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RUSSIA THE AGGRESSOR

When following her talk to patients of the Lovell General Hospital at Fort Devens, Mass. last Tuesday, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was asked by one of the veteran whether she considers Russia as an aggressor country, she is reported by the N. Y. Times to have replied that—"Russia hasn't started any wars."

Her statement is so patently absurd that it should require no comment here or elsewhere. Still, may we remind Mrs. Roosevelt that—

(1) Russia's entire history is replete with acts of aggression against other countries and peoples. Ukraine alone has been a victim numbers of times of Russian aggression. Thus, for example, in 1169 one of the founders of the later Muscovite dynasty, Andrew Bogolubsky, attacked Kiev, the seat of East European culture then, and completely destroyed and sacked it. Witness, too, the attack upon and overthrow of the democratic Ukrainian National Republic at the close of World War I by the Red armies of Russia.

(2) By signing the notorious pact with Hitler on August 22, 1939, Soviet Russia gave Hitler the go-ahead signal to start World War II.

This week's dispatches from the Nuremberg war criminal trial reveal that documents were read there showing that two days after the signing of the Hitler-Stalin pact Hitler gave orders to his armies to get ready to attack Poland.

(3) Finally, has Mrs. Roosevelt forgotten how Soviet Russia attacked Finland in November, 1939, and what her late husband, President Roosevelt, said then?

"The Soviet Union, as a matter of practical fact, known to you and known to all the world," the late President Roosevelt said then, "is a dictatorship as absolute as any other dictatorship in the world. It has invaded a neighbor (Finland) so infinitesimally small that it could do no injury to the Soviet Union, and seeks only to live in peace as a democracy, and a liberal and forward looking democracy at that."

These are but few examples of how in pursuit of her imperialistic policies and expansion, Muscovite, Tsarist, and now Communist Russia has always been an aggressor nation.

Surely, Mrs. Roosevelt knows that as well as anyone.

DECORATED FOR ATOMIC BOMB WORK

The Legion of Merit for his work in the production of the atomic bomb was recently awarded to Major Joseph F. Sally, 32, Ukrainian by descent, son of Mr. Trophim Sally, 2031 Creston avenue, Bronx, New York City, reports the Richland (Wash.) press (clipping sent to Weekly by Mrs. Catherine Motorney of New York City).

Chief of Production at the huge Hanford Engineering Works, in Richland, where the atomic bomb work went on, Major Sally received the Legion of Merit award from Lt. Gen. Leslie R. Groves. The citation accompanying the award read:

"Major Joseph F. Sally, Corps Engineers (Field Artillery) as chief of production at the Hanford Engineer Works, an installation of the Manhattan Engineer District, from July 1943 to August 1945, contributed in a high degree to the success of the atomic bomb progress. His intense effort, grasp of intricate technical problems, organization and leadership qualities and devotion to duty were material factors in the early and successful production of atomic bombs. Major Sally's valuable contribution to the war effort reflects great credit upon himself and the military service."

The Major was born in New York City on February 15, 1913. His work in high school was of such caliber that it won for him the state com-

petitive scholarship to Cornell University. In addition to that he held the McMullen Scholarships for two successive years at that institution of learning. He graduated from Cornell with the class of 1934 and received his degree in Civil Engineering.

After graduation he was employed by the Austin Company industrial engineers and builders with headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio, but with offices throughout the country.

Major Sally was called to active duty July 1, 1941 as a first lieutenant. He served as area engineer on the Voorheeshville Point and Reconignment Point, which was one of the first of such installations built in the United States.

He first became associated with the Manhattan District, code name of the atomic bomb project, in August of 1942 as one of the first officers to be activated into the new District. He was transferred to Hanford in July, 1943 and became chief of production in February, 1944. Early last month it was reported that Major Sally was about to leave Richland, Wash. for an undisclosed destination. He is married and has two sons, Frankin, 7, and Jimmie, 5.

The Major brother, Theodore, is an Army corporal. Before entering service he was a production designer in Hollywood. See story on him on this page.

Young Pianist Wins London School Scholarship

A young Ukrainian Canadian girl pianist, Miss Irene Bubnick of Saskatoon, recently won a scholarship which will enable her to continue her piano studies at the Royal College of Music in London, reports Mr. Michael Hayvoronsky, well known Ukrainian American composer.

The Saskatoon Star Phoenix critic reviewing a recent concert found that Miss Bubnick has proceeded far on the path of her career, and that "she shows excellent promise of achieving fame as a concert pianist."

"In this day," he added, "when successful pianists, whose manual skill at the keyboard is sometimes phenomenal, abound, it is a joy to find a person like the artist of last evening whose musicianship is innate," that is Miss Bubnick. "A musician can no more be made than can a poet if the original gift is lacking. But technique is necessary, if only to serve as a means for the expression of musical ideas. That Miss Bubnick has proceeded far on the difficult path of acquiring a brilliant technique was amply demonstrated by her performance last night (Nov. 21)."

The concert mentioned was held in Saskatoon following "a very successful concert tour of the Western Provinces" of Canada, in the course of which she received considerable praise from the critics.

Young Designer Exhibits Zany Paintings

Corp. Theodore Sally former Hollywood production designer, and brother of Major Joseph F. Sally, who played a leading role in the production of the atomic bomb (see story on this page), recently painted humorous parodies of famous paintings for an exhibit arranged as a gag in conjunction with a bond drive by the Spokane (Wash.) Athletic Round Table. The organization which sponsored the "Bundles for Congress" campaign and put its laughing horse trademark on many other zany movements, issued engraved invitations inviting patrons of the arts to attend a showing of paintings by "The Olde Masters" in a swank exhibition room.

Art lovers who bought war bonds as admission tickets found that the paintings had been delivered in an armored car with armed guards protecting them.

At first glance the paintings, copied by Corp. Sally, looked almost as good as the originals—with one exception.

The face of each subject in the paintings had been replaced by a suitable version of the face of Esmerelda, the Round Table's laughing horse emblem.

Among the many paintings exhibited was one adapted from the famed Mona Lisa. Here it was called

Home From Jap Imprisonment

Home on furlough after having been liberated from a Japanese prison camp, Cpl. Paul Nagurney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Nagurney, 619 Fourth Avenue, Jessup, Pa., described recently to a writer of the Uke-Views bulletin of Olyphant the horror of the Jap prison hell holes, many of which are unprintable.

After the battle of Bataan, the Uke-Views reports, Cpl. Nagurney with three other soldiers made their way to Corregidor and became prisoners of the Japs on May 6, 1942.

They were separated while in the various prison camps—Malabalay, Bilibid, Cabanatuan, Davao, Penal Colony, Honshu, Korea, Moji, and Nagoya. There they were subjected to many inhuman beatings and suffered from the lack of food and water.

"Money Lousy" by "Leo Nard Owed Da Vinshee."

Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" still looked placid and benign, despite his coltish features. The equine jut of Washington's jaw indicated he was crossing the Delaware with as much determination as ever. Even with Whistler's "Mother," Cpl. Sally had not spared the horse-play. The new title, "Whistler's Mother-in-Law," reminded chuckling spectators that the exhibit was presented on the Athletic Round Table's official Mother-in-Law Day.

In going from the Philippines to Japan and Korea, their ships were subjected to attack from American planes and submarines. While in Japan, Nagurney worked in the lead mines.

