



### SECTION II.

# The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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## A NEW BOOK WORTH GETTING AND READING

Prof. Clarence A. Manning of Columbia University has done it again. After having produced such an excellent work as "Essays in Ukrainian Literature," he has now written an unusually fine book, "Taras Shevchenko, Poet of Ukraine," published by the Ukrainian National Association. (Price \$2.50).

It is the first of its kind in English, devoted entirely to a study of Shevchenko's life and poetry, particularly the latter, and overflowing with translations of high literary quality and of equally high fidelity to the originals.

At last, thanks to this distinguished American authority on Slavonic languages, the Bard of Ukraine has really started to come into his own in the English-speaking world. Up to this time studies of him and translations in English had been made, to be sure, but they were all of a sporadic and fragmentary nature, usually in form of brochures, magazine or newspaper articles, or, at best, a chapter or two. Here, however, is a whole book of 217 well printed pages, devoted entirely to the works of one of the world's greatest poets. We only hope that Prof. Manning's pioneer work will be followed by others here in this country as well as in Canada and England. For Shevchenko deserves it.

As Prof. Manning puts it in his eloquent introduction to the book:

"As an artist and a thinker Shevchenko deserves the sympathetic knowledge and understanding of the entire civilized and democratic world. He deserves it as a representative of his people, a nation of forty millions who have so far failed to receive that independence for which they have long struggled. He deserves it also for himself, for his own writings, since it can be truly said that he is one of those men who have a message for all humanity, for the suffering and the downtrodden, the victims of injustice and oppression everywhere."

Elsewhere Prof. Manning underlines that:

"... Now in the twentieth century we are learning as never before to judge him (Shevchenko) for himself, as a flowering of the Ukrainian character and as a man who has a message not only for his own times and country but for the entire world. He has stood the test of time and he deserves due recognition in these days when the entire world is sunk in war and desolation.

"There is no doubt today that Taras Shevchenko is one of the great Slavonic poets. He is one of the great poets of the nineteenth century without regard to nationality or language and his fearless appeal to right and

truth and justice speaks as eloquently in the New World as it did in the Old or in the little village where he was born, the city to which he was taken or the treeless steppes to which he was exiled."

We urge everyone of our readers to obtain a copy of this just now published book on Shevchenko and his poetry. College students can obtain their copy free of charge, thanks to an anonymous New York business man (see notice on page 6).

Read the book and pass it on to your American friends.

The book, incidentally, would make a fine Christmas gift.

## Contents of Shevchenko Book

The table of contents of the newly published book, "Taras Shevchenko, the Poet of Ukraine, Selected Poems," translated with an introduction by Prof. Clarence A. Manning of Columbia University, is as follows:

Introduction.

Chapter One—The Literary Scene; Chapter Two—The Life of Shevchenko; Chapter Three—The Poetry of Shevchenko; Chapter Four—The Religion of Shevchenko.

Selected Poems of Shevchenko: The Kobzar. Dedication. Berebendya. The Poplar. Dumka (What do my black hair avail me). To Osnovyanenko. Ivan Pidkova. The Night of Taras. Katerina.

The Haydamaki. Prelude.

To the Eternal Memory of Kotlyarevsky. Dumka (Water flows into the blue sea). Hamaliya. To Oksana K. The dream. To Safarik. The Great Grave. The Causasus. The Epistle. The Testament (When I die, O lay my body). In the Fortress, No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 12.

Poems of Exile. 1847 (Songs of mine, O songs of mine), N. N. (Sunset is coming, mountains are shadowed), N. N. (My thirteenth birthday was now over).

Return. Fortune. The Muse.

To Marko Vovchok, Hosea, Chapter XIV. I Do Not Murrur at the Lord.

The Approaching End. The years of youth are passed away. Is it not time for us to stop?

## Ukraine Butcher At Large

Erich Koch, Nazi overlord of Ukraine and perhaps the greatest mass murderer in history, is still at large after a hunt of twenty two weeks by the Allies, it was disclosed last Tuesday at the war criminal trials in Nueremberg, the N. Y. Times reported.

The fact that Koch, charged by the Soviets with responsibility for mur-

## FBI Chief Castigates Communists

J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, trained his heaviest guns on American Communists last Monday night in a country-wide address delivered before the fifty-second annual conference of the International Association of Chief of Police, at the Municipal Pier, Miami Beach, Fla.

Speaking on the major crime wave that he foresees and the role of juvenile delinquents in it, Mr. Hoover severely castigated the American Communists. He labeled them as "panderers of diabolic destruction who are concentrating their efforts to confuse and divide by applying the Fascist smear to progressive police departments, the FBI and other American institutions to conceal their own sinister purposes."

"It behooves us," he said, "to be on guard for any enemy that brazenly and openly has advocated the corruption of America, that spends

sleepless nights working one propaganda line after another, that poses behind a dozen fronts, that squirms and twists his way into these great American forces such as the church, schools and the ranks of labor."

"The Communist party," Mr. Hoover asserted, "is seeking to use the returning veteran as a 'new front' behind which they can hide."

### Calls them Swindlers

"They have selected a worthy foe, for the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars are too experienced in fighting America's enemies to be hoodwinked by these Communist swindlers."

The FBI made it clear that he was not aiming his thrusts at Russia. He added that the Soviet peoples must not be judged by the "lunatic fringe which represents the great majority of American Communists."

## Interesting Talks Feature Youth Forum

Interesting and well delivered talks by young ladies featured the Youth Forum held last Sunday afternoon at the Ukrainian Hall on North Franklin street in Philadelphia in conjunction with the Seventh Convention of the Ukrainian National Women's League of America held there over the weekend. A goodly sized audience attended the forum, consisting of both young and older people, with a sprinkling of veterans.

Taking the subject of "Understanding Ourselves" as its main theme the forum examined the various ways open to young Ukrainian Americans to integrate their duo-cultural heritage in a manner that would bring out their best abilities and potentialities as Americans of Ukrainian descent, and that would serve American culture and Ukrainian culture as well.

The forum was opened by its chair-lady, Miss Mildred Milanowicz, editor of the American page of Soyuz Ukrainok's "Our Life" monthly. After explaining the purposes of the forum, she introduced Mrs. Q. Fereshetian of the Philadelphia International Institute. The speaker urged, among other things, a greater interest among the youth in the cultural heritage passed on to them by their parents, and recommended that they should strive to introduce its finest elements into American culture.

The second speaker, Miss Olga Dmytriw, young pianist of Jersey City, dwelt in her talk on the possibilities of 'careers with a Ukrainian background' for young people. In the field of Ukrainian music, she said, every effort must be made now to popularize it among Americans, thereby stimulating greater interest in it and appreciation of it.

Miss Sophie Demydchuk of Brook-

dering 10,000,000 Ukrainians, has never been found was brought out by a United States prosecutor.

lyn, N. Y., a college student, spoke in considerable detail on the necessity of organization among Ukrainian American undergraduates, such as that of other nationality groups. Such an organization, she said, would keep the students from gradually losing sight of their cultural heritage. That heritage, she pointed out, is a distinct asset to the individual, in that it tends to a fuller and more useful life.

