



## SECTION II.

## The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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## A PADRE'S ADVICE TO SERVICEMEN

At a get-together of the Ukrainian Canadian Servicemen's Association Club in London on Sunday, November 25th, a talk was delivered by one of their two padres (chaplains) which our Ukrainian American servicemen can take to heart equally as well as have the Ukrainian Canadian servicemen to whom the talk was addressed. Said H/Capt. Michael Horoshko to them:

"In a short time most of you boys will be on your way to Canada. Upon your arrival home you will meet with your home environment, from which some of you have been away for six years, entirely changed. Do not become disillusioned or alarmed. Try to fit into your community life in a gentleman-like way, even if things are quite a bit changed... most of your friends married, the younger folks grown up beyond recognition, and the various organizations you knew headed by entirely different executives. Give them every assistance you can and do not go about criticizing as if you knew it all.

"Be soldier-like, however, in expressing your constructive criticism where it is due. Still, have respect for other people's ideas. They must be quite right if they were able to carry on for six years during your absence. Try to avoid all those infinite and petty squabbles. Start with a clean sheet for the good of our

community and our beloved Canada. By so doing we shall be able to prove to our English speaking friends that we stand shoulder to shoulder with them, maintaining that there should be equal rights for all and special privileges to none. But if any discrimination is felt, it should be brought to the attention of the powers that be, and any injustice done should be remedied immediately. The price you paid on the battlefield is worthy of fair play in peace time.

"... Racial discrimination is still going to exist. Therefore it's our duty to become perfect Canadian Ukrainian citizens... proud of your racial origin. Make the non-Ukrainian speaking peoples appreciate our fellowmen by your good behavior. Remember above all to stick to your Ukrainian national traditions as do the English, the Scotch, and the Irish. Why shouldn't the Canadian Ukrainians celebrate Christmas in the Ukrainian way? Why shouldn't our immortal poet's, Taras Shevchenko's, anniversary be celebrated as faithfully as the Scots do their Hogmanay or Bobbie Burn's Night, or the English do their St. George's Day, or the Irish do their St. Patrick's Day. Bear in mind that by sticking to your own traditions and by adopting the best elements of what's good in others, you will make yourselves better citizens."

## Perished on Torpedoed "Life" Features Young Prison Ship Artist's Xmas Cards

Private First Class Ramon John Hryciak of Queens Village, Long Island, New York, and a member of U.N.A. Branch 204, was killed September 7, 1944, while aboard a Japanese prison ship torpedoed by an American submarine, the War Department has informed his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hryciak, 103-17 Springfield Blvd, Queens Village, reports the Long Island Daily Press (clipping forwarded to the Weekly by Mr. Nicholas Blyznak, Branch 204 secretary).

The 20-year-old soldier was sent to the Philippines in 1942. He served with the Air Forces ground crew. Captured in the fall of Bataan, he was originally reported missing. The enemy was taking him to Japan at the time of his death.

He had been given a commendation by his commanding officer and had received the Purple Heart.

Hryciak enlisted in 1942 at the age of 16. To convince recruiting authorities he was old enough to join, he showed them the birth certificate of his brother, Daniel R. Hryciak, and was so listed in Army records until the War Department discovered his correct name.

He attended Andrew Jackson High School in St. Albans.

Fourteen beautiful Christmas cards, painted by a young Ukrainian American artist, James Lewicki, of Hollis, N. Y., were featured in last week's life magazine in full color. They depict Christmas customs throughout the world.

The blurb accompanying the pictures tells the reader that—

A small boy who nearly always froze his nose when he sang Ukrainian carols from house to house in Buffalo, N. Y. grew up to paint these fourteen cards showing Christmas in many lands. He is James Lewicki of Hollis, N. Y. His cards are presented here a year before their publication by the American Artists Group, Inc., which commissioned the series but was unable to print them for this Christmas because of paper restrictions.

In his first card in upper right Lewicki painted the Christmas he best remembered. After the first star on Christmas Eve his mother, who came from Ukraine, served a lavish twelve course supper, without meat, in honor of the twelve Apostles. Afterwards, dishes and food were left on the table so that the departing spirits might return and partake of the feast. Then into the chilly night the family sang carols to their Buffalo neighbors.

## Threatened With Forcible Repatriation

Today, December 22, appears to be a veritable doomsday for Ukrainian displaced persons in a certain sector of the American occupation zone in Germany-Austria. According to recent cables from Europe, despite all their pleas and efforts to the contrary today they will be sent to Soviet camps and from there to the U.S.S.R. and to the persecution, suffering and perhaps death which will be their lot under Red totalitarian misrule.

## U.C.C.A. Sends Delegation to Washington

In an effort to save the DPs in this particular zone from being forcibly repatriated, the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America has sent messages of appeal to various government and military officials and at the same time sent a delegation to Washington to personally see what could be done there about the situation.

## Text of Cables

One of the cables, sent by the Ukrainian Relief Committee in Belgium and immediately relayed last Sunday to the Ukrainian Congress Committee by the Ukrainian Canadian Committee, reads as follows:

"Brussels is advised that Office

Military Government APO 758 ordered all Soviet displaced persons must be sent December eighth to Soviet repatriation camps at Neumkirschen and Stuttgart 19001 East 3000 West Side American Zone. Threatened forcible repatriation. Food will be refused to unwilling people. Ukrainians requested delay limit for two weeks [ending today, December 22. Editor] to die Christianly. Authorities agreed. Eight self-murders reported at Mannheim. Urgently request the obtaining of cancellation of above order."

A cable confirming the above was received December 18 from the Ukrainian Relief Bureau in Paris, France by the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee in America. Its text follows:

"According to order of Col. Newman and Capt. Wallach of Grosshessen Military Government in Wiesbaden of November 27, 1945, all Ukrainian former Soviet subjects have to cease work as German civilians before 22 December of this year and to gather in Soviet camps to be sent back to (Soviet) Union. Most of them are preparing to die and have received Holy Sacraments. Please do your utmost to have the order rescinded."

## UCCA Cables Byrnes in Moscow to Stop Forced Repatriation

Upon receipt of cable from Ukrainian Relief Committee in Belgium concerning the forced repatriation of Ukrainian displaced persons in the APO 758 sector of the American Occupation Zone by Soviet authorities scheduled for today, December 22, Stephen Shumeyko, president of Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, dispatched messages appealing for a cancellation of the military order decreeing the forced repatriation.

The messages were addressed to President Truman, General Eisenhower, and several Senators and Congressmen, while a special cable was sent to Secretary of State James F. Byrnes in care of the American Embassy in Moscow, where he is attending at present the Big Three Ministers Conference.

Text of the cable to Mr. Byrnes follows:

"Although at the Foreign Ministers Council meeting in London our country's representatives took a stand against the forcible repatriation by Soviet authorities of displaced persons in the American zone of occupation in Central Europe, and although at about the same time General Eisenhower directed that no American soldiers lend themselves in any way to the forcible repatriation of the DPs, of whom the Ukrainians form the majority, nevertheless forcible repatriation of them continues to this day and threatens to get worse.