Sgt. George Soltis, also of Jessup, gave a vivid description of attacks on a Japanese convoy of ten ships, including the prison ship "Oryoko Maru." The ship carried 3,000 Jap civilians besides the 1,610 American prisoners, and a crew of 600. Just off Corregidor, four "Hellcats" attacked, set fire and sank nine of the ships laden with troops, and then knocked out the crew of "Oryoko Maru."

The lead plane dropped a bomb on the deck of the ship, killing 200 Jap civilians. Recognizing the prison ship, however, the plane and the other planes dipped their wings and flew away.

The prison ship continued on its way to Meji, with between 25 to 35 prisoners dying every day from dysentery, exposure, starvation and thirst. Upon arrival at Moji, it was found that 516 prisoners had survived the rigors of the trip. When liberation finally came, only 221 of the original 1,619 were alive.

At Moji, a Jap officer shot the Jap women who had been wounded during the bombing and killed the children they were carrying in their arms, the former prisoners said.

American Misconceptions About Central-Eastern Europe

(Condensed)

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

By Joseph S. Roucek, Ph. D.

Hofstra College

What Price the Knowledge of Central-Eastern Europe?

AMERICA has been pathetically ignorant of the conditions of Central-Eastern Europe. Although this European core has shaken our contemporary civilization to the very foundations by the fact that both World War I (Serbia) and World War II (Poland) started there, and although the sparks which have twice reached the United States emerged from the embers of Sarajevo and Warsaw, that region still remains a terra incognita in the eyes of many ethnocentric Anglo-Saxons.

An editorial in *New York Herald Tribune* [Dec. 27, '44] approached this problem from a different angle when it stated:

"... Our handicaps will continue, in diplomacy and in commerce and in the less tangible but vital sector of cultural understanding, until a sound tradition of American scholarship in Slavic studies has been developed. Where Germany had stolen the lead and Britain had set out to overtake her, we were caught far from starting line, unaware that the race had begun. The problem is not simply a matter of language courses, although they will prove difficult enough in all conscience, but of broad and accurate knowledge, so that the language becomes a tool sharpened by genuine comprehension. The immediate and growing need for such a program is a challenging opportunity for American higher education."

The Causes of Ignorance

On the publication of the fourth article by Professor Ernest J. Simmons, an outstanding Slavonic scholar in the United States, the *New York Herald Tribune* commented editorially on America's ignorance of the conditions in Central-Eastern Europe and the Slavic nations:

"A factor which has held back this logical development toward a better authoritative understanding of the region has been distrust of the Soviet Union and fear of Communist propaganda."

Although this represented a valuable evaluation of the situation, the editorial writer did not go far enough. There are many other causes for this strange situation in which America found itself not only during World War II but also at the end of the war. What do we know, today about the conditions in Ukraine? About the differences between the "Slavish" people and the Slovaks?

It is amazing that so little has been said on this subject in educational circles during the last few years. When the question is raised, no educator disagrees with either of these premises that: (1) the need for Americans to know about Central-Eastern Europe is increasing and that (2) the attention given to the study of this region in American schools is inadequate. The conclusion which follows from these premises is obvious; yet it is rarely articulated, even more rarely implemented. The remarkable fact is that the question is so seldom raised!

The German Traditions of Scholarship

The neglect and indifference of the average American student to the Central-Eastern European problems can be traced, in addition, to the traditions of historical scholarship. The admiration of Teutonic culture can be traced to the fact that the American system of advanced education has been preponderantly German in its origins and traditions. Until the foundation of the John Hopkins University there was no "graduate work" properly speaking. Many of the

original Hopkins faculty had done their advanced study in Germany. During the rest of the nineteenth century and through the early years of the twentieth, a German doctorate was almost a "morceau obligé" in a successful American career.

Particularly important has been, in this respect, the influence of the Departments of History in America's universities and colleges. The heads of these departments came to their native land imbued with the influence of Ranke. Ranke, in general, maintained in his earliest writings that the Germanic and Romance nations alone form a cultural unit having a common history to be identified with the history of Europe.

This view expressed the attitude of Germany which began to develop already during this period the theory that it has always been Germany's "civilizing mission" to "take care" of the Eastern lands. Academically speaking, owing to the influence of German scholarship, the whole part of Europe east of Germany herself used to be disregarded even in French or English studies of universal history.

These traditions are by no means dead and more than in evidence when we examine the long row of series of textbooks which have dominated during the last two decades the courses on "Western Civilization." How many of them give any place at all to Central-Eastern Europe? How many lines are given to the Slavic peoples? How many explain the important Ukrainian problem? How many imply, directly or indirectly, the relationship between the course of history of Western and Eastern Europe?

The Antiquated Russian Reactionary View of Central-Eastern Europe

Even if there exists some knowledge of the history, culture, and national relationships in Eastern Europe, there usually prevail in America the antiquated reactionary views of the Russian scholars of Tsarist times in the question of Eastern Europe. Eastern Europe is treated as one whole, "the Russian people." For the majority of American Slavists Ukraine does not exist as a separate nation. They find "Russians" not only in Moscow and Leningrad but also in Kiev, L'viv, and even in the Carpathian Mountains. Ukraine for the majority of Americans is an unknown quantity. Ukraine was acknowledged at San Francisco as a separate nation, but despite this the majority of American journalists look at Ukraine as a province of South Russia. Consequently as for tsarism so even more for the majority of American Slavists, both of Slav and Anglo-Saxon descent, there is no Ukrainian people despite the fact that by fighting heroically, and continuously for its own freedom during centuries and in our time during last twenty-five years, it has shown that it is truly a nation.

Who now in America knows of the eight-volume history of Ukraine by Hrushevsky? The American Slavists who know Ukrainian literature could be counted on the fingers of two hands. For the majority, as for tsarism, there exist only "Little Russians" and nothing more.

The Spell of Western Civilization Complex

As a result, America's college and university students were led to think of Western civilization as being, somehow, identical with universal history. Ever since, the United States has been victimized by this kind of myopia and the Americans have come to think of Western Europe as the world. The average American, as well

as the average American historical and political science specialist, have come to think of a single world order based on the concept of Western civilization. It was a sort of cultural dominance based upon an attitude of cultural superiority which, over a long period, tended to become chronic.

When the props were put under this spell of the concept of "Western Civilization" by innumerable textbooks on "The Developments of Western Civilization," thousands after thousands of the college and university graduates came out from the American higher institutions of learning imbued with the idea that all that is "civilized" and worthwhile had its roots in Western Europe (meaning—West of Germany, of course). Since a few lines or pages have been devoted to the nations of Central-Eastern Europe, the inevitable result has been that the American college and university student knows next to nothing about this region—and what is even worse—that they are indoctrinated with the theory that all important history has been made by the large nations of Western Europe. Central-Eastern Europe has been lost in the general-shuffle for the striving for knowledge.

Americas' Concepts of Central-Eastern European Peoples in Regard to Immigration

Not the least of the difficulties faced by those who have been trying to bring the place of Central-Eastern Europe into a more proper focus has been the social attitude resulting from "non-Nordic Europe."

There always have been forces in America criticizing immigrants for their inability or unwillingness to become "Americanized." Even during the colonial period, hostility to "new" immigrants was apparent, and the "old" immigrants (that is, colonists) regarded immigrants as "foreigners." The same prejudices have characterized the viewpoints of every American generation in regard to the latest arrivals on the American shores.

