



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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THE FIVE U.N.A. PUBLISHED BOOKS

Reading "dry stuff" is certainly something which we do not recommend. About its only use is to give one some mental exercise. To be sure, it's knowledge-begetting, but such knowledge is not of a very lasting nature.

And so when we urge our younger generation folks to read the several books in English on things Ukrainian which the U.N.A. published or caused to be published within the past few years, it is with the definite assurance that these books are anything but dry. On the contrary they are highly readable. So much so that once the reader—of some basic intelligence and imagination of course—gets a bit into them, he soon loses himself entirely in them.

Take, for instance, Hrushevsky's "History of Ukraine."¹ Dry historical stuff? Not in the least. Written by a great historian and a skilled writer, well translated and edited for the English reading public, this book is definitely a very interesting narrative. It tells of all those turbulent episodes and picturesque figures which make up the saga of the unending and heroic struggle of the Ukrainian people to win and to hold their national liberties.

Let us next look at the book which appeared shortly after Hrushevsky's work under U.N.A. auspices. It is "Bohdan, Hetman of Ukraine,"² written by Prof. George Vernadsky of Yale University. Now this biographical work can be aptly likened to a high caliber adventure story. For its chief character, the famed Kozak leader who for awhile won freedom for Ukraine, was one of the most adventurous and powerful figures in East European history. To read his life story, dramatic and colorful from beginning to end, is an experience worth enjoying.

Third on the list of the historical books in English sponsored by the Ukrainian National Association is one in a class by itself. It is "The Ukraine, A Submerged Nation,"³ written by that leading American authority on East European affairs and author of many books on that subject, William Henry Chamberlin. Mr. Chamberlin has the gift, probably begotten during the days when he was a distinguished journalist and foreign correspondent, of compressing much into little and of making it very readable. Apart from the information on the history, culture and political prospects of Ukraine, Mr. Chamberlin's discussion in this book is of

¹ Published by the Yale University Press in 1941. 629 p. maps, bibliography. \$4.

² Published by the Yale University Press in 1941. 150 p. illustrated. \$2.50.

³ Published by the Macmillan Company in 1944. 91 p. \$1.75.

great value for two other reasons: its connection in general faced by submerged peoples the world over; its picture of the role Ukraine and other parts of the U.S.S.R. are playing and may in the future play in relation to the totalitarian government in Moscow.

The drama, the political maneuvers, and the blood and thunder of the historic stage, however, is not the only stuff out of which are fashioned the books in English the U.N.A. has put out. Equally engrossing, and in some respects even more so, are the two books based on Ukrainian literature and its chief protagonists, written for the U.N.A. by that peer among American scholars in the field East European language and culture studies, Prof. Clarence A. Manning of Columbia University.

The first work is "Ukrainian Literature—Studies of Leading Authors,"⁴ and the second and just off the press is "Taras Shevchenko, The Poet of Ukraine."⁵ In both these works Prof. Manning has captured the true spirit of Ukrainian literature to such an extent that one cannot help but think that they were written not by an old stock American but by a Ukrainian. In them the spiritual struggle of the Ukrainian people, their sorrows, hopes and aspirations, as exemplified by the lives and works of their great writers, are portrayed so vividly that the reader would fain to read them from cover to cover, were it possible to do so and absorb at one sitting all the thought and beauty of Ukrainian literature which Prof. Manning so ably passes on to the reader.

Incidentally, any or all of these five books would make highly appreciated Ukrainian Christmas gifts. Write to the Svoboda Bookstore for them.

VETERAN HOME

After spending three years overseas of the four years he was in service, T/5 George Wereskla of New York City, recently received his discharge, reports the St. George's Parish Bulletin. He had 108 points.

Attached with the 67th Armored Regiment Reconnaissance Company of the 2nd Armored Division, George participated in seven major campaigns, in Africa, Sicily, Normandy, France, Central Europe, Rhineland, and the Belgium Bulge. He was wounded once, for which he was awarded the Purple Heart. He has been cited for the Belgian Fourragere, the highest Belgian award, given to the entire 2nd Armored Division for being the first American division to enter and liberate Belgium. He also has the French Croix de Guerre. His division was the first to enter conquered Ber-

⁴ Published by Harmon Printing House in 1944. 126 p. bibliography. \$1.50.

⁵ 1945. 217 p. \$2.50.

Clare Luce and Vandenberg Ask Congressional Aid For DPs

In an effort to help the displaced persons in the American zone of occupation from being forced to return to their native land under foreign occupation and there suffer persecution and hardships, the following joint resolution was introduced in Congress on December 11 by Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan and Representative Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce of Connecticut:—

Whereas there are now in the areas occupied by the Allied military forces many thousands of refugees, including persons who have been uprooted from their native areas to which they fear to return because of the probability of persecution for their political beliefs: and

Whereas following World War I so called Nansen passports were provided under the auspices of the League of Nations to meet the need of such persons, and did meet those needs: Therefore be it

Resolved, etc. that the State Department be requested to explore and promptly report on the subject of such refugees with a view to relieving immediately their present intolerable situation, either by means of appropriate international machinery within the existing framework of the United Nations Organization to legitimize and register the civil status of, and provide cards of identity for, all stateless persons who are now in any area occupied by any armed forces of a constituent member nation of the United Nations Organization, or by giving sufficient and proper authority for the above purposes to the International Committee on Refugee Problems now existing with the headquarters in London.

For the purpose of this resolution, a stateless person shall be understood to mean "any individual, free of criminal charges against him, who does not want to return to his former area because of the probability of persecution."

FIRST OF THREE S. U. A. SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS MADE

At the 7th convention of the Ukrainian National Women's League of America, held on the 20th anniversary of the Organization at Philadelphia, Pa., from the 8th to 10th of December, 1945, a Journalism Scholarship award was made by vote of the delegates to Mildred Milanowicz, American editor of S.U.A.'s monthly periodical "Our Life."

The scholarship of \$100 is the first of three scholarships, to be awarded annually. Two others, namely for music and medicine, will be made shortly by S.U.A., says Mrs. Claudia Olesnicki, recently appointed chairman of the Scholarship and Cultural Committee.

Newly-elected officers of the Ukrainian Women's League are: Mrs. Helen F. D. Lototsky, of Scranton, Pa., national president; Pauline Pa-

lin and it stood guard for the Big Three during the Potsdam Conference.

Archbishop Slipiy Dies In Soviet Prison

Archbishop Joseph Slipiy, successor of the late Metropolitan Andrew Sheptytsky as the head of the Ukrainian Catholic Church, has died in a Soviet prison in Kiev, according to a report received from what is said to be a reliable source in London by the Catholic Press Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in Washington.

Archbishop Slipiy succeeded Metropolitan Sheptytsky in November, 1944. From the very start he, like his predecessor, found himself persecuted by the Soviet authorities. The latter have been attempting to place the Ukrainian Catholic Church as well as the Ukrainian Orthodox Church under direct control of the Moscow patriarch, a puppet of the Kremlin rulers. In the process many Catholic and Orthodox priests have been jailed and others executed.

N. Y. CHOIR TO BE HEARD ON RADIO

The St. George's Ukrainian Catholic Church Choir of New York City, directed by Theodore Onufryk, is scheduled to sing on the "Church of the Air" radio program on February 10 and 24, and on March 10, 1946, the St. George's Parish Bulletin reports. The program will be broadcast on a national hook-up by station WABC in New York City.

