



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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SORRY THEY WERE "GOOD" BOYS

An able summation of the consistent pro-Moscow line of our Communists in this country and of their sham pro-Americanism only when the shiftings of the pro-Moscow line require it, is contained in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post. Entitled "Our Communists are So Sorry They Were Good Boys," and written by Stanley High, the article tells how publicly spanked by Duclos, powerful French Communist, for their wartime policy of "class peace," American Commies have reversed themselves again, kicked out the benign Browder and returned to their strategy of disruption.

During the several years when Soviet Russia was in sore need of American military and economic help, the patriotism of our Commies was of the 150% variety. During that time, too, Stalin even dissolved the Comintern, which used to give orders from Moscow to Communists throughout the world. Now, it appears, the law is being laid down by Jaques Duclos, the leader of the French Communist Party, with a membership nearing 1,000,000, which makes it the largest party, save for the Russian, in the world.

It was soon after Duclos' trip to Moscow last spring, that a signed article by him appeared in last April's issue of the French party magazine, Les Cahiers du Communisme. In it he examined American Communism's then-current party line and then condemned it because it was aimed "to make democracy work within the framework of the present system." He condemned it also because it gave support to Browder's principle that "we do not want disaster for America, even though it results in Socialism." That principle, wrote Duclos, "swerved dangerously from the victorious Marxist-Leninist doctrine."

And so came the "revolution" here. The Daily Worker printed all the 8,000 words of this article. In his editorial foreword to the article Browder groveled in penitence. Shedding their party skins in the party press the Communists here beat their breasts in penitence, cursed the old line, embraced the new, and admitted their shame that they had even briefly tried "to find means of peaceful coexistence and collaboration" with America.

Then the pack turned on Browder, their erstwhile leader for the past fifteen years, editor in chief of the Daily Worker, and author of the most authoritative books and pamphlets in this country on Communism. At the national convention held last July, he was stripped of all party offices, and reduced, with neither friends nor job, to a probationary status. He was succeeded by William Z. Foster,

a consistent opponent of "class peace," who said his predecessor must prove, in action, his right to even a rank-and-file membership.

And thus the Communists have reverted to their former policy of anti-American disruption and class struggle. All this after Duclos made that trip to Moscow. And thus we are seeing a preview of the postwar objectives not alone of Communism in this country but of a resurging world Communist movement.

Especially evident is the incontrovertible fact that the one dependable loyalty of the Communists here is not to America but to Moscow exclusively. As Mr. High puts it, "the single consistency in the party line has been its attempt to mirror and promote the Soviets' aims and ambitions."

Look at their record. Before the war, the Soviets greatly feared that the Fascist nations might attack them. That was when our Communists were the most rabid anti-Fascists. Then Stalin decided to appease Hitler and signed with him the notorious pact of August, 1939. Overnight the Communists changed the names of their anti-Fascist organizations, stopped boycotting German goods, and tried to persuade Americans that Stalin's appeasement of Hitler was "a master stroke for peace."

When the Nazis attacked one European country after another, the Communists remained silent. On the contrary, Browder stated that as between the Fascist and democratic nations at war with one another, "there is nothing to choose." When America began to produce war goods for the embattled democracies, the Communist magazine New Masses smeared this production as "collaboration with the enemies of the people." Worse yet, to weaken the anti-Fascist war effort, the Commies fomented a whole series of destructive strikes in critical American war industries.

But, when on June 22, 1941 the Nazis attacked the Soviets, in a miracle of unscrupulousness, as Mr. High calls it, the Communists reversed themselves overnight. "The Imperialists' War" was now "The People's War of National Liberation." The party slogan, "Not a Cent, Not a Gun, Not a Man," quickly was changed to "This Holiest of Causes." "Warmonger Roosevelt" became "Our Superb Leader." "The Yanks Are Not Coming" was deleted from the Communist song book, and into its place went "Fight, America, Fight."

Later when following Pearl Harbor our country became involved in the war, while in Eastern Europe the Soviets were fighting with their backs to the wall, the Communists here, fearful that the war in the Pacific might delay American aid to the So-

Clare Luce Champions Ukrainian DPs

Last Sunday's New York Journal American reported in a special dispatch from Washington by its correspondent David Sentner that last Saturday, November 24—

"Representative Clare Luce (R-Conn.) charged in Congress today that Ukrainian refugees face death or enslavement if forced to return to the U.S.S.R.

"Their desperate plight, she said, added to the grim situation occasioned

by American policy in regard to displaced persons from the Soviet Union.

"Ukrainians, who have no government recognized by any of the powers, are in a particularly tragic case, as they are claimed as Soviet nationals, said Rep. Luce.

"She quoted from a letter by a Ukrainian authority, saying there are 250,000 Ukrainian refugees in Anglo-American areas of western Germany."

Artillery Vet Gets Bronze Star

"For meritorious achievement in connection with operations against the enemy while serving with a Marine artillery battalion from 1 August, 1943 to 30 June, 1945, during which time he participated in the capture and occupation of Bougainville, British Solomon Islands, the assault and liberation of Guam, Marianas Islands, and the invasion and occupation of Okinawa, Shima, Ryuku Retto."

Thus read the Bronze Star citation presented to T/Sgt. Joseph Suda, young Ukrainian American from Jersey City, N. J. by Captain J. M. Thornton, Saturday, November 17 at U. S. Naval Station, Lakehurst, N. J., reports The Airship gazette of the naval station.

The citation described Sgt. Suda's ability in procuring and transporting

CREDENTIALS FOR CONGRESS

Local clubs and societies planning to send delegates to Third Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent, January 26, 1946, Hotel Washington, Washington, D. C., should write immediately for an application for delegates' credentials, to Bohdan Katamay, secretary, Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, 817 North Franklin Street, Philadelphia 23, Pa.

Each club may send one or two delegates.

food supplies, and reported that "often under fire and always an example to the men under him, his courage and devotion to duty throughout were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

T/ Sgt. Suda hails from Nanticoke, Pa. and now makes his home in Jersey City. He has one brother, Michael, serving with the U. S. Army.

viets, pulled out all stops of their propaganda organ to convince Americans that Europe was our first job.

With American participation in the European war assured, the Communists originated the political agitation for the second front. The Daily Worker even had the temerity to specify that only a front along the North European coast, where pressure on Germany would most quickly relieve the pressure on the Soviets, would be acceptable.

At the same time, as Mr. High points out, the Communists here, led by Browder, shed everything that might provoke unpleasant thoughts in the American mind toward Communism and, thereby, toward the Soviets. "From this vantage point of view of unsullied Americanism, the Communists carried forward what they conceived to be their Soviet mission. Wherever, in Europe or Asia, a government or resistance movement showed itself to be pro-Soviet, they quickly enfolded it with the most meaningful American phrases. Those not pro-Soviet were condemned in language likely to sound most derogatory to Americans."

Lackeys of Moscow indeed are the Communists, to the extent that when American blood, courage and

effort chiefly brought to a victorious close the war against Japan, and the atom bomb provided a shattering finale to it, the Daily Worker of August 9th wrote that "The bomb which shattered a Japanese city last Sunday, has been followed by a political and military bombshell of even deeper significance: the Soviet declaration of war on Japan. The Soviet bombshell represents the greatest guaranty thus far there will emerge a genuine peace and a new Asia."