Beginning with the 1880's the chief sources of America's immigration shifted from Northern and Western to Southern and Eastern Europe, and within a decade the latter had surpassed the former in volume of movement. In the period just preceding World War I, the racial and eugenic aspects of the "new" immigrants came to dominate all other effects of immigration. Of particular influence here were the findings of the *Reports of the Immigration Commission* (appointed under the Congressional Act of February 20, 1907). In addition to the social and political aspects of immigration, the Commission reported that the Anglo-Saxon stock would not survive in the United States if the present type of immigration were to continue. Heterogeneity of race in itself was coming to be considered harmful and the lack of assimilability in the South and Eastern Europeans was emphasized.

Ever since the members as well as the descendants of these "new" immigrants have not been considered as particularly desirable arrivals or citizens. This, then, explains, together with the traditional hostility of all "natives" against the "latest" arrivals, not only the lack of appreciation of the cultural background of Central-Eastern Europe but also the difficulties confronting the sons and daughters of these immigrants when they aim to break into the positions of learning where they could promote the knowledge of the history of their forefathers.

Furthermore, the finding of the Immigration Commission was not

without specific harm to the attitude adopted by the American historians and sociologists—not to speak of the psychologists. In the first place, the idea of the "new" and "old" immigrants has been twisted in the popular mind; it appears that, since the "new" immigrants started arriving here only after 1880, their predecessors need not to be considered at all. Yet, it is definitely established that immigrants continue arriving from the countries included under "old" immigration and that most of the so-called "new" immigrant groups date their first arrivals from pre-revolutionary days. But how many Americans are aware that Captain Vitus Bering, a Dane, shared with Chirikoff the command of first Russian-American expedition to America? That, Andreas Agapius Honcharenko, a Ukrainian priest of Kiev, edited the *Alaska Herald*, a semimonthly in San Francisco, in 1868? That a Liberty ship was named after him in the second World War? That Peter Stuyvesant, recognizing Poles as valuable farming and fighting colonists, induced them to settle in New Holland (New York)? That Augustine Herrman, a Czech, reached New Amsterdam in 1633 and was granted by Lord Baltimore a 20,000-acre estate on Maryland's Eastern Shore Peninsula, where he cut the first roads through "New Bohemia" and gave his homeland's name to Bohemia River?

In fact, there is not a single Central-Eastern European national group unable to give definite proofs that they are not "new"—but rather "old"—immigrants.

The Resulting Inferiority Complex

Such misconceptions about the role that the Central-Eastern European peoples have played in the development of America and in world history have done their harm. The "inferiority complex" of the immigrants from Central-Eastern Europe, and particularly of the descendants of these immigrants, have resulted in the retardation of the much-needed integration and participation in America's stream of life and history.

The Remedies

Obviously, nearly all American history will have to be rewritten. Most of it has been conditioned by the Anglo-Saxon ideology as influenced by the Germanic influence. More and more emphasis will have to be put on the role of the Central-Eastern Europe in world and American history. America's ignorance was a luxury which America could perhaps afford before 1939—in the years of our indifference. But now, and from now on, we cannot be indifferent and we must not be ignorant!

Of course, there have been various experiments carried on to increase the knowledge of Central-Eastern Europe in various American educational centers.

But they have been only minor steps in the right direction when we realize that in the vastness of the Allied victory and Germany's tremendous defeat, one curious fact was overlooked. Never before in history have Western Europe and Eastern Europe faced each other except across a buffer of German or Austrian power. For some 500 years most of the history of Europe has been a series of variations, mostly tragic, on this geographic and political fact.

Victory in Europe had finally destroyed this historic pattern. Henceforth Western Europe, Eastern Europe and America must live face to face.

The knowledge of this reality is utmost importance to every American!

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NATURE

By OLHA KOBYLANSKA—Translated from the Ukrainian by PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

SHE shook her head again and a smile passed over lips.

"No? Sure, if you did not obey him or said something he didn't like, he could shut you up for forty-eight hours. They know how to do it, those gentlemen! I've just come from them."

And without waiting for a reply, in indignant tones, he told what had happened to him.

She looked at him attentively all the time. When he had finished his story and for a few moments more cursed 'the gentlemen down there,' she laughed quietly.

"What are you laughing at? There's nothing at all to laugh about!"

"You need to understand the matter, my man," she said gravely.

"Do I need to go crazy or eat poisonous mushrooms? That's what they ought to do down there!" he replied.

"Neither the one nor the other. But you didn't understand them. Your thoughts come from the heart, theirs from the head. They think according to laws and they proved it to you to a dot that you had no right to cut down that tree, although the forest is so large. You look at it differently. You must always think with your head."

He spat through his teeth.

"The devil ought to take them. They're all swindlers, a lot of starved frockcoats. Didn't God make the forest for everybody? That's something they can't deny and they'll never convince me, let them be gentlemen a hundred times, and know how to read and write. Why, I had bad luck, and why they caught me—ha, ha!—that was just because it was an unlucky hour when I cut that tree!"

"There are no lucky hours or unlucky hours," she said.

"Oho!" he dissented.

"Believe me. If you had studied, you wouldn't say such foolish things!"

His eyes flashed.

"You think that if you know how to read and write, you've already got God by the feet? There are saints who... Well, I say nothing—those people who study, they are wise, that's true, but they are bad!"

"Sometimes they are, but don't imagine that ignorance makes one better."

"How do I know?" he said. "As God makes a man, so he is. Whatever his lot, so he lives, and when a man's time is up, he dies. Let me be as wise as I will, yet when God wills it, I must die!"

"Certainly—there's no helping that."

"Now see! If they are so wise, so good, then why don't you take one of them for a husband?"

She glanced at him with pleasurable malice.

"That's different: that's saying I must do the one or the other. No one of them pleases me. I'm very rich. I hold them all in my hands."

"Just the same as I do with the girls in the village," he said proudly, and then, more as though talking to himself, "I'm rich too; the richest rich man, so our people say. All the girls are dying for me."

She laughed.

"Why do you always laugh?"

"I'm not laughing at you."

He was appeased and calmed down. "That's true," he said. "If a man's rich, he can laugh at everybody. And I laugh at them all. I think on none of them."

"And you would also laugh at me?" she asked fulsomely, and as though under the influence of an inward suggestion, looking him straight in the face.

"At you?"

He looked at her almost in fear, then smiled, coloring slightly.

"Ah, that doesn't just go," he said.

"Why not?"

"I don't know... but you are... are..."

"What am I?" she asked gravely.

"A... well, I don't know... like... like the picture of the Mother of God in our church..."

She laughed again; not very heartily, but all the same, she laughed. Then both fell silent.

They walked on in silence for some time.

He was handsome and strongly built, and she admired him as she had done earlier.

Once it came into her mind to wonder whether he loved a girl, and then—she knew not why—she thought of the phrase: 'to be embraced by a strong arm...'

Physical strength and beauty of body meant much to her, and though she rarely ever 'loved,' yet all the same she liked handsome, robust people. When she felt herself fatigued, often there came to her the longing desire, the need, to rest on some one's bosom. But that some one would have to be strong and courageous. Above all—courageous.