"The latest and most tragic incident of such repatriation is reported

in a cable from the Ukrainian Relief Committee in Belgium, received December 16, by the Ukrainian Committee in Winnipeg, and relayed to the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America. Text of cable follows: (see "Threatened With Forcible Repatriation" story on this page for text).

The cable ended with an appeal to Secretary of State Byrnes to do everything possible to help rescind the A.M.G. order dooming Ukrainian displaced persons to certain persecution, suffering and even death.

## Legion Merit Colonel Home on Furlough

After three years of overseas duty, in the course of which he saw action in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and then in France, Belgium and Germany, Lieutenant Colonel Wasyl Rybak, 27, member of U.N.A. Branch 204 in New York City, is now home on furlough.

Lieut. Colonel Rybak is a holder of the Legion of Merit medal, usually awarded to officers for outstanding performance of duty. He was attached to the Combat Engineers. Upon completion of his furlough he expects to be assigned to duty with the American army of occupation in Europe.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roman Rybak, 424 E. 5th St., are also members of U.N.A.



# The Battle + (Bytva)

By OLHA KOBYLANSKA

Translated from the Ukrainian by PERCIVAL CUNDY

## THE Bukovinian Carpathians.

Mountain after mountain, standing shoulder to shoulder in mute magnificence.

Of varied conformation, standing immovably thus for thousands of years, they soar into the heavens; they mock at all the changes which take place before them, glorying in their own beauty, conscious of their eternal permanence.

Many mountain ranges of the Kampolungo district still are covered with primeval forests. Their deep, bluish green gleams in the distance, and seen from a neighboring height, they appear impregnable in the grey-blue mist.

In the neighborhood of Ruska Moldavska, two parallel ranges draw so close together that the valley which divides them becomes little more than a convenient playground for a boisterous stream. In places the valley widens, then narrows again, and sometimes loses itself entirely, no one knows exactly how. Here there was not a road to be seen, not even a path, not a living soul, not a trace of human life. The valley wound and twisted, pushing the mountains apart, bordered right and left by forested heights, then suddenly lost itself together with the merry, exuberant stream between the mountain walls, which, as if trying to frustrate both valley and stream, drew near till they almost touched.

Here, a mysterious stillness ruled everywhere. Here, there reigned an ecstasy of vegetation, such a beauty in the colors of the flora, and on the mountains such a wealth of green, which somehow oppressed the human spirit.

The greenish-brown grass flourished knee-high, heaving in gentle waves over the damp earth of the primeval forest. Out of the grass, not too thickly grouped, rose the pines, whose age might be surmised, but whose beauty and size it is impossible to depict. Their luxuriant tops caressed the clouds and suffered nothing to touch them but the rays of the sun.

Here and there on the ground lay gigantic trees, undermined and vanquished by age or smitten down by the thunderbolt. Resting in the grass they were overgrown on the outside by moss, but inside they were hollow, crumbled into dust. Among them the young trees thrived, with extended branches below but sturdy and full of youthful suppleness above. The song of the birds was rarely heard here.

Yet, however, loud in the church-like stillness, was frequently to be heard a rustling and a crackling as of dry branches breaking, and almost always a melancholy roaring which carried far, far away in the distance.

Rarely ever did the wind lift the branches. Scarcely in the most violent gusts did the tops ever sway.

It seemed as though the melancholy came from distant open spaces, that it was caught in the branches and spread itself in a heavy sighing through the forest, struggling against the thick branches until it escaped again into space.

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When the locomotive whistle for the first time split the air filling the valley between the mountains, something shocked and ran through the centuries-old trees on the mountain sides like a bolt of lightning.

With the locomotive a swarm of men appeared.

They started out to press through the impassable fringe of the primeval forest to reach its inner depths.

They found themselves in something quite unlike the everyday world.

An extraordinary stillness reigned everywhere all around.

The air was chill and damp. The resin exuding out of the fissured bark of the trees hardened in the air and filled it with its odor. The tall grass made walking difficult. Roots, thick as a man's arm, emerged from out the grass like serpents, hard and obdurate, intertwined with one another, stretching in strange and fantastic windings back into the forest depths, which, enveloped in a green twilight, breathed out hostility.

One of the arrivals struck his axe into an ancient fir on whose trunk clumps of fungi, big as swallows' nests, were growing.

The tree shuddered. Never in all its life before had it felt an axe on its body. The blow resounded through the forest and all the trees held their breath; the soundless stillness deepened all around, full of apprehension, and then, slowly and clearly were heard the words: "Cut them down!"

They rolled through the forest as through a church: "Cut them down! Cut them down!" It sounded near at hand and in the farthest depths of the forest at one and the same moment. It echoed like an alarm, it brought the whole forest to life, spreading fear into its remotest nook. ... "Cut them down!" It changed into a murmur of dismay, out of which came a terrified whispering and finally a stormy roaring, filling the air overhead like the raging of sea billows, and then a tempest began to seethe.

The sky darkened to a menacing black hue, and then it began in earnest—a mountain thunderstorm. Heavy drops of rain commenced to fall.

Singly at first, but so heavy that the leaves quivered and trembled under their impact, then more frequently and thickly, until at last they fell in slanting sheets.

The lightning flashed in the gloom, mercilessly rending the most splendid trees, and the thunder tried to dislodge the mountains from their bases. It rocked them with such crashes and explosions as if it would fain compel them to complete surrender of their hitherto unshaken tranquillity. From time to time it seemed as though the vivid golden lightning was rolling gigantic balls of fire down the flanks of the mountains.

Then the storm subsided and the rain descended without intermission. Loudly and sobbingly it fell.

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Then it grew quite dark in the forest.

Immobile, holding their breath, the old trees stood listening to what was passing, but the young trees kept swaying, slightly but incessantly. Great drops of rain dripped steadily into the grass from the bushes growing along the fringe of the forest, and the stream which flowed below raced in dirty, turbulent torrents over the stones, loudly frothing and tearing everything along with it: flowers, ferns, dry branches, here and there broken-off clods of earth—it raced madly on, absolutely without restraint, with a desperation never seen before.

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One cloudy morning the battle began. By the railway which had been laid down in the narrow valley, on the rails which ran beside the stream like a pair of silver serpents, a train of flat cars arrived.

Not far from the end of the railway tracks it stopped, puffing and savagely shooting rings of black smoke up in the air.

It had brought the enemy.

The enemy descended.

With coarse faces, in stained and ragged clothing, with slow hands almost deformed by hard work,

armed with shining axes and heavy iron chains—themselves a loathsome sight—so the enemy arrived.

An eagle, which was sitting on a steep precipice looking on at all this with fretfully ruffled plumage, suddenly gave a broad sweep with his wings, flapped them as though he was insulted and angry, and flew away. For a long time he circled turbulently over the spot, then as if by some internal command, he dived obliquely like a flash of lightning into the valley, hung there a moment and started up again on high, this time however, with a slow measured flight, and disappeared in the grey clouds as though vanishing for ever. ... An inarticulate gloom spread over the mountain, a presentiment of coming death. ...

