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Citizens Committee Advocates Admittance of DPs Here

The population of the United States would be considerably strengthened if the Displaced Persons in Europe were admitted to this country, according to the Citizens Committee on Displaced Persons, recently formed and composed of leading Americans of various racial backgrounds and religious faiths, headed by Earl Harrison, whom President Truman directed last year to make a personal survey of the DP situation. Among those on the committee are Herbert Lehman and James Farley.

The overwhelming majority of the DPs are fleeing from totalitarianism, says the Citizens Committee in a survey of the situation. They were among the first fighters for democracy. They know what freedom means.

Their talents and their loyalties would be as valuable to us in the future as those of the refugees have been in the past, the report stresses.

Moreover, any plan of national defense must consider people as well as resources. The United States has been rich in both. Our resources may continue to be developed, but our population prospects for the future are not encouraging. Our rate of growth is slowing up, our birth rate is low, and our population is getting older. The influx of the war refugees would help matters.

According to the survey, repatriation of the DPs, both voluntary and forced, has passed its peak. A hard core of displaced persons, numbering up to 850,000 now remains in Germany, Austria and Italy.

The DPs are drawn from fifteen to twenty different nationalities, with Poles, Ukrainians, Balts, Yugoslavs and Austrians the largest groups.

80% DPs Christian

In religion about 75 to 80 per cent are Christians—Catholics comprising the largest group, followed by Protestants, Greek Orthodox, and others. About 20 to 25 per cent are Jews.

Over half the displaced persons are women and children with possibly 17 per cent under sixteen years of age.

Although some still bear the effects of torture and brutality in a biological sense, most of them represent a survival of the fittest, having escaped or endured what many of their kinsmen could not survive.

Assuming that the figure of 850,000 represents the hard core of non-repatriables, the Citizens Committee survey continues, and persons who cannot or will not return to their land of origin, either out of fear for their lives and liberties or because the horror they underwent there makes it psychologically impossible,

then how many should the United States admit as its fair share of this world responsibility?

Various answers are given to this question. Most agree that the 39,000 provided for under the President's Directive of December 22nd, 1945 (of which only some 5,000 have actually entered the United States in 1946) is too small a number and that we must admit a substantial amount if we are to take the lead in solving the problem of their resettlement and avoid the charge of hypocrisy that could be raised when we urge others to find havens for the displaced persons without doing so effectively ourselves.

Why the Truman Directive Is Inadequate

On December 22, 1945, President Truman ordered that the Central European quotas (estimated at 39,000) be made available primarily to displaced persons.

Whether our fair share of displaced persons is 425,000 or some other figure it is clear that our responsibility to the first victims of war cannot be discharged by the 39,000 provided for in the Directive.

As the President has publicly implied, the Directive has been inadequate and could not achieve the figure set:

1. Because the 39,000 includes the German quota of about 26,000 and there are few displaced persons now alive who can qualify for that quota as having been born in Germany (country of birth and not country of technical citizenship or nationality being the legal test of qualification).

2. Because neither the annual quotas nor the monthly subquotas established by law are cumulative. If not used when made available they are lost forever.

3. Because quotas are not transferable among nations and persons from a country whose quota is exhausted may not apply for a visa allocated to a country whose quota is not exhausted.

4. Because of inadequate consular staff and funds for administering the program.

What can be Done to Admit More Displaced Persons?

Administrative action would not suffice. Legislative changes would have to be made by Congress.

Any one of three methods might be used: "Recapturing" past unused quotas; utilization of current unfilled quotas; mortgaging or borrowing ahead of future quotas not yet due.

"Recapturing" Past Unused Quotas

Since quotas not used lapse at the end of the month and year, legally

Ukrainian DP Choir Ends Triumphant Tour

(From Technical Information Branch Theater Special Services)

FRANKFURT, Germany.—Under the direction of Professor Nesterowsky Nestor, the Choir Ukraina recently completed a successful tour of entertaining soldier audiences throughout the European Theatre. In recognition of their fine work every member of this unique group was awarded a Certificate of Appreciation by the Theater Chief of Special Services, Major General A. R. Bolling.

The Choir Ukraina, composed of 45 mixed voices, donned national costumes for every performance of their concert of Ukrainian folk songs. Their tour began on November 25 with a gala premiere at the Opera House in Wiesbaden, Germany. From there the choir went to Griesheim on November 26, and on December 1 to Heidelberg, where in addition to the soldier performance, they also sang for an international group of students at the Heidelberg University. This choir of 15 women and 30 men presented music from Verdi, Schumann and Johann Strauss, and included in its repertoire negro spi-

rituals as well as a wide selection of Ukrainian melodies.

The Choir Ukraina is a well known choral group which was originally founded in 1924 at Kiev in the Soviet Ukraine under the name "Dumka." Hailed in musical circles for its vivid renditions of old Ukrainian folk songs, the group toured Europe and had some especially successful appearances in Paris and Lyons, France. The group was broken up in 1943 when its members were sent to Germany as laborer in factories and mills. Some managed to escape; others have disappeared completely from the knowledge of their friends. When finally liberated, the singers managed to reorganize with some additions and replacements, and since then have been singing without remuneration to audiences of soldiers, displaced persons and students of all nationalities.

The Choir Ukraina is one of the many special presentations which tour the European Theater as part of the Theater Special Services program to introduce Allied talent to soldier and allied audiences.

Ukrainian a High School Subject In Pa. and Conn.

The Ukrainian language has been recognized as a high school subject in both Pennsylvania and Connecticut, in the first state through the efforts of the Sisters of St Basil at Fox Chase, and in the latter state through the efforts of Michael Nagurny, professor at St. Basil's College in Stamford, who is the source of this information.

speaking they cease to exist and cannot legally be recaptured. However, bearing in mind that since the present quota laws went into effect in 1930 the quotas have never been filled, Congress could make available for displaced persons eligible to immigrate, but without regard to their national origin, a number of visas equal to any given number of quotas that had not been used—but which we had been prepared to see used if war and depression had not intervened.

