sergeant—"There are—and you are one of the latest models."

### Jack London Story

Jack London used to declare that his great musical ability had once saved his life. He amplified the statement by explaining: "When I was a small boy, there was a severe flood in our town. When the water reached our house, my father hopped on a

## Funny Side Up

### "VETERAN'S PREFERENCE"

The smiling confident World War II veteran entered the personnel department of the XYZ Appliance Co. He stepped up to the manager's desk "Good day, sir," he yodeled. "Has your firm any call for a highly intelligent, college trained man?"

The manager poised a pen over an application blank. "Your name and address?" he requested.

The ex-G.I. gave his name and address.

"Where were you born?" continued the manager.

"I don't know," replied the young man.

"You don't know!" repeated the manager in surprise. "Well, didn't your father ever tell you?"

The applicant shook his head. "My father was high-strung, and a very difficult man to understand," he informed. "I never dared discuss personal matters!"

"I see," said the manager. "And what type of position are you seeking?"

"Well," mused the young man, "I want something in the executive line. A vice-presidency, for example."

The manager put down his pencil. "I'm really very sorry," he said vitriolically. "But we already have 12 vice-presidents."

The young man waved a hand. "Oh, that's all right," he stated happily. "I'm not superstitious."

The manager picked up his pencil and patiently continued. "Have you had any experience in the selling line?" he asked.

"Yes sir," nodded the applicant. "I was a salesman for five years before the war."

The personnel manager leaned back. "Selling vacuum cleaners," he said slowly, "is a highly competitive field. In order to make a success of it a man has to have a great deal of perseverance."

The applicant waved a hand. "When I start for a prospect," he boasted, "that person is as good as sold. It's my proud boast that I make sales that amaze even me."

The manager seemed impressed. "Really?" he asked.

The applicant nodded vigorously. "You bet," he cried emphatically. "Why, I once sold my wife a brand new fur coat, when I knew doggone well I couldn't afford it!"

BROMO SELTZER

bed and floated downstream until he was rescued."

The friend asked, "And what did you do?"

"I accompanied him on the piano."

## Cleveland Center Burns Mortgage

The burning of the mortgage on the Ukrainian Home of Cleveland's East Side, 3161 East 93rd street, was celebrated by a concert and appropriate talks at the hall on October 21st last.

Following the singing of the American anthem by the Bandurist chorus from St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Orthodox church under the direction of Mr. Prokops, Miss Florence Zablotska recited a poem dedicated to the slain soldiers of the war. Taps were sounded while the American flag and the Ukrainian flag were aloft. Talks were then delivered by Stephen Krawchuk, president of the Ukrainian Home, and John Bilinsky, assistant police prosecutor, both of whom were introduced by Harry Kukiz, master of ceremonies.

A violin solo featuring a melody of Ukrainian folk songs was played William M. Byk, a former serviceman, accompanied on the piano by Clementine Kupchewich. This was followed by folk dances done by a group led by Mary Popovich.

At this point the mortgage was ceremoniously burned, and congratulatory messages read from various people, including Mayor Thomas Burke and Senator Weber. The musical program was resumed with an accordion solo by Michael Yaryga, and concluded with the Ukrainian anthem sung by the chorus. A dinner consisting of tasty Ukrainian dishes was then served, and blessed by Rev. Hotra of St. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Catholic church. Dancing followed.

MRS. WILLIAM BYK

## УКРАЇНСЬКІ СТИНІ КАЛЕНДАРІ НА 1946 РІК

- У гарних кольорах
- Календаріом друковане українською мовою
- Свята означені чітким червоним друком

Ціна 30 ц. один

Належність треба посилати разом із замовленням на С. О. Д. не вислаємо.

- [ ] Гетьман Мазепа на коні
- [ ] Засвістали козаченьки
- [ ] Вашингтон
- [ ] Зимовий вид
- [ ] Діти бавляться
- [ ] Гарний вид Білого Дому
- [ ] Лінкольн
- [ ] Американський прапор
- [ ] Олень над водою
- [ ] Маленька хата над морем
- [ ] "Sea skipper" (рибалка)
- [ ] Весна
- [ ] Христос добрий пастир
- [ ] Серце Ісуса Христа
- [ ] Діти, що їх ангел стереже
- [ ] Пречиста Діва Марія
- [ ] Чудовий вид фарми
- [ ] Серце Пресвятої Діви Марії
- [ ] Бетси Росс шие Американський прапор
- [ ] Тайна вечера
- [ ] Матір Божа Неустаючої Помочі
- [ ] Свята Родина
- [ ] Святий Йосиф
- [ ] Слава во вишніх Богу

Замовлення слати на адресу:

"SVOBODA"

P. O. BOX 346

JERSEY CITY 3, N. J.