She began to walk more slowly.

They had walked long and fast. By her labored breathing and the slight flush on her face, he noticed that she was tired.

"You're tired," he said. "You can't keep up with me I went too fast."

"True," she said wearily.

He suddenly began to walk quite slow.

"You talk like we do so well," he began anew.

"I am the same as you—I am Ukrainian, a Hutzul. Wait a moment; I'm tired. If I go too fast, my heart begins to palpitate and sparks flash before my eyes."

She pressed her hands to her temples.

He had come to a stand before her. For a moment they gazed at each other; it seemed that from both their eyes a flame suddenly darted and conjoined into a fire.

They both dropped their eyes. She looked around timidly: was this the same scene she knew so well?

But yes! The same dark-green precipice, the same rocky wall there at the right, covered with firs as straight as candles, and tender, white beeches among them and luxuriant ferns, and here and there slender white flax... Calmly, incessantly, the forest roared.

The forest chill clung to her body. A bird cried out nearby; she shuddered in disquiet.

"Are you afraid?" he asked in alarm.

"Only today. As a rule, never."

"You're here every day? And why are you afraid today?"

"I don't know. I feel myself less solitary when I am in the forest all by myself."

"How is that?"

"I don't know... I don't know—really..."

"What do you do here?"

"Nothing. I come here just because. It's true—sometimes I paint the firs... Generally I listen how the forest roars. It roars like the sea, only far weaker. You don't know how the sea roars... I myself have never heard it, but I know how it roars... there, listen!"

Both listened, holding their breath. The beating of both their hearts could be heard.

She again looked around in disquiet... never before had it seemed so wild and solitary; the exuberant green of the forest seemed to oppress her.

"Don't be afraid... I am here in the forest... don't look round behind you... that's not good..." he

(2)

WHEN in the course of fifty odd years of immigration to this country the Ukrainians gathered to give homage to their great men and women, it wasn't the war-type leader who claimed this distinction. The songs that were sung and the speeches made and the poems recited were not in honor of Khmel'nitsky or Mazeppa, great though they were.

Carrying on with the traditions of their kin across the Atlantic they came to the basement hall of the church or to the National Home or the rented auditorium to recall that once there lived a poet whose name was Taras Shevchenko and a writer Ivan Franko, a woman poet Lesya Ukrainka, a song maker Mikola Ly-senko, a woman martyr, Olga Basarabova. The Socialists sometimes chose Michael Drahomaniv. The Catholics, Andrey Sheptitsky.

Much as they differed one from the other, they all had in common a greatness of mind and spirit that transcended the boundaries of group and nation. Shevchenko was as different from Drahomaniv as a genius who was poet could be from a brilliant socio-political thinker. Franko, the novelist, short story writer, poet, scholar, organizer was as different from Sheptitsky, the religious leader, as a man who professed no religious affiliations could be from a leader of a large religious body of men and women. Even their social backgrounds were different. Shevchenko and Franko were of peasant stock. Drahomaniv and Ukrainka came from a middle class intellectual family. Sheptitsky was a Count and a very wealthy man, but it wasn't this that endeared him to his people.

When the Ukrainians gathered to give homage to the men and women whom they had chosen as their great they were perhaps unconsciously expressing their own concept of true greatness. Not pomp. Not riches. Not power. Not aggressiveness. Not militarism. Not even success.

For the poet who was leader and who gave impetus to the rebirth of a nation which was finally admitted into the family of the nations of the world was once a serf, a man whose actual freedom was measured in terms of a few years and whose tragic life bore the imprint of man's inhumanity to man as few have ex-

said in a strange, strangled voice.

Silently and almost swiftly they went up the steep path.

A line of stubborn resolution lay around her lips, her eyelids were cast down. Her long, dark lashes stood out marvellously against her face as white as snow.

"The sun will soon go down behind the mountains," he said agitatedly, breaking the stillness, and with a swift movement pushed his hair aside from his brow. He felt hot.

"When I came here into the forest, it struck three. We've been going a good two hours and in the town it must be five."

Saying this with almost trembling lips, she pulled a small watch out of her silken sash, stood and looked at it most attentively.

"Ah, you have a watch? Gold. Show it to me!"

He pressed close to her. They both looked tensely at the small golden thing.

"It goes as if it had a soul," he said. "How wise the people in the world are to make such a thing... God, God... You surely are rich when you have a watch. Your father must be a great gentleman! Who are you?"

She smiled again.

"You don't know who I am?"

"No."

"But you have seen me... think!"

"I never saw you before."

perienced it. No, it wasn't success, as the average man understands success, that endeared him to a people.

Not Franko's success. He was often so poor that he didn't have the barest necessities of life to live by and work with and the narrow-minded were so fearful of what they called his dangerous, radical ideas, that they shunned him and they crossed the street so that they wouldn't have to greet him.

Drahomaniv's success? What riches were there in the life of an exile whose ideas were as unpopular as his were?

And success for Sheptitsky, for him who gave away a fortune to fill the innumerable nooks and crevices of a great impoverished people? When the Ukrainian peasants were "pacified" by order of the Polish government, and it was said that there was no room in the L'viv hospital for the wounded, it was he who took many of the beaten into his own quarters. The highest dignity of his Church stooped down to help heal the lowly.

And so when the people gathered at these concerts and mass meetings and get-togethers, and the "dopisuvach" reported that the orator's speech brought tears to the eyes of the listeners, this wasn't a naive compliment in the direction of the speaker but rather a revelation of the fundamental characteristics of the people themselves.

"Tak my tiazhko na sertsiu, kumo."

"Bozhechku, miy Bozhe!"

Heavy was the heart for the man whose life was so tragic and for the frail sickly woman poet and for the writer who was three times imprisoned because he wouldn't compromise with his ideas. Perhaps they who brushed away the tears weren't capable of great sacrifices. It was enough that they make their own sacrifices within the confines of their own homes and their families, but they perceived greatness that lay in those whom they had chosen for their heroes and who bore within them the unbeatable combination of great minds and great spirits. Define this? Measure it?

You may as well ask how deep is integrity and how wide the freedom of thought.

"Just think."

"But I tell you, no!"

"Well... When you brought your fine horse into the courtyard at the lawyer's... and tried to make it stand still... I came out... Do you remember?"

He thought a moment.

"I don't know..." he said slowly and surprised. "But I never saw you... some one came out... that I do know... but it was someone in a black dress... I don't remember your face."

She turned her eyes away from him and smiled.

"If you don't know who I am, then it doesn't matter; I have seen you often, very often!"

"You're laughing at me again!"

"No."

"Then who are you?"

"What is it to you? Anyway," she added, with a melancholy smile; "I am one who has no good fortune... you know... in some things."

"Rich, and has no good fortune?" he said incredulously and smiled.

"See, maybe someone has turned it away from you; it happens sometimes... but you are young..." he continued and stepped closer to her and in so doing, unawares, touched her hair with the brim of his hat.

She gazed at him and that instant a hot flame spread over her face.