Utilizing Current Unfilled Quotas

The "recapturing" method could yield any desired number of quotas within reason. Utilizing current unfilled quotas is a possibility but would produce many fewer visas for displaced persons. The actual amount would depend on the number currently unused.

UPA in Action

Ukrainian guerrillas operate deep in Ukraine, according to a Boston Christian Science Monitor (Jan. 10, 1947) dispatch from Warsaw.

Writing on the "Polish Election Terror," the Monitor correspondent says that "Apart from the thousands of Polish (anti-Soviet) terrorists, there are also groups of Ukrainians, operating chiefly in eastern and southern Poland."

He further notes that the best known Ukrainian "terrorist" group "is the U.P.A. (Ukrainska Povstancha Armiya—Ukrainian Insurgent Army), another is the Bandura (Bandera is one of the leaders of the Ukrainian underground movement), the difference being that the first operates only in Poland while the Bandura is active both on this and eastern side of Curzon Line. Even further than that, in the Kiev and Kharkov area, its followers are reported to be terrorizing the people and rendering normal life impossible."

UN EVENINGS IN NYC.

The Common Council for American Unity extends its members and friends an invitation to attend a series of United Nations Evenings to be held every Saturday at 8:30 P. M. at its meeting place 40 East 40th Street, New York City. The first such affair was held last Saturday.

The series will illustrate the music and the arts of the countries which make up the United Nations.

THE WAY OF A HOUSE ON FIRE

WE human beings are prone to claim the exclusive right to have feelings, such as self-respect. As a matter of fact, however, not only animals but even inanimate objects sometimes appear to have the same feelings.

This observation struck me rather forcibly last Tuesday afternoon. The inanimate object I have in mind was a house—on fire.

I was seated at my desk, banging away on this typewriter, when suddenly my "labors" were interrupted by the fast approaching wail of sirens, the ringing of bells, and the roar of truck motors. The approaching bedlam grew louder and louder, and soon piece after piece of fire apparatus came thundering down my street, with boys and girls, ranging in age from seven to seventy, hot-footing it after the firemen.

Yielding to the age-old instinct in man to chase after blon... (oops! mistake!) after fire engines, I grabbed my overcoat and dashed after them. It was a close race, but they managed to get there ahead of me.

The building on fire proved to be one very familiar to me. I have been passing it for years on my way to the office. In the earlier years it was a substantial rooming house, with stores on the first floor. Despite its down-at-heels appearance it gave then every appearance of having once been a substantial and respected burgher in the family of houses surrounding it.

With the passing years, before my very eyes, this red brick building became more and more unkempt, because the factory across the street was driving the "better trade" away from the neighborhood.

Soon the poor building became entirely tenantless. It presented a pitiful sight. Its loneliness for human companionship was clearly reflected in its eyes, the dirt besmirched windows.

Came the day, however, when it became populated by homo sapiens (people) once more. Nay, not populated, but over-populated. Some enterprising entrepreneur bought it for less than the proverbial song, threw a lot of old cots into it, and some castoff rickety chairs and tables, and converted the building into what in genteel parlance is called a "flop-house" — for stray derelicts of humanity (tramps) who could "bum" a quarter from some charitable citizen to pay for a day's lodging in this hostelry.

On that sad day the red brick building actually grew redder, not from any badly needed paint job—which it didn't get—but from sheer shame at having fallen to such a low estate—a flophouse. Horrors!

With the passage of years, however, and the decline of its guests from the aristocratic 25¢ per day variety to the peasant 10¢ per day variety, the building, dirty, smelly, an eye-sore to everyone, apparently made up its mind to resign itself to the inevitable and become a derelict

like those transients using it.

And that's when the City Fathers (politicians who rule the taxpayers) got after the building. "Unsafe," "fire-trap," and "eye-sore," are some of the kinder epithets they hurled at it. So out into the cruel, cruel world they drove out its social misfits (tramps), and boarded up the building. They would have razed it right then and there, but being economy-minded (after all, a couple of thousand more cousins and friends had to be put on the city payroll that year), they optimistically and with bated breath waited for the fulfillment of the press reports in vogue then that Hitler was preparing to buzz-bomb the Eastern Coast cities. If one of those bombs were to drop on this particular building—why it might even make a suitable excavation for the erection of some noble edifice dedicated to the Hon. F. McBurp, City Father No. 1.

And so the poor red brick building was left alone, awaiting its goodness-knows-what fate. To the casual passerby it looked dead. Yet a discerning eye could readily see that there was still some life in the old boy yet. And where there is life, there is also some pride. And so when some one from the great unwashed (tramps) managed to get into it the other day, and leave a lighted cigarette on some rags, which after smouldering finally burst into flame, the old building immediately perceived in the first tongues of flame a ray of hope. Why wait to be wrecked and razed? And certainly the war is over, consequently no bombs—for the present. "I'll go down in a blaze of glory!" it undoubtedly must have exclaimed to itself. "I'll be my own funeral pyre!"

And the old building huffed and it puffed, and before you could say abracadabra one thousand times, it had huffed and puffed itself into a nice big and very smoky conflagration (fire).

Amidst the crackling of the flames and the roar of falling timbers, one could well nigh hear the old building calling out to its ancestors who once stood on its site, including the tepees of the Indians, that at long last it was going to join them in the Valhalla, the palace of immortality, whither by the direction of Odin all good and noble buildings are borne upon their demise. "Hark, ye ancestors of mine, I am about to join you!" was probably its cry as the fire grew bigger and bigger.

But no. Some jerk appeared from somewhere and under the mistaken assumption he was saving the building and performing his civic duty, went and turned on the fire alarm, which to come back to the beginning of this tale, brought fire engines to the building's would be funeral pyre—at the cost to the city taxpayers of couple of thousand bucks.