If any power can be a guarantee of genuine peace anywhere, it certainly is not the Soviet Union, for by its very totalitarian nature it is anti-peace. What sort of a peace can one expect from an aggressive power that rules millions of hapless subjects by terror, which allows no political parties except the dominant Communist Party (which embraces a bare 2% of total Soviet population), and which has none of the Four Freedoms? Certainly no peace at all. But then our Commies, and their recent converts, the former "progressives" now turned into Communophiles, cannot understand this. All they know, think and understand is what Moscow tells them. Such groveling obedience to the Kremlin rulers is truly sickening, and would deserve no notice were it not for its anti-American character.

Man's Little Brainchild

By MARIE S. GAMBAL

IT'S a long, long trail a winding from the days when early man first discovered the trick of making implements out of stone to attack his enemy to the day in August, 1945, when the first atomic bomb was dropped on a city in Japan. Tens of thousands of years have passed since he crouched beside that magic invention of his, the fire, to the day when, turning the dial of a radio, he learned that he could destroy whole cities in a brief space of time. Many have been the secrets that he has wrested from Dame Nature's jealously guarded treasury. Look around you:

House upon house and behold, a skyscraper. Push a button and there is light. Turn a faucet and water gushes forth. Turn the dial, a comedian. Turn still further:

... little liver pills ...
... beauty in a jar ...

Turn it off. Beautiful silence. Steamboats and locomotives, automobiles and aeroplanes. Gunpowder, flying bombs, and the atomic bomb. Wonderful, miracle making man, rising out of the darkness of the unknown. Hurrying, scurrying, faster and faster.

The victrola, the movies, television. We are promised still more in the way of magic tricks. Bigger and faster planes. Better and faster cars. Bigger and bigger bombs. Over the land and under the seas. Around the world in ninety days, in sixty, in forty, in a few days. Anybody want to go around the world? Brother, can you spare two thousand?

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And now the atomic bomb.

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The other day I was riding in a subway.

Across from me sat a young girl with brown hair worn in a long bob. She had a finely chiseled face, blue eyes, dark eyebrows and a carefully painted red mouth. She wore a grey dress trimmed with hed, a grey coat without any trimming, red socks and brown shoes. She put her hand into the school-girlish briefcase and took out the latest Silver Screen. She turned the pages, put the magazine back into the bag, took out another. Gorgeous pictures of gorgeous glamour girls in gorgeous costumes in the midst of gewgaws. The pretty little girl's eyes were bright as she turned the pages.

Grandmother was fat with a plump round face and worrying eyes. Her coat was blue. Her hat was perched on top of her head and on top of the hat were three red feathers. There was no pretense about grandmother. You didn't stop to wonder whether grandmother was fifty or forty-five or maybe forty. Her hair was messy and her shoes needed a shine and her face was stamped with the anxieties about sugar stamps, roasts, pies, rent, a boy overseas and a daughter away from home, Monday washing, Tuesday ironing day—and grandson. He sat down for a minute. He got up for another minute. He sat on one leg. He twisted around so that he could look through the window. He made strange gurgling noises.

A soldier and his girl were looking at the funnies and once in a while they looked at each other and smiled. Life was awfully good what with the war being over and their holding hands together and the soldier coming back home without so much as a scratch on his body or soul. Beware, oh young ones, of the pitfalls, but heck, said the soldier, what pitfalls can there be! Don't you see? Her hand is in mine. Next week I'll be back home and then I'll get a job and we'll rent an apartment or maybe build a house with a little white picket fence around it and we'll get us a radio and, you know, all

those nice new gadgets that are coming out.

- A new cleaner.
- A new toaster.
- A new sewing machine.
- A new car.

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Man's new invention was dangling precariously over our heads in that subway train where we were riding, soldier and girl, grandmother and child and the schoolgirl who so wanted to be like the Hollywood star on page 29 of the magazine. The splitting of the atom potentially good, potentially so destructive that it could wipe us all off the face of the earth...

"What did the place look like after it was bombed?" asked one commentator of another commentator.

"As though a fine comb had been run across that part of the earth."

"Everything was pulverized," said another.

"Here and there a twisted bit of steel remained," said a third.

Ever since that day in August, good men and bright have been giving out long statements, that this should be done about it and that should be done, that we should share it and we shouldn't share it, that we should outlaw it and that it can't be outlawed, and that this little bomb was but a promise of what was to come if we didn't get wise to ourselves. "A wet firecracker, that's what the Hiroshima bomb was," said one, "compared to the ones that will be made in the future."

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Far be it for me to decry the inventions. What would we do without our can openers?

But our gadget civilization has progressed at lightning speed while our non-gadget civilization has been crawling at a snail's pace. We have created weapons to wipe the human race off the face of the earth, but we haven't yet found a way of life that would bring peace to this sorely tried planet. We have learned to produce things at a fraction of the time it took to produce them a hundred years ago and yet the average man gets only a fraction of what he produces. Man was meant to be free. Yet, in some lands, he has allowed himself to become enslaved so that he is but a replica of the fellow next door, with the state, the Big Fellow, setting the pattern for all.

It isn't that man hasn't cried his heart out for a good world of peace and beauty and wellbeing. Men and women from the earliest days to our own times have pleaded for freedom and the brotherhood of man and the dignity of every human. Out of that part of the world from which we have ladled some of our ways of thinking there have come voices that spoke of the equality of all men, voices that spoke against poverty, against the inhumanity of man to man.

Shevchenko, Franko, Skovoroda, Drahomaniv, Ukrainka.

Can you conceive of Shevchenko approving the division of mankind into the superior race and the inferior, the superior people and the inferior, the privileged groups and the underprivileged? Would he have given his approval to the suppression of man's spirit as expressed through speech, religion or writing?

Men and women in all lands, among all peoples, the articulate and the inarticulate, have been groping for a pattern of life that would be something more than a drab journey between cradle and grave. But all this wasn't as dramatic as the latest invention, the one that took you across the sea or across the land. Not as exciting as that highest building. Or television. Or the atomic bomb. You couldn't see it: all men are equal,

Ukrainian Numerical Strength in Canada

Some interesting statistics on Canadians of Ukrainian origin are given in an admirable book of that name, written by N. J. Hunchak, B. Sc., B.Acc., and published some months ago by the Ukrainian Canadian Committee—(711 McIntyre Bldg., Winnipeg).

The book is the first of a series of statistical publications to be issued separately on the Ukrainians in Canada. In this issue the reader will find ready reference data on the Ukrainian population based on the figures of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics from the census of 1941. It contains facts on their numerical strength, religious denominations, occupations, birthplace, immigration, naturalization, citizenship, mother tongue, conjugal condition, age, education, etc. The material is first given for Canada as a whole and then subdivided into provinces. The number of Ukrainians in each city, town, village, municipality, etc. is also included.

The French have a population of 3,483,038, or 30.27%. The English—2,968,402, or 25.80%. Scottish—1,403,974 or 12.20%. Irish—1,267,702, or 11.02%. German—464,682, or 4.04%. Ukrainian, 305,929, or 2.66%. Then come, in order, the Scandinavians, Netherlanders, Jews, Poles, Indians and Eskimos, Italians, Russians, Hungarians, Czechs and Slovaks, Finns, Austrians, Chinese, Belgians, Roumanians, Japanese, and others.

Fourth Largest

As is evident from the above, when all the British Isles races are taken together, then they have the greatest population, the French come second, Germans third, and the Ukrainians rank fourth.

