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"GIVE US BACK VILNA AND LVOW!"

Like most people this sinner doesn't relish giving a human being who is down another shove or joining in a bonfire dance over the prostrate figure of an unhappy member of the family of nations. My sincere wish goes to the people of Poland that some day soon there will be a Europe and a world in which all nations will find freedom and a way of life that will bear none of the scars that have marred the world for centuries. I hope that the old Poland is dead and a new one is around the bend of a brilliant rainbow. For the old Poland may have been good to a small number of the elite, but for the large numbers of people, including the Ukrainians who found themselves within her borders by the sheer act of grab-grab methods, the old Poland was definitely bad.

It seems, however, that many of the characteristics which guided the thinking and actions of our Slav brothers in the days of long ago as well as in the more recent pre-war days are so deeply rooted in their national attitudes that neither war nor suffering has changed them. It was with some surprise and dismay that I read not long ago a news item about an incident in Cracow according to which the people of that city were crying out to the Communists: "Give us back Vilno and Lvov!"

What a strange slogan, to be sure!

The world in a turmoil, the little atom split, the socio-economic patterns in need of overhauling, democracy (and I mean democracy, brother, and not the totalitarian camouflage which is on the offensive,) on the defensive, the Christian world suffering from some sort of split personality complex, the bird of peace revealing rapacious claws, Europe in a state of disintegration, men, women and children starving—and the people of Cracow crying out:

"Give us back Vilna and Lvov!"

Is that the sum total of wisdom that the Polish people have acquired out of the horrible experiences of war? Is chauvinism in Europe so rampant that a nation cannot see very far beyond the debatable claims to two cities? Is this the sort of thinking on which to build that brave new world to come? Is that the type of justice for which the Americans fought?

There's hardly a chance that the Communists or anybody else are going to give Poland Vilno or Lviv. But what is significant is the fact that there are still people in war-torn Europe who think in terms of hankering after a city here and a city there, a boundary line to the left and a boundary line to the right, when the whole world is undergoing some pretty terrific fundamental changes.

There is danger in that kind of thinking as there is danger in the

Communist ideological invasion of territory or in the spread of Fascistic doctrines.

All of these claims to cities, towns, ports, boundaries and so many square miles of territory don't seem to make much sense. Either the new weapons that man has been discovering are what the scientists claim they are, and in that case what does a town, port or boundary line mean, or the bogeyman isn't as terrible as he is said to be, and in that case the scientists should quit making people jittery.

But even if we are guided by the pre-war ways of thinking, this is mine and that is thine, and I dare you to take it away from me, the Ukrainians have a claim to Lviv and the Lithuanians to Vilno. The present set-up is far from attractive, but neither was the one during which the Poles were in command. The twenty years of Polish administration of Western Ukraine, including Lviv, were among the dark pages in Ukraine's history. The promise of autonomy was never carried out. There was a systematic process of colonization and Polonization. The Ukrainians had no University of their own, while the number of Ukrainian students admitted to the Polish Universities was ridiculously small. The Ukrainian press was censored. Organizations were often disbanded. Prisons were filled with political prisoners. "Pacification" became a synonym for all that is cruel in man. The "union" of the two peoples was never marked by any particular harmony, not even by a honeymoon.

When the people of Cracow clamor for Lviv one wonders what, in the light of past experiences, they would do with the city and its Ukrainian population. Surely there is enough work for them in rebuilding their country within the more modest ethnologic boundaries of today without wishing upon themselves the additional headaches of pre-war days.

MARIE S. GAMBAL

Kolessa Appears On "Pop" Carnegie Program

Lubka Kolessa, Ukrainian pianist of international reputation, appeared as guest artist in New York's Carnegie Hall "Pops" concert Thursday evening, May 24. She was heard in Schumann piano concerto. The concert was conducted by Edward Fendler and was broadcast over radio station WNYC.

Other artists who appeared were Regina Resnik, soprano, Emanuel Vardi, viola. The orchestral works presented included Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik," the Gavotta from Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony,"

Russians Assaulted in Ukrainian Camp

Twenty-five Ukrainians charged with having assaulted two Russian officers and two Russian interpreters are on trial before a military government court, in Weisbaden, Germany on May 24, The New York Times reports.

The Ukrainians, according to the charges, petted the Russians with potatoes and stones beat them and knifed one when they visited a displaced persons camp at Kastel near Mainz a month ago. The Russians were said to have been on a "routine visit" to explain the possibilities of repatriation to the Soviet Union.

Consternation swept through the camp of Ukrainians, who claim to be from sections of the Ukraine that

formerly were part of Poland and Czechoslovakia when the Russians appeared, military government officers reported.

Women wept and prayed, believing they were to be sent to the Soviet Union. A 24-year-old Ukrainian hanged himself, leaving a suicide note stating that his family had been deported to Siberia and he preferred death to falling under Soviet control.

Six persons were arrested, four of whom were sentenced to four years in prison at a hitherto unreported trial. Twenty-two others were picked out for trial later, by Russian authorities during a parade of all males at the camp.

"Nansen Passports" To Aid Refugees

Representative Luce of Connecticut said today that the State Department had approved a resolution to aid war refugees unable to return to their homes because of political or other difficulties, the Associated Press reported on May 23.

A letter from Dean Acheson, Acting Secretary of State, advised Mrs. Luce and Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, who joined in introducing the

resolution, that the State Department had instructed its representative on the intergovernmental Committee on Refugees to favor issuance of papers similar to the "Nansen passport" used after the first World War.

These "Nansen passports" served as identification papers for displaced persons, legitimized their civil status and their right to become self-sustaining persons.

Dinner Welcomes Ukrainian Vets

Veterans attending a welcome home dinner and dance last Sunday, May 26, at the Ukrainian National Hall, 214 Fulton street, Elizabeth, N. J., were exhorted by Mayor James T. Kirk and Police Judge John L. McGuire to embrace their responsibilities as citizens and keep remembering those who had not come back, the Elizabeth Daily Journal reports.

Approximately 500 persons attended the affair, sponsored by the Ukrainian National Home Association and St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church.

Mayor Kirk urged the veterans to form a veterans' post of Ukrainian Americans. Judge McGuire placed particular emphasis on the sacrifice of the twenty-one who had died in service.

Rev. Leo Chapelsky, pastor of St. Vladimir's Church, offered the invocation and conducted memorial services for the war dead. Names of the twenty-one were read by George Kartychak Jr., after which Theodore Shubick sounded taps.

Welcome to the veterans was extended by Michael Galinowycz, president of the home association. Peter Hondowicz was master of ceremonies. A flag ceremony arranged by John Kowalczyk highlighted the memorial services.

St. Vladimir's choir, under the direction of Michael-Yadlowsky, sang. Mrs. Roman Slobodian was chairman of women who prepared the dinner.

Kodaly's "Intermezzo" and Berlioz' "Rakoczy March."

Gets Radio Station Music Post

Samuel Czuba, young Chicagoan of Ukrainian descent and recently discharged from his duties as U. S. Naval Lieutenant, has accepted the position as musical director of radio station VHVH (Voice of Hines-Vaughan Hospital) reports Miss Mildred Milanowicz. The station broadcasts from the country's largest veteran's hospital.

In addition to his radio work, Mr. Czuba also has accepted the directorship of the Ukrainian Chorus of Chicago, a non-affiliated group now rebuilding its war-depleted male section preparatory to regaining its pre-war fame.

Mr. Czuba gained considerable renown before the war with his Ukrainian Cossack chorus, which won many competitions under his baton.