On April 13th, 1946 the choir will also sing at the Pontifical High Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Bishop Ambrose Senyshyn, OSBM, will officiate.

PILOT GETS DISCHARGE

Among the returning New York veterans is First Lieutenant William Zmyndak, a pilot of a B-17 in the 8th Air Force, with 31 missions to his credit.

Lt. Zmyndak enlisted February 20, 1943 and received his commission in June, 1944. Six months of his 32 months in service were spent overseas, where he saw action in Northern France, Ardennes Salient, Rhineland and Central Germany. Upon his discharge he had 87 points. He intends to attend a university to study geology.

namarenko of Philadelphia, Maria Sena of Detroit and Anna Bodak of Brooklyn, three vice-presidents; Recording secretary, Katherine Yarosh, Financial Secretary Angelina Banach, and Treasurer Mary Babiak, all three of Philadelphia.

Plight of Ukrainian Displaced Persons

By ANTHONY HLYNKA
Member of Canadian Parliament

(Address delivered in Detroit, Sunday, December 16, at a Ukrainian Relief Day concert sponsored by the Chorus Dumka)

[Condensed]

UNFORTUNATELY, Mr. Chairman, despite the magnificent contribution of Ukrainian people to world culture, as was so well expressed here this afternoon by the artists, millions of freedom-loving Ukrainians in Europe today, face the greatest tragedy of their history. This, Mr. Chairman, brings me to the topic of my address.

But before dealing with what I intend to say, may I reflect for a moment on the conditions under which Canadian and United States citizens have lived during the past five years, the conditions under which we live at present, and under which we are likely to live in the immediate future.

I am conscious of the fact that I am speaking now to an audience of Americans and Canadians who have generously contributed to the forging of weapons of war. I am conscious of the fact also that there are persons in this audience whose loved ones have paid the supreme sacrifice in the far-flung battlefields of the world—they died that democracy and freedom may live. I know, too, that there are many young men and women in this audience who have served in the Armed Forces of our respective countries and who were fortunate enough to return home. At the same time, let me say this: **That we on this continent are the most fortunate people on earth!**

Our Good Fortune

We must remember that not a single bomb fell on your land or mine. We know that not a single home was destroyed by explosion or fire resulting from the war. We know, too, that not a single acre of land was scorched. We were not dispossessed of anything by force. Parents and children were not separated. We had not experienced or seen the horrors of murder and suffering. We were not exposed to cold, hunger and disease, and not one family remained without a roof over their heads. Above all—we saved our freedom!

Strange as it may seem, and perhaps somewhat ironically, while the world's greatest battle was fought, we enjoyed the greatest prosperity we ever knew. Considering our people individually or collectively, we had more to eat than before the war, in spite of rationing; we had more to wear; we built more homes, and we enjoyed steadier and larger incomes than ever before. And, we even set aside some money in Victory Bonds at interest. But what we are apt to forget is this—that while we enjoyed this great prosperity, millions of people in other parts of the world were paying with untold suffering and with their very lives the price of the freedom of mankind.

The most important fact, however, is that we did save our freedom! We still live in countries where persons are regarded and treated as human beings, and where no despotic group can prey on its victims or find sadistic pleasure in torturing innocent people, including women, children and the aged. We believe in the principle of individual freedom and freedom of nations and peoples. These freedoms are still ours.

Let us now turn to the tragic picture in Europe, where millions of freedom-loving people are dying of cold, hunger and misery. The most horrible of all is the fact, however, that despotic totalitarianism continues to threaten the lives of those who are still alive. I desire to refer more particularly to the position of several millions of Ukrainians who found

themselves stateless as a result of the war. I know that these people are of great concern to Americans and Canadians of Ukrainian origin, because they are our very kith and kin.

Tragedy of Stateless Peoples

Not only are these people ill-clothed, starved, without homes, torn from their loved ones, suffering from the ravages of war, and seeing no future for themselves or their children, but they are today absolutely stateless. And that is not all! Having lost their homes, their meager possessions, their hard-earned livelihood, and their freedom, they are being forcibly repatriated to the East under the Soviets, where penal servitude, concentration camps, or death awaits them. Unfortunately, the French, United States and British military governments are so uninformed on this matter, or are so indifferent, that they are actually assisting the Soviet secret police (the notorious NKVD) by handing over to the Soviet authorities these unfortunate people. Despite impassioned appeals of American and Canadian citizens of Ukrainian origin, forceful repatriation continues. The question now is, what must be done in this matter? The problem is serious and urgent. It is unparalleled in human history.

Allow me to quote from an article which appeared on September 6th of this year in the Weekly Review, published in London, England, and written by Elma Birkett. In reference to Ukrainians in the Western Ukraine, Elma Birkett says:

"The period from October 1939 until June 1941... (the period when Germany and Russia were on the same side) will forever remain in the memory of Western Ukrainians as that of their greatest sufferings.

"Executions combined with mass deportations into the depths of the Soviet Union filled the whole population with terror. Many political leaders, essentially nationally and democratically minded, were deported into Asia and soon died in exile."

The author of the article also acknowledges this fact, and says:

"Today these people (meaning Ukrainians), of whom there are millions, are scattered all over Germany, Austria, France, Belgium, Holland, Poland, Rumania and the Balkans."

The most revealing passage of her article is the following, however, which presents to us a clear and vivid picture of the conditions under which Ukrainian displaced persons find themselves. She says:

"Today, all Ukrainians, regardless from which part of their country they come, are in a tragic position. By nature individualists and westernminded, imbued with a fanatical love of personal freedom, they found themselves geographically squeezed between two totalitarian systems, both of which they feared and hated.

"Today, when the guns are quiet in Europe, the future of the Ukrainians scattered across that continent is still very dark. Millions of them do not want—and cannot because they know what awaits them—to return to their country. Most of them were in some way connected with the Ukrainian national movement—if only professing to be Ukrainians—and have shown themselves opposed to the communistic doctrine in general, and the present Soviet system in Russia in particular. Should they return, many of them would be executed or deported, which means in reality slow death...

"The greatest part of the present Ukrainian emigration, evacuees, and displaced persons, come from the So-

Sidelights on Rights, Liberties and One World

By MARIE S. GAMBAL

THE idea of men, women and children being forced to go back to a land to which they don't want to go back, the spectacle of mass hysteria, of attempted suicides are sickening to anyone who doesn't harbor the thought that the individual is but a pawn in the power of a state. The news that has been reaching us, as reported in the Ukrainian American press, of the threatened forcible repatriation of Ukrainian displaced persons from one of the American zones of occupation to the Soviets, is sad indeed. The average American whose knowledge of the European background is not very thorough may well wonder why these people as well as others rebel so against going back to a land where they were born. They are not afraid of remaining under the supervision of the Americans or the British. Why do they become panicky when told that they will be transferred to a Soviet Camp?

No doubt that there are some among them who have been and continue to be fascistically minded and who collaborated with the Nazis. Those should be tried in accordance with our ideas of justice, for no fair-minded person would expect them to go scotfree while other collaborators are being punished.