They Are the Great

By MARIE S. GAMBAL

Ukrainian Influences Upon Muscovite Culture

(From Prof. Ivan Ohlenko's "History of Ukrainian Culture," translated

(Concluded)

by Stephen Davidovich in London)

(2)

Ukrainian Scholars in 17th Century Moscow

It has always been the case that a people with a higher culture influence their less cultured neighbours. So it was between Ukraine and Muscovy. Already during the 14th and 15th centuries there were Ukrainians in Muscovy and in the 16th century they were often invited to take responsible posts. From 1654, however, when Ukraine became allied to Muscovy, this movement became very extensive and Ukrainians "came into the Great Russian Tsardom and were received at the Court."¹⁸ Moscow paid well for services rendered and because of that many Ukrainians ventured "into the distant Muscovite lands and far off Moscow." When in the days of Patriarch Nikon, Moscow recognized the need for scholars and decided to print a revised Bible, Tsar Alexei asked for assistance from Kiev and on the 12th July, 1649 the Ukrainian Bible students Satanovsky, Slavynetsky and Theodosy went to

Moscow. A year later Damaskin Haltsky also came to Moscow.¹⁹ Outstanding among them was Epyphany Slavynetsky (died 1675). He was, according to Morozov, "a man of high culture who knew not only grammar and rhetoric but philosophy and theology. He was also a well known chronicler and a discriminating judge."²⁰ In Moscow he gained for himself the reputation of a wise and learned man and often acted as a "translator of Hellenic, Slavonic and Polish dialects and among his works is the Greek-Slavonic-Latin Lexicon."²¹

In 1664 there came to Moscow another Ukrainian, Semen Polotsky, who was invited to act as tutor to the two Tsareviches, Alexei and Fedor, and to the Tsarivna Sofia. He was also tutor to Peter. He had gained reputation both for his prose and poetry and several of his books became popular in Russia. Many others teachers followed, lured by the lucrative positions which were offered to them. These men exerted a great

influence upon Muscovite science and literature.²² When the Patriarch Nikon decided to revise the Church books he invited Ukrainians to carry out the task.²³ He reserved the Iversky monastery for them, and placed a printing press at their disposal.²⁴

Those Muscovites who prized Western culture always took the Ukrainians into their protection. Among such patrons were the Patriarch Nikon and Adrian, Tsar Alexei Mykhailovich, the Boyarin Rtyshev, Sylvester Medvidiv, Count Vasyl Golitsin and Tsar Fedor. Concerning the latter, one Ukrainian chronicler wrote that "he had a great love for our people."²⁵ But because of the new ideas which they introduced many of them got into difficulties. Thus during the trial of Patriarch Nikon one of the charges against him was that he associated with the Ukrainians.

Set Up First School in Russia

In the year 1649 the Ukrainians organized the first school in Russia.

Young Fedor Rtyshev, a favorite of the Tsar, gained permission from the Tsar and the Patriarch to organize a monastery and to invite there "Kievan monks, skilled in the teaching of grammar, both Greek and Slavonic, as well as rhetoric and philosophy." Thirty Ukrainians came and opened the school, and Rtyshev was their first pupil.²⁶

"Kievan science was an unknown phenomenon in Moscow and it aroused mixed feelings," writes Academician Piupin. "Some were favorably disposed to it and wished to leave for Kiev to gain a wider education; but others, faithful to the old customs, saw in it only evil things."²⁷

A year after this school was organized numerous complaints were lodged against the Ukrainians. There were searches and interrogations. One of the charges read: "Theodore Rtyshev studied Greek Grammar with the Kievians and in this grammar there are heresies... and the Boyarin Boris Morozov keeps a priest only to impress the public but otherwise knows and abets heresy... anyone who has studied Latin has strayed from the right path."²⁸

However, two students went to study in Kiev and this caused another furor in Moscow. "They have gone to complete their studies in Latin with the wise men of Kiev," complained the God fearing Muscovites, "and when they return they will be the source of great difficulties; they should not be allowed to reach Kiev and should be ordered to come back." Turning to their spiritual adviser they asked him to use his influence with the students in order to prevent them from going to Kiev. "For God's sake do not let them go or God shall wreak punishment on your souls."²⁹

Ukrainian Books Everywhere

During the 17th century Ukrainian books, even more than Ukrainians, found their way to Muscovy. Literary works, religious books, school texts and scientific treatises published in Ukraine soon spread throughout the Muscovite Tsardom. To this day you will hardly find in Russia and archive, a library or a church without old Ukrainian books.³⁰ They were used in every part of Russia from the Vologda to Astrakhan. We know, for example, Yoanyky Haliatovsky's "Nebo Novoe" (New Heaven) was read in Moscow and in the governments of Vladimir, and Astrakhan, in Vologda and the Velyky Ustiuz as well as throughout Ukraine.³¹

There were many Ukrainian books in the libraries of the tsars, patriarchs, bishops and boyars as well as in the libraries of those lay people who could read and write. From various descriptions of 17th century Muscovite libraries you see that Ukrainian books were welcome.³² One student of this subject writes: "Little Russian books were widely read not only in Western but in Muscovite Rus."³³ The Ukrainian historian Inokenty Hyzel even worked for the abolition of duties on Ukrainian books which were sent to Moscow.³⁴

The "Psalter of Rhythm" by Semen Polotsky became so popular that both Tsar Ivan and Tsar Peter had it set to music.³⁵ In 1667 the Tsar ordered that each archbishopric should buy the "Metch Dukhovny" by Baranovich and should pay for it three roubles a copy.³⁶ The Ukrainian "Trebnik" by Petro Mohyla was the standard text used during services by the Archbishop Aphanasy Kholmogorsky.³⁷ Concerning another book by Mohyla "Lyphos" the Metropolitan Dosphey Sochavsky wrote: "I have often heard about and only recently read this supreme work which unfortunately is not often printed: this great book is the land-mark and the solid bastion of the Orthodox Church and a great weapon against schismatics."³⁸

A 17th century priest in the province of Orlov refers to the Ukrainian teacher's Bible prepared by Tranquil

(Continued on page 5)

"It's true... I'm young... and how old are you?"

"Next birthday I shall be twenty-six. I..." all at once he stopped, all aflame. With glittering eyes they gazed one at the other.

"You!" he uttered suddenly in a trembling voice.

"What is it?" she replied, scarcely audibly; she had dropped her eyes.

"You're beautiful," he said in a confused, toneless voice.

A slight quiver passed over her body.

She lifted her eyes again. Her face had become pale, as if the last drop of blood had drained from it, and on it the marks of the deepest agitation were clearly visible. Sparks seemed to spurt from her eyes.

A forced smile showed itself on her lips and faded away. She could not endure his look. She was suddenly in the grip of an emotion hitherto totally strange to her... and tears came into her eyes. She retreated far from him to the very edge of the precipice and said quickly:

"Let's go on!"

And they went on into the forest, where it became quieter and ever quieter; through the stillness was only heard the purling of the stream. Swiftly she went to the edge of the precipice, hurrying lightly alongside the branches of the firs which hung over the path. Agitatedly, he asked:

"So you like it here in the forest?"

"I like it."

"Why? There's nothing to be seen here."

"Just because I don't see what I usually do."

"If that's so, come with me up to my perch; there you'll like it much better. Never a living soul comes up there, except sometimes my father on a feast day. I've been up there with my mother for a couple of months and scarcely a living soul has come to visit us. Will you?"

"You're the only son of your parents?" she asked, paying no heed to his request.

"Why, yes. Will you come?"

"It can't be done."

"And why not?"

"Because it can't be done."

"Because you don't want?"