"A DISTINGUISHED PIECE OF WORK"

says Dr. Raymond Leslie Buell, scholar, historian, author, about

A HISTORY of UKRAINE

By MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY

Edited by

O. J. FRÉDERIKSEN

Preface by

GEORGE VERNADSKY

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National Minorities in the U. S. S. R.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT A MASS MEETING IN MASSEY HALL,
TORONTO, ONT., MARCH 31, 1946

By PROF. WATSON KIRKCONNELL, M.A., PH.D.,
McMaster University

THE committee that invited me to speak here this afternoon suggested that I deal with some aspect of Soviet Russia. I gathered that it was their desire that I should not speak wholly about the Ukrainians, but should rather analyze some general aspect of Soviet rule that would perhaps throw significant light on the Ukrainian problem. With this in view, I have chosen to challenge one of the least questioned of all the Red myths, the myth of inter-racial goodwill in the U.S.S.R.

One of the most glittering baits on the Communist sucker-hook has been the legend of racial toleration in the Soviet Union. Propagandists never tire of pointing out the magnificent example provided to a racially embittered world by the bond of universal goodwill that holds all races and nationalities of the Soviet Union in a united fellowship of perfect sympathy. It not racial toleration, like free speech and a free press, guaranteed by the Soviet Constitution—and what more could one ask? The nationalities, moreover, are assured of full rights of self-determination, and may even secede from the U.S.S.R. if they so desire. At the millennial sight, hundreds of Canadian orators, including scores of well-meaning clergymen and professional idealists, chant the praises of Russia—which, they now say, may be ruthless in some respects, but must be fundamentally good because it is not guilty of inter-racial intolerance—like Canada.

Arsenic in Cake Icing

In my brief address this afternoon, I want to examine the evidence a little more carefully; for in this instance, as in all Communist propaganda claims, there is arsenic in the cake icing. When the Soviets claim to have solved the unemployment problem, it turns out that their solution is to put 18 million workers in slave labor camps and to give starvation wages to most of the rest. When the Soviets claim to have provided rest homes, free hospitalization, sick benefits and holidays with pay, it turns out that these are reserved for Communist Party members and a small minority of high pressure workers—although all workers contribute to the cost through a universal check-off known as a "socialized wake." When the Communist preaches economic equality, "from each according to his ability to each according to his need," it turns out that he means millionaire party leaders, highly paid shock-brigaders, and a famished rank and file, a system whose army counterpart sees Soviet lieutenants getting 100 times the pay of a private. When the Soviets claim to have defeated Hitler through the dynamic power of Communist conviction, they really mean that they were so nearly defeated by an enemy with less than one-half their military strength that in place of bankrupt Communist appeal they had to revive the slogans of Russian nationalism and the Christian religion in order to inspire their people to resist. When Stalin arrogantly claims to have won the war single-handed, it means that he deliberately suppresses, for his people, the fact of the free gift of six billion dollars worth of war supplies from Britain, Canada, and the United States, not to mention our six years of bitter fighting on the seven seas and a dozen military fronts. When the Soviets claim to have "liberated" a dozen friendly countries, it turns out that they mean murdering and enslaving the population and carrying off to Russia everything of value from underwear

and pocket watches to field crops and all the machinery of all the factories. And so, when the Communist, or his big-hearted dupe, rhapsodizes over the racial harmony and equality of the Soviet system, we shall do well to cross-examine the glib witness.

As far back as the beginnings of the U.S.S.R., a fraternal policy between all nationalities was written into the very basis of the new state. Thus in Section I of the Constitution of July 6, 1923, we read, "The attempts of the capitalist world over a number of decades to settle the question of nationality by the combination of the free development of peoples with the system of the exploitation of man by man have proved fruitless... The bourgeoisie has been incapable of organizing the collaboration of peoples. Only in the camp of the Soviets, only under the conditions of the dictatorship of the proletariat, mustering around itself the majority of the population, has it proved possible to destroy national oppression at the roots, to establish an atmosphere of mutual confidence, and to lay the foundations of the brotherly collaboration of peoples."

Soviet eloquence in 1946 continues to extol to the U.S.S.R. as the only country that has discovered the ideal "Leninist-Stalinist" forms of inter-racial and inter-nationality co-operation; and hence has not suffered from the "inner conflicts that corrupt the bourgeois world." "Friendship among the peoples of the Soviet Union," says Molotov, "became even more solid during the war years. Our multi-national state, with its variety of languages, customs, culture and history, grew even more unified than before, and the Soviet peoples drew even closer to one another." Or one might quote Izvestia: "From the summit of our glorious victories, the working people of our republic, and along with them all the Soviet people, perceive the great equity... of the Leninist-Stalinist policy towards our various nationalities."

Individual Freedom of 16 Teeth in Common Jaw

But what was this Leninist-Stalinist policy? It was one of exterminating in each national group all its old bourgeois and intellectual leaders—everyone who could conceivably qualify for a national "Who's Who"—and of replacing them with a new Communist elite that was wholly devoted to the dictator Stalin. It was a policy of encouraging local languages but of ruthlessly suppressing all real national culture. A unified Communist Party for the U.S.S.R., a single Red Army, and a monolithic political police force left the individual Soviet republics with as much real individual freedom as sixteen teeth set in a common jaw.

What has been the success of the system? The list of electoral districts published on the occasion of the recent so-called "elections" to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. gives us a startling answer. During the past five years, five "autonomous" Soviet republics have been wiped off the map by Moscow and that in spite of all their constitutional guarantees of freedom and independence. The five missing states are the Kalmuk Soviet Republic, the Crimean Soviet Republic, the Volga-German Soviet Republic, the Checheno-Ingush Republic, and the autonomous national region of Karachayev. The abolition of the Volga-German Republic was briefly mentioned in the Soviet press in August, 1941, but so absolute has been the censorship that the first notice that four other autonomous govern-

ments has been wiped out, in violation of their constitutions and that of the U.S.S.R., comes to the Soviet public through the 1946 electoral lists. In terms of territory and population, it is as if the three Maritime provinces of Canada were destroyed by the Federal Government and their whole population shipped into slave labor in the Yukon, all without a word of the performance being printed in the press of the rest of Canada.

The full story of what actually happened is given by Boris I. Nicolaevsky in the February 16, 1946, edition of the New Leader, New York; although there had been an earlier report by John Parker, a British M.P., in the Manchester Guardian for March 23, 1945.

The first of the five areas to be liquidated was the Volga-German Republic, whose 400,000 citizens, after a blood-purge of their leaders, were all deported to Northern Siberia in August, 1941. The other four autonomous republics were destroyed they had been occupied by the Germans and then re-occupied by the Russians. In each area, bitter anti-Communist feeling had flamed out, and in some of them large-scale uprisings had taken place behind the Soviet lines. Concerning the Crimean Republic, the report in the New Leader had this to say:

What Happened in Crimea

"An uprising occurred in Crimea in the Autumn of 1941. The rebels were for the most part Crimean Tartars, who assisted German parachutists; but other groups... also participated in the revolts. The Rumanian command, in whose hands was vested the civil administration of Crimea, formed a Tartar council, which soon assumed considerable importance. This council addressed to the Rumanian authorities a request for permission to exterminate all the Russians in the Crimea. They pointed out that the Tartars had always been oppressed by the Russians, and that this oppression would continue unless they got rid of the Russians. The Rumanian command refused this peculiar request, but did not interfere when the Tartars began to put their plan into practice by their own means. The mass slaughter lasted for several days and 70,000 to 120,000 persons are said to have fallen victims.