Everything seemed waiting. Not a tree wavered. The oldest ones stood armed with pride and inaccessibility, believing it impossible that there could be an attack. Had they not stood there so many years, nay, whole centuries! They had looked on while so much had died and grown again, had lived through so many springs, so many winters; they had seen so often the rolling sun, the splendid, golden, glowing sun, in whose ardent red glow they had bathed in the morning and which gave them a parting blessing in the evening twilight; they had resisted countless tempests—and now they were to die a death other than that of their ancestors, who had fallen only through age or by the lightning.

Ridiculous! ...

But they would not waver; they would not by the slightest rustling give evidence of their amazement. But the young ones... if only the young ones did not so easily sway!

The battle began.

With a savage "Hurrah!" the mercenaries began the attack. They climbed with catlike agility up the first slope; each tried to outdistance the other as though it were a rivalry of heroic exploits, the winner to be celebrated all his life as the one who first laid axe to the primeval forest. But lo! they encountered resistance. The treacherous green-brown grass yielded under their hands and they slipped backwards, the sandy soil crumbled under their feet, and they tore their hands grasping at anything in order not to fall down. From the torn-up damp moss around the roots, repulsive insects which fear the light crawled forth and ran all over their hands.

When they, discouraged by the struggle, rushed on some rotted tree trunk in order to roll it down the slope and only managed slightly to move it, frightened snakes crawled out and hissed at them. Some of the hirelings, wearing only light footwear, were stung.

Prickly clumps of wild rose, whose branches arched out densely in long tendrils interwoven with those of other bushes into a texture of inseparable vines and thorns, formed as it were an impenetrable rampart. In immense clumps, densely packed, the luxuriant bright-green ferns flourished in their magnificent tints and shades, but poisonous reddish fungi also showed themselves and drew attention. The young firs grew so close together and extended their branches so stubbornly that further passage became almost impossible. They pricked the men's faces, tore at their hair and savagely clutched at their clothing.

Sluggish, bloated spiders wove their webs from tree to tree and hung a loathsome veil in front of their eyes, and anthills, built out of dry reddish pine needles, rose from the ground in smooth hillocks over which their feet slid as though they were glassy cupolas.

Yet by sheer force they pressed onwards.

Deep in the forest where the ground levelled out somewhat, they caught a glimpse in front of them of a something which glittered against the dark-green background.

It was surrounded by spreading pines from which, like a veil, masses of pale, grey moss hung down almost to the ground.

It was a mountain tarn.

Bordered by an astounding wealth of greenery, like a mirror it lay there motionless, inert, bottomless, with a clear smooth surface as an eternal reflector for the arching sky and the soaring trees—a morsel of nature untouched.

Obliquely across it and half in the water lay the trunk of a fir. Overgrown in places with moss, it constituted a bridge for the light-footed forest beasts, and a basking place where the dragon flies sunned themselves.

These dragon flies circled indefatigably over the water in lightning-like sportiveness, from time to time wantonly flicking its gleaming surface with their transparent blue wings.

"Hurrah!"

The forest shuddered.

"Here we'll take the forest!"

The echo rolled: "take-the-for-est!"

"Begin here!"

The dreadful, penetrating cry resounded: "Be-gin-here!"

The axes flashed in the half-light, and like a single stroke, the sound rang through the whole forest.

Affrighted, all the bird-life far and near trembled, and for the first time the immobile surface of the mountain tarn reflected something other than the arching sky and the soaring trees.

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First of all, the young ones.

The most promising were measured.

Those who were of similar size, similarly robust and straight, were cut down and stripped of their green garments. When they had been sawn off evenly at both ends, they were laid down in the narrow valley between the mountains and close beside the stream to make a road. There, whither the railway could come no farther, they were to render service.

Every trunk was laid close beside another. In such a manner they formed a roadway over which they rest of the bodies could be slid. It vanquished all obstacles between the two mountain ranges and it was sad to look upon it. Along this roadway the centuries-old giants would be transported.

When the trunks had been laid in order on the ground, they all received blows at head and foot to level them each with the other and thus they became a sort of land bridge. Blood trickled from their bodies. The stream which ran beside them, compressed beneath their weight, flowed among their interstices, washed their wounds and carried the blood away. In places where it had settled down on the stones in the bed of the stream, the sun's rays played upon it and colored the stones for all time with a dark-red stain.

While the hirelings were busy with all this, a long time passed during which they themselves became almost like uncouth savages. They never went down into the valley, scarcely ever met with a woman. Their garments became impregnated with tar, their hair and beards grew long and matted, all of which lent them a wild appearance.

Once a week the railway brought them food and the necessities of life; they protected themselves from storm and frost by making shelters woven out of the chopped-off branches of fir which lay about in the greatest abundance.

The bark, stripped from the trunks, drenched with resin which dried out in the sun, and looking like enormous sheets of brown paper, were set on fire in the evenings on the slopes on both sides of the valley, and there they blazed, darting out greedy tongues of flame as the daily activity of the hirelings sank to repose during the nights.

Thus they got ready to do battle with the centenarians. ...

The latter's turn came at length.



# Relief and Rehabilitation—What Is Our Stake?

# The Best Job of All

## THE PROBLEM:

**The Hungry and Homeless**—140,000,000 in Southeast Asia were held in subjection by the Axis for at least five years. Many of them are suffering hunger, disease, idleness and poverty.

**Displaced Persons**—The most desperately situated of these 354,600 unfortunate people are the Displaced Persons—now approximately 1,300,000 in Germany and Austria, and 40,000,000 in China—who were taken or fled from their homes or whose families, homes and cities were wiped out.

A Report on Europe in New York Times on November 13 said: "More than 20,000,000 desperate and homeless people are now milling east and west, north and south across the Continent... Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of former Nazi slaves crowd into freight cars and trucks and rusty ships on uncertain voyages to their uneasy homes... tuberculosis is rife. The very young and the very old especially are beginning to die in droves as the autumn leaves fall."

Suffering is most acute "in the Slavic lands of Poland and Yugoslavia and neighboring states such as Rumania, in the huge Soviet Union, which paid such a stiff price for victory, in defeated Austria and Germany". Of the U.S.S.R. the report adds: "The U.S.S.R. faces another dreary, tough cold season. The first snowstorms have already come across western Russia and the Ukraine where 6,000,000 buildings were destroyed and 25,000,000 rendered homeless during the German onslaught."

**Help**—The peoples of Europe and their Governments, the peoples of China and Southeast Asia are not able to solve their problems by themselves. They need relief and rehabilitation supplies from outside.

**Definitions**—Relief means food, clothing and medical supplies for immediate aid. Rehabilitation means tools, seed, fertilizers, machines and machine-parts, transport, raw materials. Relief is needed to keep human beings alive. Rehabilitation is needed to get fields planted, mines

and factories in operation, railroads and highways in use—so that, as soon as possible, the peoples of the devastated lands can reconstruct and produce for their own needs and the world's needs.

## THE PROBLEM AND US:

**Health Hazard**—Disease does not wait for official permission to cross national borders and board ships which drop anchor in American ports.