She was silent.

"Because you don't want! Do you hear?"

She forced a smile, but her eyes gleamed almost frantically with emotion.

"See," she said, "how thickly the trees grow here, the air is practically wet; further on you can't see the sky... O God!"

"You're just afraid!"

She shook her head and looked at him with eyes full of a marvellous gleam. She still did not want to turn back,

although she knew not why. She was also far from desiring to remain with him... Suddenly she felt that her will was really not free... What a fool she had been only two hours ago!

"Don't go so close to the edge—you'll fall!"

She made no reply.

"Do you hear? Ah, you're afraid of me! I won't do anything to you. I don't need your watch. Come closer: see, on my chest, my chain with crosses is worth more than your watch. Come, I'll give it to you!... And I could give you still more... Even my black horse with its carved saddle... Just come!"

It was as though she heard him not. With flushed face and feverishly shining eyes, she went upwards with an effort. The forest became ever denser and wilder. The path, steeper and higher, led up to a mountain meadow. Thither she wished to arrive. Thither, at any event, at any price, and afterwards back again.

Out of breath, in the greatest tension, it seemed, he walked beside her...

Finally they reached the top.

Before their eyes a marvellous sight was spread.

The summits of gigantic mountains overgrown with forests, dark-blue precipices, primeval woods, luxuriant mountain meadows—all together drenched in blue. And all this was not far away. No, quite close to them, mountain after mountain rose, only divided by abysses. Over all this a miracle of pure, blue sky.

It was all grandly, magnificently beautiful... All this space, full of splendid color, this exuberant, intense, almost dark-blue leafage...

Stillness all around, solitude, and the roaring of the forests.

Overwhelmed by this grandiose beauty, she stood still for a moment, she seemed to have forgotten that he was beside her.

He sat close by on a stone. He seemed not in the least to notice the beauty all around, he saw her only.

She stood before him, so tall and supple, a miracle of beauty.

It seemed to him that in the glow of the sun her splendid body became visible to him through her light, bright dress. He saw clearly all its contours and lines, he felt them as one feels near at hand a strongly perfumed intoxicating plant. The blood throbbed in his veins in frantic rushing.

Suddenly she turned her head and directed her shining, widely-opened eyes at him. Why was he keeping himself so quiet?

"It's so beautiful here," she remarked, and somewhat confused and with a touch of dejection, began to look around her.

"That's so, but sit down!"

"Ah, no. I must be going."

"Going! Why?"

He said this as if not knowing what he said.

"Yes."

"What for?"

"I must, indeed..."

"Sit down a bit!"

"I don't wish to!"

"Why not?"

"Because..."

"Come on, sit down!"

It sounded like a command.

A certain wilfulness, which disdained to acknowledge a feeling of fear, stirred within her; she smiled and whispered:

"And suppose I don't want to?"

A determination, cold as ice, came out on his face. He rose up on one knee, seized her supple waist with both hands and drew her towards him.

"You're so beautiful... so beautiful!" he said in a muffled voice.

When he pressed her to him, it seemed to her that something unsuspected, like an electric current passed from him to her, and a thousand flames burst out within her. Yet she wanted to resist.

"What do you think you're doing?"

What do you want?"

"Nothing."

"You're so beautiful, so beautiful!"

A wild emotion mastered her. Her breast heaved high, her heart almost burst. She felt there was something cutting away her powers of resistance when he drew her to himself.

"Man, let me go!"

For a moment she fought with him, mutely and almost mechanically. Her eyes flamed and he was as pale as a corpse. He did not let her go.

"If I beg you... you see... I beg," he whispered, time after time.

"You're so beautiful... so beautiful..."

Her head swam, and she could not speak.

On his knees he embraced her waist with his hands and held her tightly as in a vice. He buried his face passionately in the folds of her dress and slowly but powerfully drew her down to the earth... She lost all will power...

A light, uncertain smile played over her face, which, white as snow, bent lower and lower, and yielding to the domination of an unknown power, she slowly slipped almost senselessly to the ground like a broken palm.

Dazzlingly and as though drunk with victory, the setting sun glowed with glorious gold and the tenderly bright clouds all around it turned into an ardent red furnace...

That was all!

(To be concluded)

WEEKLY BANTER

A farmer was trucking a load of livestock to the market and had a blowout just as he was passing the state insane asylum grounds. As he repaired the tire, two inmates watched him from the other side of the road fence.

"Are you a farmer?" one called to him.

The farmer replied that he was, without looking up from his work.

"Have you ever been crazy?" asked the second inmate.

At that the farmer turned around to face his questioner. "Not that I know of," said he.

"Well," said the second inmate, as he nudged the first, "you better try it, 'cause it's a sight easier than farmin'!"

"And what," asked the chief of the cannibal islands, in his kindest tones, "was your business before you were captured by my men?"

"I was a newspaperman," answered the captive.

(Concluded from page 4)

lion as 'the beacon.' He claimed to have memorized it in full. He said that those of his parishioners in Orlov who had a chance to read the book were very enthusiastic about it.³⁹ The Patriarch Ioakim read the book in Church in 1675.⁴⁰ Hysel's book "Peace with God" was considered a most authoritative treatise and was used as such by Patriarch Adrian in 1696.⁴¹

The works of St. Dimitri Rostovsky also found their way into Russia. His book "Runo Oroshennoe" went through eight editions and to this day you will not find a religious handbook which does not quote extracts from it.⁴² His "Chety Myney" which was the product of twenty years labor was also widely read. One scholar is of the opinion that this book, together with the prologue, "remains the standard grammar of the Rus language. It is an outstanding piece of work which undoubtedly could not have been prepared by any of the Muscovite scholars."⁴³

It would be impossible to enumerate all the books which found their way to Muscovy during the 17th century. But few Russians understood the Ukrainian language and the more indispensable books had to be translated into Russian. During the 17th century almost all the writings of Haliatovsky, Smotrytsky, Rostovsky, Mohyla, Tranquillon, and Hysel were translated.⁴⁴

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"An editor?"
 "No, merely a police reporter."
 "Cheer up, young man! Promotion awaits you. After dinner you shall be editor-in-chief!"

I wish I was a little egg
 Way high up in a tree.
 I wish I was a little egg,
 As rotten as could be.
 And when some mean old teacher
 Would loudly yell at me
 I'd break my little rotten self,
 And splatter me on she.

Chaplain, concluding a stirring sermon on temperance: "And so all the liquor in the nation should be thrown into the river."

Choir Leader: "The next selection by the choir will be 'Shall We Gather at the River?'"

Scarcely able to talk, a young man went to see his throat doctor. When the doctor asked what the trouble was, the young man managed to gasp out in a hoarse whisper: "Cigarettes."

"Oh," said the doctor, "smoking too much."

"No," whispered the patient, "asking for them."

Two little sardines were swimming aimlessly in San Diego Bay. One suggested, "Let's go up to San Francisco for the weekend."

"Oh, no," objected his companion. "It's much too long a swim."

"We could go by train," ventured the first sardine.

"What! And be jammed in like a couple of soldiers!"

Jack London used to declare that his great musical ability had once saved his life. He amplified the statement by explaining that a severe flood hit his town and his father hopped on a bed and floated downstream until he was rescued. The friend asked: "And what did you do?"

"I accompanied him on the piano," was London's reply.