## News Bits From Toronto

### BOWLING

Ukrainian bowling here got on its way for the sixth consecutive season. The executives elected for 1945-46 are—

President—Dr. E. Wachna; Secretary and correspondent—Jean Harasym; Treasurer—Steven Sawchuk.

The team captains line up as follows:

Al Kotelko, captain of last season's championship team, now heads the "Atomics."

Stan Tereshyn, newcomer, recently discharged from the R.C.A.F., leads the "Happy Gang."

Steve Sawchuk, the newly elected treasurer, leads the "Hurricanes."

Steve Weslak, back home from his adventures with the R.C.A.F., has named his team the "Roamers." With Doc Wachna as his right hand man how can he miss winning the championship this year.

John Parubasec, better known as the Ukrainian "Sinatra" in this part of the country, leads the "Toppers" with a song.

William Lacyk, another veteran back from the wars, hopes to get places with his "Dodgers."

Wally Serkies has his hands full with all the "beauties" on his team—the "Blowers" (and do they blow!)

Mary Magalos, the only female captain this season, has the makings of a fine team with her "Bum Aces."

JEAN HARASYM, Sec'y

### SOCIAL LIFE

On October 29th, the Canadian Ukrainian Youth Association, better known as S.U.M.K., played hosts to a large gathering of Ukrainian youth from various clubs of Toronto. The social was in form of a Halloween party.

The following clubs were represented: Young Ukrainian Nationalists (M.U.N.), St. Josaphat's Catholic Youth, Ukrainian Students Club, Canadian Ukrainian Veterans Association, and Canadian Ukrainian Youth Association of New Toronto.

Dancing went on until 11 p.m. after which luncheon was served. After the eats Jean Harasym, president of S.U.M.K., who acted as mistress of ceremonies for the evening, called upon the following to say a few words.

Michael Zahrebelny, president of M.U.N.; Stella Freta, member from St. Johaphat's Club; Paul Ochitwa from the Students Club; Capt. Steven Klymashko from the Canadian Ukrainian Veterans Club; Wasył Avramenko, Ukrainian ballet master;

In conclusion the group sang several folk songs and Jean Harasym thanked every one present for coming out to this event and hoped that in the near future all would get together for a similar gathering.

## КОШИКОВІ КАЛЕНДАРІ

НА 1946 РІК

У гарних кольорах.  
ХРИСТОС НА ГОРІ ОЛИВНІЙ  
МАТІР БОЖА  
РІЗДВО ХРИСТОВЕ  
ЗИМОВИЙ ВИД  
ОСІНЬ НА ФАРМІ

Календаріом друковане українською мовою.  
Свята означені чітким червоним друком.

Ціна 50 ц. один.

Належність треба посилати разом з замовленням:

"SVOBODA"

P. O. BOX 346

JERSEY CITY 3, N. J.

## НЮАРК, Н. ДЖ., І ОКОЛИЦЯ!

УКРАЇНСЬКА ПРАВОСЛАВНА ГРОМАДА  
675 SO. 19th ST.

—:—: влаштовує —:—:—:

ПРИЙОМ ДЛЯ ВОЯКІВ, ЯКІ ПОВЕРНУЛИ З  
ВОЄННОЇ СЛУЖБИ та й

ЗАПУСТИ-БЕНКЕТ

В НЕДІЛЮ, 25. ЛИСТОПАДУ (NOVEMBER 25, 1945)

В ЦЕРКОВНИЙ ГАЛІ.

Початок Бенкету в 5. год. до 7., від 7. до 11:30 ТАНЦІ  
при добрій оркестрі Йосифа Снігура.

Бояків, що вернули домів, просимо прийти й всіх  
родинно на цю небуденну забаву ширю запрошуємо.  
Вступ вільний. Комітет.