**Economic Hazard**—Sick and hungry people cannot buy from us the agricultural and manufactured products we produce beyond our needs. Our economic system demands that we import raw materials and that we sell our surplus products beyond our borders. Our foreign trade helps American farmers produce at a profit, American businessmen sell at a profit, and American factories operate at the level which will provide the jobs and wages our workers need to sustain and improve their standard of living.

**Political Hazard**—Sickness and hunger breed political unrest, internal strife, unrepresentative Governments, demagogues—and sometimes dictators. Unstable Governments will delay if not prevent the work of the United Nations Organization—the instrument through which we hope to bring about international cooperation and peace.

**Moral Responsibility**—Those sick, hungry and desperate millions of Europe, China and Southeast Asia suffered most under Axis oppression. If they had not stood firm and fought back against the Axis the war might have been lost. If they had not resisted, the winning of the war would have taken more time, more mineral resources, more industrial output, more agricultural output—and many more lives.

**Humanity**—Those sick, hungry and homeless people are as proud as we are. They want help so that they can get back on their feet and help themselves. The United States—the only rich and powerful nation undevastated by war—can help.

## WHAT'S BEEN DONE:

**Promises**—In 1940, Prime Minister Churchill promised relief as well as liberation to the occupied countries of Europe. Throughout the war the United Kingdom and the United States told the peoples of occupied countries to sabotage factory and farm production, to destroy bridges and railways, as the best means of helping defeat the common enemy.

**Machinery**—In 1941, the Inter-Allied Committee on Post-War Requirements was created, to assess Europe's relief and rehabilitation needs. That same year the British Government established the Middle East Relief and Refugee Administration, to assist refugees in the Middle East from a dozen countries.

In 1942, the United States established, within the State Department, the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations, to aid war victims in North Africa.

In 1943, 44 (now 47) allied nations created the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration—UNRRA—to provide relief and rehabilitation to the people of liberated territories in Europe and the Far East.

**Performance**—The combined military authorities of the United States, Great Britain and Canada provided—in liberated areas—those civilian relief needs which had to be satisfied so that military operations in Europe could go forward.

As part of military operations, the combined Military Authorities repaired ports (Naples, Brest, and Antwerp), railways and highways in Italy, France and Belgium.

By September, 1945, the Allied Armies had delivered more than 11,000,000 tons of supplies (one-half from the United States and one-half from the British and Canadians) for civilian use, in France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Italy, Yugoslavia and Greece. These countries are being billed for those supplies.

When the Nazis military machine collapsed the allied armies took on the care of more than 5,000,000 Displaced Persons—starved and sick men, women and children who

Soldiers in the Regular Army learn that travel gives them an understanding of their "neighbors."

Look at the individual faces of a group of people when the well-traveled soldier says, "Now, when I was in..." You will find expressions of interest and awe as he continues his dissertation.

The American soldier quickly becomes acclimated to his surroundings, and takes the good-natured kidding of the natives, whether he is trying to ride a donkey for his first time in the Caribbean, or is stuttering his painful words of French somewhere in Paris.

The Regular will make any party a success, even, if it is being held in a small street in Cassablanca. For some reason, there always are a few musical instruments handy, and the boys "give out" with some honest-to-goodness "swing." In the next number they may play something that's complimentary to the country in which they are stationed. Soldiers truly are "Guardians of Victory."

For men who want an active life, with plenty of adventure, new sights, and security, the Regular Army is the best job of all. After only twenty years of service, enlisted men may retire and receive up to \$89.70 a month assured income.

Qualified civilians 17 to 34 years of age, inclusive, may avail themselves of the privilege of enlisting at any U.S. Army Recruiting Station. Soldiers may enlist or reenlist in the Regular Army and retain their present grades, receive reenlistment furloughs and allowances, and, if they enlist for three years, choose the theater of operation in which they wish to serve.

had been driven into Germany to work for the Nazis.

As military operations came to an end in each of the liberated areas in Europe, the Combined Military Authorities relinquished control. Civilian relief passed into the hands of local governments. In certain countries UNRRA helped the civilian authorities to do the job.

(Next week: "What's Being Done")

The night before—a night drunk with moonlight, for the moon had increased until it was now a huge, dull-red disc.

In the silence which stole on with the darkness, the mountains, with their illimitable forests, seemed like a sanctuary for stoical repose. The light of the moon pervaded the tender, blue obscurity of the night, illuminated the distances, and seemed to be highest mountain peaks. In its light the trees became transformed and seemed to melt into the darkness...

Some were stretching their garmented branches out and up towards the heavens as though pleading for something.

Some! Only some?

How many there were of them—so many that none could ever number them—all soaring upwards and all of them pleading for life! They were all pulsating with a longing for a little more until it seemed like the panting of thousands upon thousands of souls greedy for life.

The very odor which exhaled from the depths of the forest recalled the intoxicating delight, the full, avid realization of maturity and swept away even those who hitherto had stood in decorously veiled expectation, dissembling the desire to live in fullest measure as though it had been some disgraceful secret.

The forest was vitalized by the fireflies which glittered and sparkled against the dark-green background like vivid drops of light; a multitude of grasshoppers cried out and replied one to another and would not keep silence.

Everywhere there reigned an atmosphere as though every living thing was beside itself, and without restraint was giving expression to emotions which nothing but the deep, calm night could depress. It was a laughter of exuberant life mingled with sobs and tears, a grief breaking its way by force, and a deep yearning, soft as a velved cloak, lay over all, calling out an ever greater desire and love for life.

Strange were the noises in the forest in the stillness of that night! More tender than music, they were rather like a concert of whisperings melting into the soft darkness, and all through the murmurs drops of rain kept on falling, bedewing all things before the sun rose.

A long, hard time—and the centenarians fell. Stiff and slain, they lay bedded in their own green foliage.

The stumps they left behind and the severed roots sticking out of the earth stood crippled and mutilated amidst the grass.

The centenarians were lying on the mountain side—but not singly, isolated. The mountains were strewn with their bodies right and left. They lay aslant, across and parallel. Thickly, one against another, head to head, in groups, or one on top of another, just as they fell.

From a distance they gave the impression of a forest that had been mowed down!

The mountains, stripped almost to nakedness of their adornment, which summer and winter had been unchanging in its fair, fresh beauty, now stood out beneath the skies, vainly endeavoring to cover their

formless shapes with the last remnants of their one-time garments.

The betrayed eagles and the bereaved vultures flew about mournfully hither and thither. Only from time to time, when the eagles after brief flights alighted and ruffled their feathers, their black, ferociously gleaming eyes turned watchfully below, did the vultures weave about in slow, noiseless circlings over the slain.

When the fallen had been pulled down from their loftiness, a bitter struggle for life or death was waged.

Many of the hirelings lost their lives; many were rendered incapable of further work for ever; and others lay for days, terribly crippled, in great pain.

Roll the giants away!