"Many Tartars as well as most Greeks and Karaites, left Crimea before the Russians re-entered it. But the bulk of the Tartar population in the villages remained, and was taken to task by the reinstated N.K.V.D. Executions were rare, since manpower was badly needed, but the entire Tartar population was arrested and the great majority were deported to the Naryn region in Siberia. As a result, out of 1,127,000 persons who had lived in the Crimea before the war, there remained only 200,000. In the beginning of 1945, the republic was literally a no-man's land. Gardens, vineyards and fields were abandoned and untilled, and the towns became depopulated. Crimea ceased to be a republic and became a district of the Russian Soviet Republic.

"What happened in the Crimea, recurred in some North Caucasian republics, though the support lent by the population to the anti-Soviet riots varied from one republic to another. The largest among these riots seems to have taken place in Ordjonikidze. It was suppressed by N.K.V.D. troops under the personal direction of Kaganovich, the representative of the Politburo at the North Caucasian front. Similar movements occurred also in Palchik, Pliati-

gorok, and in the oil region of Grosny...

"When the Red Army reoccupied these regions, N.K.V.D. troops came in its wake to mete out punishment. They raided towns and villages and carried out wholesale arrests of the population. Young men and women were sent to labor camps, and the rest of the populace was deported to Siberia. It is reported that in the whole of Russia, several million persons were thus driven away from their homes and transplanted from Europe to the Arctic North."

It is obvious from these startling events that Communist Russia, preaching inter-nationality goodwill but ruling by murder and terror, has utterly failed to solve the nationality problem. National minorities that were incorporated into Russia 100 to 200 years ago, and had never before shown any separatist tendencies, have been goaded by Communist brutality into a desperate paroxysm of alienation. Russia is actually the only country in World War II that has had serious trouble with its racial minorities. Indeed, at a victory celebration in the Kremlin on May 24, 1945, Stalin said quite frankly, that during the critical first year of the Nazi-Soviet conflict, the situation had been saved, not by all the peoples of the U.S.S.R., but only by the Russians. (Of. Information Bulletin, U.S.S.R. Embassy, Washington, June 5, 1945). That statement turns the later Polyanna version into gibberish.

The Cruel Case of the Jews

Another striking example of Soviet cruelty over-reaching itself lies in the case of the Jews. Now I know that there are some Jews who rhapsodize over the alleged racial equality in Russia; but there are other Jews who know better. Thus Hans Kohn, in his book, Nationalism in the Soviet Union (1933), has this to say:

"The policy aims at creating a Communist Jewish people within the Soviet Union, just as it aims at creating a Communist German people, but with no cultural association with that which, in the course of centuries of development, has become German or Jewish culture... The cultural nationality policy of the Communist Party signifies... death to the national culture."

It is significant that the last thing that even Communist Jews anywhere desire is to migrate to Soviet Russia. On the contrary, large numbers of them appear to be anxious to leave the country. Why this should be so is made clear by a book by Gregory Aronson, The Jewish Problem in Soviet Russia (1944), summarized by Claire Boothe Luce before the House of Representatives, July 6, 1945:

"The changes brought about by the Bolshevik Revolution in the social and economic structure of Russian Jewry were profound and devastating... Approximately 50 per cent of the Jews who, before the Revolution, had engaged in trade or in the professions, were physically exterminated. Partially, this extermination was direct and violent; partially, it was by the means made familiar to the whole world in German slave camps—the control of wages and of food and the forcing of labor to a point which prevented those marked for liquidation from obtaining enough food for their bodies... Likewise the cost of survival included the abandonment by Jews of their moral principles, their religious beliefs and practice. It was forbidden to teach the tenets of Judaism to Jewish youth... One of the most informative chapters of Mr. Aronson's book deals with the 'Autonomous Jewish Republic of Birobidzhan,' the colony at the far end of Siberia on the banks of the Amur River. Soviet official figures are quoted to show that of the 37,200 Jews who had settled there before 1938, less than 18,000 remain today. Only about 300 Jewish families continue a precarious existence in a small river town

Thorn in The Foot

A STRANGE STORY OF AN OLD HUTSUL WHOM DEATH
REFUSED TO CLAIM

By IVAN FRANKO

Translated by Stephen Shumeyko

(Continued)

THE knowledge that right here before my eyes, practically within arm's reach, a young boy had drowned, shocked me so hard that I could hardly bear up. Never in my whole life had I been so deeply moved, I trembled like a leaf, as if I had murdered my closest and dearest friend. Fearfully I scanned the shore, perhaps someone there had seen the boy drowning? But no, there wasn't even a soul on the shore; the road that ran along the river was barren of human life; the village had long vanished behind a bend of the river, and only from some unseen belfry bells suddenly tolled out as if they already knew that someone had just died.

The thought struck me that perhaps Peter had witnessed the tragedy. Apprehensively I glanced over in his direction. He was standing by the front steering oar, legs outstretched, and from time to time peering at the rough waters. Had he seen? Ah, but no, he couldn't have, for he remained silent; it was very likely that because of his deafness he hadn't heard me talking to the boy.

Gradually, as we left the scene of the tragedy far behind, passed the village of Ustyeriki and entered into broader and safer waters, I became more composed. I actually forced myself to stop thinking of the boy; assuring myself that I wasn't in the least to blame for his drowning; after all, how was I to know that for some reason or other he would suddenly lowed himself of the raft and sink like a piece of lead; and then, I was busy at the tiller, so how could I have saved him in time, anyway? Such reflections gradually calmed me—at least, so it seemed to me then.

We arrived at Vishnitsya earlier than usual, received our money for the logs, had our supper, rested for awhile, purchased some necessities for home, and it was not even midnight before we started for home, hoping to reach it before noon the next day, in time for the reaping. There was quite a number of us and striding along the moon-lit road we conversed, joked, and told humorous stories. I was in a gay mood, and my laughter rang out about the others in the still air. Of course, I didn't even breathe a word about the drowned boy.

In such manner we reached Yaseniw. But when we began approaching the tragic spot, where our road ran alongside the Cheremosh, where large rocks lay like bathing sheep athwart

which was to have been the capital of a Jewish state.

"They went there as Jews, but once established they were denied the right to be Jews, to teach or practice their religion, or to hand down the Jewish culture and tradition to their children.

"In 1939 there were ten state-supported Jewish theatres in all Russia, but there remained no Jewish newspapers. Some books and pamphlets in Yiddish were still published, but 90 per cent of these were entirely Communist propaganda, without relation to Jewish literature or culture.

"The only Jewish writers in Russia today, are the scribblers and poetasters, who polish literary apples for the Soviet schoolmaster, and do the hack writing required by a dictatorship. Jewish literature, like all other, cannot exercise its function creatively and fruitfully in an atmosphere of oppression and slave-labor camps."

(To be concluded)

its course, and where yesterday the boy had drowned—the same panicky feeling gripped me. A sudden cold sweat broke out on me. I began to tremble and my teeth chatter; I dared not to look anyone in the eye, for fear that mine would betray me. And when my companions directed their steps to the tavern, I hastily excused myself, instead I sent Peter to buy me a bottle of whiskey—for the reapers—telling him that I was going ahead and that I would wait for him further down the road. For I was in such a wild state of mind that I was firmly convinced that no sooner would I appear in the tavern then I would be immediately seized and hanged. Upon finding myself alone, however, my panicky feelings took such strong hold of me that like one possessed I jammed my hat down over my eyes, lowered my head like a thief, and ran until I had left the village far behind. Breathless, I sat down by the side of the road and there awaited Peter.