Here Mr. Hunchak continues as follows:

Of all Slavic races in Canada Ukrainians have the greatest population. Their population is greater than the combined population of Austrian, Belgian, Bulgarian, Czech, Slovak, Finnish, Greek, Hungarian, Icelandic, Lithuanian, Roumanian and Yugoslavic. It is also greater than that of Russian, Polish and Danish put together. Their numerical importance becomes more apparent when an analysis is made of those

love thy neighbor, democracy, free speech, justice, tolerance, decency.

Compared with the clash of sabre or the thunder of gunpowder or the tragedy magnificent of the atomic bomb, how tame was the teaching of a beautiful being, whether in Bethlehem, in Lwiv, in Philadelphia or Calcutta. Against the background of bigger and better gadgets or the spell-binding march of aggressive heroes, how unexciting the idea that we are all cut from the same human stuff. What a nuisance the nation that I am my brother's keeper. Or that freedom of expression is man's inalienable right.

Now destiny has caught up with us and we are face to face with the latest issue of scientific knowledge sweeping us onward toward the unknown. The Atomic Age is being born. Potentially so promising that the human race might well be on the way toward the kind of a world about which good men and women dreamed, for which they fought and lived and died. Potentially so evil that the two billion human beings on this circling globe and all their magic gadgets might disappear within a brief span of time. Whether we like it or not we shall have to begin thinking in terms of one world and in terms of those basic values without which life would be unbearable.

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There we were on that subway train, each thinking his own thoughts, the soldier and the girl, grandmother and the child and the schoolgirl and I, while the train was rushing and the clock of time was ticking away.

that learned Ukrainian as the first language in childhood. Over 31,000 people report that Ukrainian is their mother tongue but state a racial origin other than Ukrainian. The confusion arose during immigration and to date many Ukrainians consider that they are of Polish, Russian, Roumanian and Austrian racial origin due to the fact that these were their former countries of allegiance.

One of the most important changes in the racial composition of the Canadian population in the twenty year period prior to 1941 was the moving up of the Ukrainians from eleventh place in numerical importance in 1921 to sixth place in 1941. The growth of their population as compared with the total population of Canada for the period 1901 to 1941 was as follows:

	Canadian Population	Ukrainian Population
1901	5,371,315	5,682
1911	7,206,643	75,432
1921	8,787,949	106,721
1931	10,376,786	225,113
1941	11,506,655	305,929

Starting with a total of 5,682 in 1901 the population increased to 75,432 in 1911, an increase of 69,750 or 1227.5% in the decade. This was chiefly due to a heavy immigration. Between 1911 and 1921 the population increased by 31,289 or 41.5% in the decade as compared with 21.9% for the total Canadian population. Between 1921 and 1941 the population increased by 199,208 or 186.67% for the twenty year period as compared with 30.9% for the total population of Canada.

The rapid increase between 1921 and 1941 cannot all be attributed to immigration. Of the total population reported in 1941 only 45,101 immigrated between 1921 and 1941 which accounts for only 22.64% of the increase in numbers. A good percentage of the increase was due to the birth rate. In 1941 there were 128,700 boys and girls, 19 years of age or less, who were, of course, born after 1921. But an important part of the increase was made up by those that had previously confused racial origin with their former country of allegiance and in 1941 properly recorded themselves as Ukrainians. Some of the 128,700 that were born after 1921, were born from parents who in 1921 were included among other racial groups.

THOUGHTS AND THINGS

"Old" Men

I am looking at a group of men seated on a bench in a park. Even from where I am, some fifty yards or so away, I can see they are all grey-haired. They're conversing quite animatedly amongst themselves. I cannot help but get the impression that they feel like a bunch of young fellows that they were many years ago. Old cronies. They know they're old. That bothers them. Oftimes, no doubt, their joints aches. Their legs no longer have the spring of the younger days. Where muscles were, now they feel flabbiness. It disgusts them. Yet they cannot help it.

But, and that's most important, their minds are alert, and keen. For minds take the longest, of any part of the human body to become atrophied. The body may become weak and senile, but the mind lives on much longer. Any doubts about that? Then look about yourself and see the intellectual accomplishments of the physically old. Some of the U. S. Supreme Court justices for example, i.e. their opinions handed down on complex cases.

Moral?—So now when you are young give your mind plenty of exercise. Make it keen, alert and disciplined. Use it often. It'll pay now, and later.

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NATURE

By OLGA KOBYLANKA—Translated from the Ukrainian by PERCIVAL CUNDY

(1)

SHE was just over twenty and was tall.

Although Ukrainian from head to toe, she had reddish hair, which is a rarity among Ukrainians, yet her features showed her race, and the almost melancholy sadness stamped on everything which marks this unfortunate people, was the basis of her character. Her eyes, large and somewhat fixed and moist, were sad even when her lips smiled. Because of her eyes, they called her "a Ukrainian Madonna." Having grown up in solitude and in the midst of almost luxurious ease, she knew nothing of life nor of darker sides. She knew it only from books which she read to satiety.

Tolstoy was her god. Shevchenko she knew almost by heart. Indolent, like her people, she was not very eager for work, and lived like those exotic plants in hothouses where the storms that rage outside are envisioned as in dreams. And she dreamed, she dreamed very much.

Her imagination had flowered into such fulness, that on its account all other impulses were stifled and never saw the light of God's sun. Though she was almost unwholesomely sensitive, yet she mocked at a pure cultivation of emotions and ideas.

Above all else she loved nature. She roved about the mountains, without companions, without a weapon. She knew the entire mountain district around the small town where she lived as well as her own room, and one of its wildest and most beautiful spots was the goal of her excursions the whole summer long.

Her naturally strong temperament demanded something more than 'chamber beauty' and a tranquil, pampered existence. Instinctively she felt the essence of the storm and there were moments when she passionately longed for it. She loved conflict as others love the splendid, rich coloring of pictures and music which can intoxicate, and thus she imagined conflict to be. Sometimes she was dominated by an inexpressible thirst for the feeling of victory but because she had grown up in idleness, never discouraged and never fortified, petted and coddled, her strength slept and wasted, and she passed into a sickly, unreasoning sadness.

That is what she was like. She dreamed of a happiness whose varied fulness should overwhelm her. She waited for it every day, she lived continuously in expectation of something new, distant. Like the sunflower, her soul stood open for an unknown someone, something...

She would lie in the forest, at full length on the moss, and through the tops of the pines she sought the sky.

It was magnificent. Sometimes she followed an eagle in flight, or the vulture quietly wheeling in circles or hovering like a dot in the sky.

Eagerly she caught the sounds of water and turned them into laughter. Did not the voice of the stream tumbling over the rocks and stones seem like subdued laughter? Just listen to it...

At other times she lost herself entirely in the roaring of the forest and, covering her face with her hands, she imagined that she was lying on the sea shore.

Surely the waves of the sea roared just like the pine forest, exactly the same... only, perhaps, a little louder.

She wished enormously to find herself on the sea sometime, to see it in storm, or when the sun was setting, or on moonlight night. That surely was another beauty than that of the mountains; restless and full of change, alluring and splendid. The mountains, with their grim, stoical

tranquillity, made her feel mournful, so that more and more the thirst for beauty was awakened and they were not able to quench it.

Thus she dreamed about the fjords and the mountains in the north... Here and there in the forest could be heard the melancholy songs of the Hutzuls and all of this gave her an immense satisfaction.

On the cliffs amidst the steep rocks, an echo could be heard, and she imagined herself to be a great bird, as in furious flight it beat against the hard walls of rock, and finally, exhausted, fell to the earth. After that came a silence...

Sometimes she wept from sadness.