Following Miss Demydchuk's talk, Mrs. Helen Lototsky, president of Soyuz Ukrainok, outlined what the organization has been doing in promoting youth activities. Mrs. Fereshetian then summarized this first half of the forum program.

(To be concluded)

## FBI Tells Legion To Watch For Commies

The flat charge that "the Communist situation in the United States today is worse than it ever has been," was made before the annual national conference of State commanders and adjutants of the American Legion in Indianapolis last Tuesday by Lee R. Pennington of Washington, D. C., chief inspector of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

"They are coming out into the open. This is not a red herring. It is a reality at this time," Pennington declared.

Pennington continued:

"This group of rats has set out with the avowed purpose of infiltration into the American Legion.

"No individual can be a Communist and take the oath of allegiance to the American Legion without reservation."

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

## The Slavic World

(SLOVYANSHCHYNA)

By LESYA UKRAYINKA  
Translated by Percival Cundy

The Slavic World—the magic phrase expands,  
Embracing something dark and fabulous.  
So many years and lo! so many hands  
Have built for it a shrine mysterious.

Within that shrine men set a pedestal,  
And on it placed a statue which was shaped  
Protecting veil they then idol draped,  
Protecting veil they then idol draped,

The statue still stands there since ancient days,  
And time flows calmly on as years pass by,  
But yet to none has it been given to gaze  
Upon its face with clear, courageous eye.

Why have the sons of that great Slavic race,  
Prophetic children of a mother mute,—  
Why have they not achieved a glorious place  
'Mongst other folk? What praise have they? What fruit?

Behold them! each by virtue of his birth,  
A Slav, as strong and stubborn as the oak,  
Who could on his broad shoulders bear the earth,  
With folded hands bends 'neath a paper yoke,

And humbly, without cease, keeps bowing down  
Before a post surmounted by a crown  
And swathed in purple. By right of descent,  
That post is called a tsar omnipotent.

Each one is bloody, on his face are tears,  
The knout with triple lash his body sears,  
And each to save himself devises snares  
To catch and trip his brother unawares.

Once on a time it was the foreigner  
Who drove his Slavic captives o'er the plains,  
By now, where'er we look, it doth appear  
That 'tis the Slav himself puts on his chains.

And so they say: The ox deserves his yoke,  
For see how patiently he doth behave.  
Nay! there is reason that with other folk,  
'Slav' has become a synonym for 'slave.'

1895.

## A GIFT TO AMERICA

By HONORE EWACH

WHEN Miss Justine S. went to college she had many problems to solve each day. She was excellent at solving them. During her four years at college most of her fees were covered with scholarships. Besides, if she wanted, she could testify with her diploma that she had graduated "cum laude." Yes, it was relatively easy to solve all the problems that were in the school text books. But here, in the classroom, with over forty high school students glancing at her now and then, she was facing a new problem to which she could not at first find any satisfactory solution. She had in front of her this boisterous class, consisting mostly of such students who still spoke Ukrainian. Most of them were good students. They were diligent in their studies. But they were a little unruly. They were playing all kinds of pranks on each other. Sometimes they were too boisterous and had to be checked. But at times they spoke Ukrainian. They spoke Ukrainian when they wanted to say something playfully nasty to each other. Well, Miss Justine S. was not used to such words. She wanted to stop this horseplay of her students, interspersed with pepery words...

### The Teacher's Decision

"Now, here is a hard problem to solve," thought Miss Justine S. "If I say to them not to speak Ukrainian in the classroom, they might think that I have a prejudice against their racial origin. On the other hand, if I tell them not use such bad words in the class, they will guess that I am of the same racial origin as they. Well, should I let them know that I am of Ukrainian origin, too? Should I? No, I think that I have, first of all, to impress them as an exceptionally good teacher. First of all I shall do my best to win their confidence and respect. Then I shall tell them who I am."

So for a few weeks Miss Justine S. put up with the few bad words said

now in then in her class in Ukrainian. In the meantime she proved to the class what a good teacher she was. She taught Latin and Spanish. She knew her subjects exceptionally well. She taught Latin and Spanish. She was kind. Besides, she had a very generous heart. Her kind-hearted nature made her sit for hours after the class was dismissed, and do her best to awake new interest even in the non-linguistically inclined students.

Miss Justine S. made a fine teacher. She was the pride of the teaching staff in one of the high schools of Pittsburgh. And she was kindly thought of by all the students she taught. After a few months even the most backward of her students could talk a little Spanish. In time Miss Justine S. found out that most of the Ukrainian students were exceptionally good in learning new languages. Miss Justine S. came to a conclusion that this special aptitude of the Ukrainian students for linguistic studies was, perhaps, due to the fact the Ukrainian language is so rich in sounds, inflections, synonyms, and the fine shades of meaning. She found out that it was much easier for her Ukrainian students to grasp the fine shades of meaning in the Spanish language than for the students of other racial origin.

The gentle and lady-like manners of Miss Justine S. in time had the desirable effect on the whole class. Even the most rowdy of her students begin to behave more mannerly than before. Still Miss Justine S. could hear now and then a Ukrainian "bad word" in her class.

One day as she was sitting by her desk at recess, thumbing a magazine, she heard one of her girls playfully chatting in Ukrainian and using some not very delicate expressions. Miss Justine S. rose up from her seat and said crisply, "Now, Olga, it is not nice to use such words."

There was a sudden hush in the

## Sidelights on Blood, Veins and Race

By MARIE S. GAMBAL

DUE to centuries of oppression by Russia, many Ukrainians developed a self-protective habit pattern which made use not only of damning the organized powers back of the oppression, but also the Russian people as a whole. Feeling insecure in a world of predatory governments, the Ukrainians, who had no government of their own and whose love for all things Ukrainian was often a deeply felt emotional experience, fell into the habit of dividing the two peoples somewhat as follows:

The Ukrainians are good, noble, intelligent, peace-loving, gentle, highly talented.

The Russians are ignoble, stupid, stupid, cruel, aggressive, brutal, and if it weren't for the addition of Ukrainian "blood" in the veins of those who created Russian literature and of those who composed Russia's music there wouldn't be anything worthwhile in Russian culture.

This, of course, is a burlesque of the real thing, though not as far removed from the ways of thinking of some Ukrainians as it might seem at first sight. Not only was this a characteristic of a school of thought among Old-World Ukrainians, but it seeped into the thinking of some of our Ukrainian Americans who were born and brought up here and who should know better.

As though to clinch the argument of the Ukrainian's superiority over the Russian once and for all time a subtle bit of "information" was usually added, that the Ukrainian was "pure" European, while the Russian was largely Mongolian. The word European had a good sound about it. The word Mongolian implied something dark and sinister and cruel, a page out of the days of Jengis Khan.

All such attitudes toward peoples and races are, of course, very foolish in light of what we know about them in this year of 1945. As foolish as for the Russians (liberals too!) to think in terms of one Russia, Great, White and Little. As foolish as for the Poles to think of the Ukrainians in terms of the Greek Catholic rite alone.

Not all Ukrainians are noble and peace-loving, no more than all Russians or Poles or Americans or Chinese are noble and peace-loving.