For awhile it was a nip and tuck struggle between the attacking firemen and the defending building. It was clear that the latter was not go-

Where's Timoshenko?

A Maine reader of the Newsweek magazine writes to it that he would like to know what has happened to the Soviet Ukrainian general Timoshenko. "He was a gigantic figure in the news—a world hero—and suddenly we heard no more about this stalwart," the reader writes.

In reply the Newsweek editors reply:

"Marshal Semyon Timoshenko, though now in comparative obscurity, is not in disgrace. Early in 1945 he was awarded the Order of Victory for coordinating the officers of the Second and Third Ukrainian Armies through the Balkans toward Budapest and Vienna in the last stages of the war. Later that year he was awarded the Order of the Red Banner, a common decoration, and the Order of Suvoroff, received for high strategic achievements. In April of 1946 he was among the marshals entertained by Stalin in the Kremlin. At present he is believed to be commanding one of the military districts in Russia."

From the above reply, it appears that the last time Timoshenko appeared before the public eye was last April. But that's it's nearly a year ago. Evidently that was the last seen or heard of him. And so we ourselves ask—

"Where is Timoshenko?"

The Order of Lenin for him who gives us the right answer.

ing to give in easily. It wanted to burn hard. But the firemen converged upon it from all sides, threw up ladders all over the place, swarmed over its roof, smashed windows, poured tons of water into it, scurried about, tripped over intertwined hoses, and in no time at all got themselves smoke-begrimed, soaking wet and short-tempered.

The sympathies of the onlookers (excepting that moron who had pulled the fire alarm) were definitely with the old building trying to regain its self-respect by burning itself down in a blaze of glory. They hurrahd every time the building threw off a new billow of smoke. They cheered everytime it looked as if the building was winning this so unequal a struggle. And they surged around the building to better observe its valiant struggle. But the officious minions of the law ((cops) had no respect for such sympathy. Under the stern gaze of their numerous gold-shielded superiors (and anxious to get that promotion), they threw back the surging burghers with the finesse that would have caused any self-respecting Communists among them to hiss out their old familiar battle-cry—"Cossacks!"

But alas and alack! Despite its most valiant efforts to keep on burning, the building was doomed—to survival. Hours after it had started, the firemen put out the last smouldering embers. And then, out of sheer cussedness, they threw a couple of tons of water on their ashes. Ladders were then taken down, hoses reeled in, and one by one the fire engines clanged away, bearing away their victorious firemen, back to their pinochle games. The crowds slowly dispersed, their heads bowed in sorrow for the old building, which had tried to regain its self-respect and to take its rightful place in Valhalla in the brand new condition in which it first appeared on this earth, but which after the abortive fire found itself to be a worse mess than ever before.

Moral: Why not leave well enough alone? S.

"Is Youth Less Generous?"

Someone asked me the above question the other day. I looked blankly at him? "What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, look at these young fellows and girls," he replied. "Many of them are making good money at their jobs. Yet whenever you try to get them to contribute to some worthy Ukrainian cause, they reply that either they can't afford it, or that they haven't got the money?"

"What Ukrainian cause have you got in mind?" I asked.

"Oh, there are several of them which need help. Take, for instance, the work being done for the past several years by such national bodies as the Ukrainian Congress Committee or the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee. Each of them, working in close cooperation with one another has done some fine work, on behalf of the unfortunate Ukrainian DP's. Yet how much material help have these national bodies received from the younger generation. After all, it takes money to extend such help to our Ukrainian kinsmen over on the other side. So far the older generation has borne far more than its share. Why don't the young people come across with their share? Are they so tight-fisted?"

"Perhaps they don't realize the importance of the work of the Congress or Relief committee?" I ventured to suggest.

"Well, if they don't it's about time they did!" my friend exclaimed with some heat. "After all, they are no dumbs clucks. They are supposed to be intelligent young people, aware of what's going around them. They read the Weekly, and from it alone they should get some idea of what's going on. My idea, to be fair to them, is that since they did not go through such a hard school of life as did their parents, they are not as sympathetic to other people's sufferings as are their parents."

"Well, you must not forget that the war knocked askew our younger generation activity and conceptions," I rejoined. "A lot of the fellows who returned from the war have not managed as yet to get back into the swim. Once they do, you'll see big changes, and a greater interest in helping our people in Soviet occupied Ukraine and the DP camps outside of Ukraine."

"Well, let's hope you are right," my friend concluded, as he prepared to leave. "Certainly I would not want to think that our young people are callous to the sufferings of their kinsmen over there, or that they are tightfisted in comparison with their parents." S.

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SOVIET CULTURE UNDER FIRE

(Concluded) (2)

IN CZARIST Russia, literature was the only channel through which the outside world could learn about the morbid and suppressed life of its citizens. The same is true as well of Soviet literature today. Mikhail Zoshchenko, one of the best Soviet contemporary short story writers, is readily compared to Anthon Chekhov. For years he was tolerated and celebrated. Today he is dismissed and, perhaps, exiled. He was accused of "specializing in writing of trivial things" and in "rotten lack of ideology." His characters, it was charged, "represent Soviet people in perverted and bestial form." It is asserted that he paints them falsely as "primitive, uncivilized, stupid and with little bourgeois tastes and customs." In addition: "Zoshchenko's hooliganish presentation of our reality is accompanied with his anti-Soviet attacks." Zoshchenko was unfortunate in that, as an artist, he was compelled to hold a mirror up to his countrymen. For his sharp, implacable satire on Bolshevism, he saw himself proclaimed an "enemy of the people."

Anna Akhmatova, also a leading poet, was accused of spreading "bourgeois and aristocratic estheticism"; Sadoviev and Komisarova were condemned for their books imbued with "loneliness, pessimism and disappointment in life." Writer Khazin's poem, "Return of Onegin," was castigated because, it was charged, "under a pretext of literary parody there is an attack on Soviet Leningrad." It is a heinous crime to compare the Leningrad of Zhdanov with Pushkin's Petersburg.