The storm would rage over the pines, and bending and shaking them, would render them all the stronger. The next morning they would the more proudly lift up their crowns and bathe them in the golden rays of the sun. For all of this they had a right to lift themselves up to the clouds and be proud.

She loved strength and power, and yet!...

Once a mountain horse was brought to her father's for inspection.

It was a splendid, slender colt, black as coal, with arched neck, large nostrils and protruding, sparkling eyes; its bushy tail almost touched the ground.

She stood at the window and looked on as it reared up in its wilderness and would not tamed. A young, handsome Hutzul, whom she had seen now and again in her father's office, was holding the animal and with all his strength was trying to force it to stand quiet for they wanted to examine its hoofs from beneath.

For some reason he was not succeeding.

Suddenly she was mastered by the desire to subdue the animal. Her eyes flamed and her tender nostrils began to quiver. Something stirred within her that called up the desire for action and drove her outside.

Just as she was, dressed for indoors, bareheaded, she rushed out into the courtyard. But when she came to within about five steps of the colt and just as it began to rear, she became so terrified that her knees trembled under her and she turned white.

A few moments later and she was lying on her sofa, weak, and her lovely white hands, adorned with rings, lay inert in her lap, standing out listless and unstirring against her black flowered dress.

What had happened to her? It was a ridiculous fright, an inopportune eruption of plebian instincts, which, because of her pampered life, had not been subdued.

She had made a fool of herself before the servants.

Her lips curled in irony at herself.

Was it really true that nature could not be denied?

Her grandmother on her father's side was just a Hutzul. Beautiful, but still a peasant woman! They were apt to have imperceptible moments when their instincts burst out and knew no bounds...

But her mother was a lady of distinction, with sought-out motions and strict manners, and her beauty was not accidental. It was a finished product, the result of 'the work of generations'... She herself was decidedly of her mother's type; if there were to be any echoes of her grandmother's emotionalism, they could be only dissonances...

After all, she had not been concerned about the horse. She had wanted to look at the man beside it. Generally speaking, his features were pure Slavonic, but there was also

something innate about him, something which drew, compelled, something which awakened her interest. Of course, she had only seen him as he passed before her window, that is, her father's. But she would have liked to see his eyes and his lips near at hand... Only once... after that she could have painted them from memory.

Yes, there were moments when she was capable of doing something great, then she was tensed like a bow about to let an arrow fly into the far distance. But they did not last long. She shrank and became indolent. The waiting tormented her and put her out of the mood. At such times she turned to nature.

There she gathered strength and patience. There she celebrated her golden hours of victory—when for instance, she climbed up a high, dangerous peak, up a steep cliff, and gazed at an eagle, at its black, sparkling, hostile eyes, at its watchful, bent-forward posture...

Particularly did she love the autumn.

Not the kind which brings with it damp, cloudy days, yellowing leaves and chilling storms, but the kind whose beauty equals that of spring. The kind with clear, warm days and pure, blue skies. In the autumn everything in the mountains was magnificent.

The wild Carpathians! She knew their proud, shut-in beauty and their marvellous natives, the Hutzuls. She knew all the secrets of the forest...

In September the spider webs stretch from tree to tree almost to infinity, gleaming in the sun; and all throughout the forest it so quiet, quiet... The streams gurgle gravely and swiftly, but their waters are cold and flowers no longer grow along their banks.

In the vales it is somewhat different.

One feels that the air there is full of the perfume of asters, and over all there lies a touch of sadness.

It is a melancholy always present, which stamps its imprint upon all things. It was the beauty in which she delighted, in which she bathed her soul, and which was reflected in her great eyes, full of expectation...

It was after a storm. The sun was declining toward the west. The sky was cloudy and only bright crimson in the west.

The mountains, swathed in mist, stood out fantastically and sharply from the sky in dark-gray beauty.

On one of the mountains, overgrown with forest, stood a new Hutzul house. Immense firs spread their branches over it, sadly shook their proud tops and great drops of rain fell noiselessly down on the mossy sward.

Stillness all around, except for a roaring in the unfathomable forests like muffled waves of the sea...

In places, the last rays of the setting sun broke through into the forest thickets, quivered for a moment on the branches like golden shadows, and then it became totally dark in the forest.

The door of the house opened and there emerged a young Hutzul, bending slightly, with an axe carelessly thrown over his shoulder, and he gazed pensively into the distance.

Tall, supple, strongly built, like all of his tribe, his face was handsome to a degree. It was gloomily pensive, tender around the lips, and the upper part Slavonic, that is: rather broad, yet this did not affect its handsomeness.

His black hair, according to custom, was cropped down to the brows and covered his forehead.

His dress enhanced the splendor of his body.

Wide red trousers, shirt as white as snow, embroidered at the collar and on the sleeves, beneath which could be seen strong, sinewy arms. Breast, neck and hands were adorned with silver chains and crosses, and a gay-colored belt decorated with rings and

coins; into the latter were stuck a pipe and other implements.

He looked attentively in front of him at the peak, from which hung down white mists, torn and ragged and covering the tree tops.

So long as he could look and do just what he wished!—this, of which he was thinking did not come out of these green depths. Cloud after cloud drifted slowly over the abyss, and then the last beams of the sun disappeared behind the mountains...

Irritably he spat between his teeth, went over to the fallen trunk of a fir beside the house, and with a mighty swing sank his axe into it. Then he seated himself on the trunk, rested his elbows on his knees and covered his face with his hands...

Some demonic power had mastered him.

And that demonic power was she, the lovely, red-haired witch, whom he had come across in the forest... Witch? Yet he would have told her that she looked like the picture of the Mother of God, that hangs in the church, and still... still, she was not the Mother of God...

The Mother of God had not red hair, the Mother of God never made a fool of a man when she attracted him as that one did; the Mother of God was holy, but she... ach!

Three days ago had it all happened and since then he had been out of his mind.

Even in dreams he saw her. The blood coursed frantically in his veins, it throbbed in his temples like hammers and flashes ran before his eyes...

She was no mother of God, but a witch! But a lovely, entrancing, red-haired witch!

How he loved her, how he longed for her! He was sick with the longing, he felt like weeping like a child, because he had her not! Why did he no more come across her? Why?...

It had begun so sadly, yet it ended so gloriously...

* * *

It happened thus.

First of all, the forest warden had accused him, there, in the town, before the gentleman, of 'infracture of forest rights,' because he had wilfully cut down a fir tree (the same one—it was half-decayed—on which he was sitting). For this they had ordered him to pay a fine, and in addition, sentenced him to forty-eight hours in jail, for insulting official, so they said.

It all came vividly before him mind. His defence, why he had done it, was of no avail. He absolutely needed the tree for a shed under which he and his mother could sit in summer to watch his herds of sheep and horses. His light wood was completely gone and he absolutely needed something, so he cut down the tree... just a single, solitary one in all that primeval forest.

Of course he got angry when the gentlemen calmly and heartlessly rejected his justification and only permitted him to reply to the questions they asked. Then he wanted to pay double the fine if they would only let him go. Why, up there at home, his mother was alone with hundreds of sheep and horses and could not manage them, much less drive them all down to the stream to water them. She was no longer able to ride horseback as when she was young, let alone his colt, after which all the other horses ran. She was an old woman who could only cook his food and spin. They ought to understand this!...

The gentlemen merely smiled at one another. When he reiterated his request, still more stubbornly and, looking at them proudly and defiantly, stamped his foot, then the devil broke loose.