Giants, that had stood in the same place for centuries, whose roots had descended into the mountain's heart and there had interlaced with the roots of other growing things for all time! Roll them away! Without injury to man, without destroying the young aftergrowth, without spreading destruction everywhere all around...

Then as never before, the indefatigable mosquitoes in the most inaccessible places assailed the hirelings armed with their chains and other implements.

First of all they cut away the bark from the giants.

This cost immense labor. The bark had grown firmly cleaving to the trunks and had become so hard that the axes glanced off it; only after hacking did the splinters fly, falling

on the heaps of green branches which, cut off from the trunks, were left to wither.

Then, strong hands despising every danger and obstacle, began to roll the giants. With deep, regularly repeated shouts intended to coordinate effort, reminding one rather of the outcries of birds of prey, rather than of harmonious human utterances, the men labored at their task, during which streams of sweat poured down their faces and blood trickled from their lacerated hands. The solitude in which they had been living and its accompanying savegerly filled them with a frenzied courage for such work and the hope of large reward quickened the light of victory in their eyes.

Near the foot of the ravaged slopes, platforms had been hastily built out of stout logs. The giants rolling down from the heights came to rest on these platforms, from whence again, pushed by the hirelings, they fell one after another with a dull thud on the level ground below.

There they did not lie for long. Great iron hooks were struck into their heads; to the hooks horses were harnessed, and at a slow pace and with hanging heads, the horses dragged them along the roadway constructed out of the young trees...

Blood-red fires flared on the mountain sides until midnight after such victories, and settling themselves comfortably around them, the herowoodcutters lit their pipes and talked about the desperate strength of the defeated.

(To be concluded)



## ST. ANDREW'S DAY

A day for and of our youth is St. Andrew's Day which was commemorated on December 13th.

On this day, the girls seek their fortune in many different games. For instance, "Who will my future husband be—a young, single man or a widower?" Usually a party is held at one of the girl's home on this day. On the way to the party, each girl starts counting the fence posts with "Molodetz," a single man, and then "wdowetz," a widower. On whichever count the last post falls that will be the fate of the girl in her marital ties.

The following question, a very important one, "Who will be the first one to be married this season?" is answered in this unique way. All the girls gather in one particular house to bake rolls, one for each girl. The dough for this occasion has to be mixed with water which has been brought from seven different wells in the month of each girl. After the rolls are baked, they are smeared with melted fat to give them an added flavor and are placed in a row on a bench. Then a dog is called from the out-of-doors and invited to partake of the rolls—each girl remembering which is her particular roll. The first roll the dog takes away marks the girl who will be the first to marry in this season.

On St. Andrew's night, many different ways of seeking one's fortune are used. Wax is melted and spilled on water. The hardened wax is then picked up and the shadowy figures it reflects on the wall as they turn it between the light and the wall spell the future of the girl. Or, hard paper is burned on a plate and the remains of the burned paper also show in reflection on the wall some figures by which the girl's future is predicted.

The direction in which a dog goes after being patted by a girl on St. Andrew's Day will show her from where she may expect her future husband to come.

The stars that shine on that night also show the girls their future.

### Mischiefmakers

As for the boys, they are very busy on St. Andrew's night doing mischief. If a girl has a boy friend, they usually cover the path from his house to hers with straw, thus showing the village who he is. Now, naturally, a girl is bashful and this being her last wish to be so exposed, she is up very early in the morning sweeping away the accusing path; otherwise, the whole village would know her secret. (In the old country, two in love have to keep it a secret until they are engaged.)

For a good laugh, the boys usually tie a camouflaged rope across a street and then from a hiding place watch a passing villager fall over. The fall isn't hard, for the village is usually blanketed with snow, yet it is enough to give the boys much glee.

Any village official who was rather harsh in the discharge of his duties during the year may expect much trouble on this day, for it is the day that the boys can punish him without being prosecuted. The punishment that the boys inflict upon him is in form of pranks that usually cost the official some money. For example the boys might take off his gates and hide them in the different districts of the villages; or, they might place his wagon on the top of a barn.

In order to get his possessions back the official has to pay a penalty to the boys, such as paying for a three-piece orchestra for a dance. The penalty required by the boys always depends on the penalty that the official had inflicted upon one of the boys preceding St. Andrew's Day.

An official never prosecutes the boys for the mischief they might get into on this day for by our tradition it is Boy's Day. If the official should refuse to pay

## Ukrainian Influences Upon Muscovite Culture

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

(Continued)

### A "Heresy"

THE Ukrainians brought to Muscovy the so-called new heresy, i.e. they began to preach in churches. Preaching was an old custom in Ukraine but in Moscow the priest was limited to reading passages out of a book. Ukrainians soon made enemies. "You are introducing a new heresy," they were told, "you are teaching people in church. We have never done that; we instructed them in private. You are possessed of the devil."<sup>61</sup>

An Orlov priest accepted the Ukrainian custom of preaching in church, complained: "Few truly loved me. Almost all breathed hatred... Each tried to influence his friends not to listen to my teaching, thinking that I was introducing new practices. They used to say—'Before we used to have priests who were honest and good but they never did these things. They lived simply... This one, on the other hand, is introducing foreign ways.'"<sup>62</sup>

However, with time Ukrainian sermons came to be accepted in Moscow.

The first Ukrainian preachers in Moscow were Slavinetsky and Polotsky. Even in the 18th century the best preachers in Moscow and Petrograd were Ukrainians and they held posts in the Sobors of the capital cities. Requests like the following one of 1738 were often received in Kiev. By order of the Tsar it was

the penalty, he will never be elected to office and will even be boycotted by all the villagers.

### The Party

When the boys think the girls have finished their fortune-seeking games and have completed all preparations for the party, they go to the house where the girls have gathered and join them in the fun. The refreshments are usually provided by the girls while the boys provide the music.

The climax of the party on St. Andrew's Day is to "kusaty Khaleethoo" (to bite a cake). "Khaleethoo" is a hard pancake smeared with honey and decorated with candies. This cake is suspended from a string tied to the ceiling of the room at a height equal approximately to the average height of the boys. A boy then rides on a "kotsiuba" (which is the tool used by the housewives to clean out the ashes from their old country stoves. It consists of a half-circled board attached to a stick) toward the suspended cake which is guarded by a girl who is usually one of the wittiest of the group and would know how to get a boy laughing when it was time for him to bite the cake. When the boy rides up to the girl the following conversation usually took place:

Girl: "Who are you?"

Boy: (Usually names himself in a comical way).

Girl: "Where are you going?"

Boy: "To bite a cake."

Girl: "Do you know how?"

Boy: "I think so"; or, "Of course, I know how."

Girl: "Then bite."

When the boy (not using his hands) tries to bite the cake, the girl that is guarding it with the assistance of the other girls makes funny faces or pull stunts to make him laugh. If he laughs his face is washed with a wet rag sometimes covered with ashes. If he succeeds in biting the cake, the next boy in the row takes a ride on the "kotsiuba." If he fails, he is the subject to penalties which might consist of candy or ribbons for the girls' wreath.