We find among our own seven hundred thousand or so, right here in America, all sort of people. There are those who have faith that eventually mankind will climb out of the morass of present day conditions into a better world and those who think the brute beast isn't even worth saving. There are disheartening but often interesting cynics and the cheerful but not always interesting Polyannas. We have those to whom a bonnet is the answer to a gnawing sense of frustration and those who prefer to send the price of the hat to the hungry and needy displaced persons. Those in whom the canker of fascism still lives and those

class. All the eyes were directed at the beloved teacher. All the Ukrainian students now realized that their teacher understood what they were saying in their mother tongue. Many of them lowered their eyes and blushed.

The students were flabbergasted. But still they were puzzled, not knowing if their teacher was of Polish, Russian, or Ukrainian origin. So there was much chattering among the students after the school hours about the pretty teacher, who not only spoke perfect English and Spanish, but also understood Ukrainian.

It was Olga, the student who was chided in the class, who decided to

(Concluded on page 4)

who cannot abide totalitarianism, be it fascist or communist. Those who will speak of Ukraine's independence, but who will glibly glide over the word democracy, and those who think that democracy, including human rights and civil liberties, are of paramount importance, for a concentration camp is a concentration camp whether manned by a Russian, a German, a Japanese or a Ukrainian. We have those who think that economic planning and security do not necessarily spell dictatorship and those for whom even Great Britain is a totalitarian state.

All kinds and all sorts of people. Or consider that little word "race." Ethnologists say that we, the unscientific minded, do not make proper use of it. There is no Ukrainian or English or American race. The word should properly refer to the division of mankind into several large groups, according to the color of skin, texture of hair and so on. According to one scientist there are five races. Some make it a four way division. Cavier reduced it to three,

Caucasian  
Mongolian  
Negroid

This is more or less a generalization, not a fixed formula in the manner of the mathematical two plus two makes four. It offers the scientists a basis for the study of the human species.

When the Ukrainian, (or for that matter a member of any other people), trying to instill into his hearers or readers the idea of the superiority of his kind over other peoples, slaps the word Mongolian on to the Russian, and the word European on to the Ukrainian, he is implying that the Ukrainian is everything nice while the Russian—well, what can you expect from the Mongolian?

But who are the Mongolians? According to Webster they are the most numerous race in the world. "Mentally the Mongolians rival the Caucasian peoples, two of the oldest civilizations of the world, the Akkadian and the Chinese being developed by them."

So it isn't such a bad thing to have an admixture of Mongolian "blood" in one's veins. Nor are we Ukrainians the "pure blooded" that some of us think we are. According to scientists the Ukrainians have some Tartar blood in their veins. This couldn't be otherwise since at one time the Tartars swept across the steppes of Ukraine, into Kiev, and into Central Europe, and their code of sex ethics wasn't very high. With the benefit or without benefit of clergy an invading army was never very scrupulous about the relationships of the sexes. Without being an ethnologist, using common sense alone, it would seem quite probable that they left some of their Mongolian "blood" among the Ukrainians to bother the super-patriots of 1945.

For that matter the Finns are classified by some as Mongolians, (by others as Caucasians) but whatever the classification the world would have been better off if all the peoples had made as great social and economic progress between the two wars as the Finns did.

Men and women who have made studies of the human race have come to the conclusion that there isn't anything intrinsically superior or inferior about one race or another, about one people or another. There is no "pure" nation among the so called civilized nations. We are all in one way or another a mixture or a blending of several strains. We are all capable of learning. If this were not so then there would be little hope of channeling the totalitarian peoples into the ways of a democratic concept of life, which, after all does offer some hope for the making of a better world.

# NATURE

By OLHA KOBYLANSKA - Translated from the Ukrainian by PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Concluded)

(3)

AND now he was sitting here, poisoned, mocked and scorned, condemned to a mortal longing for her.

He, the richest, the handsomest, he, for whom all the village girls were 'dying'—he longed in vain!

That had never happened to him before. He ground his teeth and beat his fist against the tree.

How beautiful she was, how marvellously beautiful!

First in a brief dream he had dreamed of her. And this he could not recall exactly: he could only recall that she had come very close to him and that from her touch it seemed as if the sun burst into light within him. While doing this, she smiled quietly as she did when he said that all the village girls were dying for him. And she incited him to climb to a summit where one's head swam.

'You must seek me,' she had said to him among other things, and these words and even the tone of her voice he well remembered. Today, early in the morning, he had mounted his black horse and, like a madman, had ridden over the road along which he had walked with her.

Perhaps, she was somewhere there, painting the firs and listening to the roaring of the forest?

But he did not find her.

Once he had a feeling that something resembling a person was going through the forest. Holding his breath, he listened on every side, stood motionless like a lurking tiger.

... But it was only a deer, and his horse, affrighted, almost jumped over the precipice... That was all he got from that ride.

Then, all had been so beautiful, like the sun at high noon. He wished it would be as beautiful again. He loved her, ... yet, now it was his turn to 'die.'

He laughed, but his heart was full of tears of rage.

Then, she had gone away with a look as if she had become another person, as if the world had suddenly become different. She was as white as snow, and her big, sad eyes shone so strangely... Lord God! "Do you love me?" he had asked her.

She did not reply at once, but after a moment's thought and with a tired smile, she said:

"No."

"Oh, you do love me!"

"Maybe!"

"Why—maybe?"

"Because, because, that's different."

Was she making a mock of him in that she showed herself no more? Would she really never come again any more?

It was impossible!

The village girls came not once or twice when they loved a fellow, for example: him! Proudly and impatiently he shook his handsome head, and a stifled, savage cry burst from his lips.

Yes, he was simply going mad...

He felt as though his soul was in a jumble and would no longer settle into order. He hardly bothered about his horses, scarcely even drove them to water them.

What should he do?

What should he do to see her again, to have her?

If ever she fell into his hands again, she would have go with him up to his place on the height, will-nilly. She must. He was determined.

He would sit with her all by himself. She did not like to be alone. There she could listen from morning till night to the roaring of the forest—no one would hinder her. He would be able to come to her, for she would be his, but strangers...

He knit his brows fiercely.

Let any of them venture it! He

would fly with a smashed skull into some abyss where the vultures even would not find him.

It is not advisable to play tricks on a Hutzul in love.

But she would fare well with him.

All the woolen covers with beautiful figured stripes which his mother kept in a chest down below for him, he would carry up to the peak. All the gay-colored kerchiefs, silken materials, the silver coins, the magnificent colored sashes, all richly woven, shirts, white as snow, skins of bears which he had killed himself, all the embroidered sheepskin coats, all this he would carry up to the peak and surround her with it all.

His black horse with the carved saddle, silver mounted, which he had inherited from his grandfather—he would give her that too, for as a matter of course, she, as a true Hutzul, would not deign to go anywhere on foot.

Only, if the horse took it into its head to rear under her, as its habit was at every bridge, that would be the finish of it at once! He would shoot it on the spot, as he had done to the golden-maned mare which some gentleman had once entrusted to him to graze on the mountain meadow. He had wanted to clean out a sore on its leg, but it lashed out at him in the ribs so that he had to stay at home for nearly two weeks like a cripple. He paid the mare out afterwards for it, maybe paid it out too much, but anyway the horse got what was coming to it!