I had to wait quite some time. All the while I was tormented by a most irresistible craving to drink whiskey, lots of it, so that it would flood and drown my shameful panic. The longer I sat the greater grew this thirst for the liquor. Finally, just when it seemed that I could not stand it any longer, around the bend of the road appeared old Peter, limping along and muttering beneath his breath something about those "milksoops who give their word and then immediately break it," and who "race away into the countryside like one mad." With these words he handed me the bottle of whiskey. But when I uncorked it and placed its narrow neck to my lips, a sudden revulsion took hold of me, so that I nearly threw the bottle away from me in disgust. I handed it back to Peter.

"Here, drink," I said, in a choked voice. "I can't drink it just now." Peter needed no further urging. Muttering something about fools refusing God's gift, he tilted the bottle, gulped down a good-sized swig, put the cork back again, drove it in with the palm, and then placed the bottle in his leather knapsack. And from that time on, I never was able to look on liquor without a feeling of revulsion; and although I never swore off it, yet not even a drop of it has passed my lips ever since!

Somewhat calmed I reached home and resolved that from thence on I would never again go log-running on the Cheremosh. Yet when next day I heard near the tavern that another flood was due on the morrow, Wednesday, my resolution, for some reason or other, weakened. And Wednesday morning, even before daybreak, some irresistible power mercifully drove me down to the river at Zhabya where Peter and I fastened together a raft of logs and again descended the river to Vishnitsya. And again at Zhabya the same deadly panic overcome me. Like one mad I wildly scanned the swashy waters, hoping against hope for at least some sign of the drowned boy; although my common sense told me that my search was not only fruitless but foolish as well, for the swift current of the river by this time had either cast up the body on shore or carried it down-stream to God knows where. But my disordered mind refused to accept such reasoning, and I continued to peer intently at the water, deluding myself with the hope that maybe I might see the body after all, maybe from these rough waters there would emerge that snow white arm!

And thus, as you see, my good neighbors, such was my sin and such

were my sufferings. Something always seemed to draw me to the Cheremosh, and everytime, passing that cursed spot, I had to again suffer all that fear and panic that first visited me when the boy was drowned there before my very eyes. These feelings rarely ever left me throughout my whole life. I tried in every conceivable manner to rid myself of them. When several weeks had passed after that terrible happening I began to make cautious inquiries at Yaseniw whether any boy had disappeared from the locality? But no one knew of any such case, and no one had heard of any boy of my description. I then inquired directly, whether such and such a boy had drowned in the Cheremosh? And here again no one knew. Had any drowned person been found recently? And again the same shrug of ignorance.

All these replies instead of reassuring me confused me all the more. I inquired of everyone I knew, steersmen, lumbermen, fishermen, Hutsuls from Kranoili and Ustyerik, —no, no one had seen or heard of a boy missing or being drowned. Gradually my fears turned to deep sorrow for this poor boy, whom nobody knew and for whom nobody cared. And everytime I passed the fateful spot all these confused feelings became more intensified, until I finally decided to do penance: to go afoot to Suchaw and there confess my sin before a priest, and thus secure peace.

Unfortunately, however, even here I had no luck. The priest before whom I confessed was apparently in a great hurry to get to someone, perhaps to someone dying, and being in great haste did not have the time nor will to question me closely about the occurrence. When I briefly told him of what had happened, he said, somewhat impatiently:

"Oh, you foolish Hutsul! You have no sin here at all. Tell me your real sins and not imagined ones!"

But this assurance that I had no sin in this case did not comfort me in the least. I reflected that perhaps God had so willed that I should encounter such a priest; perhaps God was angry with me and had refused even to direct poor me to a good confessor!

Such thoughts refused to leave me and slowly I reached the point where I couldn't sleep during the night or have any peace during the day, but moved ever restlessly about. Several months passed, and I determined to go to Suchaw and confess my sin once more. This time I had better luck, for I encountered an old kindly monk, who very patiently listened to my story, and, when I finished, said:

"My boy, in this case you are to blame a little, although not as much as you think. Pray to Lord therefore, and He will forgive your sin and give you peace."

I prayed to God, oh, so fervently! And indeed, this time it seemed to help. Still I could not rid myself entirely of the memory of the drowning, and every time I sailed by Yaseniw the whole terrible scene would reappear in my imagination and involuntarily I would again peer at the water, as if looking for some sign of the drowned boy. Slowly, however, the panic that I had experienced before, together with the sorrow for the boy, left me, and only once in a long while would something grip my heart like a blacksmith with his tongs. I married, had children, worked hard, and gradually the memory of the boy's drowning at Yaseniw left me.

It so happened one day, however, that I had a quarrel with my wife. My blood boiled within me and I beat her up quite properly. She was a sturdy woman and with a sharp tongue, and began jostling and calling down maledictions upon me. In a fit of sudden rage I struck her so hard with my hatchet-cane that she fell to the ground, unconscious. Something stabbed my heart, I threw away the cane, dashed water upon

her, and then stopped the flow of blood that was oozing from her wound. Well, the wound wasn't serious, and she quickly came to herself; in fact, the beating did her good. After all, you know yourselves that a Hutsul married woman actually expects to get a beating now and then, and some of them actually boast before their neighbors that: if my husband didn't beat me up then he wouldn't really love me!—My deceased wife Mary never complained to me of the beating—and this was the only time I ever struck her during the entire twenty years of our marriage. However, that very same night, when we had this unfortunate tussle, I had a strange dream, in which this drowned boy appeared before me. I dreamt that I was sailing down the Cheremosh river, laboring mightily at the steering oar, with the rough waters swirling about the raft, when suddenly I saw before me the figure of this boy, with his feet trailing in the water, and both his hands gripping hold of the log he was sitting in; slowly he turned around and revealed to me his mutely sorrowing face, smiled at me sadly, and then quietly lowered himself into the water and disappeared. It was a terrible dream, reawakening in me all the old dread and panic, and when I awoke I found myself bathed in cold sweat, with my teeth chattering. I began praying to God, but that prayer did not rise from my heart and didn't give me any solace or peace. I tried to fall asleep again and at the same time dreaded a repetition of the dream. All that night long I tossed about restlessly in bed, and for several days after that I felt so sad, so beaten, as if I had been just taken down from the very cross itself.

From that time the boy reappeared to me in my dreams only once in a long while. There were times when he would be sitting at the edge of the raft, crouched and peering into the rough waters, while at another time he would be pointing with his snow white arm into the distance, or he would be smiling strangely at me. And everytime after such a dream I would go about for days as if I had been bruised and beaten, disgusted with life and everything around me. Only the Cheremosh attracted me to itself, and on the raft my strength and the will to live gradually flowed back into me. From all this I became convinced that I had not rid myself of the sin arising from the boy's drowning, and that his lost soul had not quieted down and was therefore tormenting me in my dreams. So when my wife died and right that very night the drowned boy again appeared in my dreams and smiled to me even more sadly than before, I determined to go to confession in Suchaw once more.

And thus once more, upon my wife's death, I appeared before the old monk-confessor at Suchaw in the ardent hope that he might help me forget the terrible memory of that boy's drowning, already twenty years past, and bring peace to my tormented soul.

Patiently he listened to my recital. When I finished he remained silent, deeply absorbed in thought, and then said:

"My son, I grant you absolution, though God is my witness that I don't know what for. I shall impose no penance upon you, for you have inflicted upon yourself a penance far greater than I could inflict upon you. So, go in peace!"

But it was not as simple as that! I went, but could find no peace. The boy continued appear before me in my dreams, although not so often as before. And never did he attempt to say anything to me, nor did I ever see a friendly expression on his face. I became convinced, therefore, that my sin was still unforgiven, that the drowned boy's soul was still roaming restlessly about, refusing to give me peace.

(Continued on page 4)

Праця для жінок і чоловіків

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Youth and the U.N.A.