Exercise

Exercise is something people think will atone for eating too much. A century ago when most men got a living with an axe, rifle, and hoe they didn't worry about expanding waist lines. Suspenders, and belts served a utilitarian purpose instead of an ornamental one. Naturally a society that's smart enough to invent atomic bombs and lawn mowers that operate by their own power has been able to develop many forms of exercise. A man can whack a little white ball and then chase it into ravines and woods. That stirs up his feelings as well as his muscles. He can work himself into a lather over the political situation. He can raise vegetables that won't cost much more than he could buy them for. He can sit on the porch steps and sprinkle the lawn; that's good for the arms and wrists. Many men have discovered that reading the paper is excellent exercise. After all, mind is superior to matter, and mental exercise, if taken in a rocking chair on the porch, is comfortable and pleasant.—"Pepper and Salt"

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IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

London again! Heading for the Ukrainian Club, as usual. Why? I guess it's because there is no place like "home."

You start the week-end off in the height of spirits. With a pass in one hand and fare in the other, a mad dash for Aldershot station takes place. What a line up at the Booking Office! One just mutters under his breath and gets in the queue. Will the ticket be bought in time to catch the 12.30 train? It's a fast one and it would be a shame to miss it. Why aren't they moving faster? Who's shoving? Nerves get a bit on edge as the minutes tick away. Three left in the queue as the train pulls in to the station. It won't wait for you if you aren't there on time.

The crowd on the platform seem to converge on to one particular door, as if there weren't dozens of other doors to use. You scramble through the door and make a dash for a seat. It would be quite a surprise to find a vacant seat. The main thing is to get on. The whistle goes and the train is off. Your stop is Waterloo. It's a fast train and arrives in about 45 minutes.

Waterloo on a Saturday afternoon! One would swear that half of London was there getting off the trains and rushing for tubes. You think you have all the angles cinched and are sure to reach the tubes before the mob. Of course, not a thought is given to the few odd trains that pulled in at the station a couple of minutes before yours. A solid mass of humanity is trying to squeeze thru a gateway two feet wide. A policeman hollers, "Take your time and hurry up."

There is a surging crowd around the ticket machines. You try to put three pennies in the machine. Two get in the slot and then someone gives an extra shove and the third penny drops on the floor. On stooping to retrieve it, a shove from the rear by a passer-by and your head comes in contact with the machine, leaving you a bit dazed. By the time you straighten up, the crowd has moved on and taken you with them. So there you are with no ticket and threepence lost.

The escalator is reached. The slow trip down helps to cool the nerves a bit, and by the time the bottom is reached you are again in a fair frame of mind. But not for long. There is still the tube to get into.

A multitude of people are rushing in all directions to attain the respective tubes. A mad dash for the Bakerloo Line and sure enough there are hundreds there ahead of you again!

Generally you can't walk through the door of a tube train, you are shoved through from behind. Breathe in and hold tight. The porter shouts, "Mind the doors!" The doors slide shut and the tube pulls noisily away. One more change and then Lancaster Gate, the last stop. The one you are headed for.

At times you believe yourself to be sweating blood from the ordeals you go through on a trip like that, but you grin and bear it.

It's a great relief to get out of the underground and into the open air again. The "Crown" is still open, a cool drink is rather inviting. You are sure to meet several members of the Club having a drink. True enough there are a couple of old pals there to greet you, and perhaps a friend or two to get acquainted with.

Appreciating the refreshing drink and the company, you are feeling in the heights of spirits again, and all set to go around the corner and up the street to the Club. Glad of the fact that you are at "home" at last.

PETER WACH
Winnipeg, Man.

VICTORY LOAN
They Finished Their Job
Let's Finish Ours!

N. Y. Veterans' Post Installs Officers

Last Saturday evening, December 1, the Pvt. Nicholas Minue Post No. 1260, the Ukrainian Post of the American Legion, New York City, held its second annual installation ceremonies, at St. George's School Auditorium, 217 East 6th Street, New York City.

The installation ceremonies were convened by Post Commander William Chosnyk. Guests in attendance were: Commander John J. Lawlor, County Commander, American Legion, New York County, Vice-Com. Halay, Ditto, and staff.

The following newly elected officers were installed by Cmdr Lawlor: Mathew J. Pope—Commander, Walter Atlas—1st Vice Commander, Michael Malicziwsky—2nd Vice Commander, John W. R. Zahodnick—3rd Vice Commander, William Sadownick, Jr.—Adjutant, William Makarchuk—Ass't Adjutant, Michael Evanick—Finance Officer, George Osciak—Ass't Finance Officer, Michael Galaga—Chaplain, Nestor Stadyk—Sgt.-at-Arms, Nicholas Orlov—Historian, Basil Medwid—Judge Advocate, Paul R. Jarima—Executive Officer, Theodore Pavluck—Executive Officer, Walter Pawliw—Executive Officer.

Upon completion of charging of the officers with their respective duties and taking the oath of office, Commander Lawlor presented the Permanent Charter of the American Legion to the post which was received by the newly installed commander, and the Commander's Badge. Thereupon followed presentation of the Badge of Office to the newly elected officers.

The Honorable John M. Lewis, Judge of the Municipal Court, New York City then presented the Past Commander's Badge to the retiring commander and delivered a speech explaining the aims of the American Legion. He was followed by Past Commander John J. Barry of the Fur Post, who presented the Past Commander's Button to the retiring commander. Finally Commander Katz of the East Side Post No. 868 delivered a message or congratulations.

Thereupon Stephen J. Jarema, past Assemblyman of the lower East Side, Nicholas Hawrylko, President of the United Committee of the N. Y. Ukrainian American Organizations, Stephen Shumeyko, Editor of the Ukrainian Weekly, and Mr. Peter Zadoretsky, representing the Ukrainian American Parents Organization of the Armed Forces delivered inspiring talks.

Mrs. Mary Minue, mother of the late Pvt. Nicholas Minue, in whose honor the post is named, attended the installation ceremonies with a delegation from Carteret, New Jersey. Pvt. Nicholas Minue received the Congressional Medal of Honor posthumously, for his heroism. He was a soldier in the first World War and also in the second World War.

The Ukrainian Unit of the American Red Cross was in attendance and many representatives of various Ukrainian organizations.

Upon conclusion of the ceremonies all in attendance were served refreshments.

The Pvt. Nicholas Minue Post No. 1260, meets every third Tuesday of each month at Hotel Imperial, 32nd Street and Broadway, New York City, Room 241. All veterans of Ukrainian descent are welcomed, not only those residing in New York City, but all in the Metropolitan Area.

M. J. POPE

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

By L.A.C. J. YUZYK

With the ending of hostilities even humor becomes less grim and let's say; less censored. So we come to the day when those hush-hush doings can be talked about without fear of a reprimand or the knowledge that our enemies are finding out some of our military secrets.

Many a foggy nite, the jerry sat in his underground shelter and wondered, "How those fleets of bombers could get air borne on such nites, and still more how they could ever land in such pea soup." But in those days, they knew not of Fido, the wonder de-fogging devices perfected on British aerodromes. But I'm sure Jerry is still in a haze, a little "fraternization" may help.