Yes, he was good when he was good... But when he was bad!...

He ran his fingers through his hair, wiped his brow and kept on thinking how he might get her.

Already he was planning something.

Sure, he still had the red silk handkerchief which had fallen out of her belt, and which she had forgotten to take with her. What an odor it gave off! God knows among what herbs it had lain. He would take it to the old Hutzul sorceress. She could surely help when nothing else would. But for the time being he wanted to have nothing to do with the old woman. He was thinking out something by himself...

\* \* \*

The door of the house opened, his mother came out and began to call him to supper.

"I don't want to eat," he said sullenly without raising his head.

"God bless you, my son!" replied his mother gravely, "I think you're shaping to get sick. May Christ keep it away... May the good saints turn it back!"

With a troubled countenance she felt his forehead and tried to look into his eyes.

He sidled away from her anxious, sunken eyes.

"You see?" said his mother with triumphant bitterness, "they put it on you down there. May God make them pay for it! Here, let me suck the evil spell from out your brow." And, kissing him, she sucked the spell out of his forehead.

"There, now it will be better; and afterwards, I'll put out the fire and smoke the house with herbs. Ach!" she complained, "that was an unlucky hour when you cut down that tree. You came home to me sick, with a hanging head. You don't play your fife and you scarcely eat. May the saints turn the evil back on your enemies! Well, come inside... What are you doing there with your axe?"

"I want to go into the forest."

"What for?"

"I want to cut down another fir."

"Have you gone crazy? God preserve you!" she cried affrighted. "Do you want to be locked a second time

... and fall sick? Give it up, my deary, give it up. The evil hour is still on you, and you're not altogether clear of it yet."

"I'm going, mother, I must go," he replied gloomily, and hanging his head, he covered his face with both hands. "I must," he continued, "put up another pen for the sheep beside the shed. One might get sick, and you could keep your eye on it while I'm away in the forest with the others or looking after the stream where I catch the trout and I'll cut a fir there. The forest is thicker there than anywhere else, and the sound of the axe won't carry. I'll cut the tree close to the ground and cover the stump with moss. I'll make the fence there on the spot and throw the chips into the water, and then let anyone come and take me to court! I'm not afraid!"

He spoke the last words with gloomy resolution and arose.

"I'm going now, mother and don't expect me before midnight."

"If it must be absolutely so, then go," said the mother sadly. "But it would be better if you stayed at home. And the weather may change; the storm hasn't altogether blown over for today."

"No. It won't come again today. Yonder, the evening star is winking already, and the moon will be full tonight!"

"Then go and God be with you! I'll keep your supper for you, and until you come, I'll spin and pray for you."

Swiftly he went down the familiar slope covered with forest, impatiently kicking dry branches or pieces of trees which lay in his path. A deep stillness reigned in the forest, and only his firm tread or now and then a muttered curse when he made a bad step broke the silence.

"I'll get her, all the same!" he thought, with malicious joy. "I'll go down to the stream and cut the biggest fir right where the people pass. Then someone will go and report me to the gentlemen down there; they'll want to shut me up again for another forth-eight hours, and then I'll go to the lawyer's and hang around there till she comes out!"

But, was she his daughter? No, she must have been only joking when she said she had seen him there very often! Why hadn't he seen her? And why did he see the lawyer's wife? That short, awe-inspiring lady who always looked at his feet when she used to come into the office when he was there. That could not be her mother... she couldn't belong there, she must belong somewhere else. She talked Ukrainian, her mother talked some awful language, God only knows what. He hated her.

He knew only one thing. He would wait at the lawyer's until she showed up, and then he would go after her... and then she would have to be his.

Nothing else mattered, nothing else even entered his head at all.

He walked faster and faster. He was by now not far from his goal. Already through the forest, which was now thinning out, could be seen the waters of the mountain stream, glittering in the moonlight.

Only a few steps more and he would be at the spot.

Right in front him, along the mountain side itself, flowed the stream; stirred up today by the storm, it was running in great foaming waves which gleamed plaintively in the moonlight.

More lovely and nostalgic than ever, the whole range of mountains rose proudly before his eyes. Illuminated by the magical moonlight, by millions of stars, it was as beautiful as a fairy tale.

Did he perceive, did he feel the magnificent beauty of nature? From a child he had been accustomed to the splendid mountain scenery, he knew the silent summer nights, bright as day, for on many a one he had not slept while guarding his horses; and yet... and yet, when his view reached beyond the peaks wrapped in blue clouds, his heart was seized by a deep and inexpressible longing.

And here at his feet the waves curled and muttered a melancholy something, their sounds awoke in his heart... tears. Yes, he felt so heavy, he felt himself so orphaned, and knew not himself why, but he began to sing... A true child of his people, he sought relief in song.

Far and wide the melancholy song carried in the distance, and melted in splendid harmony with the beauty of the bright, clear night.

He threw his hat on the ground as though all his sad thoughts had found a nesting place there.

When he came hither, he had thrown the handkerchief about his neck. The strong perfume which exhaled from it, and which he in general had noticed about her, led him to feel that she stood more vividly before his mind. A longing and a turbulent hunger after her revived more and more strongly.

He turned his back to the stream.

The last fir on the bank received the first stroke. At first the strokes fell slowly, in measure, then more swiftly, more strongly. He worked thus for an hour, without resting even for an instant. A sort of feverishness had seized upon him. Unceasingly he thought about her. She stood before his mind so vividly in all her entrancing beauty, with all her speech and smile. He seemed to be living it all through with her.

How beautiful, how marvellously beautiful she was!

And to cap it all, there was the dream!

The dream still lived in his memory. Just as if at this moment he felt her caress, felt her soft, warm body...

"You must seek me!" He heard it suddenly right beside him. He shuddered and stopped chopping. Almost at the same moment, the words were repeated: "You must seek me!"

Yes, it was her voice... Her voice!

Before he could recover himself, the fir cracked and swayed, and falling, almost caught him—if he had not leaped aside in time!. He was terrified, as never before in his life, and his hair stood on end.

What was that?

He looked around, then into the water... the words had come from there, so loud and so clear...

But nothing stirred. The waves followed, one after another, not too swiftly, but not too slowly, ever new and new ones. The fir had fallen into the water, and the waves slowly and deliberately heaved it up on crests and majestically carried it away with them.

And yet everything was so calm and tranquil, as though awaiting something... The floating tree, even the entire forest—everything, as though it had to be so, as though it had to witness something.

The waves glittered in the moonlight, and over them there moved some bluish, cloudy forms, nay, they were everywhere, they had assembled as though bent on crushing and overwhelming all.

A frantic fit of shuddering fear seized him; he would have roared: Away, you beasts! but suddenly he thought on God. He crossed himself, again, again, many times—then, as though by some inward command, he tore the silken handkerchief from his neck and crumpling it up in his hand, hurled it in the water.

In an instant it had all become clear to him.

She was a witch... a witch!... Oh, holy Mother of God!... Oh, all the saints!...

What had he got into? With whom had he to do?