But we Americans must also remember that the word "fascist" as well as the word "democracy" have different meanings for the Soviet leaders than they have for the Americans or the English. We have had many instances of men and women being labeled "fascists" by the Communists who are no more fascists than Mr. Molotoff himself. We must remember, in fact that to the Communists, whether in the USSR or in the U.S.A. most Americans are fascists. For aren't we a capitalist country? Don't we allow all sort of "fascists" to publish newspapers? We don't even have a concentration camp to which to send a silly fascistic minded senator from the South spouting statements of dubitable value. We allow criticism of the Soviet Union. We—horror of horrors—criticize our President, our Congressmen, our Judges, our Secretaries of State, Labor, the Interior. We don't even have a secret police dropping in on John Doe, the rebel, and sending him off to Alaska (about the coldest spot next to New York) to work ten years at hard labor. It's inconceivable! Why, since we are a capitalist country we should indeed try to protect ourselves, lock up all the Worker editors, round up all the Red Glamour guided sympathizers, Hollywoodian and Broadwayite, and really start building a few roomy concentration camps. What's the matter with us, anyway?

Well, I don't know how many Ukrainian displaced persons there are in the American zone of occupation. The figures have varied from the fantastic "millions" to a low of 30,000 given in a dispatch to the New York Times. I don't know how many

viet Ukraine. Officially their status is that of Soviet citizens.

"The problem of all these wretched people is one of the greatest magnitude. Their fate in Europe is one of the terrible consequences of this war.

"They do not claim any priority in getting help and protection from the outside world. But should not their case, simply for reasons of humanity, receive more attention than until now."

Six Cardinal Points

And now, may I make a few comments on the quotations which I read. I believe that six points stand out clearly:

(Concluded on page 5)

were collaborators and how many were freedom loving democratic-minded men and women even as we Americans are.

The whole matter really goes deeper than the problem of displaced persons. It brings rather startlingly once again the fact that much as we try we cannot run away from truth, that our ideas of freedom and democracy are not the same as those of the USSR. You can argue from this point that the people, you and I and the neighbor, have to be led by force, that the freedoms of speech, press, religion, assembly are not safe in the hands of the people, or you can argue that these freedoms are man's inalienable rights for which he fought and lived and died ever since the dawn of human history, beginning with the first man who dared express his ideas by carving images on stone, the first youth who rebelled against the tabus of his elders, the first group that defied the enslaving rules and regulations of princes, kings, churches, landed gentry, privileged groups and individuals. These two ways are as different as the ways of secretiveness, suspicion and isolationism and the ways of frankness, faith and world-mindedness.

For with the exception of the top-notch leaders of the Soviet Union how many really know of what goes on behind the lines drawn up by the Censor? The chosen ones allowed to enter? The few foreign correspondents whose stay is essentially circumscribed by the boundaries of Moscow and a few other large cities? Are we to base our opinions on the government controlled press? Or on the uninspiring trickle of creative literature which cannot even begin comparing with the giants of that tyrannical government, the tsarist? Music isn't enough. Neither are pretty pictures.

In our own case, every third rate journalist landing on our shores may go here and there and everywhere. He has access to all kinds of news. No sooner does anything happen than the radio or the newspaper is there to tell us about it. Remember that incident concerning General Patton? Quick of temper, he struck a soldier. The news, magnified out of all proportion, flashed around the world. A president's dog was sent by plane across the sea and land and behold every two cent buyer of newspaper had his ideas about it. Look at the way we're fighting the war all over again in the Pearl Harbor investigation. Why, a public servant can't have his breakfast in the wrong boudoir without somebody finding out and letting us know about it.

No wonder strangers in their abysmal ignorance of our way of life are bewildered. Hitler misunderstood us. So did Mussolini. Hirohito likewise. So will any other dictator when it comes to a showdown. We love our freedom so much that we stand for a great deal of unnecessary cheap snooping and immaterial long-winded argumentation for fear that somebody might put something over on us. Maybe that's why our columnists cost us so much.

Peace and this new babe, One World, will have tough sledding without the basic human right in all lands, without civil liberties, without a free exchange of ideas, a free press, free speech, free travel. Economic systems may come and go. Boundaries are not inalienable. Even nations are born and nations perish. But the human being, whether a displaced person, a citizen of a democratic America, or a citizen of the world, will remain. His pursuit of happiness in a New World is incompatible with the shackling of his mind and spirit and the denial of the basic human rights.

The Battle — (Bytva)

By OLHA KOBYLANSKA

Translated from the Ukrainian by PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Concluded)

DOWN in the valley a train, specially adapted to the purpose, waited for the fallen.

It was composed of a number of flat cars coupled together with a locomotive which puffed impatiently.

Four to six trunks were loaded onto each car and fettered together with heavy chains, thick as a man's arm. They were chained so tightly that the iron bit into their bodies stripped of their protecting bark, and in places the blood trickled down. It congealed into clots, which during the transport gleamed in the misty autumn evening.

With the trunks thus chained and fettered, the train sped on towards the lowlands, from time to time cutting the air with a piercing whistle of victory.

On the last car sat the overseer. Having stuck his axe into the breast of one of the giants which lay uppermost, he sat with a stupid look and with arms folded across his chest.

How often had he travelled this road! How often had his glance rested on the mountain peaks, how often had he followed the curves of the railroad, over which he now was returning, fatigued and bored.

Those, over whom he had the oversight, preserved their calm. They greeted the surroundings through which they travelled, at the same time saying farewell to them... Right and left the mountains rose and they were still covered with forest. The forests were composed of their comrades, who had been their companions for unnumbered years, and now they were parting from them for ever. Never, nevermore again would they hear them rustle and roar...

A little later they guessed whither they were being carried. That they were travelling to the lowlands, to the broad vales, where the mountain ranges retreated each from the other and that out of the stream a swift river emerged—this they know. The train flew with frantic speed, wound through the narrows like a serpent; however, were they not going to where people dwelt?

They recalled the tranquil time when they proudly stood, when their golden crowns had no other contact than with the clouds and the eagles; now those crowns lay low, trodden underfoot... They remembered how they had been attacked one by one, and how one by one they fell...

Here they were, probably being transported to some who had bought for themselves the right to dispose of their fate? Or perhaps to hirelings who knew neither holidays or Sabbaths and understood nothing about beauty? But no: beside the ones and the others, there must still be another sort of people like to themselves!

Yes, like to themselves!

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Then after a journey, long and wearisome, through the primeval forests, they emerged into a spacious valley and saw houses here and there. At first they stood scattered among the mountains, then lower down there were more of them and finally a number close together alongside a country road which joined the railroad from somewhere and was no more separated from it. The houses were small, sheathed with planks, sometimes resting on stones, and some were shingled all over.

In front of a tavern which stood beside the road the engineer stopped the train.

He was to take aboard some strangers and workmen who awaited the train there. Here also the inhabitants of the house became visible.

Hutzuls they called themselves.

Big and sturdy, with Slavonic features, in picturesque dress—there they sat or lounged about. Here was a young woman with a face somewhat worn yet handsome, of almost childlike traits, richly, and colorfully dressed according to the custom of her people. She was smoking a pipe, gazing indifferently before her, paying no attention to the fact that the entire group of strangers seemed to be devouring her with their eyes. Her companions, splendid-looking men, straight and supple as the firs, were sitting here and there in and outside the tavern in the most comfortable postures in the world and their costumes were no less striking: wide red trousers, white embroidered shirts and richly embroidered sleeveless coats. Broad leather belts, ornamented with rings and all sorts of glittering trinkets, together with small black caps adorned with peacock feathers completed their costume.