They called him a proud bird, who needed caging... one who trampled the Emperor's commands underfoot... who would soon no longer believe in God... because he had hundreds

Ukrainian Influences Upon Muscovite Culture

(From Prof. Ivan Ohienko's "History of Ukrainian Culture," translated by Stephen Davidovich in London)

THERE were numerous impediments which barred cultural development in Muscovy—as Russia was known several centuries ago. There were few schools and education was viewed suspiciously as the product of the devil. Hennady, the Archbishop of Novhorod, complained thus about the illiteracy in Moscow towards the end of the 15th century: "They bring to me a mouzhik (peasant) to be ordained, I ask him to read one of the epistles but he cannot take a step; I give him the psalter and it is not better. I drive him out and the people complain on me. It is the soil they say—we cannot find people who can make headway with writing... they bow to me and plead, 'Have mercy Gospodin, please teach us.' I ask him to repeat the 'Ektenii' but he cannot repeat a word. You tell him one thing and he tells you another. I ask him to learn the alphabet but he sits for a while and then runs away."¹

Low Level of Learning in 16th Century Moscow

During the 16th century there were many complaints about the low standard of learning in Moscow. Among the resolutions of the Stoglavovy Sobor of 1551 was one which stressed that those people who are ordained to priesthood should at least be able to read. Although the Sobor hoped that this might be possible they knew it was not likely. "We learn from our fathers and sometimes from our masters and we had no other place to study; our fathers and masters teach us only what they know themselves. But the fathers and the masters themselves know very little and they have no school where they might learn."²

This state of affairs lasted for a long time. The Muscovites continued to argue as to whether their singing should be "Gospodi Pomiluy" or "Oh Gospodi Momiluy," whether Alleluia should be sung twice or three times, whether the procession around the church should proceed from left to right or from right to left, and whether the name Jesus should be written 'Isus' or 'Iysus.' Even in the 17th century education was regarded in Muscovy as a thing "born of the devil; the eternal enemy of the human race." Western culture and education were shunned. According to the Russian proverb, "those who have studied Latin have strayed from the path of righteousness."⁴

An incident which happened in 1660 will give some indication of the cultural situation in Moscow. The Boyar, Ordin-Naschokin, had a son named Voin. He was an intelligent

lad and the captive Poles who were his tutors instilled in him a love for Western culture. When in 1660 the Tsar sent young Naschokin into Livonia he escaped abroad. In those days that was virtually an act of treason. His poor father desperately awaited a death sentence but Tsar Alexei forgave the father and advised him in a letter: "It has been made known to us that due to his ignorance your son is now in Danzig and has caused you, his father, severe pain, which has been inflicted upon you by the Satan himself who with the aid of all the dark diabolical forces separated you from your son. We are not surprised that your son has strayed; this was due to his light-heartedness. Being a young man he wants to see the works of God on this earth." Alexei issued this order to Naschokin: "Your son is to be seized without delay, and brought to you for which you will pay five, or six or even ten thousand roubles. If that is impossible, he should be done with there, providing it is agreeable to Naschokin."⁵

In all of Russia there was only one printing house. It was in Moscow, and it published only religious books.⁶ Cultured people found it difficult to live in Moscow. The traveler Maxim Hrek, a man with a good Western education, soon found himself in a Moscow jail where he remained for twenty years. It is not surprising that out of the thirty young men whom Boris Goudinov sent abroad to study only one returned.⁷

Peter I Sent Priests to Kiev to Learn

Towards the end of the 17th century (1698) Peter I complained to the Patriarch that "Russian priests should be sent to school in Kiev because they know very little of reading and writing."⁸

Social life in Moscow suffered numerous restraints. The upper gentry and the countries were literally the servants of the Tsar. Refugees who escaped from the wrath of an angry Tsar into Ukraine told stories of their life and wondered at the relative freedom of Ukrainian gentry. "It is no wonder then," says Prof. Ternovsky, "that Southern Orthodox gentry were often leaders of armies advancing against Muscovite Tsardom; Prince Ostrozhsky displayed a great deal of energy in his fight with Moscow and he passed his hate for Moscow to his son."⁹

⁵ S. Soloviv, History of Russia, 1861. Vol. XI. p. 93-97.

⁶ A. Piupin, History of Russian Literature, 1902. 2nd ed. Vol. III. p. 257, 318.

⁷ Ilovaisky, A History of Russia, Moscow, 1890. Vol. III. p. 363.

⁸ P. Morozov, opus citatus p. 61.

⁹ Prof. S. Ternovsky, The Archives of South-Western Russia, No. 1. Vol. V. p. 16, Kiev, 1873.

Whereas in Ukraine the various districts were self-governing, in Muscovy the cities were governed by a Voevoda appointed by the Tsar in compensation for services rendered. These Voevodas were concerned primarily with exploiting their people and there was no court to which the population could appeal.¹⁰

"For a long time Moscow would not admit her shortcomings in the field of education," writes Academician A. Piupin.¹¹ A real school was then unknown in Moscow.¹² In 1640 Petro Mohyla, the Metropolitan of Kiev, wrote to Tsar Mykhailo Fedorovich that it would be advisable to organize some educational facilities in Muscovy and that if it would please the Tsar he would send him some teachers. But the Tsar paid no attention to this offer.¹³

In the year 1645 the Greek Metropolitan Theofan visited Moscow. He advised the Tsar to organize a school and to invite a Greek teacher to lecture on philosophy and theology. He even sent to Tsar Alexei the Archmandrite Benedict, a very learned man, with whom the Metropolitan himself studied for a time. He wrote to the Tsar about Benedict and advised him to permit the archmandrite to organize a school in Moscow. In his interview in Moscow, Benedict referred to himself as a teacher and a theologian. This angered the ecclesiastic circles in Moscow and he received the following reply: "Gifts are dispensed by God himself and no one has the right to call himself a teacher and theologian. Such praise can be received only from the lips of others. St. Paul the greatest of all apostles considered himself the lowest of all and it is the height of impertinence for anyone to refer to himself as a teacher and a theologian in the presence of the Patriarch."¹⁴ Needless to say Benedict was not received in Moscow.

In one manuscript dated 1643 we read the following: "And if you are asked do you know philosophy, you should reply: 'I have never followed Hellenic thought, I have not studied rhetoric, and I have not been among wise philosophers; I only studied the books of the Divine Law in order to cleanse my soul of sin.'"¹⁵

Up to 19th Century Ukrainian Culture Superior

Concerning Muscovite life the Academician Piupin says that it was saturated with "religious fanaticism, hostility to education, stagnation and a reversion to primitive existences."¹⁶

There is no doubt that in those days and up to the 19th century Uk-

¹⁰ Ibidem p. 17.

¹¹ A. Piupin, A History of Russian Literature, Vol. II. p. 260.

¹² Ibidem p. 314.

¹³ Ibidem p. 260.

¹⁴ Ibidem p. 261.

¹⁵ Ibidem p. 380.

Origin of 'Verkhovina'

Recently we received a request for information concerning the origin of the well known Ukrainian "kolomeyka" known as "Verkhovina" (The Highlands).

The origin is somewhat obscure, and therefore a complete reply cannot be given as yet. One thing certain, however, is that the chorus of the song, that is of the kolomeyka, is a purely Ukrainian melody.