In general, the crime of all Soviet literature or, more broadly, of Soviet culture itself, is its departure from Marxism, from its ideology and from present Soviet politics. In a state of supreme centralism and totalitarianism such a deviation is unthinkable. It is a known fact that Stalin has a keen appreciation of the importance of writers—those "molders of new Soviet souls." Therefore, a Soviet type of society cannot allow existence of literature indifferent to its political life.

It becomes clear that "lack of ideology" in Soviet literature is nothing more than an extreme dislike of, and opposition to, Soviet ideology and politics. Inasmuch as art is a reflection of the times, it is small wonder that the Politburo is deeply alarmed.

Since 1917 the Soviet have tried to manufacture new masses and a new class of intelligentsia, but they have met with complete failure. Today these masses are, in Zoshchenko's concepts, the same as they were a generation or two ago, when Saltykov-Schedrik wrote volumes of brilliant satires on them. Nicholas Gogol, the great Ukrainian, gave their classic description in his "Dead Souls."

In suppressing the free word and by prostituting the creative spirit of man, Stalin will, undoubtedly, be no more successful than other totalitarian rulers in history. The classic rebuttal of all Soviet apologists is that this is a period of transition—that, in time, the aims of Communism will be fully realized.

The cultural purge shows more vividly than anything else that this will never be so. This wholesale castigation of Soviet culture is important in that, for the first time, the charge of treason, so efficiently ap-

What Do You Say Vets

During the course of the war, some of our servicemen were good enough to write to the Weekly from far and near, and tell us about some of their experiences, in barracks, on the march, sailing the seas or over them, and on the fighting fronts. Result: the Weekly had a lot of good reading matter.

Since their return back to their native clime, these former servicemen seem to have lost the power of expression. We don't hear or see anything from them concerning their present-day experiences getting readjusted to normal civilian life.

We know from personal observation that some of these experiences are quite rugged. Why not write about them to the Weekly. Why not get it off your chest.

Some of these experiences are sometimes rather funny. Such as that of three brothers we know who were in service. While they were gone they were, as in the case of other families, sorely missed at home. Fears for their safety were constantly in the minds of those back home, especially, as is to be expected, in the case of the mother. Many a night she spent weeping for them, and many a time she spent praying for them. If only they would come home safe and sound. Nothing would be too good for them.

Well, thanks to the good Lord, they did get home after the war, safe and sound. Their individual arrivals were the familiar arrivals, great happiness over the reunion from both sides, the parents weeping from joy, the former "soldiers," world-wise and battle-trying veterans now, glad to be home with the folks, hubbing everyone indiscriminately, particularly the species of the female sex who happened to horn into the homecoming celebration, eating with loud smacks of appreciation mother's home-cooking, etc., etc.—with mother all the while looking upon her returned son with the love light in her eyes that only a mother can have.

And then, Scene II: Couple of days later. Morning. Mother greeting her ex-GI son coming down to breakfast, with that "morning-after-the-night-before" look.

Mother: "Akh, ty huntsvot! De ty buw tak pizno wchera. Takiy molodiy, a tak pizno po nochakh khodyt. Daam ya tobi daam!"

Ah, our dear mothers. May God bless them!

S.

plied by the Soviet heretofore, now becomes invalid and even ridiculous. Therefore the Soviet grope and come up with "lack of ideology." But who, if not the artists, the thinkers, the idealists, should provide ideologies? Since, however, these artists, visionaries, dreamers see other cultures as more attractive than the Soviet, it is the severest indictment of the Soviet way of life possible. In killing the creative power of its artists—who, after all, but echo the aspirations of their millions of brothers—the Soviets are effectually reducing themselves to an animal mechanistic state, in which atmosphere any realization of high goals and great dreams is impossible.

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Choral Composition Contest

Surveying the rich field of Ukrainian culture one cannot escape untouched by the unique musical phenomenon—the Ukrainian folk-song. Unlike the development of individual talent which suffered greatly through many years of persecution, the Ukrainian folk-song, molded in the cup of sorrows and in the joy of the people, survived and developed through the years in all its beauty, sensitivity, and rhythm.

Originating as it does, not with the well-schooled musician but with the farmers working in the field, the soldiers going to battle, the people worshipping in their church, the songs of Ukraine were and continue to be the purest expression of the spirit of a great people. The cruel anvil of political and civil persecution has forged a language imbued with a message that is unequalled by the spoken word.

Fully cognizant of the above the American Foundation for the Advancement of Ukrainian Art seeks to present the Ukrainian folk-song to the American public in the best possible form. To do this the Foundation has organized a chorus of selected voices, trained and directed by Professor George Kirichenko, long recognized at home and abroad as one of the foremost living Ukrainian choral conductors.

The art that ceases to develop, that no longer strives for perfection, that no longer seeks to surpass its past achievement is a dead art indeed. In view of this and in order to improve the interpretation and wider performance of our music, the Foundation is planning to assist young talented students in learning the art of choral direction.

Furthermore, in order to stimulate interest, research and creativeness in the field of Ukrainian folk-music a series of contests is planned which will embrace songs for solo voices, instrumental works as well as choral works.

The first contest which was launched December 31, 1946 is limited to choral works for mixed voices. The work may be on any suitable Ukrainian text although folk or patriotic subjects are preferred.

The judges were carefully chosen for their important work in the field of Ukrainian music. Professor G. Hayvoronsky needs no introduction to lovers of Ukrainian music. His songs are sung wherever Ukrainians meet. Professor Prydatkevitch is recognized by Americans as well as our own people as an imposing violin virtuoso and for his important contributions to American and Ukrainian musical literature. Professor G. Tuchapsky was for many years associated in an advisory capacity with the late Dr. Alexander Koshetz and is a recognized authority on Ukrainian choral music.

The judges will select the best entry on the basis of

1. Originality
2. Genuineness of Ukrainian character
3. Suitability for choral rendition

Inasmuch as the search is being made for latent talent the student and amateur has equal chance for recognition.