It was a feast day and so they had gathered here to pass the time in pleasure. Two of them with violins were playing a dance tune. Others again were lying on benches, stretched out at full length and gazing out through the windows into space with a look full of vague dreaminess. They paid no attention to the curious inspection of which they were the objects. They allowed themselves to be inspected without displaying any sort of resentment, just as children do. On their part they showed no curiosity, neither for the travelling strangers who appeared scarcely once a year in their neighborhood, nor for any other phenomena. The train aroused all the other dwellers in the neighborhood every time it arrived, but they scarcely turned their heads in its direction. For them it was an appearance so strange and so foreign to their usual life that it had nothing in common with them, it was as though they were from another world and had as little to do with it as with the clouds in the sky.

They took interest in the trees upon it which, fettered by iron chains, were now being transported to the lowlands. Just as immovably as them, they too, had grown up, as harmonious as nature itself in their beauty and in their costumes. In remote corners on the proud heights they led their lives without masters and without hirelings, so unenlightened as to arouse wonder and pity, and so inaccessible for the glories of civilization that they met its achievements with a childlike smile upon their lips.

Such were these children of the forest who would not at any price lend a hand to the felling and rolling down of the giants from their mountain heights!

"What sort of people do you belong to?" they asked suspiciously of those who came to estimate the profits from the battle.

And while asking this, they knotted their brows and gripped more tightly their cudgels with heads shaped like axes.

They were expert at handling weapons.

When they saw the train for the first time, they crossed themselves and spat. There was, perhaps, an evil spirit in it and they wanted to have nothing at all to do with those who made use of it. They kept themselves apart from the entire enterprise and, amongst the numerous hirelings who took part in the battle, there was not a single Hutzul. "Chop down yourselves what God has created, and leave us in peace!" replied one of them savagely to the appeal for help in cutting down the trees.

And they were left in peace. Their world was that of the forest and the mountain and only there could they come to full maturity. Like splendid scarlet flowers in their handsome picturesque dress they flashed amid the green of the trees, or raced about on their swift, thick-maned horses, the care of which was one of their most loved occupations.

The forest carried the sounds of their melancholy songs.

The forest trees were beings like to themselves...

As the train started again and, gathering speed, departed from the place, the trunks on the last car saw through the open doors and windows of the tavern the men and women there dancing with wild vehemence in a wide circle. An unforgettable sight, as fleeting as a flash of lightning and as illuminating!

It was the simple music of the violins that carried them away so vehemently. They danced with unrestrained, exuberant eagerness. Their garments and kerchiefs fluttered in the whirl and from time to time they burst out in wild cries of almost savage joviality. It seemed as though without the dance all happiness would forsake them and they wanted to satiate themselves with it to last a lifetime...

In front of the tavern there were other groups, either standing or lying stretched out, smoking short pipes beside their saddled horses. It seemed as though the place with all its splendor of color and wealth of life was flying past the train! One handsome woman, seemingly a widow, was galloping madly on a young, half-wild horse toward another group. After her, just as wildly, a swarm of youths was chasing. She did not allow herself to be overtaken. Turning her head back to look at them, having let the reins fall loose on the neck of the horse, with outstretched hands she laughed aloud, all unconcerned! As yet these people felt not a shudder at the arrival and departure of that monster which, hissing malignantly, was bringing with it new light and at the same time unspeakable woe! As yet they knew nothing of that consuming longing, wearing a sickly smile on its lips, which only culture and enlightenment can create! They lived from day to day, caring nothing about the future and its drab hopelessness; their desires were simple and transparent, the sole condition of their happiness was the bright sun in a blue sky.

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In the lowlands a noisy life was seething.

There the great steam sawmill roared.

Brick-red chimneys of marvelous size rose up from the earth and belched out black clouds of smoke into the heavens, and in the building itself there was a roaring, whistling and hissing which completely drowned all other sounds.

Round the mill there lay by the thousand broad and narrow planks, laid crosswise, piled up high, ready for shipping. A multitude of unsawn trunks still awaited their death: here lay giants, whose circumference could be counted in yards, veritable wonders of age and beauty, together with straight, slender young pines. Practically without cessation, fresh logs were being rolled into the mill in order in no time at all to emerge again outside cut up into thin planks. The train continually brought new victims and the insatiable Moloch worked them over in a marvellously short space of time.

And here again once more came trees.

The locomotive was uncoupled from the cars and the latter by their own momentum, bearing the captives, rolled almost in front of the delivery place. Here the trunks were loosed from their chains and unloaded.

When they had been rolled up to the mill entrance, they caught snatches of a conversation between

the superintendent of the sawmill and some visitors.

"Our firm has leased the forests from the Religious Fund.* We have been working them for seven years already and we still have three more years ahead. Every day we saw up seven hundred logs."

Seven hundred trees a day! How heartless, how significant it sounded!

Seven hundred of their comrades destroyed daily, and each had needed decades, even centuries, to grow to their glorious circumference! And here all around there lay mountains of trunks, still more thousands of them lying up there at home, still on the mountain heights from whence it had been decided to drag them away to the very last one; others again lay piled up beside the roadway, on the mountain slopes, and three times a day the railroad brought the victims hither! Because of all this, men hurried on with their work of destruction, for every day cost so much in money!...

The new arrivals were branded with a red-hot iron and then left to look around them.

They saw that the same sort of hirelings like those who had become semi-savages in the mountains were also working down here in the lowlands. They saw how they swarmed about like indefatigable ants, bustling around in the mill and all about it outside, how they fed the clamorous iron Moloch, which displayed true marvels of destructiveness, almost sacrificing themselves lest it might suffer the slightest lack of anything.

"Yes, yes," among others, they heard one of the laborers say, a man who went by the name of 'Knocker,' "that's how those outlandish Anti-Christians destroy our lovely forests, which represents the riches of our land. God knows, their bosses make an evil use of it, but someday they'll have to answer before God for it all. All this splendid stuff is to be exported, maybe across the ocean! And what profit does our land get out of it? Ask those who are handling these riches, those who live in luxury till their sinful carcasses almost burst—ask them, what our land gets out of it!"

And after a few moments of wrathful silence, he continued: "Already they're building another railroad in a different direction from here. I hear that the forests have been leased for still another ten years. Yes, only another ten years, and the wealth of our land will be gone... The blasted truth!... Why shouldn't I rather see their cursed carcasses sawn up than these innocent trees? Why shouldn't devilish fires here rather burn up their devilish bodies than these trees?"

His speech was broken off by a resounding slap in the face from the master sawyer.

"Why don't you rather watch out for your clumsy paws and stop your foolish gab, you good-for-nothing!"

The reply of the workman thus disciplined was lost in the deafening clatter, for the newly rolled-up trunks were about to be pushed under the saws. Some went under the ten-bladed saws, others under the fifteen-bladed, still others, the centenarians, under the twenty-bladed ones. With a rip, which tore the air, the trunks were first of all stunned before being slaughtered as the saws sank into their bodies. The sharp, pointed teeth cut through the magnificent trunks with lightning-like rapidity, and the sawdust like blood gushed out of them, spread all over them and covered the floor all around them.

When the saws had flown through them to the very end, a sharp, penetrating crack was heard all over the mill, and the once-proud giants fell apart into thin white boards and forever ceased to exist.