Words to certain portions of "Verkhovina" were written by the Ukrainian writer M. Ustianovich. It may have some connections with the play "Verkhovintsi" (Highlanders) written by the Pole, Joseph Korzeniowski, who was born in Ukraine and who taught school in Kremianets, Kiev, and Kharkiy. The Ukrainian play by that name is similar to his play; and it may be either an adaptation or translation of the latter.

Worth noting too is that there is a Polish song, "Chervoniy Pas," that used to be sung in Galician schools, the melody of which was often like that of Verkhovina. It always ended, however, on a "kolomeyka" chorus of the "Verkhovina," which, as already pointed out, is a purely Ukrainian melody.

Ukrainian culture was far superior to anything in Muscovy. The best scholars who studied this question have long ago come to the same conclusion. Among them I can mention the Academician Piupin, Prof. Arkhangel'ski, Prof. Morozov, the Academician Perets, and Prof. Petrov. Let me quote in addition the opinion of Prof. Morozov: "Peter saw that in point of education the Muscovite clergy was far behind the clergy of Kiev and that in Great Russia there was only a 'disgusting coarseness, a most dreadful spectacle.'"

"There were no men who could direct the education of the priesthood, organize schools, control the work of educational institutions. That was why, in his effort to raise the cultural level, he was forced to seek the assistance of the scholars of Kiev."¹⁶

And in the opinion of A. Piupin: "The science and literature which had developed in Western Rus' and Kiev was that new element which toward the end of the 16th, and specially during the 17th century, influenced and finally took control of Muscovite education. But, as time went on contact with the South-West became more indispensable to Moscow; there were not enough scholars at home and Moscow had to call upon the Kievans to carry on the educational work. Toward the middle of the 17th century they began to understand in Moscow that the business of books requires real scholars: there were none at home so they had to be brought from Kiev."

(To be continued)

¹⁶ P. Morozov, Theofan Prokopovich, 1880 p. 61.

¹⁷ A. Piupin, History of Russian Literature, 2nd ed. 1902. Vol. II. pp. 316, 324, 298.

of sheep and horses... He ground his teeth in rage. They even brought the Emperor into it!... and God Himself! And who was it rode to church every Sunday, if not he? And as to the Emperor, he dwells far, far away and does not see what foes on here... Just for one single, solitary tree... Beggars, all these gentlemen... Slaves, who serve... They wanted to smear him... an only son, the richest Hutzul... He said all this to their faces, but did his forty-eight hours. The food they gave him he did not touch... Let them keep it for themselves, he thought,—It's because of such stuff that they are as thin as spindles and pale and ugly. But afterwards they just turned him loose... God! Yet this was not the principal thing, and about it he did not want

to think at all. After all this passage of arms, he ran through the town, where it was hot and dusty and swarming with crowds of people, and when he stepped out on the first road leading homewards and felt himself embraced by the customary coolness of the forest, all his rage against the lowland folk evaporated. He no longer needed to hurry; there was no one following him who could compel him to turn back!... On the left of the mountain along which he was going, there yawned an abyss covered with forest, on the right there rose the rocky, forested mountain side, high and steep as a wall. A few hundred steps ahead of him, on the very verge of the precipice, was a large stone, which during some wild spring night had been torn loose from the rocky forested mountain, and now lay like a resting place

for wanderers. There he sat down for a moment to light his pipe. He did not sit long. Out of the gulf right near the stone, a girl came rising up. With a firm hand she grasped the ferns growing near the stone, lifted herself and stood on the path. She was not of peasant stock, this he noticed at once. A red kerchief was bound about her head, the ends knotted behind, and face and neck were bare. Her face was as white as mother-of-pearl... and beautiful... eyes large and gleaming but infinitely sad... They looked at one another in silence for a moment. "God give you health, mistress!" he said at last, timidly and straightening up. "God give you the same!" she replied in a slightly wearied tone,

nodding to him as to an old acquaintance... Then she pulled the silk kerchief from her head, wiped her lightly perspiring brow with it, went round him slowly and began to ascend the steep mountain path. He started after her. She was tall and supple in stature and swayed slightly at the waist as she walked. "God, red hair," he thought. "Like a witch... not a single girl around here has hair like that... they're all dark. And how they somehow all run after me!... Yet it's already a month now since I left the village and not one of them has come up here!" He laughed forwardly. She who was walking ahead of him, looked round affrightened? "Where are you going?" he said catching up to her. "Into the forest." (To be cont'd)

REPIN—A UKRAINIAN OR RUSSIAN ARTIST?

THE tri-weekly information bulletin of the Soviet embassy in Washington recently reported that, "The fifteenth anniversary of the death of the great Russian painter Ilya Repin is September 15," and that special exhibits of his paintings have been arranged in the Soviet Union.

Is Repin really Russian, as most hold, or is he Ukrainian, as some hold?

Generally he is spoken of as the great reformer of Russian painting, its regenerator, that is a man who proclaimed the principles which breathed new life into the dying body of Russian art.

But there are others who regard the same man as a Ukrainian artist. They point to his birth in Ukraine, of Ukrainian parents. They point to his admission of his Ukrainian origin in the letter which brought him a pension as an artist of the Ukrainian National Republic of over a quarter of a century ago. The republic was short-lived and soon Repin again had to wander like a homeless vagrant, earning a living as a well-known Russian artist. Where-

was discovered by a Ukrainian American soldier hanging in the rotunda of the city hall of a town in Texas where he was stationed. It has become familiar as one of the most fascinating representations of the reckless bravery that was the Kozaks.

At a simple table, placed in the center of a Kozak encampment, a group of leaders have stopped in order to write their reply to the Turkish Sultan who had demanded their surrender. An assorted collection of types and characters is gathered around this table, pressing upon the old Kozak scribe seated at the table with a quill in his hand. You can see at a glance what sort of a letter this is. The scribe probably has little to do with its tone and content, though he enjoys it tremendously with the others. The letter is being dictated by the others. Each one appears to be adding something to its composition. Guffaws greet insulting sallies at the arrogant supreme ruler of the Supreme Porte. You can guess that the majestic robes of the proud potentate

whom they cannot reach. They issue a challenge to an arrogant and dangerous potentate.

Such is Repin's picture of Sirko, the Ataman of the Ukrainian Zaporozhian Kozaks, writing a reply to the Turkish Sultan. Such is Repin's picture of Ukraine.

His Picture of Russia

A competitor in popularity with this picture is another historic picture by Repin. It is a picture of historic Russia, and it represents the leader of the Russians, one of the leading tsars, the real founder of the Russian empire, Tsar Ivan the Terrible.

The scene is laid in the tsar's palace. On its carpeted floor lies a figure of a handsome young man. Strength and life are fast escaping from his frame. He cannot hold himself upright anymore. An old man has grabbed him about the waist, trying to lift him. But the young man can do no more than collect, with great effort, the remnants of his consciousness. But with his last consciousness he is trying to ward off the embraces of the old man. It is patently clear that it is the old man himself who had struck him the deadly blows. The old man must have caught himself in despair by the fore-

UKRANDOMS

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

Youth Rally: The first national youth rally in five years will be held in Philly's Ukrainian Hall at 849 N. Franklin Street, Sunday afternoon and evening, December 9th! It's sponsored by the Soyuz Ukrayinok (Ukr'n Nat'l Womens League) and is advertised as a "Youth Forum." Prominent speakers and a panel discussion of interest to all Ukrainians will comprise the afternoon program, to be followed by a banquet and concert. Here's a chance for our youth to get together again, meet old and new friends, just like in the pre-war days. Don't miss it!