The duration of the composition should not exceed 5 minutes. All rights to the works submitted will be retained by the composer. The winning selection will be performed by the Ukrainian Folk Chorus of New York under the direction of Prof. G.

Keep Up the Good Work

There was an interesting editorial in the Svoboda issue of January 2nd under the caption: American Ukrainians in 1946. The editorial may be termed as a birds-eye review of the year's efforts and accomplishments on the part of Ukrainian in the United States.

Of course the work of institutions like the Ukrainian church, the four fraternals, and other centralized organizations, would require more space than one issue of Svoboda. Each one of these institutions has a voluminous story to tell of its contribution to the organized life of Ukrainians in 1946.

Featuring in 1946 was the work of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee and the response to its appeal for contributions to help Ukrainian DP's. Paralleling the relief work were the efforts of the Ukrainian Congress Committee in organizing political action in defense of Ukrainians and presenting the plight of Ukraine before the international forum.

Attainments of other Ukrainian organizations and individuals have been mentioned, but neither time nor space permit of repetition here. The impression is, that the Ukrainians in America have a wide field for their labors when they assume the major share of burden in helping their brothers abroad, while at the same time they are supporting their institutions here. On top of that they are active in the life of American community, of which they are a part.

How successful 1946 has been, may be a matter of personal opinion. But the fact remains that much has been accomplished with the efforts of the few. Never before have the Ukrainians been as generous to their brethren as in the present catastrophe. Never before have they been as much united. And that is a good sign for the years to come.

What about 1947? Should we let up in our support of the relief? Ask any ex-GI, who came in contact with displaced Ukrainians, and he will swear that not enough has been done. There are people, of course, who insist that our first duty is to work for the benefit of our respective communities exclusively. If that is their feeling, let them work for their communities. But it is yet to be proven that any community has suffered because it has contributed generously to the Ukrainian Relief or Congress Committees.

It seems to be the other way around. Ukrainians, who are well organized locally and contribute to the support of their local institutions, have made the best showing as active citizens in their communities and as generous contributors to the Ukrainian Relief.

G. H.

Kirichenko on March 9th in New York, at which time the judges will award the sum of \$50.00 to the composer.

Manuscripts should be mailed to The American Foundation for the Advancement of Ukrainian Art, 60 St. Marks Place, New York City, Attention Prof. G. Kirichenko, before February 1, 1947.

Every one who has had some musical training is urged to submit entries. Remember the deadline, February 1, 1947. Let's make our music a living art!

G. K., Jr.

Death of a Peasant

By LES MARTOVYCH
Translated by PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

AS THEY left the office and were on their way, Hrytsykha began to upbraid her husband. Hryts bore her reproaches in silence, like the ox which passively puts its neck under the yoke.

No one in a village has any secrets. And an affair such as that of Hryts's, namely, that "Carp wants to run him out of this world," was unknown even to the smallest child. Hrytsykha, therefore, did not need to tell the story over again.

"I'm going, good people, to sew my beggar's wallet!" she proclaimed. "He's lost, he's squandered all his living. See, the scamp is sending his children out along the hedges."

Hryts tried to defend himself:

"Who, I? It's Carp who's threatening my life!"

"You malicious devil! Why do you lie?" contradicted Hrytsykha. "Is it Carp who made you get drunk every Sunday? Did Carp beat you over the head to make you borrow money from him?"

In truth Carp hadn't forced Hryts to do anything; and as there was no reply to this, Hryts trudged in silence after his wife to their home.

In front of Ivan's gate, Akhtemy and old Mykhaylo were standing. Every Sunday and saint's day they came to visit Ivan. Mykhaylo, although himself illiterate, shared with Ivan in subscribing to a newspaper. Ivanykha used to read it aloud to them.

Carp came out of the office, muttering to himself in Yiddish, paying not the slightest attention to the people standing around. Mykhaylo went up to him.

"Carp you're getting your living off the village and yet you make trouble for the people? If the people don't work for you, you wouldn't have anything to live on. You spin a web around a man like a spider, and you suck the blood out of him like a spider from a fly."

Carp objected:

"I'm only asking for what's due me. I gave him ready money in the hand. It's my earning, I didn't steal it."

"You didn't steal it, but you didn't earn it. We are working folk, we produce the money, but you profiteer without working."

Mykhaylo was in the habit of using bookish words which he had heard out of the newspaper. They had become as familiar to him as though he had known them from childhood, and he was convinced that everybody understood them too.

Now Ivan also mingled into the conversation. He always spoke very formally to Carp. As a rule he never insulted anyone, but he knew how to get under a person's skin by the use of polite phrases.

"I wish to point out to you, Baruch, that Hryts has children. Don't drag him down to the dust, for he no longer has very much except his children. Treat the children of others as you would that God should treat yours. Don't you feel sorry for the children? Why should they do penance for your sins? See, there's your own Mikhul, just twelve years old and already blind in one eye."

All three grinned maliciously. It was known that Jews often maimed their sons in order to secure their exemption from military service.

Carp would not admit that he was in the wrong:

"Let my children do penance for my sins. Here I've committed no sin at all. To ask for what's my due is no sin."

So off he went, paying no attention to the fact that Mykhaylo was sputtering fire and declaiming:

"That's how people sing into poverty. Hryts mortgages his soul which he owes to God. He borrows a hundred—give back two, as though interest grew on the fence. They say: There are the courts, defend yourself. But how is a poor man to defend himself? First: he hasn't the wherewithal (it costs a lot, and second; he dawdles. Then it comes to settlement day: Make a new arrangement. So he does. Two hundred? Alright; let it be two hundred as long as there's dragging on. But what? Now he's in a fix. The bank presses; he takes sick. Precisely as the devil does, as they say: When a man's in trouble and can't find a way out, all of a sudden the devil ties his hands and slips a noose around his neck as well."