Laborers with immense wheelbarrows appeared in haste and went away as speedily.

* A wealthy corporation in Bukovina, created from the property of abolished monasteries.

Relief and Rehabilitation — What Is Our Stake?

(2)

WHAT'S BEING DONE:

Cash Buying—Some of the most devastated countries can pay and are paying for relief and rehabilitation supplies. These countries are France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, Denmark and Norway. They are buying only the most essential relief goods and services because: (1) they have a very limited supply of American dollars or other foreign money; (2) they don't want to use up their credit for relief supplies which do not rebuild the nation; (3) they want to put as much money as they can into raw materials and capital goods for reconstruction.

These three facts mean that the peoples of these nations will have to keep their belts pulled to the last notch, for some time. Relief supplies will be purchased only to maintain the strength and energies of the peoples at a point necessary to restart production.

Loans—U. S. loans have been made to the Netherlands and Denmark, and may be concluded with several other countries. These loans enable nations to buy from us goods they had arranged to receive under lend-lease, and also to purchase reconstruction supplies.

United States Supplies—On September 17, President Truman gave the American people the following facts: (1) We have the shipping and, at the moment, supplies of most com-

modities needed to meet the requests of the liberated peoples. (2) The problem is chiefly financial: to work out credit arrangements with the European Governments which can pay and to make additional funds available to UNRRA for emergency relief. (3) The American Government is making every effort to solve the financial problems, in cooperation with the respective claimants, with a view to increasing the flow of urgently needed supplies.

United States Shipments—President Truman emphasized that the most desperate needs of the liberated people are for coal, transportation and food, in that order of priority.

Coal is being shipped; 1,400,000 tons of coal to Europe monthly. By January 1, the President hoped that we would have shipped out 8,000,000 tons—slightly more than one per cent of our domestic production.

Coal, transportation and food are parts of the same problem.

France lost a great part of her 1944 sugar beet crop because transportation had broken down and coal was lacking for the refineries.

Yugoslavia lost 100,000 tons of a grain crop in one area, because of disrupted internal transport. Starvation in other areas of Yugoslavia was the result.

If Denmark, the principal liberated country in a position to export food, does not receive coal and transport equipment, she cannot send her food

surpluses to help needy neighbors.

Europe was self-sufficient in coal before the war—mainly through production in the Ruhr and the Saar. When the Allied armies drove into these areas the coal-producing machinery was found to be largely sabotaged or antiquated. The miners, many of them "slave" laborers, had fled. Railways and highways were blasted. There was no food or housing for miners.

By November, the Allies had raised coal production in the Ruhr and the Saar from zero to about 35% of normal.

Every possible ton is being moved to the liberated areas—to restart peacetime industries, to get transport and food moving. Only a fraction of it can be used to keep Europe from freezing this winter.

The average French family will get less than 200 pounds of coal for household use this winter and spring. Norwegians will get no coal for household use.

Food is being shipped from the United States. The Department of Agriculture reports that—

During the last quarter of 1945:

(1) 3,700,000 tons of food were made available to the paying Governments of liberated Europe and to UNRRA.

(2) 95,000 tons had been set aside, mainly for the Philippines and military relief feeding.

(3) American civilians had more food during the war, and 15% more than during an average prewar year.

During all of 1945:

(1) 9,000,000 tons of food were made available to the paying Governments of liberated Europe, to UNRRA, to the Philippines, and for military relief feeding.

The food for the paying liberated Governments and UNRRA substantially met their stated requests, except for sugar, fats and oils, canned fish and rice.

"These supplies," said President Truman, "will serve not to improve, but only to sustain the diet of the liberated peoples, which remains below the minimum level of subsistence."

(2) 106,000,000 tons of food were received by United States civilians.

(3) 12,800,000 tons of food had been received by the armed forces.

(Next week: Who's Doing the Job)

A FINE UKRAINIAN
CHRISTMAS PRESENT
PROF. MANNING'S
Newly Published Book
TARAS SHEVCHENKO,
Poet of Ukraine
Price \$2.50
Svoboda Bookstore

They swept up the sawdust lying in heaps on the floor, carried it away and poured it into the jaws of the furnace in the low side-building. Without a break, day after day, they did this sort of work. Others pulled out the boards which had fallen apart beneath the saws and threw them onto the piles with such force that in falling they writhed for the last time like supple steel springs. Still others pushed the slender pines under buzzing saws, which cut a tree into narrow laths, while other workmen filed and sharpened the saws, scattering all around themselves a shower of glittering red sparks.

Around the mill outside there were many men rushing about hither and thither. Some carried planks and boards from inside, others took them and passed them on to those who laid them on top of one another, separated in narrow or wide, or did whatever was needed. Everywhere there reigned movement, noise, incessant comings and goings—a feverish bustle and activity, planned with mathematical accuracy, originated by the colossal machine with its fearful buzzing, and from which there beat an almost insupportable heat.

It seemed as though the enormous black wheels, belted with running leather girdles, turned soundlessly, yet the air was pervaded and filled by their sound and all around trembled and pulsed with life.

Only by night did silence reign—a deathly silence. The black chimney stood like a sentinel and sullenly surveyed the entire embattled camp.

Here there lay a multitude of naked trunks like corpses stripped and bare, illuminated by the gentle light of the moon. The piles of boards heaped proudly on high gleamed like silver, and when looked at from the side they appeared merely like parallel lines.

Trunks! Everywhere one looked, trunks, together with boards, planks, laths and remnants; and among them, silently as phantoms, there were enormous dogs which prowled about casting huge misshapen shadows and sniffing everywhere. Since the time when some unknown set the mill on fire, these dogs had been used for protection.

But no one ever came stealing

around here, no one disturbed the peace of the fallen.

The subdued murmur of a mountain stream which gleamed not far away below the dark wood carried softly and plaintively hither, and the wood itself constituted an apparently impenetrable wall around the valley through which none might pass except the moon.

And it appeared every night rising over the wall.

Pale, calm and impassive, as though it was a relief to shed its beams through the blue transparent clouds of night or to cast its rays into the dark depths of the water, it mounted in the sky.

The plaintive complaining of the stream moved it to such a mournful mood that the moon had not the strength to dispel it.

"Whither, whither, whither?" complained the stream incessantly night after night and its waters mournfully lapped its banks and plashed audibly in cajoling sounds against the large stones which here and there jutted imperturbably out of its surface.

But no reply ever came to the questioning.

Over the field the silence remained the same.

Soulless the trunks and the boards lay stretched out...

But the moon saw the answer. Wherever it turned its gentle face the answer could be read. In black letters on the trunks and boards the words were scrawled:

"To Batum," "To Batum," "To Batum"...

*

Summer.

The burning rays of the sun poured down and the air was stifling.

Some isolated clouds, losing themselves in the blue heavens, were dark in color. From time to time a light breeze sprang up and drove the evil-boding clouds the length and breadth of the sky. It seemed as though the breeze was spurring them to flight from the vault of heaven, and the mighty power of the sun labored to destroy them, but soon in the southern quarter of the sky they stopped their flight and re-formed into dark, gray masses over the mountains.

It was after the battle.

All over the field there reigned a soulless stillness.

As far as eye could reach, it saw naught but uttermost destruction, and the naked desolation of the mountain sides awakened pity in one's heart.