That is the beautiful tradition of our old country on the Day of St. Andrew.

stated that: "We need students from the Kiev diocese who have finished theology and who have lived a restrained life and who will marry and come to St. Petersburg, to the Petro Pavlovsk, the Troitsky and the Isaki-evsky Sobors and to other churches to teach catechism and to preach in those churches."<sup>63</sup> The Ukrainians did much to develop the new Muscovite literature. In fact this new literary era was started by two Ukrainians, Prokopovich and Kantemir. The so called classicism in Muscovite literature came from Ukraine where we find it in the works of Prokopovich and Skovoroda at the beginning of the 18th century.<sup>64</sup> Translations from Western literature which reached Moscow in the 16th and 17th centuries came either directly from Ukraine or were made by Ukrainians.<sup>65</sup>

### Organized First Theatres

It was the Ukrainians who organized the first Muscovite theatres and wrote the early Muscovite dramatic literature. "The son of a gentleman of the district of L'viv, Stepan Chyzhynsky, who was a teacher of Latin," says Morozov, "staged in Moscow the comedy about David and Goliath as well as other comedies and he taught dramatic art to eighty Muscovites in all walks of life."<sup>66</sup> Muscovite drama remained in Ukrainian hands during the 17th and 18th centuries and the Muscovite theatre only performed plays by such Ukrainian writers as Polotsky, Horka, Khmarny and Liaskoronsky.

Concerning school plays at the Moscow Academy Prof. M. Petrov says: "We have come to this conclusion: these plays were transplanted from the Kiev Academy to Moscow and were developed by teachers from Kiev who who took all their subjects and motifs for their dramatic writings from the school plays in Kiev."<sup>67</sup> When Peter I began his reforms he sought the assistance of the Kievian dramatists whom he asked to exact his reforms in the theatre.<sup>68</sup>

During the 18th century dramas written by Ukrainians went to every part of Russia,—Kazan, Tobolsk, Novgorod, Smolensk,—and even to the Austrian Serbs.<sup>69</sup> Even in far off Siberia the Metropolitan Leschinsky, (1702-1727) a Ukrainian by origin, was supposed to have staged 'well known and good comedies.' A Siberian chronicler wrote: "Leschinsky was very enthusiastic about the theatre and whenever people assembled to watch a play the Metropolitan always came around to give his blessing."<sup>70</sup>

They also carried to Moscow their love of verse and in the middle of the 17th century Muscovite literature began to show signs of the development of syllabic poetry. As Prof. Arkhangelsky says: "This was

one of the most powerful influences of South Western culture upon distant Muscovite Rus."<sup>71</sup>

### Introduced Orthography

Ukrainian scholars also introduced their system of orthography in Moscow. Smotrisky's famous grammar written in 1619 circulated throughout the Slavonic world and was universally accepted. With a few changes it has remained in use in Muscovy to this day. This is what a well known student of old Ukrainian literature writes: "The all prevailing influence of Smotrisky's grammar can be seen in every printed book and manuscript in Muscovite literature from the middle of the 17th century. We owe our grammatical terminology almost exclusively to Smotrisky and this terminology holds sway now, regardless of certain changes that Lomonosov tried to introduce into it."<sup>72</sup>

Of course, Smotrisky's orthography was adapted primarily to the old church Slavonic language but in Muscovy it was introduced into the living Great Russian language. Most of the schools that were started in Russia after 1721 were manned by Ukrainian teachers who only knew the orthography developed by Smotrisky. Later during the 19th century when the early Ukrainian teachers were forgotten there were many arguments in Russia about the pronunciation of certain letters. As one famous Russian critic wrote: "They say there is a rule—that those words which in Little Russian speech are expressed with the letter 'i' should be written by us with the letter 'b' (the closest English equivalent of that is 'ye'). It is an old rule; but what business of ours is it how the Little Russians pronounce words which they have in common with us? And if it is actually so, why should we guide ourselves by the way the Little Russians pronounce words and not the way they are pronounced by the Serbians, the Bulgarians, the Poles and Czechs or other peoples related to us?"<sup>73</sup>

Such was the influence that Ukraine exerted upon Muscovy in the 17th century. As Prof. Arkhangelsky said: "In spite of Moscow's prejudices against Kievans, the latter had all the chief posts in Muscovy already in the second half of the 17th century and were the best administrators."

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## UNDERGRADUATES SHOULD ORGANIZE

By SOPHIE DEMYDCHUK

An address given at the Youth Forum held in conjunction with the Seventh Convention of the "Soyuz Ukrainok" at Philadelphia, Pa. December 9, 1945

My subject is one which has long been a favorite topic for discussion. Let me begin by saying that today education is not the privilege of the few; it is the opportunity of the many. Had it not been for this, there would be no Ukrainian American university youth, as the Ukrainians in America belong neither to the aristocracy nor to the wealthy. It was with the practice of democracy that education for the masses began.

### Students Many in Number

Because of this, a high percentage of American youth of Ukrainian descent helps comprise the student bodies of American colleges and universities across the nation. These students are scattered, few knowing of the existence of the others. They may be of all different physical and personality types; their interests may vary, but they all have one common tie that binds them—that is their Ukrainian heritage. Perhaps this is their only bond, but it is a strong one, and one that cannot be broken. Isn't this one bond enough to organize our youth?

I have stated our goal—organization. First, let us briefly define organization. "Organization is the form of every human association for the attainment of a common purpose." Organization is as old as human society itself. Primitive men felt both the urge and the necessity to band together, for besides the social advantages, they knew then, as now, that no man strives best alone, and that in their battle with life they could not stand alone.

Today, there are many more rewards to be reaped from organization. What are these benefits to our country? What are the rewards to be gotten by the individual member, and by Ukrainian Americans in general?

First, let us take the benefits of such an organization to our country. America has been called a vast "melting pot." Into it come people of all nations, with every kind of culture, and speaking many different languages. American culture has elements of several different cultures, and can be further enriched by passing on to it the finer aspects of Ukrainian culture.

Today's youth will shape America's future. The job of steering America through what may be its most difficult period will be largely in the hands of the young university people. The burden will fall on their shoulders. This brings us to the question of how organization would help youth to meet these problems, and how it would equip youth to adjust itself.

### Drawing Cultural Nourishment From the Past

There is a tendency on the part of the young people to drift away from the language, customs and traditions of their fathers. The young people attempt to assimilate themselves into the dominant culture, and consider their ancestral heritage as being either foreign or old-fashioned. They seem to forget that their present culture is based on the knowledge and experience handed down to them by past generations of all countries. Take, for example, a subject like mathematics, which is both practical and academic. The fresh substance of mathematics was first sampled by the Egyptians, Phoenicians and the Babylonians. It was later elaborated on by the Greeks and the Hindus, and, in Christian times, further theories were formulated by Copernicus, Tartaglia, Descartes, Leibnitz and others. These names alone give us an insight into how many countries produced these men. And yet the young people call the cultures of

their fathers "foreign," although we see that it is natural and possible for every people to draw cultural nourishment from its past.