"More Than Just Protection"

The Ukrainian National Association, Inc., is a member society of the National Fraternal Congress of America. Not long ago, the N.F.C.A. sponsored a booklet entitled "Fraternal Insurance Protection in America," which is both interesting and informative. Every U.N.A. member who wants to know more about fraternal insurance protection, the lodge system, the growth of fraternal insurance and its stability and safety, what features and provisions are contained in fraternal insurance certificates, and the like, should have a copy of this valuable booklet. A limited number are available at the U.N.A. offices, 83-Grand St., Jersey City 3, N. J., or one may send to the N.F.C.A. for a copy, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

What is the National Fraternal Congress of America? "At Washington, D. C., on November 17, 1886, 16 fraternal insurance societies with combined membership of 535,000 and protection amounting to about \$1,200,000,000 organized the National Fraternal Congress. This forward step was taken in recognition of the need for state regulation of fraternal insurance societies and a desire on the part of early fraternal insurance leaders for uniform legislation.

"Since its organization in 1886, the N.F.C.A. has developed into one of the most useful and important trade associations in America. Today it embodies 103 legal reserve fraternal benefit societies with a total membership of more than 6,000,000 men, woman and children... with total assets of over \$1,300,000,000. This constitutes 80% of the fraternal benefit system in the United States and Canada. Ranging in membership from 3,543 for the smallest member society to 410,547 for the largest, member societies have operated continuously for an average of 51 years." (The U.N.A. has 46,000 members and is in its 53rd year).

"Here in the N.F.C.A., 21 nationality groups—blood relatives of every faction in Europe—work together harmoniously in fraternal union for the best interest of the fraternal benefit system.

"Since its organization in 1886, the N.F.C.A. has done great and necessary work along many lines. A principal objective has been to keep the fraternal highway free of major obstacles.

"Among its far reaching achievements have been successful opposition to harmful legislative proposals, furtherance of constructive legislation and the adoption of uniform laws governing fraternal insurance societies by the several States. It has been a key factor in the transformation of fraternal insurance societies to the present day adequate rates and the legal reserve basis of operation."

The booklet stresses that fraternal insurance is more than just protection. "From the very nature of its organization it is obvious that fraternal insurance means much more than cash benefits or a method of financial security for members and their beneficiaries, important as these material benefits are.

"In approximately 100,000 lodges

located in practically every city, town and village, millions of Americans and Canadians in all walks of life meet through ties of fellowship, fraternity and thrift.

"The lodge and its procedure are designed to bring members together more closely in the bonds of brotherly love; to impress upon them the value, dignity and purpose of human life; to enable them to practice effectively the virtues of charity and benevolence; and otherwise to aid and encourage them in preserving and developing the best traditions of citizenship under the finest form of government on earth.

"The principles taught and practiced in the lodges have resulted in great public good down through the years, and the land is dotted with magnificent hospitals, homes and institutions that are visible monuments to the charity, benevolence and enterprise of worthy men and women banded together in a common cause.

"A recent survey disclosed about 450 different types of lodge activities that may be grouped in at least nine classifications, as follows: civic and patriotic, educational, general entertainment, musical, ritualistic, sports and athletics, welfare and miscellaneous.

"Modern fraternal insurance is truly part charity, part business, but all common sense, and millions of men and women have found a way to make life finer and more secure through it."

Regarding fraternal insurance, Louis H. Pink, Superintendent of Insurance, State of New York, 1927 to 1943, had this to say: "The fraternal insurance societies are above all, implements of democracy and an effective force for promoting democratic ideals and the rights and happiness of the 'forgottenmen.' You can hardly belong to a fraternal organization and not be ardently for all of the human rights guaranteed by the Constitution of this country and by the Bill of Rights and customs in other free nations."

We urge our readers, once more, to participate in the fraternal movement by joining the Ukrainian National Association, a fraternal benefit society.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

WEEKLY BANTER

In ancient days a certain Oriental ruled his kingdom, he was, in turn, ruled his wife. Anxious to find out if this alarming condition was general among his married subjects, he called together all the men of his court of both high and low estate, of all trades and professions—a true cross section of his kingdom. Then he caused to be set up at opposite ends of a great field two flags at one end a red flag, at the other a white flag.

"All of you who are henpecked," he commanded, "will gather under the red flag, while all of you who are not henpecked, whose word is complete law in your own homes, will stand under the white banner. I charge that you exercise complete honesty in your choice."

When the sheep had been separated from the goats, a great host was discovered under the red flag, while under the white flag stood one solitary man.

"Ah," exclaimed the king, "one man who is absolute master of his household. I will inquire his secret." "Tell me, brave man, do you rule your home absolutely?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I am undisputed master."

"Well," observed the king, "do you not feel very lonely here all by yourself? Would you not feel better with the others at the other end of the field?"

"Yes, your Majesty, I would," said the home tyrant, "but, alas, I cannot join them. This morning I was taking leave of my wife, when she

PHILLY U.N.A. FIVE SEASON RECORD

VARSITY

1945-46

Date	Team	Score	Team	Score
11-1-1945	UNA	29	Naval Induction cr.	28
11-19	UNA	47	N. A. M. U.	29
11-26	UNA	33	Ascension A. C.	22
11-29	UNA	45	Cherry Hill A. C.	23
12-3	UNA	36	Deaf A. A.	19
12-6	UNA	89	Nicetown Boys Club	30
12-10	UNA	62	N. A. M. U.	42
12-13	UNA	47	Barrett A. A.	33
12-17	UNA	55	Brewerytown Celtics	39
12-18	UNA	43	V-12 from U. of P.	47
12-27	UNA	27	Bridesburg Eagles	36
1-3-1946	UNA	43	U. S. S. Princeton	70
1-14	UNA	74	St. Cecelia Squires	53
1-17	UNA	52	Barrett A. A.	51
1-21	UNA	44	Mustin Field	48
1-24	UNA	55	Mickey Maguire Vets	32
1-28	UNA	48	Penn Fruit A. A.	9
1-28	UNA	48	Penn Fruit A. A.	38
1-31	UNA	50	Camden Bears	70
2-4	UNA	49	Mustin Field	41
2-7	UNA	66	De Palma A. C.	63
2-10	UNA	35	New York U.N.A.	61
2-14	UNA	74	D'Andreis C. C.	32
2-17	UNA	60	New York U.N.A.	57
2-18	UNA	39	Sheridan A. C.	27
3-3	UNA	52	Chester Ukrainians	78
3-4	UNA	43	Mickey Maguire Vets	53
3-7	UNA	36	St. Mary's C. C.	57
3-7	UNA	75	Central A. C. (Pottstown)	59
3-10	UNA	50	23rd & Brown Vets	53
3-11	UNA	48	Penn Fruit A. A.	38
3-14	UNA	37	Indiana A. C.	35
3-17	UNA	50	Chester Ukrainians	76
3-18	UNA	44	Abigail A. C.	35
TOTALS		1685	TOTALS	1484

Won—23 games

Lost—11 games

JR. VARSITY

1945-46

Date	Team	Score	Team	Score
11-22-1945	UNA	36	Cherry Hill A. C.	26
11-26	UNA	30	Ascension A. C.	36
12-13	UNA	57	Dreer A. C.	53
12-17	UNA	44	North Philly Club	37
12-17	UNA	34	Brewerytown Celtics	87
12-20	UNA	58	Shaokamaxon B. C.	51
1-10-1946	UNA	48	Camden Blue-Jays	25
1-14	UNA	46	North Philly A. C.	25
1-21	UNA	32	Deaf A. A.	30
1-31	UNA	47	Camden Bears	31
2-4	UNA	39	Dreer A. C.	44
2-10	UNA	19	St. George's New York	31
2-14	UNA	33	D'Andreis C. C.	11
2-17	UNA	19	St. George's New York	32
2-18	UNA	33	Community League B. C.	39
2-21	UNA	26	Indiana A. C.	23
2-25	UNA	34	Nicetown Cardinals	19
3-3	UNA	25	Chester Ukrainians	64
3-11	UNA	28	Penn Fruit A. A.	16
3-17	UNA	13	Chester Ukrainians	36
TOTALS		701	TOTALS	666

Won—12 games

Lost—8 games

Grand Totals: Won—35 games

Grand Totals: Lost—19 games

said, 'Now remember, stay away from crowds!'