Blanched and rotted logs lay thickly scattered, looking like bones in the yellowed grass. Mutilated and unusable trees lay around in great number, mingled with trunks, stripped of their bark, unhealthy, rotting, but otherwise untouched. Large, scorched places on the ground recalled the huge fires and testified to the victory of the flames which had flared here so often by night and had voraciously devoured everything in their neighborhood. Piles of half-rotted bark and heaps of splinters lay in the grass. The ancient firs which had been struck by lightning and left untouched stood gloomily, stretching out their half-withered branches like crippled mendicants, vainly endeavoring to withstand the wind. From time to time a pitifully mournful creaking was heard in the air. It came from the strong firs left in isolation which, slenderly youthful and of unusually luxuriant growth, stood stripped of their branches except at the very top. These now bent bent their tops earthwards as though heavy weights had been hung on them to drag them down. Subjected to the whims of the winds, deprived of protection and of all other support, they swayed mournfully and creaked...

The young fir shoots, once of an almost bright-green and gleaming color, were broken and damaged for ever. The ferns drooped their serrated but now lacerated leaves, and deprived of shade, withered and slowly perished under the heat of the sun.

The tall grass, torn out and tattered, with its roots exposed to the sun had withered, and where it had been trampled down, it had perished by the same death.

The bushes of infinite variety, raspberries, blackberries, and other strong and resistant growths, with the flowers which once flourished in such glory, were crushed to the ground or torn out by the roots. It was over this that thousands and thousands of the giants had been dragged and rolled.

Here and there the trodden-down buckthorn, not entirely deprived of its vitality, had put forth a multi-

tude of crimson berries, and from a distance these shone against the dull-green background like red pools of blood...

The once exuberant stream now flowed timidly downhill amongst the stones. Masses of hacked-off branches, bark and splinters, had deadened its merry gurgle for a long, long time to come. The eagles and vultures had abandoned their nests and only returned hither at rare intervals. Scarcely more than once or twice in the spring did they fly over their once proud fatherland.

And the cuckoo had ceased to strike its note here.

Vainly awaiting the echo of its call, which before used to reverberate through the green forest glades, the cuckoo had lapsed into stubborn silence as though it had forgotten its former habitude.

Ravaged, devastated, plundered of all their native beauty and one-time wealth, the mountains remained as a laughing-stock, utterly unable to hinder the burning rays of the sun from unmercifully consuming all the remaining flora which demanded the shade of the trees for their existence. The remaining firs and pines, slender shoots not far out of the ground and not damaged by the battle, stood sad and forlorn.

The alternating storms and the heat of the sun beat down on their tender young heads, which were as yet far from being sufficiently steeled to bear all the blows and changes of the weather.

The centenarians had protected them hitherto from everything with their capacious arms,—but from now on? And if they should decide to resist at all? All the heat of the sun which sucked their young sap so greedily, all the storms which were bent on breaking down their youthful crowns, all the frosts and all the rest of the incredible menaces—what then? Would not the same murderous hands stretch out for them when they had just reached their proudest beauty, delighting in their splendor, acknowledging nothing higher and above them but the heavens themselves—would not those same murderous hands reach out for them?

They decided it was better to die...

JOIN THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASS'N. DO IT NOW!

Ukrainian Influences Upon Muscovite Culture

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

(5)

Their Growth in 18th Century

DURING the 18th century this Ukrainian influence grew. Tsar Peter I understood Ukrainian culture and used it fully. All the teachers in the Slavonic-Greek-Latin Academy in Moscow were Ukrainians during the 18th century. In fact the Academy itself was originally started by scholars from Kiev. As the Holy Synod commented; "there are few teachers in the Slavonic-Latin Schools in Moscow and there is almost no one to teach philosophy; but we understand that in Kiev there are many capable men who are prepared to teach philosophy, rhetoric and grammar. And so according to the edict of his Majesty we are to get capable men, from the Pechersky monastery in Kiev and from other places, who will come to Moscow without delay."⁷⁴

Although Ukrainian scholars received better pay in Moscow than in Kiev they were not very willing to go and they often returned because of the unfavourable Russian climate.⁷⁵ There were many instances where ordinary students of the Kiev Academy were accepted as professors in the Moscow Academy because of the shortage of more qualified men.⁷⁶

All the higher ecclesiastics in Russia—Metropolitans, archbishops, bishops, and abbots—were Ukrainians.⁷⁷ Because of Polish religious pressure Ukrainian monks went to Muscovite monasteries at the beginning of the 17th century, and after 1654 their numbers increased. Thus in 1688 out of 165 monks in the Savvo-Storozhevsky monastery there were 26 Ukrainians and they held all the directing posts including that of the archmandrite.⁷⁸ Since these leading posts were held by Ukrainians other Ukrainians were naturally invited. The Muscovite clergy became anxious and

the Holy Synod came out in the defence of the rights of the Great Russians. On the 17th April 1754 there was issued an Imperial decree (Vysochayshy Ukase) which specified that Muscovites, too, can be ordained as cannons and archmandrites. "Her Imperial Majesty Elizabeth Petrovna, Autocrat of All Russia has on this day, 17th April, ordered that in making promotions to ecclesiastic vacancies the Holy Synod should also recommend Great Russian archmandrites. Great Russians should also be allowed to become archmandrites."⁷⁹

Letters, such as the following dated 1787 and sent to the Metropolitan of Kiev, were then numerous: "The Abbot Revutsky of Pinsk had died. Since I have no one to take his place because it requires a person who is honest and educated, I beg of your Grace to send me a man who is learned and respectable to fill this post."⁸⁰

Another Imperial decree of May 16th 1794 said: "In the newly organized governments of Minsk, Izaslav and Bratislav there are many Uniates who wish to join our Orthodox Church." But to effect this change there was a need for "able church people" and again the Ukrainians were assigned to this task. The Holy Synod appointed the archmandrite Varlaam of Novgorod as assistant to the archbishop of Minsk to carry out this task because as the Synod said: "He himself is a Little Russian, trained in rhetoric, philosophy, theology and many languages."⁸¹

Pedagogy Well Developed

Pedagogy was fairly well developed in Ukraine and there was a brotherhood school in almost every village. Under the Polish influence Ukraine had developed a unique pedagogical system. When as a result of the

"Ecclesiastical Regulation," issued in 1721, there organized church schools and seminaries in Russia all the teaching posts were given to Ukrainians.⁸² I might cite this example. In 1786 the archbishop of Mogilev wrote to the Metropolitan of Kiev: "I am told that in your diocese there are a great number of learned monks and in my diocese there is a shortage. I therefore venture to beg of your Grace to send me 10 or 15 elder monks, and archdeacons and even ordinary monks who can read and write, especially if they are able to teach poetry, rhetoric, philosophy as well as Hebrew, Greek and German languages. I shall be only too glad to pay for their transportation to Mogilev."⁸³

Thus Ukrainian teachers went to Moscow.⁸⁴ Traces of the pedagogic system which they introduced have remained to this day.