In organizing, the youth would learn about its cultural heritage. A good organization, founded on the principles of truth and democracy, is inseparable from the education of youth. It brings together people with a common purpose and unites them in striving for some higher goal. An organization teaches young people to cooperate; it develops initiative, resourcefulness and self-reliance; it gives them practical experience in the actual workings of democracy and democratic organization; it brings practical help to young people, and all in all, helps to inculcate in them the fundamentals of good citizenship.

This brings us to the third advantage of this organization: namely, the benefit to be derived from it by Ukrainians and Ukrainian Americans in general. Everything we do here in America is somehow connected with our kinsmen in Europe. We all know of their plight. The existing Ukrainian associations have appealed time and again to our legislators in Washington to lend them a helping hand. It stands to reason that no one individual can do anything about the situation. If there is anybody who can aid our kinsmen it is our Ukrainian American youth, the citizens and leaders of tomorrow, who can do so by organization.

I don't want to lead anyone to believe, however, that this would be the first organization of its kind. Formerly there were in existence the Ukrainian University Society, and the Ukrainian Circle, a Sociological group at New York University. But we no longer hear of these associations, which gives us the impression that they have ceased to function.

### Who Is to Start the Organization

The next question that arises is: who is to start this organization? Youth needs help to "start the ball rolling," and this help would have to come from existing Ukrainian associations. Guidance and encouragement are required. Since there is a majority of women among these students, it seems logical that a women's organization could take the initiative and make great advances, with the voluntary cooperation of other Ukrainian groups.

Furthermore, how is this organization to be established? I should like to suggest a plan, which, as yet, is in its embryonic stage. It requires essential details and much elaboration. Roughly, it is this: First, a survey must be made of American youth of Ukrainian extraction who are students at various colleges and universities. In this plan, I feel sure that every Ukrainian newspaper would be willing to cooperate. This survey could be answered by the students themselves, or if no newspapers are available to them, by their parents. In this way, we could find out the total number of undergraduates in all the colleges, and the number in each of the institutions. After ascertaining this, the next thing to do would be to attempt to establish one association at the university which has the largest representation of Ukrainian American students.

A representative could be sent to this school to be on hand if the young people should need assistance. After the creation of a main branch, subsidiary branches could be established in other colleges where there are enough students.

This organization should be one to appeal to youth, and the older generation must have the psychology of youth in mind when offering assistance. Youth doesn't want an association which is primarily political, or

## RADIO TALK ON UKRAINE

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

(Note: The following is the script of a radio address delivered over Station WHAT in Philadelphia on Nov. 6, 1945, under the auspices of the United War Chest.)

Permit me to first express my gratitude to the United War Chest for the privilege afforded the Ukrainians to air some facts to the radio audience about that important yet little-known country in Eastern Europe—Ukraine!

Ukraine, the "breadbasket of Europe," also ranks third in population and is second in size among the 30 countries in Europe. Altogether 45 million Ukrainians inhabit that fertile land extending from the Carpathian Mountains in the west to the summits of the Caucasians east of the Black Sea.

In economic importance Ukraine is without equal in all Europe. In addition to its abundant and variable food-producing capacity, Ukraine supplies over 60% of the coal, steel and iron consumed by the Soviet Union, 70% of the aluminum and 80% of the manganese and chemicals. Must one therefore wonder why Hitler cast his eyes eastward on Ukraine and why Moscow's Red Armies fought with all their fury to retrieve this land?

### Suffered Most in the War

There is a common saying among Ukrainians: "It is because our land is so rich that we Ukrainians are so poor, exploited and oppressed." And the role played by Ukraine and the Ukrainians in the recent war was strikingly reported by Edgar Snow in the Saturday Evening Post of Jan. 27th when he wrote:

"No single European country has suffered deeper wounds in this war than has Ukraine. This titanic struggle which some are so apt to

primarily cultural. It wants an organization with several integrated aspects. Besides the cultural phase, there should also be opportunities for social gatherings and for sports. These things together help to build a sound mind and a sound body.

### Situations to Avoid

There are, however, situations to be careful of and to avoid. For example, the youth itself must be perseverent. It must remember to go through with what it has started, and not to slacken in its efforts. Secondly, any group must be careful in working out the goal toward which its work is concentrated. There is always the danger of setting up a goal and then failing to see that it must be changed as new conditions and new information alter the situation.

The organization must avoid being one which meets in order to pass the time with the excuse of being literary or political. It should be one which is really trying to attain a better grasp on current problems so as to lead to intelligent action.

I have stated some facts about Ukrainian American university youth. I have tried to show that there is a need for them to form an organization, to benefit themselves as well as to preserve their Ukrainian heritage.

In addressing the older generation, I'd like to say that up till now, Ukrainian parents have been complaining that their children have drifted away from their culture. Of course they have, and they're going to continue to drift away, unless you give them some incentive to stay in their own group.

And now, I want to appeal to the young people to think about forming such an organization, and to work at it for no matter how hard we strive alone, we always realize ultimately that only in organization there is strength.

dismiss as the "Russian Glory" has in all truth and in many costly ways been first of all a Ukrainian War. No fewer than 10 million Ukrainians have either lost their lives or have been permanently disabled as a result of this Nazi-Soviet conflict."

Further in his revealing article Mr. Snow suggests: "We should become more familiar with the Ukrainian people, which has its own language and culture and history—older than, quite distinct from that of Great Russian!"

This tremendous sacrifice of the Ukrainians in helping bring about Victory in Europe is but a modern version of what the Ukrainian Kozaks went through from the 13th to the 16th centuries in fighting back the invading Asiatic hordes led by the devastating Ghenghis Khan and other Tartar chieftains. European civilization, culture and Christianity, it must be admitted, were saved by the vigilance of these of these famous Ukrainian Kozaks.

This perpetual warfare so weakened the Ukrainian nation in those days that it fell easy prey to the expanding Russian Empire from the north and the Polish Empire from the west. Generations of Russification of the Ukrainians by Czarist decrees and forbidding the use of the Ukrainian language explains why so many people today think Ukraine and Ukrainians are something new and but an offspring of Russian. It is because of such prevalent misconceptions, that I will now offer answers to five frequently asked questions to somewhat clarify the situation.

### Five Questions

The first question is: Are Ukrainians Russians?"

The answer is emphatically No! Ukrainians are not Russians. Ukrainians have been ruled by Russians and the Czars tried to Russify the Ukrainians but the Ukrainians survived the ordeals and have remained Ukrainians. Only thoughtless individuals and sheer propagandists consider or refer to the Ukrainians as "Russians."

Question No. 2: "In what ways do the Ukrainians differ from Russians?"

The answer is, in many ways, but principally in language, culture, custom and character. That the Ukrainians have a language of their own—which is not a Russian dialect, is accepted today as a linguistic fact and officially recognized by the Soviets in Moscow. The Ukrainian national costumes, beautified by geometric embroidery work, the melodious Ukrainian songs, customs, moods, and folklore differ considerably from those of the Russians. Finally, the Ukrainian has no Mongolian strain and is strictly a European, slow to anger and easy to win as a friend.

Question No. 3: "Was Ukraine ever free?"