Nailed Down

The natives of backwoods Missouri do more than provide food and shelter for summer visitors; they provide entertainment as well. In this endeavor, it must be admitted, they are assisted no end by the gullibility of the city folk, who don't seem to know a whopper when they hear one.

In summer the two Hooten boys were frequently observed by the visitors stalking through the woods, one carrying an old muzzle-loading shotgun, the other a claw-hammer.

"What's the purpose of the hammer?" a city slicker will inquire.

Immediately the hammer-bearer will burst into tears. The visitor persists in his questioning.

"Wal," finally explains the boy with the hammer, "we'uns is so poor, stranger, we ain't got no mory to buy shot, and so we hez to load this here gun with old rusty nails. Every squirrel we hits nowadays is nailed fast to the tree."

The hammer-bearer sobs bitterly. "Then, stranger," he continues "that big so-an'-so—" pointing to

his brother, "makes me climb up the tree and pry the critter loose with this here hammer!"

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

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Memorandum Submitted to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt by Ukrainian Emigrant Women Association

Madam,

In the name of the Association of Ukrainian Women in Emigration we have the pleasure to send you our sincere thanks and express our admiration for your courageous defence of rights of political war refugees.

With a feeling of great satisfaction we have learned of you being appointed as the representative of U. S. A. to the U.N.O. We have been following with greatest attention your activities in London as far as our limited means and lack of own press have permitted us.

But even these incomplete informations which have reached us in our DP Camps have proved expressly that you, preserving the great moral heritage of the late President Franklin Roosevelt, are further enriching it by your splendid feminine intuition and real sense of justice.

Protecting the rights of emigrants, you have taken simultaneously under your protection also us, Ukrainians.

Our emigration amounts to about 300,000 refugees who are political emigrants. Among them there are people of various social position and rank, great number of women with children who carry the burden of preserving the family, also many single young girls and orphans.

The Ukrainian women had to leave with a broken heart their homes in order to escape political and religious persecution. We are sure you understand, Madam, that if a woman decides to leave her native place and escapes with her little ones into the wide world without definitely knowing where to, losing often on her way hard earned belongings, sometimes a husband or children, she is doing that only because she knows definitely that there is no other way out. And if today, a forced repatriation compels hundreds of refugees to commit suicide, it is quite evident that

there must be very earnest reasons for such an action.

Does it not strike one how unnaturally sound these words "forced repatriation"? Where and when was it ever that such great masses of people did not want to return home to the native country? But it is a fact that we have no native country at present. Our home is turned into one vast concentration camp of 180 millions submerged people who are deprived of rights for free selection of work, for free faith, thought and even for free feeling—which it is almost impossible to comprehend for one who never stayed in this country. And the worst of it for us, mothers and wives, was the obligation to be hourly and daily a hypocrite. We were compelled to lie to our children and listen to our husbands, lying to them because of the broadly developed system of spying which denounced everything, even family talks, as counter-revolutionary acts punishable as high treason crimes. So we were forced to look on and see how the very souls of our children were being deprived. We were obliged to lie to them knowing at the same time that by doing so we were losing their souls as well their confidence and respect for ourselves.

Besides, we knew that if our husband or brother would get into the conflict with the terroristic regime, all the relatives and even friends would suffer exile or imprisonment—sorry to say—there still exists a country where not only the personal responsibility, but the common responsibility of whole family prevails, this being the real cause for such great contemporary political emigration.

Therefore in the name of Ukrainian women we appeal to you, honorable Mrs. Roosevelt, known all over the world as a defender of all needy and wronged, to use your great influence in order to:

1. Stop forced repatriation.
2. Grant us the right of asylum.

At present we live in Germany where millions of German emigrants from Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary arrive or will arrive. Therefore it is not surprising that the Germans are not very pleased to see foreigners here and would like to get rid of them.

Accordingly we appeal through you to the women of the free democratic country where we could be able to begin to work again. We do not want to be a burden to any one. We are industrious folk, capable and sound. All we need is to get a spot under the sun where we can start a new life.

The Americans have had the opportunity to see our countrymen work and behave in U. S. A. or Canada. You may inquire about the Ukrainians at UNRRA-offices or at any Military Government in Germany; they all will tell you that they are mostly satisfied with our people, that the Ukrainian camps enjoy the best reputation, that the Ukrainians pay the greatest attention to educational and cultural problems, and that as soon as they come together they spontaneously begin to organize in their camps different schools, kindergartens, theatres etc. In our camps one scarcely ever hears of any crimes; on the contrary, the Ukrainian people are fond of work, they establish their own workshops and co-operative organizations for self help and social welfare.

Our Association represents the Ukrainian women from all three zones of occupation in Germany and we should be very glad to have the opportunity to speak to the women representatives of free countries.

With the expression of our sin-

To Pilates Who Wash Their Hands

AN APPEAL BY UKRAINIAN REFUGEES

We Ukrainians come from different corners of the vast Ukrainian land which stretches from the Kuban river to the Carpathian mountains. From the Black sea to the Pinsk marshes.

We, in great numbers and in desperation, left our Motherland, our families and relatives, and fled to foreign lands where hardships and poverty awaited us, to stray endlessly there in suffering and tribulation.

We could not endure any longer that torture, that political lawlessness, those spiritual torments, that cruel, mad and cynical physical annihilation of Ukrainians, which were introduced by a dictatorial regime of the occupant of the Ukrainian lands, beginning in 1920, and which already has claimed millions of Ukrainians as victims.

Some of us were forced to become slave labor in Germany. Yet being given the opportunity to return to our homeland, where the old regime of oppression still exists, (which for a quarter of a century has been suppressing and exterminating every free thought, and having destroyed the most fundamental human rights, launched a ruthless policy of assimilation) we decided it would be better to remain abroad rather than to become the subjects of the "protection" of the usurpers' dictatorship.

Thus we have become emigrants, people without a home. There is no one to protect us. We are at the mercy of the raging waves of life. We exist here in camps with our wives and children, with the aged and helpless. There are hundreds of thousands of us here in Western Germany. Like hunted animals we have lived for more than a year in mortal dread, in uncertainty of what the next day will bring. We are being hunted, like the Negroes once were, by slave owners. We are being searched for, captured and shanghaied. This is done with masterful cunning, deception and in some instances with the application of brutal force, "legally" or illegally, depending on the circumstances.

In such a manner many of our members have been seized and sent to the East to certain death. But this is not all; the hunters, perfecting and changing their methods, continue to hunt us down and our numbers grow smaller and smaller. . . . Where it was impossible to capture the people, nominal rolls and card files were stolen to be used in seeking out and exterminating our relatives who remained behind.

We have nowhere to hide, nowhere to go. We are like the sheep which have broken from their pens, frightened by a wolf which broke in. Public opinion in Britain, the U. S. A. and throughout the world is silently watching. It appears to be indifferent as to whether the agents of a despotic regime in the East will annihilate another useless thousand or hundred thousand Ukrainians or not. It is concerned with its own affairs, with its own troubles. We do not hold this against them. . . .