Slowly the Ukrainians took control of schools in all parts of Russia as well as control of the Muscovite cadet corps.⁸⁵ When in 1786 elementary schools were organized in Russia the Kiev Academy became a teachers' college for the whole of Russia.⁸⁶

On October 30 1786 the Holy Synod received this order from the Court: "We need teachers to fill the posts in the remaining 16 governments as well as 100 men to go to England to learn various useful sciences. You are therefore ordered to get in touch with His Grace the Metropolitan of Kiev and other archbishops and ask them to send to the Commissariat of National Schools 30 men from Kiev Theological Academy, 15 men from the Chernyhiv Academy, 15 men from the Pereyaslav Academy and 40 men from the other neighbouring seminaries."⁸⁷

Count Petro Zavadovsky, the Head of the Russian School Commission, continued to ask for teachers from

Kiev. on October 4th 1879 he wrote to the Metropolitan: "I have not been able to find volunteers for the available positions. Your Grace would be rendering me a great service if you could find 15 teachers and send them to me."⁸⁸ Samuel Myslavsky who was then the Metropolitan of Kiev found 15 teachers and on 4th November received thanks and another request from Zavadovsky: "If I may impose myself upon your generosity, I should like to have another 10 men in addition to the 15 you have already sent."⁸⁹ This request was also granted by the Metropolitan. On February 28th 1790 Zavadovsky wrote to the Metropolitan: "The 25 men whom your Grace sent to me reported on the 14th February. They have started work and as far as I can see they will be very successful."⁹⁰

References

- ⁷⁴ N. Petrov. Documents. Vol. I. No. 1, p. 39.
- ⁷⁵ N. Petrov. Ibidem. Vol. I. No. 2, p. 16.
- ⁷⁶ Ibidem, pp. 16, 325.
- ⁷⁷ There is a list of them at the end of each volume of documents by N. Petrov.
- ⁷⁸ Prof. S. Bielokorov. Sources to Russian History. Moscow 1888. p. 162.
- ⁷⁹ See The Full Collection of Laws of the Russian Empire, Vol. XIV. No. 10216, pp. 58, 59.
- ⁸⁰ The Works of the Kievan Theological Academy. 1877. Book V. p. 344, Book VI. p. 568.
- ⁸¹ N. Petrov. Documents. Vol. V. pp. 198-200.
- ⁸² N. Petrov. Documents. Vol. I. No. 1, p. xvi.
- ⁸³ Records of the Kiev Theological Academy. 1877. Book VI. p. 569.
- ⁸⁴ N. Petrov. Document. See list of Ukrainian teachers at the end of each volume.
- ⁸⁵ Ibidem. Vol. I. pp. 138-149. Vol. II. pp. 91, 104.
- ⁸⁶ Ibidem. Vol. V. p. 167. Vol. V. p. xxv. p. 1.
- ⁸⁷ Manuscripts of the Church Archeological Museum. m. 725. No. 49. A Full Collection of the Russian Imperial Laws. Vol. XXII. No. 16500.
- ⁸⁸ N. Petrov. Documents. Vol. V. p. 175.
- ⁸⁹ Ibidem. p. 179.
- ⁹⁰ Ibidem. p. 182.

(To be concluded)

Mr. Hlynka's Address

(Concluded from page 2)

(1) That never in the history of Ukrainian people have so many Ukrainians fond themselves outside the boundaries of their historic homeland.

(2) That the Ukrainians have never had any love for either the nazis or the communists. For it was in the period of Russo-German friendship, which ended in June, 1941, that they suffered the most.

(3) That Ukrainians have always been western-minded, imbued with a fanatical love of personal and national freedom, and that they will never reconcile themselves to any totalitarian philosophy.

(4) That the argument of communist propaganda, which asserts that Ukrainians were satisfied to remain under communist domination, is untrue, as the majority of Ukrainian displaced persons originally came from Great Ukraine, where they lived under the communist dictatorship for nearly thirty years.

(5) That their lives are threatened should they be forced to go back to their former homes.

(6) And, lastly, that the assistance which they receive is inadequate, and that their need is great and urgent.

To complete the picture which was so ably and forcefully presented by Elma Birkett in regard to the fate of Ukrainian displaced persons, I should now like to quote one or two passages taken from letters written by persons who have actually seen what was happening to the Ukrainians, among whom there are thousands of close relatives of Canadian and American soldiers, and some of whom paid the supreme sacrifice so that freedom may live. This is what

Pfc. Harry Polche, a United States M. P. in the American occupational zone in Germany, has to say:

"I have been travelling through Europe and have seen many sights, but there is one in particular I want to tell you about... It is only recently that I was stationed in Ingolstadt, Germany. I happened to take a walk through a park, and suddenly I heard Ukrainian voices. I looked into a grove of trees and there I saw about thirty children ranging in age from three to seven... and a teacher, a girl of about twenty years.

"They were saying a prayer in Ukrainian... I approached the group and introduced myself... The teacher then had the pupils recite for me and sing familiar Ukrainian songs. They sang very well with their childish voices.

"They were all poorly dressed. "...It made me very sad to see the Ukrainian children reduced to this. I visited the barracks where they lived and it was pitiful to see where they slept. Many people slept in a room and on straw mattresses. I don't see how they will be able to spend the cold winter...

"They are a homeless people... These people are the same kind of Ukrainians that we are, and many of them have friends and relatives in the United States (here the author could have added the friends and relatives in Canada).

"Something Should Be Done to Help Them"

He went on: "I feel sorry for these, our people, and something should be done to help them. They need food, clothing and most of all encouragement," he concluded.

Mr. Chairman, I could go on reading almost indefinitely extracts from letters received by Canadians and

Americans from their relatives and friends, but time will not allow. May I, therefore, read only one other extract. This writer says:

"The camp at Mannheim, south of Frankfurt, where there are 3,000 Ukrainians from Eastern Ukraine and from Galicia, Soviet officials came there recently and demanded the surrender of Ukrainians to them. The American authorities ordered the Ukrainians to prepare themselves to leave. The Ukrainians refused to obey the order. A tug-of-war ensued. Women and children began to cry and threw themselves at the feet of the Americans. But to no avail. The Americans threatened to shoot... The American officer once more ordered them to prepare to leave and

those who refused were beaten with rubber clubs. Nevertheless, the Ukrainians did not give in... To this the officer said: 'If that's the case I'll give you four days to think the matter over... Meanwhile I'll consult my superiors and inform you accordingly.' What of the future no one knows."

That, Mr. Chairman, gives us some idea of the fate of Ukrainian displaced persons.

(To be concluded)

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UKRANOMAS

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

Football: Steve Pritko, Northampton, Pa. Ukrainian American, was named by the United Press as the outstanding End playing professional football this season. Pritko was seen in action in his final game in Cleveland on December 16th (game broadcast) when the Cleveland Rams and Washington's Redskins clashed for the national pro grid championship.

George Savitsky, Camden, N. J. Ukrainian American, was named first-string tackle by the U.P. 1945 All-American Team. Savitsky starred for mighty Penn.

Successor: Walter Wm. Danko, president of the Bayonne, N. J. Ukrainian Athletic Club and a freshman in the College of Engineering at NYU, has been designated as yours truly's successor and hereafter the official compiler of the annual Ukrainian All-American Football Team. Assisting Danko is Joseph Gebet of 942 Hazel Avenue, Ambridge, Pa. who wrote: "I've been following the selections for quite some years and do not like to see it fade away completely." Danko's address is 347 Avenue "C", Bayonne, N. J.

Boxing: Bobby Wallace, Rochester, N. Y. Ukrainian, now a Marine, is believed to be the first Ukrainian who held boxing titles in amateur and professional ranks. Wallace fought 25 years ago in the welter-weight division. More about this colorful pugilist later.