The answer to this frequent question is most assuredly, Yes! Although practically throughout its turbulent history Ukraine was under either Russian or Polish domination and its lands partitioned and exploited by both, a free Ukrainian Kozak Republic was proclaimed by Kozak Bohdan Khmelnytsky exactly 300 years ago. Another formidable attempt to separate Ukraine from Czarist Russia by Kozak Ivan Mazepa in 1709 saw Ukrainian hopes shattered in the famous Battle of Poltava.

In modern times the Ukrainians succeeded in proclaiming their national independence and establishing a democratic Ukrainian Republic from 1918 to 1920 only to be reconquered by the Russian Bolsheviki forces which explains why Ukraine today is a part of the Soviet Union. One can therefore see how ridiculous were the claims by some sources that the Ukrainian Independence Movement was a Hitlerian innovation.

The 4th question is: "Would the (Concluded on page 6)



# The Youth Forum in Philadelphia

(Concluded)

(2)

The second part of the program of the Youth Forum held in Philadelphia, Sunday afternoon, December 9, in conjunction with the Soyuz Ukrainok Convention, was entitled "Planning Our Program."

It was opened by Dr. E. Preston Sharpe of Harrisburg, Pa., whose discussion dealt with the "American Youth Program." Dr. Sharpe has been associated with the State Department of Welfare in Pennsylvania and for the past 7½ years has been Asst. Warden of Rehabilitation in the state. It was encouraging to note from Dr. Sharpe's remarks that the State of Pennsylvania will cooperate with us in our youth movement because that is the problem of every community today. He forcibly brought out the fact that there are many things that must be done in the United States before we have a true democracy. One of the most important things to be considered he said, is the racial problem. Statistics have proved that during this past war we have not progressed in learning how to live together, and that the progress to be made within the next 25 years must be in Social Engineering. He convinced us that we must be consistent as to our standards of living and that children learn behavior from their parents, that discipline is born of respect, and that children must respect their elders and others, but that in turn the elders must respect children. Dr. Sharpe suggested to those interested in youth movements that they write to the Evanston, Illinois Y.M.C.A. for their booklet entitled "Evan-teeners."

At the conclusion of Dr. Sharpe's talk, the Choral Group of the International Institute of Philadelphia sang Italian, Irish, and French songs which were delightful and entertaining.

Our next speaker was Mrs. Annette L. Kmetz, former national president of the S.U.A., graduate nurse, and charter member of the newly formed Yonkers, N. Y. Citizens Council.

Mrs. Kmetz spoke on "Mothercraft," which was an educational subject in its entirety. She impressed us with the importance of women in their homes and their community. She de-

scribed a scene which is prevalent today and that is the one of juvenile delinquency because of both parents working and mothers neglecting household and family duties. Mrs. Kmetz' comments were that "a good Ukrainian is usually a good American because his parents have brought him up properly. Ukrainian mothers are usually good mothers. Parents should acquaint themselves with government work, they should discuss in homes the policies of the government, etc. Our women should take part in local affairs, and teach their children how to live with other people." In her interesting talk, Mrs. Kmetz covered the point of guarding against diseases such as tuberculosis. Another fact conveyed to us was that so many of our boys who were stationed overseas during this war did not have much knowledge of our Ukrainian language and were sorry that they could not speak it for they met many people who spoke Ukrainian. They returned to the United States with the determination of making up for lost time. She urged us to speak Ukrainian in our homes.

At this juncture, our forum continued with a speech by a young lady who is associated with the educational department of Jersey City, N. J. She is Miss Natalie Koster who delved into the subject of the "Role of Ukrainian-American Educators." Miss Koster said that "perhaps we have wondered what we of Ukrainian descent could do to achieve recognition for our people. She quoted that there are approximately one million Ukrainians in the United States today and went on to say that each and every one of us could contribute to our ultimate ideal but that we need an intelligent, cooperative effort. We must organize Junior Leagues in all cities with significant population, she said, in order to help in every work, to promote our Ukrainian culture, and to promote Ukrainian recognition. We need publicity about our Ukrainian Scholarship Fund. From Miss Koster's speech, we learned that teachers can greatly help by explaining the background of Ukrainians and that they can assist in promoting Ukrainian culture. We again

# Weekly Banter

## Precaution

The strong man was explaining his act to the theatrical agent. "I place a heavy stone on my head," he asserted, "and then my assistant picks up a sixteen-pound sledge hammer, swings it with all his might—and cracks the stone in half."

The agent grew dizzy at the thought.

"That's marvelous," he enthused, "but how about your head—don't you ever feel it?"

The strong man waved a hand. "Yes," he admitted. "That's why I carry aspirin."—Capper's Weekly.

## Salute Unseen

A private in the South Seas was awakened by a crab in his bed and accused his tentmates of a prank.

"Shut up and go to sleep," a harsh voice from a nearby tent shouted.

The private was silent for a few moments and then whispered: "I can hear the stripes in that man's voice."

## Such People!

A hitchhiker was arraigned before the bar of justice on charge of drunkenness.

"Well, my friend," the judge informally inquired, "what brought you here?"

"Bad company," was the succinct reply.

"Really!" jeered the judge.

"Yeah, the night when I picked up a ride down the road I had a

realized that Ukraine is not free... that it is under Moscow rule. And we again vowed to make one of our principal objects—the establishment of a free Ukraine.

With Mrs. Fereshetian giving us a brief summary on the second half of our program, we concluded our forum.

Before adjournment, Miss Milanowicz read two resolutions which were sent to the National American Youth Program in Washington, D. C.

The meeting was adjourned with the singing of the National Anthem.

ANN MAGURA

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bottle of whiskey. Well, judge, all three fellows in that car were teetotalers—so I had to drink the whole bottle myself!"

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## RADIO TALK ON UKRAINE

(Concluded from page 5)

Ukrainians in America like to see a free and independent Ukraine?"

The answer is that the majority of the 800,000 Ukrainians in America would like to see Ukraine detached from the Soviet Union and be self-governing as are other countries in Europe. The small minority that is opposed to such independence represents Ukrainian Communists and Soviet sympathizers.

And now the final question: "Do the Ukrainians who lived in Ukraine want a free Ukraine?"

No one of course can take a vote inside Ukraine as foreign correspondents are not permitted to enter and see what goes on inside the Soviet Union. We can therefore only observe the attitude of those Ukrainians who lived under the Soviet regime. Today there are over 2 million displaced Ukrainians in Western Europe. These Ukrainians refuse to go back to Soviet Ukraine and prefer to commit suicide rather than be repatriated. Of such incidents our newspapers are replete with accounts. Perhaps these Ukrainians, who had a taste of Soviet life, want to stay out to see what they can do to help Ukraine obtain its national freedom and enable its inhabitants to live as free men under a truly democratic government.

Grateful of the freedom they enjoy in America, the 20,000 Ukrainians in Philadelphia, although they now have their own recognized Ukrainian Relief Committee to collect clothing for the displaced Ukrainians in Western Europe, are not shirking their responsibility as citizens by also supporting the current United War Chest campaign.

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