Then also when those big advances made by the Allied forces on the Western front must have bewildered more Krauts, when they were abandoning tanks, lorries and planes thru lack of petrol. But the allies had a Pluto in operation, and it was no Walt Disney creation, but a steel pipe line built by the guts and sweat of allied soldiers from Britain across the channel right into the heart of Germany pouring petrol.

But these are just some of the many mysteries that have come out of the struggle with the enemy. Some other hush-hush doings though not very spectacular, but very important to erks, ratings and privates are also coming out of the wash a Repat. Depots.

The means and ways of pulling, say, the old wool over the sergeant's eyes, were many and varied. This art developed to a high degree of perfection, or let's say finesse towards the end of hostilities.

To compare wits with Sergeant-Majors was a thrilling and also dangerous sport. The scrounging days often ended up with "Lend Lease in Reverse." Many a brave challenger ended what seemed like a good day for doing things and going places by swabbing decks or K.P. fatigues, or just plain C.B.

Some examples that crop up to my mind when I think of those days of

General Information On Third Congress

Sponsored by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, the Third Congress of Americans of Ukrainian descent will be held Saturday, January 26, 1946 at Hotel Washington, D. C.

Keynote of the Congress will be: "Our role in America's peace effort." Since no lasting peace is possible as long as the Ukrainian people in their native land remain under foreign, totalitarian rule, their plight in and out of Ukraine will be one of the principal subjects to be discussed at the Congress. The Congress will endeavor to project their plight, and the means of alleviating it, upon the consciousness of American public opinion.

Prominent speakers from America and Canada will address the Congress.

The Congress will also hear reports of what the Ukrainian Congress Committee accomplished in support of America's war effort, and what it has done on behalf of the suffering Ukrainian people in their native land as well as beyond its borders.

mental duelling. One day an elderly woman arrived at an Army Guard House and enquired if her grandson was in camp, but the Sergeant was heard saying, "I'm sorry ma'am, he left on pass this a.m. to go to your funeral!"

Or the sailor who was very anxious to get some leave because his wife was expecting a blessed event, but his O.C. must have had that one pulled on him once too often, because if we recall correctly, the conversation that ensued was thus: "Young man, you may have been at the laying of the keel, but you'll not be at the launching."

I'll bring this reminiscing to a close with the following. Private on the carpet for coming late from pass tells the following story: "Sir, as I dashed into the railway station to catch the last train back to Camp, a military band was playing the National Anthem. While I stood at attention the train left!"

U.C.S.A. News Letter.

Finally the Congress will hold elections of officers of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

Since the Congress Committee is founded on a community basis representation at the Congress will be limited to local central coordinating committees as well as to local societies, parishes, clubs and organizations. Each such central committee, society or parish is entitled to send two delegates to the Congress.

The registration fee will be \$5 per delegate, payable in advance or at the credential verification desk before the opening of the Congress. Guests will be permitted to observe the proceedings of the Congress; Admission—\$1 per guest.

The application shown above for delegates' credentials must be filed with the Congress Committee secretary not later than January 21, 1946.

The credential verification desk will be open in the hotel Friday evening and the following Saturday morning beginning at 8 A. M. The Congress itself will commence at 10 A.M.

Single or double room reservations at Hotel Washington must be in before the end of this month. Reservations will be made in the "first come first served" order as there will be only a limited number of reservations available.

All correspondence in this connection, including hotel reservations, should be addressed to Mr. Bohdan Katamay, Secretary, Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, c/o 817 N. Franklin St., Philadelphia 23, Pa.

Add-Daffynitions

Hick Town: One where, if you see a girl dining with a man old enough to be her father. He is.

УКРАЇНСЬКІ СТІНКИ КАЛЕНДАРІ НА 1946 РІК

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

Ціна 30 ц. один

Належність треба послати разом із замовленням

На С. О. Д. не вислаємо.

- [] Тарас Шевченко — Кобзар
- [] 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 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.

Buffalo Region to Hold Clothing Drive

As reported in the Buffalo, N. Y. Courtier-Express daily last Sunday (clipping sent to the Weekly by Peter Pucak)—

Homeless and shivering Ukrainian war victims will be the beneficiaries of a clothing collection tomorrow, December 9th, under auspices of the newly-formed Western New York Ukrainian War Relief Committee, which announced yesterday that appeals will be made today from the pulpits of all Ukrainian churches in the frontier.

The need for shoes and warm garments for these displaced persons was emphasized by John Kolotylo, recently returned veteran, who was stationed near Salzburg, Austria, where he had many personal contacts with Ukrainian refugees. As president of the local relief committee, Kolotylo will lead driver workers in their aim to collect sufficient clothing to help the more than 5,000 Ukrainians living in shacks and tents in the Austrian area.

Pictures Illustrate Suffering

He displayed pictures taken by himself showing the refugees living in the dirty shacks and patched tents of a former German military installation. Nearly all of the films showed barefooted women and children and closeups indicated most of them are ill and undernourished.

The committee has established a central collection depot at St. Nicholas Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church, 308 Fillmore Ave. A telephone has been installed and the assistance of the Buffalo and Niagara Red Cross Motor Corps has been obtained to aid in picking up contributions which cannot be delivered.

Other Depots Listed

Subcommittees have been organized throughout Western New York to have charge of the following depots: Black Rock—St. John the Baptist Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church Hall, 158 Germain St., the Rev. John Zuck, chairman.

Lackawanna—Holy Ghost Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church Hall, Wilkes Barre Avenue, Steve Krawchysyn, chairman.

Lancaster—St. Basil Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church Hall, Ellicott Rd., Peter Sandusky, chairman.

North Tonawanda—Ukrainian-American Home, 75 17th Ave., William Nimetz, chairman.

Niagara Falls—St. Mary Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church Hall, Ferry and 27th St., Mrs. Klym Pucak, chairman.

The clothing will be forwarded to Ukrainian Relief Headquarters, 31 East 35th St., New York City.

The local committee, which is a part of the United Ukrainian American Relief Council, with headquarters in Philadelphia, comprises, besides President Kolotylo, the following: Walter Ciopyk, secretary; Peter Pucak, publicity director and the Rev. Vladimir Kozoriz, pastor of the St. Nicholas Church and the Rev. John Zuck, pastor of the St. John the Baptist Church, advisers.

Any Buffalonian with clothing to donate is requested to call Cleveland 7566, or to deliver the bundles to 308 Fillmore Ave.

Just A Shuttle Cock

A family of sparrows was blessed with one little albino baby—very white and very pretty—who was the pride and joy of his mother. One day this little albino flew off on a pleasure jaunt and disappeared for hours. His family was frantic until finally at dusk the little fellow returned, all dusty, bedraggled and dog-tired.

"Where on earth have you been?" cried his mother.

"Mother," said he, "I've been in the darndest badminton game you ever saw." — L. & N. Magasin.

Дня 5. грудня 1945 року помер у 65. році життя
АНДРІЙ ШОСТАК,

бувший член У. Н. Союзу і робітник „Свободи”.

Покійний походив з села Миколаїв, повіт Радехів, Західна Україна. Полишив у смутку жону Геновефу, два сини, Володимира і Андрія, дві дочки, Ольгу і Марію, та 4 внуки.

Похорон відбудеться в понеділок, 10. грудня, в годині 9. рано з похоронного заведення ч. 2 MADISON AVE., 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

81-83 Grand Street (P. O. Box 346) Jersey City 3, N. J.