A feeling of rabid hatred against her came over him.

He could have killed her on the spot, crushed, trampled her underfoot like a dog, like a worm... For now like a flash of lightning he was solving riddle after riddle...

Not for nothing had she red hair.

Not for nothing did she exhale the odour of herbs.

Not for nothing was she so marvellously beautiful, so like the Mother

(Concluded on page 4)

# Ukrainian Influences Upon Muscovite Culture

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

(Concluded)

(2)

## Influence Felt in Various Fields

THUS the influence of Ukrainian scholars and Ukrainian culture became felt in all branches of life in Moscow. It was reflected in architecture, painting, clothes, music, law, literature and in the Muscovite language itself. Various Ukrainian craftsmen were invited to Moscow and there was a special quarter called the Polish quarter, (at that time the Ukrainians were often known as Poles in Russia.)<sup>45</sup> A contemporary writer says this about Ukrainian merchants in Moscow in 1652: "With the Polish ministers there came merchants with their wares who were under the protection of these ministers and paid no duty. They brought to Moscow wares from Lithuania from Polish Rus', and from other countries. They exhibited fine woolen clothes and delicate silks. They also brought trinkets from here and there and from these they made good money because Muscovite people would sooner buy useless things than good things; they would pay any price for things they fancied."<sup>46</sup>

Ukrainian craftsmen went to Moscow either of their own accord, or they were invited. The Russians wished to be and were accepted as journeymen and apprentices in order to learn how to make cloth, powder, soap, caps and various tools.<sup>47</sup>

Ukrainian merchants brought German clothes to Moscow before the reign of Peter. We read in the Chronicle of the Eye Witness that

Tsar Fedor "ordered that Great Russians should wear Little Russian clothes and that Muscovite clothes should be worn in Little Russian style."<sup>48</sup> The Dvynsky Chronicler writes that in 1697 there came into the city of Archangel refugees from Turkish slavery—"one was Yakim the Little Russian and the other was Constantin the Ukrainian and both wore German clothes."<sup>49</sup>

Ukrainian singers took with them to Moscow the singers' costume which has remained in Russia to this day. This costume was first introduced among the Court singers and in 1842 by order of Tsar Nicholas I it was introduced in Cathedral choirs throughout Russia.<sup>50</sup>

Ukrainian influence in Muscovite churches was so strong that Ukrainian pronunciation was introduced and remained until the beginning of the 19th century and in some instances remains to this day.<sup>51</sup> Many Ukrainian customs were also accepted in Moscow. Thus Count Boris Galitzin who was Peter's tutor liked to do his hair in Kozak style. In 1666 a monk from Mezhihorod was appointed as Tsar's keeper of the orchard and brought with him plums, grapes and pears from Kiev.<sup>52</sup> Even the Tsar's baker was a Ukrainian because as they said "he baked excellent bread and pyrohy."<sup>53</sup>

## In Printing

The art of printing was highly developed in Ukraine and during the

17th and 18th centuries Ukrainian printers exerted considerable influence in Muscovy. The Muscovites usually numbered leaves instead of pages and only under the influence of Ukrainian printers did they begin to number pages. They used to run the words together and place the title of the book at the end until Ukrainians taught them to separate the words and to place the title at the beginning.<sup>54</sup>

In his desire for well printed books Peter I sent Russians to study printing in Kiev and Chernyiv. Thus in Feb. 1701, by order of the Tsar, "Myghailo Dimitriev was sent to Kiev and Chernyiv to learn the art of printing books, of preparing inks and all allied arts." It is said that the Kiev printing houses were famous for their fine script, their paper and their clean work.<sup>55</sup>

## In Architecture and Painting

Similar influence was also reflected in architecture.<sup>56</sup> In 1673 one Ukrainian Petro Vysotsky erected near the Tsar's village copper lions which moved and roared.<sup>57</sup> Gravestones and monuments which were so common in Ukraine were introduced into Russia.<sup>58</sup> Ukrainian painters went to Moscow and their influence can be seen in Muscovite iconography; Western ideas reached Ukraine either through Poland or directly, and from here they were carried to Moscow. These innovations caused the 'Old

Believers' to complain: "The Holy pictures are no longer the same; their eyes are puffed, their cheeks are pink and fat and their vestments are German."<sup>59</sup>

"Just as Muscovite literature in the second half of the 17th century," writes the Academician F. I. Buslaev, "was under the strong influence of Southern Rus' from which Western ideas were carried into North Eastern Rus', so Muscovite painting of that time was deeply affected by the Southern Rus' masters who were skilled in the adornment of manuscripts and printed books."<sup>60</sup>

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## NATURE

(Concluded from page 3)

of God, for only in that way could she have cast a spell over him!

Nor for nothing did she wander alone in the forest. What Christian goes into the forest to listen how it roars?

And why wouldn't she say who she was?

And why must she have been there in the courtyard when he could not remember her face?

And then she said she had no good fortune! Only those who are wholly accursed by God have none... Some good fortune God allows to everyone. She was trying to turn his good fortune away from him. Ha, ha, ha!

"You must seek me!" she had hissed in the dream. "Yes, indeed, seek me!" For this he had come here following her call, God knows whither, in order to fall into the claws of her kin, in order that his good fortune might pass over to her! Why had she asked whether he was the only child of his parents? None but only children are especially dowered with good fortune.

And why wouldn't she promise to come again, if she was really a girl and the child of Christian parents? Why wasn't she afraid when she was in the forest all by herself? And yet she pretended in his presence that she was afraid? He was no Dovbush?\*

May the lightning strike her! May it smite her and destroy every trace of her from the face of the earth! Or let her turn to stone, or let her be torn to pieces by wild horses, or let the earth swallow her up! Yes, let her fall over a precipice somewhere and be swallowed up! — — —

He calmed down at last completely.

He went home as sober as he used to be before, so much so that he almost smiled. One ray of light flashed through his mind. All this had to happen to him because he had moved into his new house on the peak without first having had it blessed!

But the first thing tomorrow he would go to the priest.

A popular heroic figure among the Hutzuls.

## A GIFT TO AMERICA

(Concluded from page 2)

find out who her teacher was. She was not offended by her teacher's chiding because she knew from actual experience how kind-hearted her teacher was. She remembered all the extra hours that Miss Justine spent in helping her with Latin.

## Reveals Her Nationality

One day after the class was dismissed Olga stayed behind. She waited till every one was out, except her teacher. Then she approached Miss Justine S. and asked, "Are you, Miss S., of Ukrainian origin, too?"

"Yes, Olga, my parents came from Ukraine. I learned Ukrainian from my mother and father. I also went for three years to our parochial school where a Ukrainian teacher taught me Ukrainian reading and writing. We learned there also many Ukrainian songs. Yes, Olga, I am proud of being an American of Ukrainian origin. It was only after I learned Latin, Spanish and French that I realized all the beauty of the Ukrainian language. And the more I know of Ukrainian music and songs the more I like them. Besides, Ukrainian literature is saturated with loving kindness and sympathy for other people. It is worth knowing Ukrainian, for as long as we retain knowledge of it so long will we hold the key to Ukrainian culture. And there is much of what is good and beautiful in Ukrainian culture, worthy of transplanting it to our American culture. We could present all the gems of Ukrainian culture to America as a gift, in gratitude for all the blessings that we derive from the American democracy."