Our Schools: The Ukrainian Catholic Diocese in America is operating 23 evening and 21 full-time day schools, with a combined enrollment of 1,800 children. This is good but there should be a school where children of Ukrainian parents can learn to read, write, speak and sing in Ukrainian in every community that has a Ukrainian church. Does your town have one? If not, why not do something about it?

The Anthem: The Ukrainian National Anthem, which Ukrainians are forbidden to sing in Soviet Ukraine, was freely sung in Times Square, New York on November 10th at 6 p.m., in conjunction with the Ukrainian Day Victory Loan Bond drive. Folk Dances in costume, solos and renditions by the combined church choirs of New York featured the two-hour program which netted bond sales exceeding \$417,000.

Auction: The Ukrainian Hall in McKees Rocks, Pa. was the scene of an auction on November 26th to sell an industrial plant. This auction was advertised in the nation's leading financial pages.

Culbertson: Ely Culbertson (noted bridge expert) wrote in his autobiography, "The Strange Lives of One Man" that his mother's ancestors were Ukrainians, according to Mike Szewc in Honolulu who stopped in to see Helen Gazdun (Philly's Miss Ukraine of 1941) in Hollywood on his way to Hawaii.

First Wave: Anne Bilyi of Philly, first Ukrainian girl to become a Wave, and whose brother was a victim of the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor, is back in civilian dress.

Billboard: That school girl in a yellow sweater pictured with two other girls on the current billboard and entitled "Got Enough Coke on Ice?" is Anne Billos, the Ukrainian girl who was runner-up to Miss Philadelphia this year.

Ice Hockey: Al Shewchuk, 21-year-old member of the Philly Falcons pro ice hockey team operating in the Eastern League, is described as "one of the most daring defensemen" in the game. Shewchuk, whose parents came from Ukraine, was born in Fort William, Ontario, Canada, where he was an all-around athlete, which included football, soccer, boxing and volleyball. Shewchuk is one athlete who openly declares that he is a Ukrainian-Canadian, as evidenced by press reports.



Repin's 'Zaporozhian Kozaks' Reply to the Sultan

ever his pictures appeared, the authors of the catalogues emphasized the nationalist qualities of his works, meaning by this the Russian nationalism.

In view of all this, it would be well to examine the question of Repin's nationalism. Whose nationalism does he express in his paintings, Russian or Ukrainian? Let us look into his pictures for the answer.

A great portion of his works are portraits. There are among his sitters men of Ukrainian and Russian origin. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to detect in them his national feelings. He was too much of a portrait painter, who tried with all the power at his command to transcribe for the onlooker the experience that to him was the sitter. Those portraits are neither Russian nor Ukrainian.

There also came from his brush some religious pictures, such as St. Nicholas Saving the Man About to be Beheaded. These, too, can hardly be connected with any national feelings of the artist.

His Picture of Ukraine

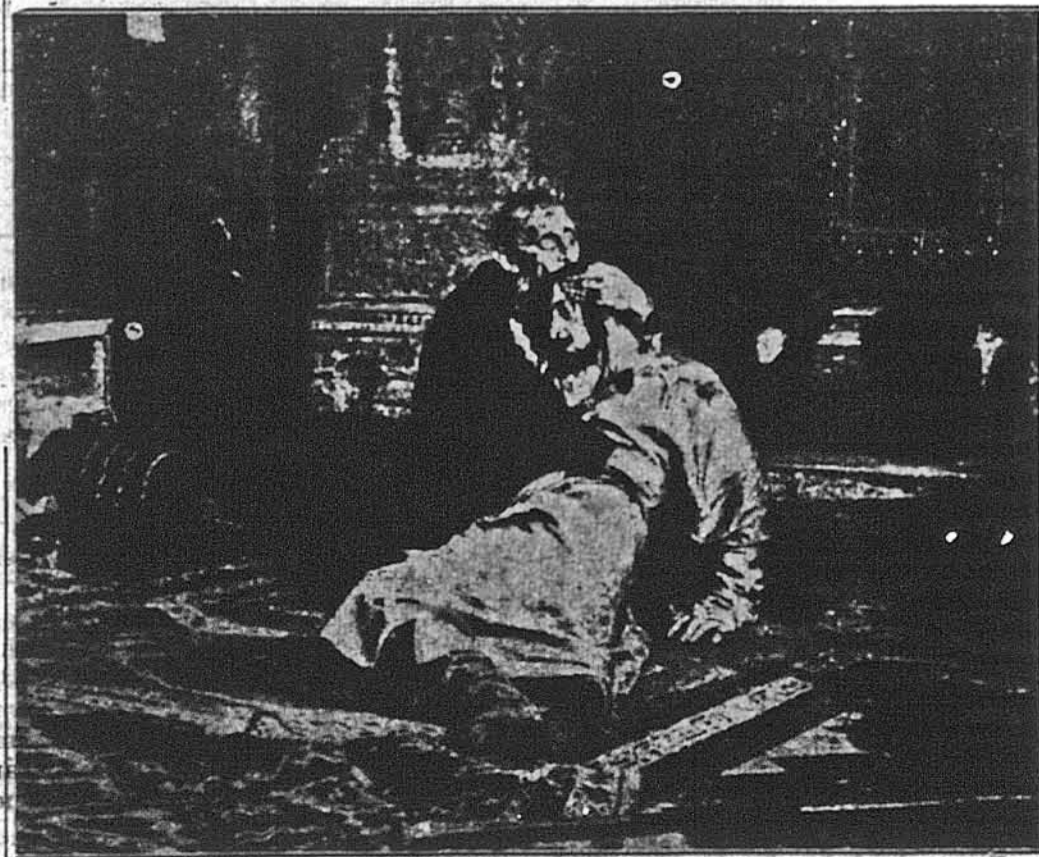
These pictures, however, contrast strongly with a series of historic pictures, for which Repin won the greatest fame. Of those he himself liked most is the picture of The Kozaks' Reply to the Sultan, as he attested this by copying it several times and repainting it in several versions. Everyone is familiar with this picture. It has become a familiar artistic heritage of millions of people through various black and white reproductions and colored prints. A huge colored print of it

are being dragged in the mud here amidst the cheers of the crowd.

All of them are armed, even the powerful Hercules who sits shirtless at the table, shaping some spicy morsel or an oath for the taste of the mighty ruler of the greatest armies of his day. Those arms and the wounds on the heads of some of them speak loudly that these men know what they are doing. This is not the bantering of men afraid to fight. They do not fling epithets upon one who cannot touch them or

head as there are blood stains on it, the blood of the dying young man. The old man's eyes are popping out of their sockets, as he realizes the deed the young man in a fit of horror of his misdeed: he has murderous fury.

On the carpet, at the young man's side there lies a long cane, with a long spear-like end. Anyone who knows something about Russian history will recognize it at once as the famous cane of the Russian Tsar Ivan, who would receive a foreign



Repin's Ivan the Terrible and His Slain Son

ambassador by driving this spear-like cane into the foot of the ambassador, and nailing the man to the floor then rest his chin on the stick-nob and stare into the ambassador's eyes. The murderer in this picture is the Tsar of Russia, while the murdered man is his eldest son, Ivan, the heir to the throne of Moscow.