"Here you have it!" interjected Mykhaylo. "I remember well when he came into the village. I tell you, he hardly had a rag to his back. He started in business and he's made piles of money. But where's he got all that property from? You don't see so much property in the village."

"How shouldn't he pile it up? He strips down to the very last," said Ivan.

"Yes, and there's nothing to stop him," replied Mykhaylo. "A man toils and moils, and yet it's already written down when he's born that he's to be stripped of his skin. You labor with the oxen on the land, and when it comes to harvest there's nothing! The soil doesn't produce, and you grab for the razor: They give at the bank, you get from the bank! The bank presses and you ask some charitable soul to save you. You strike on a regular skinflint, for every decent man is fainting from hunger the same as you. You fall into a usurer's hands, and you live by his favor as long as he likes you, provided you've got a bit of land."

Ivan assented:

"And there's no help in the courts; the law's his! They give him the decision, and you, poor blighter, can go jump off the bridge into the river."

"Yes, but don't you dare catch any fish, because they've rented out the fishing rights," said Akhtemy, the taciturn, bursting into the peculiar peasant laugh, in which only the lips are drawn for laughter, yet by the face it could never be recognized as a laugh at all.

Hearty laughter is very rare and, moreover, it is considered indecorous. For instance: a girl in love laughs out heartily with a boy. But the people don't call it laughter, they call it "showing one's teeth."

"Why do you 'show your teeth,' don't you see the sheep are in the winter-corn?" they cry to such a laughing girl, and they consider it a greater sin for her to 'show her teeth' than to neglect watching the sheep.

All those present decided to put Carp in the newspapers, although Mykhaylo was convinced that all of it couldn't be "copied out on an ox-hide."

V

Hryts was lying sick. No one had even a hope that he might recover. The time comes when a man has to die.

"So Banat's dying," said Mykhailo to Akhtemy.

"Yes, so I heard. There's no chance of his getting better?"

"What do you imagine? He's an old fellow, after all. The least thing would finish him. It's a wonder the bell hasn't tolled for him long ago."

A few days later the collector rode into the village to get the taxes. Shrieks and lamentations resounded all over the place: "They'll take our all for the taxes!" It just the same as if some one had spread the report that plague, cholera, and conflagration were on the way. One man was stripped to his very shirt, from another the flour was taken from his bin. Dmytro, fortunately, had been burnt out a couple of months before. The collector came to him, to his new house: four walls not yet plastered. When lo! a cursed ewe in the yard began to bleat. The collector heard the noise: there in the yard was the ewe and a couple of lambs beside her, and a little stack of hay standing. "Your sheep?" "Yes." "Your hay?" "Yes." "We'll take them! We'll take it!" And he and the assessor took the lot away.

Dmytro scratched his head.

"Devil take you! Why was I such a fool? I ought to have chased those sheep out into the field!"

Of course, there remained nothing for him to do but to go and quarrel with his wife. But his wife didn't keep a quiet tongue either, and in this manner Dmytro relieved his feelings. Afterwards he came to the conclusion that he really should not have quarreled with his wife, but with the collector.

He went out with the intention of getting properly drunk, but thought better of it and decided it would be preferable to go visit Hryts, who was sick. In the first place, because he was related to Hryts, and in the second place, because it does one good to see another man who is in more unfortunate case than one's self. He went to Hryts's.

The headman and Semen were sitting on a bench in the house, and big Mykyta and little Mykyta were standing in the passage. Both were about the same age, both were young householders. Both had come from their homes wearing new sheepskin coats. Both the sheepskin coats were alike. But big Mykyta's coat was a light one and little Mykyta's a heavy one. Big Mykyta had his hands folded across his stomach while little Mykyta had his behind his back.

Hrytsykha was sitting by the stove. Her lame leg wrapped in a piece of old woolen cloth and tied with a strip of selvage, was resting on a chair. She was peeling potatoes.

Hryts, yellow as wax, lay on the bed. His eyes were closed as though he were sleeping. He breathed heavily.

Dmytro planted himself by the two Mykyta's

The headman was afraid lest someone should ask him the question: "What kind of headman are you when you permit such barefaced robbery in the village?" Therefore he held converse with Semen on the subject of grain.

"I tell you," said the headman, slowly and plainly, "this new grain isn't suited to our soil. True, it's more showy, but, for example: it soon runs poor. Take this new-fangled rye. What sort of bread does it make? Black—black as the holy soil. But from common rye, you'll

notice, you get a bread as white as a loaf made of milled wheat. I've still some common rye I got from my deceased uncle, and I've kept it, unmixed. I'm keeping it purposely: a memorial. I tell you, that makes a bread like Easter cake. It's too cold here for that new rye. When there's no snowfall and the frost strikes deep, right away, look you, it shrinks up, turns yellow. It's not sturdy enough at the top. Now take common rye—you can see some now, at my place—it's all wrapped up like in an overcoat, it shoots down, goes, deep. It's not afraid of any cold or frost."

Hryts opened his eyes and Hrytsykha spoke to him:

"Hey, Hryts! People are here to see you. They've come to visit you. Don't you know them?"

Hryts replied in a weak voice. He spoke haltingly:

"Why shouldn't I know the people? Do you think I've lost my mind? I thank them... God reward them for coming to visit the sick. When I get better, I'll stand by them in a time of need."

"Oy! you'll never hear the cuckoo sing again," said Hrytsykha.

"What the matter with you, wife? ... Thank God, I'm not going to die yet... I still mean to plough up the piece of meadow by myself... I'll go to Semen... he'll lend me a plough. You'll lend me a plough, won't you, Semen? I'll work it off by digging."

"Why not? Sure, I'll lend. You just get better," replied Semen.

"You see, wife. And you'd have my funeral while I'm alive... Better give me a drink of water; I'm burning up with thirst."

Hrytsykha began to move in order to rise and get the water, but big Mykyta wouldn't allow her to stir.