A new world of beauty was opened to Olga after her chat with her teacher. Even the rustic ways of life of her parents acquired a new significance to her. She realized that even her own parents brought from the Old Country, from Ukraine, much that was beautiful, if seen through the eyes of a highly cultivated and unprejudiced person.

Olga and her Ukrainian companions at school from that day on simply adored Miss Justine S. and many

## WEEKLY BANTER

### Figuratively Speaking

It makes a woman quite upset  
To lose her youthful silhouette!  
— Louise Shaw

### Small Fry

A mother took her seven-year-old daughter to a very progressive, modern school. Among the questions asked was this one: "Are you a little girl or little boy?"

The little girl answered, "I'm a boy."

Well, the teacher went on at a great rate, scaring the poor mother to death by saying the child was psychologically confused, that she should be put with the group of problem children, she wasn't quite bright, etc. On the way home the mother said: "Darling, why did you say you were a little boy?"

Her daughter gave her a long look. "Well, when anybody asks me a dumb question, I give a dumb answer."

— Digest Review.

### Canny

The convivial husband had a friend to stay with him for the week-end. As the guest was being shown his room, he noticed faint crosses on several of the stair steps, and asked the reason.

"Ah," whispered the host, "these come into operation after midnight. X means that the step creaks."

### The Three Ages of Man

Shakespeare divided the ages of man into seven, but Moritz Rosenthal recognizes only three. Speaking from the shady side of seventy-five, the great pianist observed:

"A man is young if a lady can make him happy or unhappy. He

of them decided to learn Ukrainian well, in addition to their English and Spanish, so that they could retain the key to the rich Ukrainian culture and be able to present its gems as a gift to America.

comes to middle age when she can make him happy, but can no longer make him unhappy. He is old when a lady can make him neither happy nor unhappy."

### Candid Comment

There are few gluttons when it comes to food for thought—Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal

One of the hardest jobs of reconversion is making a school pupil out of a vacationer.—Pekin Banner.

A college education never hurt anyone who was willing to learn something afterwards.—Rays of Sunshine.

### When Free Men Laugh

Maybe what Germany lacked to keep down the rise of fascism was a hearty sense of humor. Certainly that welcome attribute so evident in the character of the free people of Merrie England discouraged the spread of that insidious philosophy in the tight little island of Britain.

Before the war Sir Oswald Mosley and a little band of humorless followers sought to bring the "blessing" of fascism to England, but were placated in this cheerful but effective fashion. At a meeting of "British Fascists" Sir Oswald, surrounded by a bodyguard of Black Shirts, marched to the platform and, standing in the glare of a huge spotlight, portentously raised his right arm in the fascist salute.

Out of the trembling silence there came a clear voice from the balcony: "Yes, Oswald, you may leave the room."—Pepper & Salt.

### Understatement

Centenarian to (reporter)—"Young man, you can include in your story that I'm convinced that the secret of my living to be a hundred is that I've always eaten a great deal of garlic."

"Secret?" gasped the reporter.

**JOIN SVOBODA'S MARCH OF \$100 BILLS FOR UKRAINIAN WAR RELIEF SEND IT NOW!**

## HOLIDAYS AND HUNGRY DAYS

FOR five years people in England took their annual "holiday" with a sense of guilt. It is true that factory workers were putting in a great deal of overtime and it is only recently that office workers were allowed to reduce their working week from a minimum of fifty-five hours. In addition, all able-bodied adults had been drafted into civil defense work of one sort or another and generally lost a good share of their sleep at least one night a week. If ever vacations were necessary to the health of a people, they were to the people of Britain during this war.

All the same, people felt guilty. It was utterly impossible to take a vacation without putting somebody else to a good deal of extra trouble. Someone had to carry your load at the job, and though you did it for others in your turn, no one could blink the fact that it made life just a little more awkward all the way round. If you left home you felt conscience stricken as you boarded the packed train; every sign saying "Is your journey really necessary?" touched a sensitive nerve. If you stayed at home, you got no rest, but still felt apologetic.

### No Longer Feel Guilty About Taking a Vacation

But at last in this summer of 1945, people have stopped apologizing. With V-E day over and no concentration of shipping by rail for the Japanese War, such as was necessary of D-Day last year, people felt justified in going where they wished even before V.J. day came along. Every hotel, inn, boarding house, and "bed-and-breakfast" in the country was booked up to the limit. Although more trains were operated for civilian traffic, people queued for hours at London stations in order to get seats on trains for the West Country. Popular resorts were denuded of food and the local residents filled the newspapers with complaints about the scarcity of unrationed fruits, bread and salad vegetables, which visitors were buying because they could not get meals or rationed foods.

Probably the greatest shortages of all existed in the London area. For months London hotels have been so crowded that even priority delegations from abroad have been hard put to it to find accommodation. Whereas a year or two ago voices that you heard on the buses asking "Will you tell me when we get to Piccadilly Circus?" or "How far is it from here to the Marble Arch?" spoke in the accents of Georgia or Missouri or Texas, now they speak in accents of Lancashire and Dundee. Again and again you hear people trying to remember out loud the places they knew six years ago; again and again you hear a gasp of shock as a visitor from the provinces sees a bombed site for the first time and realizes that some old haunt of his has long since passed out of the picture. Londoners whose lunch hour is at one seethe inwardly as they hear holiday-makers arranging to eat at the North of England hour of twelve, or even at eleven-thirty, because they know there will be nothing left on restaurant menus by the chances are that they were as great a drain on country larders when they left town.

Meanwhile, the war itself was responsible for bringing to London and the other big cities people who had never visited them before, and for sending city folk to the country. City working people who never went away for their vacations because they could not afford the cheapest of "bed-and-breakfasts" (corresponding to American "tonist homes") and who had no country connections, have now begun to exchange visits with the families who took care of their evacuated children. In the queues at the bake-shops, while the bread is coming up from the ovens downstairs, women exchange happy reminiscences

of the summer: "We went to the lady-my-little-girl-was-evacuating-to's house. Near Newbury, it was, and we had ever such a lovely time." "Well, my little boy's lady came and stayed with us for a week, but she couldn't put us all up, so we went to her sister's. Right by the sea, and away they'd taken the barbed wire away. Weren't we lucky!"

The barbed wire suggests a very important point (no puns intended). The typical English vacation is spent at what we Americans, being a land-minded people, call the coast, and the British, with a strong naval tradition, invariably refer to as the sea. In normal times a few people camp in tents, some have trailers or bungalows of their own, but most simply rent room at anything from dollar-and-a-half "bed-and-breakfasts" to "swank" resort hotels. Most of their time is spent on the beaches or on the promenades and the piers in the resort towns.