Wrestling: John Demchyck, Edmonton (Canada) Ukrainian, is the new world's lightweight wrestling champion. Demchyck won the crown from Frankie Talabarra in Chicago recently.

Hollywood: Actor John Hodiak has purchased for his parents a beautiful home and orchard in Tarzana, California. The orchard includes 10 nut, 4 orange, 2 plum, 2 peach, 2 fig, 2 grape-fruit, 1 lemon tree, according to John's father Wasyl in his letter to yours truly.

Actor George Montgomery, husband of singer Dinah Shore, has been reported to be of Ukrainian descent. This makes six Uke stars in the cinema world.

Convention: The Ukrainian Hall in Philadelphia was the scene of a three-day convention (December 8-9-19) of the Soyuz Ukrayinok (Ukrainian National Women's League). A feature of the conclave was a Youth Forum on Sunday in which girl speakers from Jersey City and New York took part, followed by a banquet and concert.

Music: On the repertoire of the Temple University annual Xmas Concert given December 13th were two Ukrainian songs—compositions of the late Prof. Alexander Koshetz.

Prof. Philip Dubas, Philly's leading Ukrainian violinist who studied music in Vienna and Germany before the war, is back from the army where he entertained troops throughout western Europe.

Deserting: "Russians Desert At Terrific Rate" reads a recent headline. It seems Stalin's subjects, who thought they lived in a super-state, found conditions in western Europe more attractive than at home and just took off to get into the American and British zones and try to stay there. They too refuse to go back to the USSR.

PHILLY WINS THREE MORE; TENTH IN ELEVEN STARTS

Three more basketball teams took the acid test the week of December 10 at Ukrainian Hall. The Philly U. N. A. basketball club could not be stopped. The Naval Aircraft five from Johnsville, Pa., fell once more before the Gold and Blue Wave Monday evening, 62-42. Dreer A.C. came nearest to upsetting, the dope the first part of a twin bill Thursday, forcing the contest into an extra-period, but finally succumbing, 57-53. Barrett A.A. was bowled over in the second game by a 47-33 count.

By far, the most exciting game of the season was the one with Dreer in which the U.N.A. trailed almost the entire 40 minutes of regulation time. Al Demniansky pulled this one out of the fire by flipping five double-deckers through the hoop in the last 5 minutes of play. Al Hrynkow's lay-up shot with 3 seconds remaining, however, tied the score and sent the game into overtime. Demniansky again gleamed in this period, as did Steve Senko.

Scores by Quarters:

Navy	6	19	11	6	42
Philadelphia	12	18	16	16	62
Dreer A.C.	17	7	11	12	53
Philadelphia	12	8	11	16	57
Barrett A.A.	12	2	6	13	33
Philadelphia	15	16	16	0	47

Season Record: Won 10; Lost 1; Pct. .909.

PHILLY ACCEPTS CHALLENGE

The Philadelphia U.N.A. basketball team telegraphed their acceptance of a challenge by the New York U.N.A. Basketball team on December 15.

DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

BROADCAST AGAIN ON UKRAINE

The "Radio Talk on Ukraine" published in the Weekly on December 22nd as delivered by Mr. Alexander Yaremko on November 6 over Philadelphia's Station WHAT, was re-broadcast again in its entirety by Mr. Yaremko over the same station on Christmas Day. A Ukrainian Christmas Carol was played before and after the speech.

This return engagement was a result of a popular demand in the form of letters from radio listeners. On New Year's Day the Ukrainian National Anthem (Sche Ne Vmerla Ukraina) will be heard at 11 A.M. over this station.

PHILADELPHIAN

A Spoonerism

The twins had been brought to be christened.

"What names?" asked the clergyman.

"Steak and Kidney," the father answered.

"Bill, you fool," cried the mother, "it's Kate and Sidney."

Self-Stoker

In English III the fat student was a complete failure.

"I declare, young man," complained the professor, "your body seems to be far better nourished than your mind."

"That's easy to understand, sir," the fat boy replied, a malicious glint in his eyes. "You feed my mind, professor, but I feed my body!"

Western N. Y. Committee Has Successful Clothing Collection Drive

The Western New York Ukrainian War Relief Committee reports the following results from its recently conducted clothing collection drive as follows:

Men's Coats 225, Men's Suits 368, Men's Shirts 329, Men's Underclothing 235, Men's Sweaters 256, Women's Coats 327, Women's Dresses 1,400, Women's Underclothing 130, Women's Sweaters 158, Jackets 6, Children's Clothing 1,093, Shoes 502 pairs, Miscellaneous items 7 bags.

There was a total of 5,029 pieces of clothing and shoes plus 7 bags of miscellaneous clothing. The clothing and shoes were packed in bags, approximately 50 lbs. per bag and were shipped by long haul truck to the Unitarian Collection Warehouse, Ukrainian Relief, 31 East 35th Street,

New York City, New York.

The committee wishes to acknowledge their appreciation for the assistance rendered by the following: American Red Cross (Buffalo and Niagara Falls Chapter), Rev. Vladimir Kozoriz, Rev. John Zuck, from Buffalo; Mr. Peter Sandusky, Lancaster; Mr. Stephen Krawczyn, Lackawanna; Mr. William Niemiec, N. Tonawanda; Mrs. Klym Pucak, Niagara Falls. The committee also wishes to thank the individuals who aided in processing and packing the clothing, our Ukrainian artists who painted the depot signs and the other individuals, too numerous to enumerate, who helped make this drive a success.

JOHN KOLOTYLO, President,
WALTER CIOPIK, Sec'y.

WEEKLY BANTER

Erudition on Display

Members of the board were visiting the little school, and the teacher anxiously sought to show off her pupils to best advantage. She asked one of her bright-faced little boys, "Who signed Magna Carta?"

He shook his head slowly. "It wasn't me, ma'am," he replied.

The teacher told him to go to his seat.

But one elderly board member was obviously displeased with the proceedings. He arose from his chair.

"Not so fast," he said. "Bring that young man back. I believe he did sign it!"

Reward of Truth

"Poaching again, Willie," muttered the judge, glaring balefully at the grinning darky before him. "I'm afraid you're a bad egg."

"Yassuh, I sho is," was the surprising reply, "jes' a plain bad egg."

"O, so you admit it," barked the judge.

"Yassuh, I admits it becuz, you know, jedge, dem bed eggs nebbah poaches, suh."

And Willie was acquitted.

Boy's Dressing and Undressing

There are some things to be said in favor of 10-year-old boys. Before the world has crusted over their natural reactions boys are direct and efficient. No better method of preparing for bed has yet been evolved than that employed by a lad if his mother is not around to give supervision.

A boy stands beside his bed and undoes a few buttons. His clothes fall in a neat pile around his feet on the floor. If he is careful, he can leave things so that in the morning all he needs do is put his feet in the right holes, pull up underwear and outerwear, button one or two pivotal points—and he's all set for the day. Shoes and stockings are a bit of a bother, but one doesn't really count them as clothes. Shoes can be kicked off if the laces are not too tight.

A lad tries to leave his pajamas on the floor in the morning. If they would be left alone, he could step right into them in the evening. But unfortunately, civilization takes a toll of convenience. However, there's a certain period in a young man's life when, if he were left undisturbed, there would be no complications about dressing and undressing.

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