"Sit still, Hrytsykha, sit still. Before you get round with that leg of yours, Hryts won't want to drink."

He got a cup, filled it with water, and brought it to Hryts. Hryts slowly pushed himself higher on the pillow and raised himself slightly. His lips were so pale that they were barely distinguishable from the rest of his face. It seemed as though there wasn't a drop of blood left in him. He took hold of the cup, but couldn't sustain it and the cup would have fallen out of his hands. Mykyta bent over and held the cup to his lips as to a little child. Hryts put his lips to the cup but it couldn't be seen whether he even took a sip of the water. He didn't even attempt to move back to his former position. He breathed heavily. Drops of perspiration came out on his forehead.

Hrytsykha gazed attentively at her husband. She saw how yellow he had become, how his hands no longer served him, how helplessly he had fallen back on the pillow.

"Husband, husband! Why do you fool yourself? You're a corpse already. See, you can't breathe, you are worn out with just trying to lift yourself! Husband, whom are you trying to swindle? You're burning up with fever!"

Hryts turned his anguished look towards her:

"Good wife... be yourself... God be with you... God be with you..."

(To be continued)

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How Reds "Repatriated" A Ukrainian Bishop

SOME idea of the brutal methods used by Soviet police in mistreating Ukrainian Catholic or Orthodox clergy, is contained in a recent NC dispatch giving further details on the previously reported forcible repatriation by the Reds of Bishop Josaphat Kotsilovsky of the Ukrainian Catholic rite Diocese of Pere-myshl in Western Ukraine, along with his auxiliary, Bishop Gregory Lakota, and four canons. The full story of the forced repatriations has been received by the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Church in Rome.

Bishop Kotsilovsky, whose diocese is split by the Curzon line, had been arrested the first time by the Polish Secret Police on September 21, 1945, but was released after being imprisoned at Rzeszów for four months. During this time he had not been allowed contact with any priest nor had he been permitted to attend or offer Mass.

His release occurred on January 24, 1946, after which he returned to his See. However, on May 14, 1946, a colonel of the Polish Secret Police and Ukrainian Tischenko, chief of the Russian deportation office, came to Bishop Kotsilovsky and proposed that he "voluntarily" transfer to Russia. The Bishop steadfastly refused, explaining that his duties as Bishop did not permit him to abandon his See. "Rome has placed me at Peremyshl, and only Rome can recall me from here," he declared. He was then told that he would be deported by force.

Early in the morning of June 20, 1946, a detachment of soldiers surrounded the Bishop's residence. The police chief told Bishop Kotsilovsky that he had orders to take the prelate together with the entire curia to Russia and said that he would allow them until six o'clock in the evening to pack their bags. The Bishop replied that under no circumstances would he leave his residence or pack his bags even if his life was threatened.

Dragged Out

At six o'clock in the evening the soldiers entered the Bishop's residence and dragged him down the steps, mistreating him with blows and curses. When the prelate refused to enter the motor vehicle waiting for him he was lifted into it bodily and the car sped off for the Russian border.

On the following day Bishop Lakota and the four canons, Fathers Roman Reshetylo; John Kuzych, rector of the seminary, Nicholas Hrycelak, chancellor of the curia, and Kozlovsky, were arrested. After being taken to the railroad station attempts were made to induce them to sign a statement saying that they were departing "voluntarily." However, they refused, were forced into the train and taken across the Russian border. The residences of the two Bishops and of the canons were then sacked and all their belongings sold on the street.

Before the war the Ukrainian rite Diocese of Peremyshl had 640 parishes, 657 priests and 1,159,000 faithful. With the partitioning of the prewar Polish state the greater part of the diocese became Russian territory while the See and a small part remained assigned to Poland.

The Oriental Church Information service adds that conditions are deteriorating seriously in the diocese.

Youth and the U.N.A.

VISIT THE U.N.A. BUILDING

Having devoted considerable space to the activities of the Ukrainian National Association and its many youth branches... its history, growth and development—and to its worthy aims and aspirations, it is only proper to write a few words about the new, modernistic building which serves as its headquarters.

The headquarters of the U.N.A. was moved from city to city and finally took permanent root in Jersey City, N. J. Its first building in this city was not very impressive, but served its purpose well until 1928 it was demolished to make room for the new two-story structure.

A person approaching the building for first time is immediately impressed by its unique construction and size. The yellow brick building is more than half a block long and has an attractive front. On the upper section of the building front, in a conspicuous place, is the name of the fraternal benefit society in Ukrainian and English lettering. A large reproduction of the emblem of the U.N.A. appears directly over the doorway in the center of the building.

Upon entering the building one immediately notices the Ukrainian decorations and pictures on the hallway walls. The visitor enters an office marked "Information" where he meets a Ukrainian girl employee who, upon finding him to be a visitor, proceeds to show him through the building. She first takes the visitor through the "Svoboda" bookstore, where he is invited to examine anything which may arouse his curiosity, the girl attendant answering all questions asked of her in a manner designed to make the visitor feel completely at home. He is then escorted to the editorial offices and introduced to the editors of the "Svoboda." The editors are always pleased to meet their readers and spend as much time as they can spare in conversation. The visitor is also introduced to the editor of the "Ukrainian Weekly," who is never too busy to explain his work and answer questions.

Feeling perfectly at ease now, the visitor is taken to the composing room where he sees linotype machines in operation, setting accepted material into type for publication. He learns how type is set and how proofs are made and asks many questions all answered to his satisfaction. He would like to tarry longer in the composing room, so interested has he become, but realizes that there is still much to be seen and so is escorted to the second floor, where the main offices of the organization are located.

He is introduced to the President, Treasurer, and Secretary of the U. N. A., with whom he converses, and is shown how the various departments function. He is impressed by the efficient systems used by the U. N. A., and is given information regarding U.N.A. matters, should he desire the same. He is shown the assembly room where all meetings of the Supreme Assembly are held.