### No Ocean Bathing During War

For five years there have been no beaches, there have been no piers, and in many places concrete blocks have marred the view from the promenades. Barbed wire entanglements, heavy grids to prevent invasion barges from getting close in to shore, concrete gun emplacements and tank traps took the place of beach huts and gay umbrellas. Worst of all were the mines which were strewn thickly in the sand and the shingle, and which are still being laboriously detected, defused and dug out. Only at a few beaches on the north coast of Cornwall, and on the west coast of Wales and Lancashire was bathing possible all through the war, and to most people in England these were inaccessible. So, incredible as it seems on an island where no point is more than seventy-five miles from the sea, most little English children had not, until 1945, seen the sea, and those who had had never played on a beach or waded in the water.

But in 1945 the children went down to the sea. At one or two places, where the old steps down the face of the cliff had been removed, they went down riding piggy-back on the shoulders of strangers who bore them down singularly wobbly firemen's pronged ladders while their mothers wached prayerfully from above. In other places they skidded, shrieking with laughter, down untended paths, or clambered over the debris of landslides caused by mine explosions. Often older people walked miles to reach their favorite spots, because pre-war bus services have not been restored. But to swim again, and to lie in the sun (if you were lucky enough to be on holiday when the sun shone) and, afterwards just to be able to make that half-forgotten pre-war sort of conversation—"My shoulders are absolutely on fire, aren't yours?" "My hair is all sticky from the salt." "Just look at all the freckles that have come out on my nose!" "Has anybody got an extra towel?"—just to be able to talk like that, what fun! what happiness!

Not that everyone attained it. Even after every hotel room had been filled, every sea-side resident had taken in friends or friends of people they "felt sorry for," there were still thousands who could find no place to go. After all, many hotels or boarding-houses had been bombed; others, after being closed for five years, could not muster enough staff to open in time for this season. Even at best conditions were hard: hotel guests in England are pretty generally expected to provide their own towels and soap nowadays, they carry their own baggage, are frequently left to wander dismally around hunting for their own rooms, have to pay a dollar deposit to get a key if there is a key available, and confronted one every side with signs saying "No room service," "Fuel shortage—please do not use any more light, gas or hot

## Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut Hold Convention

Over 150 delegates and guests attended the Seventh Regular Convention of the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut on Sunday, December 2, 1945 at Terryville, Conn. Miss Helen Brezicki of New Haven was elected president of the U.Y.O.C. for 1946 at that convention.

### Sold 135 Copies in '45 of Chamberlin's Book

A noteworthy fact brought out at the convention is that during the past year the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut sold 135 copies of William Henry Chamberlin's book, "The Ukraine, A Submerged Nation," published by Macmillan for the Ukrainian National Association.

Mr. John Tishon, chairman of the local convention committee, delivered welcome talk, in which he stated that despite the adverse weather a fine group had gathered for the first post-war convention. Rev. Romanowich of the St. Michael Ukrainian Catholic Church of Terryville opened the convention with an invocation, followed by the Singing of Star Spangled Banner. Mr. John Seleman of New Britain was elected convention chairman. Miss Helen Brezicki of New Haven and Stephanie Derlycia of Hartford acted as convention secretaries.

Mr. Andrew Melnyk, retiring president of the Board of Directors, received an ovation as he presented the report of the Board of Directors who carried on the organization's work during the war years. The organization returned to its original form as Mr. Melnyk relinquished the powers of the Board of Directors to the convention body.

Miss Mary Grogoska proposed that a constitution committee be formed and to have this committee recommend the necessary changes after careful study to bring the constitution and organization up to date so that they may serve the present day and future needs. The proposal was adopted and a seven man committee was named.

Mr. Russell Huk's proposal of establishing headquarters was well received and the new executive board was empowered to establish a home office.

Miss Stephanie Salabay, speaking on the U.Y.O.C. Scholarship Awards, suggested the reopening of the awards and the awarding of two \$100 scholarships instead of the usual one. The assembly approved the suggestion and two awards will be made in 1946.

Amidst thunderous applause the convention body quickly approved Miss Helen Brezicki's motion to form a state choral and dramatic groups. Mr. Boris M. Hoptiak was named as the director of both groups. The work of organizing the groups will start immediately.

Mr. John Seleman stepped down from his chairman's post to present a motion for starting a fund for a Living Memorial to the Connecticut men of Ukrainian descent who had given their lives in World War II. The Memorial will be in the form of Ukrainian State Park with recreational facilities for both young and elder Connecticut Ukrainians. The motion was well received and immediately passed.

### Elect Delegates to Congress in Washington

From the convention floor a discussion started on the coming Uk-

rainian Congress to be held in Washington, D. C. Mr. Andrew Melnyk stated the need for close cooperation with and support of the Congress Committee as the committee is doing a marvelous job in face of countless obstacles. Miss Olena Horbal of Ansonia, Russell Huk of Hartford and John Roman of Bridgeport were elected delegates to represent the U.Y.O.C. A score or more individuals expressed their intentions to attend the Congress.

A letter of thanks to Clare Booth Luce (Rep. Conn.) Congresswoman from Connecticut for bringing up the question of the displaced Ukrainians before the Congress of the United States was adopted by the group. She was also petitioned to use her influence to curb the attacks upon Ukrainian American organizations by numerous misinformed journalists.

The convention body then decided to sponsor a Shevchenko Concert in New Haven during the month of March, and a Ukrainian Youth Day to be held in New Britain, with no date specified. Ansonia was named as the site of the next UYOC convention.

Miss Jean Harasym, President of the Canadian Ukrainian Youth Association, of Toronto, Canada, attending the convention as a guest, presented the other five members of the Canadian delegation and gave a brief outline of the Canadian youth activities. She stressed the many competitive activities of her organization that had brought splendid results. She also expressed the hope that the American and Canadian Ukrainian Youth would draw much closer together than they are at present. Her speech was received with much enthusiasm. Many of those present expressed their desire to return the visit of the Canadian Youth have their convention.

Mr. Walter Wadiak of Carteret, N. J. congratulated the U.Y.O.C. on its splendid work and stated that he was attending the convention to get a better idea of its work, as the young people of New Jersey have expressed their desire to form a state organization of their own. Mr. Wadiak extended an invitation to the officers and past officers to attend the planning meeting which will be held early next year.

The convention was concluded by the singing of the Ukrainian National Anthem. Members of the Ukrainian Catholic Social Club of Terryville, who were hosts to the convention, served lunch to all present as the social got under way. Movies shown by John Seleman were followed by a community sing. Later in the evening the Canadian delegation put on a small performance for the entertainment of everyone.

### Officers For 1946

Many older members of the organization and ex-officers expressed satisfaction with the manner the convention was conducted and decisions reached. The complete slate of officers elected for the year 1946 are:

Pres., Miss Helen Brezicki—New Haven; 1st V. Pres., Russell Huk—Hartford; 2nd V. Pres., John Tishon Terryville; Rec. Sec., Miss Stephanie Derlycia—Hartford; Cor. Sec., Miss Anastazia Kurdyna—Hartford; Fin. Sec., Nicholas Soroka—Elmwood; Treas., John Roman—Bridgeport; Chief Organizer, Russell Huk—Hartford; Auditors, Miss Lydia Yawin—New Britain; Miss Stephanie Salabay—Southington; Miss Marion Alekewich—Ansonia; Cultural Director, Boris M. Hoptiak—New Britain; Sport Directors, Dan Bugryn—Bristol, William Wanciak—Ansonia, John Tishon—Terryville; Editor of the Ukrainian Affairs Bulletin—Miss Mary Danyluk of Hartford.