This is Repin's picture of historic Russia, which you may contrast with his picture of historic Ukraine as depicted in the Kozaks' Reply to the Sultan. Combined they reveal Repin's national feelings vividly. Ukraine the land of reckless bravery, Russia—the land of

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PHILLY POSTS OUT FOR MEMBERS

It is estimated that there are about 13 million veterans of the World War II. To organize them a vigorous campaign is being conducted by the American Legion, V.F.W., D.A.V., Catholic, Protestant, Negro, Polish and Jewish veteran organizations. Many organizations already are reporting 200 to 400% increase in their membership. Thus in Philadelphia, Pa. the Clair Post installed 300 members on Armistice Day, while the Houston Post with 1,824 members enrolled 275 more. Perhaps the greatest increase, is reported by Yearsley Post of V.F.W.: 570 new members in 2 years.

Proportionately the Ukrainian American War Veterans Post No. 1 of Philadelphia, Pa. can also make similar report. In fact this post is growing into a lusty organization. During one meeting for example, eighteen veterans joined it.

One Ukrainian American veteran, who was in all engagements from Tarawa to Okinawa, writes: (he is still in the service) "My Dad was in your Post and now I am going to follow in his footsteps. I am 100% with you."

Many veterans of Ukrainian descent are joining the post because they realize that having the same ancestral background, the same likes and tastes they can fare best, and they realize that their hopes and ambitions can be best fulfilled amongst their own.

Although veteran organizations are essentially semi-military and American patriotic organization they also give a helping hand to the Ukrainian cause—morally and materially. Needless to say, they cherish and sustain the heritage of our fathers—the good qualities with which they have enriched American life.

Ukrainian American war veterans outside of Philadelphia who are thinking of organizing their own posts are urged to communicate with our Philadelphia Post for further development of the plans. The Philadelphia Post expects to have its charter before the end of the year.

The fruit of unity is very admirably shown by Ukrainian American Legion Post of New York, N. Y. with its 150 members (they are aiming at 1000) the Cleveland Post with 100 members and the Philadelphia Post with over 100 members.

The Ukrainian American Veterans Post No. 1 of Philadelphia again invites all veterans to join its ranks at next meeting December 2, 1945, at Ukrainian Hall, 847 N. Franklin Street at 2 P.M. **A VETERAN**

СВЯТОЧНА ПАЧКА
 на Різдвяні Свята. Мак 1 ф. Мід 5 ф. „Піхана" пшениця 2 ф. Міш. орхів 1 ф. Гриби 2 ан. Альманах Сурми з додатком Календаря на 1946. Книжечка про мід і Стінний Календар. Все це за \$5.00. Гарантуємо за доставку. Замовляйте зараз:
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PHILLY WINS SECOND AND THIRD WITHOUT DEFEAT

Philly's U.N.A. Basketball Team continued to show marked improvement over last season both in Varsity and Junior Varsity material as they won handily over the Naval Aircraft unit from Johnsville, Pa. on November 19 by a 47-29 score, and followed through with an easy victory over the Cherry Hill Five on Thanksgiving, 36-26.

Four of the five starters in the Navy game Monday reeled off 10 points. The Gold and Blue Wave Varsity sailed to a 31-6 halftime lead; a 41-13 third period margin, and then let the jayvees finish up. The Navy squad, 15 strong, were amazed at the finesse the U.N.A. ball club had acquired since last season when the gobs took two of three games at Ukrainian Hall.

The Cherry Hill game on Thanksgiving began to turn into a rout, but Jerry Juzwiak threw in all reserves before five minutes of the game had passed, and they finished out the skirmish fattening up on points. Scores by quarters:

Navy	4	2	7	16	—29
Phila.	12	19	10	6	—47
Cherry Hill	6	8	6	6	—26
Philadelphia	12	5	11	8	—36

DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

УКРАЇНСЬКІ СТІННИ КАЛЕНДАРІ НА 1946 РІК

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

Ціна 30 ц. один

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

- Гетьман Мазепа на коні
- Засвітали 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 шве Американський прапор
- Тайна вечера
- Матір Божа Неустаючої Помочі.
- Свята Родина
- Святий Йосиф
- Слава во вшлних Богу

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Relief Meeting Held In Akron

The local committee of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee played host to the national president, Dr. Walter Gallan, on November 10, 1945, at Akron, Ohio.

Appearing before a small but highly appreciative and interested audience, Dr. Gallan outlined the purposes of the organization, its activities and its needs, both present and future. His speech was highlighted by excerpts from letters written by men who had served in the European theatre and had been actual witnesses of the need for assistance for the thousands of homeless Ukrainians. An appeal was made for the continued cooperation of all individuals.

GENEVIEVE J. ZEPKO

Weekly Banter

Counter Attack

In a cheap little side-street saloon, the sailor had suddenly picked up an empty whisky bottle and banged it resoundingly upon the bartender's head. Now he stood in court to answer for his offense.

"My client admits he struck the bartender," said the sailor's lawyer, "but he acted under the influence of liquor, and pretty poor liquor at that."

"But he does admit assaulting the man with the bottle," insisted the court.

"Yes," replied the attorney, "but, your honor, consider this fact—the man first assaulted my client with its contents."

The court considered the fact.

Try Again, Buddy

Two soldiers had arranged for the pair of beauties they'd met in the day coach to dine with them, but when they arrived in the diner there were only two vacant seats at a table where two elderly ladies were taking their time about eating.

Pondering the situation, the boys decided to take the two seats and, with their scheme, eject the loafers.

As soon as they were seated, one of the boys said, "You know, I haven't had a bath in three months."

The second one replied with, "That's nothing, I haven't had a bath in over a year."

When they looked at their table-mates to see how they were taking it, one of the old gals piped up with "Well, Stinkey, now that you have that out of your system, how about passing me the salt?"—Tracks.

Candid Portrait

Sweet Culture; Many a sin has been committed

In thy name by a dame, it is ad-

University Undergraduates Can and Should Organize

By Sophie Demydchuk

A high percentage of American youth of Ukrainian descent helps comprise the student bodies of American colleges and universities. Scattered all over the country, these young people have one thing in common—their Ukrainian heritage. Are they to discard it now after their forefathers have fought so long to preserve it?

In order to protect this heritage from deterioration, the college youth should organize. Present culture is based on knowledge and experience handed down from past generations. Besides enriching American culture by organizing, the individual himself reaps benefits, in that organizational work teaches him to cooperate and accept responsibility.

The proposed organization could not be established without the aid of existing Ukrainian organizations. However, in order to help the younger generation organize, the older generation must understand the psychology of youth. It must present a program which should be cultural and educational, and at the same time should appeal to young minds and bodies, by the inclusion of such things as sports and social affairs.

The suggested method of creating such an organization of undergraduates, which will be discussed at the YOUTH FORUM sponsored by the Ukrainian National Women's League at Philadelphia, on Sunday, December 9th (as announced in this issue's ad), is both feasible and practical. Its simple form would eventually create a strong body of students organized nationally. There is planning required, as well as time and endurance. However, youth has tackled harder problems. It has the enthusiasm, but needs help to "start the ball rolling."

mitted.
 Take Jane Doe, you know
 She says she is frantic without the Atlantic,
 Reads Yale Review, too, thinks Time is prime,
 And the New Yorker a corker.
 Many a serious tome is in her home.
 She owns the Five Foot Shelf herself,
 Says she's lost without Frost,
 Is familiar with Hillyer.
 Nevertheless it's my guess before she reposes,
 Her bedside light at dead of night discloses
 Among her possessions False Confessions,
 And the lady serene behind Talky Screen!

—Louise Shaw



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YOUTH FORUM

"What Role Shall the U.N.W.L. Assume in Ukrainian American Life?"
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1945 — 1:30 P. M.

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