But We Are Not Sheep!

But we are not sheep! We are human beings! We cannot tread without word or opposition to the slaughterhouse. We are without protection. We are burdened with our wives and children.

Let the Pilates send us to death as in Flensburg, Kempen, Munster, Mannheim, Dachau, as in numerous

cerest gratitude and profoundest respect.

We remain, Madam,

Very sincerely yours,

For the Association of the Ukrainian Women in Emigration:

Uliana Zelvich, Secretary
Irene Pavlykowska, Head
February, 1946.

other localities and as again on the 25th of March in Hersfeld!

We will die! But tell us—before the whole world—for what?

Tell us by what human laws, by whom and when drafted, a human being is not allowed to flee from its tormentor, from the despot? Tell us by what law is a victim, who has fled, is to be handed back by force to be killed in the end? Where are the most fundamental human rights?

What is there that sustains the belief in eternal truth and justice which has been laid down as a basis of human relationships? Do we have to be the animals which are hunted and caught and sacrificed to the beast in order to satisfy his hunger and pacify his anger?

In handing us over against our will to be put to death and without determining our guilt, tell us, so that we may hear and the rest of the world also, in what way are we, who are peaceful people and devoted patriots of our homeland, worse than the criminals who have destroyed millions of human lives and who are now being tried in Nuremberg?

These contemptible criminals are being tried by an international court. This court is public, and these criminals are granted the right to have counsels for defence. But we are being sentenced, without a trial, to death in the well-known torture chambers of the N.K.V.D.—to a slow death which follows such torture and agonies as will never even be dreamt of by Ribbentrop and company.

Is this human justice?

If the Pilates who are sending us to our death consider us criminals we ask that we at least be given same favour as Ribbentrop and company have. We want nothing more! Give us a trial. Not a trial of a wolf over a lamb, but a real and fair trial by an international (or British and/or American) court of justice here on the spot so that everyone may hear why we have fled and why we are here, and why we do not wish to go back to our homes. Perhaps then it will be clearer as to who should be under trial: the slave who fled from his master or whether the slave owner and tormentor from the fled.

If the Pilates cannot be bothered with us or if it is inconvenient for them to risk the displeasures of the Eastern bear which is after our flesh, we ask for at least this humane concession: do not keep us, our women and our children, in the state of eternal terror; do not go to the trouble of sending us to the East, but swiftly, avoiding suffering and pain, poison us immediately. Such a favor was done to those dying of hunger on the roadways and streets in Ukraine in 1932-1933.

These people, unable to move any more, were collected very early in the morning by trucks, and "humane" messengers of the executioner injected morphine into their veins. We assure you that if you were to do the same with us you would show more humanitarianism than by washing your hands of us as Pontius Pilate and handing us over to our merciless and unscrupulous political opponents.

The Ukrainian nation for times eternal will remember, that to the graves of seven million of its sons and daughters, cynically destroyed by a famine artificially created by the dictator in 1932-1933; to the millions of graves of Ukrainians who died in the period between 1939-1946 in various manners and in all corners of our unfortunate country as a result of the enemy's reign of terror (it is impossible to estimate the number of victims but it runs into millions); to these hundreds of thousands who have died already and are dying in our homeland in open, noble and heroic guerrilla war against the

THORN IN THE FOOT

(Continued from page 3)

Just two weeks ago, while descending the Cheremosh on a raft, I had a very strange experience near Yasiniv. Right at the spot where forty years ago the boy slid off my raft into the water, I suddenly saw a boy's snow-white hand emerge out of the dirty-yellowish flood waters and then quickly disappear. With popping eyes, my body covered with cold sweat, I stared at the spot. . . and look! the arm again appeared, like lightning out of a cloud, and with convulsive movements like that of a drowning persons sought to grip hold hold of something. Once, twice and the third time it thus flashed out, and sank each time. Finally it appeared once more and this time seized hold of the rudder. I distinctly felt the rudder jerk within my grip, and then the hand slowly slid off its slippery surface and disappeared from sight in the water. I stood like one made of stone. This jerk of the hand on the rudder had seemed to jolt my very soul, and yet I felt no emotion, no fright or sorrow. Dazed, I mechanically steered the raft. And not until we reached Vizhnitsya and I stepped ashore did I regain my senses. Somehow I felt certain then that this was my last trip on the Cheremosh, that the boy was calling me to him.

And now he appears before me in my dreams every night, smiling sadly and not saying a word, but just pointing down the river with his snow-white arm. And I guess that is why I cannot die, for his soul is still restless and still refuses to let my soul have peace. . . .

(To be concluded)

British Press Reports on Ukrainian Underground

FIGHTING WITH UKRAINIANS CONTINUES

The Whitehall News May 3, 1946

A few weeks ago, we published an article in which it was stated that the fighting which is still continuing in what is now South-Eastern Poland, is a kind of popular rising of Ukrainians driven to despair by the Warsaw policy of forcibly "repatriating" them to the Soviet Union. This conclusion was reached on the evidence of agreements made between Warsaw and Moscow, and of some indiscretions—characteristic of any highly-controlled news service—committed by a Warsaw broadcaster. We did not, however, have to wait long for confirmation of our theory in an eyewitness' account.

Homer Bigart, an American Correspondent, reported the following to the New York Herald Tribune on 18th April from Sanok in South-Eastern Poland: "A revolt by Ukrainian Nationalists against the Polish Government programme of repatriation is gaining strength in the Galician counties bordering the Soviet frontier. Several villages have been burned, and the countryside terrorized by Ukrainian bands in swift night raids from the forested slopes of the Carpathians."

After describing a few futile attempts to quell the rising, Bigart quotes the Deputy Governor of Rzeszow (situated in the same region) as saying: "These bands claim that this territory belongs unjustly to Poland. By terrorizing the population, they seek to prevent further repatriation. They want an independent Ukraine—independent from both Russia and Poland".

Bigart ends by summarising some other statements of the Deputy Governor, who "doubted that the insurgents had any outside backing, and said there was meagre evidence of any liaison between the Ukrainian and the NSZ, (underground Home Army), whose continued resistance to the Government is all too obvious in the crackle of rifle fire one hears nightly in the streets of Warsaw.

Thus the attempt of the Warsaw Government to kill two birds with one stone—to "repatriate" its own citizens to the labour-starved Soviet Union under the cover of fighting "fascists and reactionary groups"—failed.

A report published in a weekly publication of the Warsaw Embassy in London would suggest that something very similar is going on in North-Eastern Poland, from where Polish citizens of White Russian nationality are being returned by the same means to the White Russian Soviet Socialist Republic.

The Warsaw Repatriation Mission in Franfurt makes no secret of its treatment of Ukrainians from beyond the Curzon Line as Soviet citizens. The Ukrainians from this side of the Line may return to Poland only as a stage in their enforced journey to within the frontiers of Poland's mighty neighbor. Even Poles from the territories ceded to Russia, who do not voluntarily return, are to be proclaimed Soviet citizens, as was

dictator-occupant; to all those millions of graves of "traitors" against a handful of dictators and usurpers—another few hundred thousand graves of its defenceless refugees sons and daughters were added—an additional sacrifice at the altar of freedom.

So, we are ready to ascend our Golgotha!

(Signed by 14 prominent Ukrainian refugees on behalf of the Ukrainian scientists, writers and pedagogues).

Hannover, April 3rd, 1946.

menacingly stated by the Warsaw Repatriation Mission.

"THE UKRAINE"

The Weekly Review, London April 25, 1946

"When the Nazis were driven out and the Soviet armies applied the same ruthless methods of subjection the Ukrainian Insurgent Army turned its weapons against this new enslaver.