A PARTICIPANT

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**NEW YORK U.N.A. TEAM CHALLENGES**

Mickey Hamalak writes that the New York U.N.A. courtsters are getting set for the current season. Their opening game was last night at the Bryant High School in Long Island City against the American Airliners.

They are challenging St. Basil's five as well as the Philadelphia U.N.A. team for games in January. By that time they expect that most of the prospective candidates for berths on their team will be back home from service. Mickey's brother, John, will be back from the Pacific in about a week or so. George Worgul is getting a discharge. Others are expected home discharged or on furlough.

The New Yorkers are also interested in booking Millville and Berwick U. N. A. courtsters.

Looks like it's going to be a lively U.N.A. court season.

**PISTUN RETURNS; PHILLY WINS TWO MORE**

More heartening to Philadelphia U. N. A. basketball followers than another pair of triumphs was the return of ex-Ranger Joe Pistun, twice awarded the Purple Heart. Joe was discharged Thursday morning, November 29, and jumped into the lineup that evening to rack up 27 pointers in two quarters of play as the Gold and Blue Wave bowled over Cherry Hill to the tune of 45-23 in a return match. This represented the 5th victory in 6 starts for the Quaker City combine this season.

The Monday previous, U.N.A. junior varsity bowed to the Ascension CC jayvees by a 30-36 score, but the seniors outscored their opponents in the nightcap of the twin bill, 33-22.

**PHILLY CRACKS ALL-TIME HIGH WINS SEVENTH BY 89-30 SCORE**

Unveiling their first genuine offensive thrust of this infant season, the Philly U. N. A. Basketball Team swamped the Nicetown B. C. by an 89-30 count on December 6 after handily trimming the Deaf A. A. 36-19 on December 3. Both games were played at Ukrainian Hall.

Playing the deaf squad on Monday, the U.N.A. Boys romped to a 24-8 halftime lead before turning the unfinished business over to the jayovers. Joe Pistun sparked the offensive with 18 points.

Ten of the twelve U.N.A. men that played, participated in the record-smashing scoring spree Thursday. Chief thorns in the side of Nicetown, however, were Joe Pistun with 27 markers, Ted Bockey with 22, Al Demniansky with 15, and Jerry Juzwak with 10. The game started out as a nip and tuck affair, but the Gold and Blue Wave surged on to a commanding 46-23 halftime lead, and scored consistently in the last two periods.

Scores by quarters:

Deaf A. A.	0	8	6	5-19
Philadelphia	12	12	5	7-36
Nicotown B.C.	15	8	4	3-30
Philadelphia	26	20	20	23-89

Season Record: Won: 7 Lost 1.  
Pct.: .875.

**LEXICOGRAPHY OF A HUMORIST**

ADULT: A person who has stopped growing at both ends and started growing in the middle.

Al Demniansky chipped in with 8 field goals and a penalty shot to pace the U.N.A. offensive.

Also prominent in Philly's victory run has been Walter Olesh, ex-Paratrooper discharged three weeks ago. Olesh was also awarded the Purple Heart.

Scored by quarters:

Ascension C.C. (J.V.)	11	11	8	6-36
Philadelphia (J.V.)	1	6	10	13-30
Ascension C.C. (Var.)	2	7	5	8-22
Philadelphia (Var.)	7	12	6	8-33
Cherry Hill A. C.	5	7	5	6-23
Philadelphia	15	8	14	8-45

Season Record: Won 5, Lost 1.  
DIETRIC SLOBOGIN, Manager

**CANADIANS ACKNOWLEDGE CONNECTICUT HOSPITALITY**

With the end of World War II most youth clubs will be starting on a program of activities from where they left off. During the war when most of the boys left their respective clubs, to serve their country, most of the organizational work was at a standstill. Very few youth clubs were able to carry on. Now with most of the boys returning home, activities no doubt will be booming. This is the time to start acquainting ourselves with each other.

Why shouldn't the Canadian youth know all about the work of the American youth or vice versa? We are all of Ukrainian origin, speak the same language, and are fond of the same music, dances, food and customs. What's holding us back? How about a good neighbor policy folks?

On December 2, 1945, six members of the Canadian Ukrainian Youth Association (SUMK) of Toronto—travelled over 500 miles in the role of good will ambassadors to a state convention of the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut, held in Terryville, Conn. Many fine ideas were interchanged.

The Canadians acknowledge their thanks to the young people of Connecticut for the fine entertainment bestowed on them on their short stay there.

JEAN HARASYM, President,  
Can. Ukr. Ass'n of Toronto.

**PHILLY JUNIOR LEAGUE HAS BUSY FALL SEASON**

The Ukrainian Junior League, Br. 52 of C.Y.A., had a busy fall season. The Cabaret Night, held September 23rd, proved to be a successful affair. Its entire proceeds were forwarded to the Ukrainian War Relief Committee.

On November 15th, the members celebrated their ninth anniversary, by having dinner at one of Philadelphia finest restaurants. Before the dinner, the President, Helen Streit, presented each member with a red rose, expressing her thanks for the cooperation, that was rendered her during the year. After everyone was through eating, gifts were given to the officers for their efforts.

Mrs. Stephanie Krendesor was announced by the president, as "The Woman of the Year." She was selected by the members as the one who did outstanding work for the club. For this recognition, Stephanie Krendesor was treated to the dinner and was presented with a corsage of orchids and a gift.

During the latter part of December, the members will have their annual Christmas party and will exchange gifts with their pollyannas. That will about wind up the activities for 1945.

The newly elected officers, for the

**Appeal Merits Well**

(An editorial)

From the pulpits of all Ukrainian churches in this city and Niagara Frontier today will be sounded an appeal for contributions of warm clothing and shoes for the homeless and suffering Ukrainian victims of the European war. The contributions, which will be collected under auspices of the newly-formed Western New York Ukrainian War Relief Committee, will be forwarded to the Ukrainian Headquarters in New York City for shipment abroad.

The plight of Ukrainian refugees has been amply demonstrated. John Kolotylo, president of the local relief committee, a recently returned veteran, had been stationed near Salzburg, Austria, and had opportunity to see with his own eyes the ravages of hunger and homelessness among Ukrainians who had been held as slave laborers by the Nazis and later liberated by the Allies. Photographs taken by Mr. Kolotylo showed the victims living in the shacks and tents of a former German military installation. The pinched and emaciated faces of the refugees offered dramatic evidence of the inroads of illness and malnutrition.

The Ukrainian people of this area are to be congratulated for their earnest attempts to relieve the plight of their suffering kinsmen in Europe, and it is to be hoped that the response to the appeals today will offer renewed proof of their sympathy.

Buffalo Courier-Express,  
Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1945.

coming year are as follows: Emily Shaft—President, Stephanie Wochok—Vice President, Helen Wolensky—Secretary, Victoria Melnick—Treasurer, and Stella Kirloff and Pauline Koba—Sunshine Comm.

May they carry on successfully for another Triumphant Year.

STEPHANIE WOCHOK

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