This heroic yet uneven struggle for the liberation of the Ukraine from the Russian Communist yoke is still being fought. The Ukrainian Insurgent Army has entered upon its fifth year of war.

Yet this heroic struggle of the Ukrainian nation against overwhelming odds is little known to the Western World. It was not in the interests of either Nazi Germany nor Soviet Russia to let the Western powers know that they were meeting with armed resistance of those whom they claimed to be "liberating."

"POLISH FRONTIER SKIRMISHES" BANDS TRY TO ENTER CZECHOSLOVAKIA

The Times, London, April 29, 1946

Prague, April 28.

"The following official announcement has been issued here:—"Several small bands of the so-called Ukrainian "Bendero" army have tried to penetrate Czechoslovak territory in eastern Slovakia. Czechoslovak army and police units have thrown these terrorists back over the frontier, and their last remnants will be destroyed in the immediate future.

The report confirms that an extremely serious situation has arisen on the north-east frontier of Czechoslovakia, where the Czechoslovak Government is faced with the complete breakdown of the authority of the Polish Government over a wide area westwards from the Curzon Line. The result is that the roving bands of White partisans who are operating in this area are continually seeking to cross and recross the Czechoslovak frontier. Because of the nature of the ground in the Carpathians it is very hard to stop them; in fact, so great are the difficulties that a curfew has been imposed from the region of the Dukla Pass southwards to Humenne.

Reports of partisan activity in Polish Galicia have been current here for some time, and your Correspondent decided to spend Easter trying to investigate them. He found that for once the rumor was less grave than the truth. There are no longer any Polish guards along this part of the frontier and the writ of the Polish Government has ceased to run to an unknown depth over the whole region.

Local report on the Czechoslovak side of the frontier says that the "Benderovci," as the partisans are called, began large-scale operations during the last week in March. That the scale is increasing rather than diminishing can be inferred from the fact that the Czechoslovak Government did not consider it necessary to impose the curfew until last week. It came into force at Medzi-Laborce on Easter day.

So far the fighting has almost all been on the Polish side of the frontier, but one or two clashes have occurred on Slovak soil, in the course of which there have been a number of casualties on the Czechoslovak side and some "Benderovci" have been taken prisoner."

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Synod of Ukrainian Orthodox Church Protests Against Persecution of Ukrainian Catholics

On March 16-17, 1946, a Synod was held of the Hierarchy of the Ukrainian Autocephalic Orthodox Church in exile, presided over by the Head of the Church, His Grace Metropolitan Polikarp.

The Synod was held in Germany in Esslingen a/N (Wurtemberg-Baden). Two of the resolutions passed by the Holy Synod are quoted below, translated into English:

1. The Holy Synod of Hierarchy of the Ukrainian Autocephalic Orthodox Church appeals to all free Christian Churches:

Six years of struggle in defense of a just and democratic way of life, in accordance with the Christian teachings, have not brought the desired results to the world. Millions of human sacrifices and all the blood shed between 1939-1946 have not only failed to save the world from the immediate danger of destruction of Christian civilization, but, on the contrary, have strengthened the centres of militant godlessness and destructive materialistic philosophy.

Ever more audacious challenges are thrown by Communism into the face of Christian civilization. Godlessness is rapidly mobilizing lowly elements of the whole world for a final struggle with Christianity. Under such circumstances, the role of Christ's Church, which today is the main objective of Communists attacks, assumes a specially great importance. The deciding factor in this struggle will be—whether Christian Churches of all free people and nations will find it possible to co-ordinate their forces in the defence of Christ's Truth on earth.

Bearing the importance of this in mind, the Holy Synod of the Hierarchy of the Ukrainian Autocephalic Orthodox Church, which embodies the everlasting will and aspirations for freedom of the suffering Ukrainian race, the race which for the last twenty five years has laid on the altar of struggle for Christian ideals the biggest sacrifice—the lives of thousands of its best sons and daughters,—appeals to all free Christian churches of the world for united action in the defence of the greatest treasure of humanity—Christ's Church and Christian culture and civilization."

2. In connection with the persecution and forcible conversion of Ukrainian Greek-Catholics (Uniates) carried out by Russian State Orthodoxy in Western Ukraine, the Holy Synod of Archbishops declares:

"The Holy Synod of the Hierarchy of the Ukrainian Autocephalic Orthodox Church has learnt with sorrow that in Western Ukraine, now occupied by Russian forces, ruthless conversion of Ukrainian Greek-Catholics to the Russian state controlled Orthodox Church is being carried out.

The Holy Orthodox Universal Church does not approve of converting people by force to one or other Christian confession, because our Lord Jesus Christ Himself never used force but rather called followers to His fold. The Holy Synod of the Hierarchy of the Ukrainian Autocephalic Orthodox Church emphatically denounces these un-Christian methods employed by the Russian Church, which has its goal political aims and ultimate denationalization of Ukrainians.

In this time of great trials and sufferings for the Ukrainian Greek Catholics, the Holy Synod of the Hierarchy of the Ukrainian Autocephalic Orthodox Church extends to them its brotherly, sincere and heartfelt sympathy, and turns to Almighty God with ardent prayers that He might terminate that suffering and stop the inhuman persecution which they are now suffering.

Signed by: His Grace Metropolitan Polikarp, Chairman of the Synod of

Archbishops and Bishops of the Ukrainian Autocephalic Orthodox Church; Archbishop of Volhynia and Luck, Primate of Ukraine; His Grace Ihor, Lord Archbishop of Uman; His Grace Michael, Lord Archbishop of Mykolaev; His Grace Henadye, Lord Archbishop of Sicheslav; His Lordship Matyslaw, Lord Bishop of Periaslav; His Lordship Sylvestere, Lord Bishop of Lublin; His Lordship Gregory, Lord Bishop of Zhitomir; His Lordship Volodimir, Lord Bishop of Novo-Myrhorod; His Lordship Platon, Lord Bishop of Rivne.

Dated 16th March, 1946.

The Veteran

Q. Should I consider my mustering-out pay a part of my annual income for taxation purposes? F. C., Camden.

A. No, mustering out payments under P. L. 225 are exempt from taxation.

Q. I am a veteran and I don't need medical care but my wife and one of my children do. Can they get medical treatment from the Veterans Administrations? G. McJ., Millville.

A. No.

Q. I want to go school under the Servicemen's Readjustment Act, but not right away. How long do I have before this benefit expires? A. K., Plainfield.

A. You may initiate a course within four years of discharge or of the official date of the end of the war, whichever date is later. The time limit for completing the course is nine years after the end of the war.

Q. I carried \$5,000 National Service Life Insurance while I was in the Navy, but now that I'm out I want to carry \$10,000. Can I increase the amount? C.B.C. Dover.

A. No, not after leaving service. You may convert the policy you took out in service to a permanent form, up to the amount of the policy you held in service.

Q. Does National Service Life Insurance converted to a permanent plan have cash or loan values? C. L., Atlantic City.

A. All plans of converted National Service Life Insurance have cash values effective at any time after the completion of the first policy year. The insured may borrow up to 94% of the cash value.

Q. According to the GI Bill, a veteran is entitled to only one monetary benefit at a time. Is loan assistance considered a monetary benefit? S. J., Clifton.

A. No.

Q. May I reduce the amount of my term insurance? B. R. K., Bloomfield.

A. Yes, write to the Veterans Administration, Collection Division, 346 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y., over your signature stating the exact amount of insurance you wish to be continued in force. Enclose a remittance with the letter in an amount sufficient to cover the reduced insurance.

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