Being anxious to view the press which prints the "Svoboda," he takes

**CULTURAL, SOCIAL AND SPORT
ACTIVITY OF YOUNG U. N. A.
MEMBERS IS REVIVING. GET IN
THE SWIM. JOIN THE U.N.A. NOW**

Only a few priests are left and these are obliged to live in hiding, it reports, adding that the faithful are rapidly being deported.

Jersey City Youth Revives

With the spirit and enthusiasm characteristic of the traditional New York Times Square celebration, members of the Ukrainian Social and Athletic Club of Jersey City, N. J. bade farewell to the end of the old year and ushered in the new, last Monday night, Ukrainian New Year's Eve. The reader may wonder what special significance has this event.

Briefly, the Ukrainian National Home in Jersey City has never been the scene of any such festivity and merriment on Ukrainian New Year's Eve in the course of the past fourteen years; and the party initiated the social activities of the newly formed youth club prior to which no similar club had existed.

The Club was organized through the concerted efforts of several young people for the purpose of promoting fellowship among our local Ukrainian youth in social and athletic activities. Meetings are held on Sunday afternoons at the Ukrainian Center.

January 12th. election of officers took place. Chosen into office were the following: Michael Tizio, president; Anne Berwick vice president; Olga Wenger, secretary; Helen Cenko, treasurer.

PAULINE MACIACH

himself away from the U.N.A. offices and descends to the press room, located in the basement of the building. He is amazed at the size of the complicated press, which almost fills the room. For a long time he looks at the machine, studying it from all angles, and watching how the paper leaves its roll to disappear into the machine, finally emerging folded and cut as individual newspapers. The press turns out complete papers at the rate of one per second.

The visitor is then escorted to the adjoining mail room, where the papers are addressed by means of an addressing machine, and then wrapped and put in mailbags for transportation to the post office. He is impressed by the speed in which all this is done. Fifteen thousand newspapers are addressed, wrapped, and put in mail bags in less than four hours by two men. The visitor then examines the press on which the monumental U. N. A. Jubilee Book and other books were printed, and looks over the small job press.

Finding himself back in the bookstore the visitor purchases any souvenirs which he may desire. When he leaves he says goodbye to his hosts and is asked to visit again, with friends. He is thoroughly impressed by what he had seen.

If you should be in or near Jersey City at any time, visit the U.N.A. Building at 81-83 Grand Street (near the Exchange Place station of the Hudson Tubes). You'll receive a warm welcome and courteous attention. The U.N.A. as your organization and the building is your property. Be sure to pay us a visit real soon.

Meet the Chorus

This year marks the tenth year since the founding of the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of New York and New Jersey. The Chorus has had its ups and downs and near-dissolutions, but the group has grown larger and stronger with the years and stands now as one of the finest Ukrainian Youth choruses in the country.

Organized in June, 1937 by Stephen Shumeyko for the UYLNA Music Festival in Cleveland, Ohio, the chorus, under Stephen Marusevich, proved so successful that the organization, consisting of about 35 picked voices, decided to continue along the same vein and subsequently appeared at the UYL-NA Conventions in Pittsburgh, Newark, Detroit, and New York and at various concerts and national and local radio broadcasts.

About this time, War and Cupid started playing major parts in the affairs of the chorus, and members scattered into the ranks of matrimony and the Armed Forces. With so much of the male contingent going away, it was a sketchy point as to how the chorus was to continue. Well... why not an all-female chorus? The idea caught on and the girls kept the name of the chorus alive by continuing to meet as always, and with socials and musicales kept the public aware and interested.

Last year saw the return of those same boys and reorganization to a mixed chorus. Adding new members as the months went by thru socials and outings (remember Long Branch and Jones Beach?) as well as thru the common medium of love of song, the group consists now of about 50 active members.

Due in part to the efforts of Walter Bacad, president of the group and to the unrelenting enthusiasm of some of the members to learn the Ukrainian dances from Mr. Bacad, the chorus now includes a group of dancers, which makes the Ukrainian Youth Chorus quite self-sustaining. This was proved recently when the chorus was invited to give the opening program in a series devoted to songs and dances of various nations, at the Franklin Square School, Long Island, of which Mr. Marusevich is a faculty member. Here was the opportunity to present to a mixed audience the Ukrainian heritage of song and dance, and the dance group, comparatively an infant, (about 8 months of back-breaking and muscle-straining rehearsals—ask those that did it!) did remarkably well, as attested to by the enthusiasm of the audience.

And now, the chorus begins its Tenth Anniversary year with greater plans than ever. Starting with a semi-formal at the Hotel Great Northern on January 25, 1947, the year will be high-lighted by the UYL-NA Regional Youth Rally to be held over Decoration Day week-end, May 31-June 1, at the Hotel New Yorker. But—first things first—so get your tickets for the Dance on January 25—meet the Chorus—have fun—and help celebrate this Tenth Anniversary!

skr.

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Girl with a Gift

By MILDRED MILANOWICZ

SHE CAME, two years ago, preceded by all the heraldry and awe of inspired newspaper descriptions of her as a "brilliant violin virtuoso," a "child prodigy," and a "genius." On first acquaintance, Donna proved a shy girl, reserved, polite and possessing a mature dignity strange to the free comradeship of our Metropolitan set. Closer acquaintance, however, showed her as a normal, fun-loving young girl who could relax at a party, sit on the rug and hold a roomful of guests spellbound by her "Strictly Social" joke. She can exchange brilliant repartee with the best, her whole face sparkling, her nose crinkling in delight. She can become serious, understanding and deeply compassionate when her sympathy is aroused. And she can sigh over her current idol as any romantic girl can.

It is when the topic of conversation is music, that Donna becomes earnestly serious, for it is her life. She believes in the gift she possesses, never forgetting that it was God who gave it to her. Deep gratefulness is in her for the opportunity she will have on February 3rd, to display this gift at Town Hall.

Donna Grescoe's bow to the musical world on that day will be the culmination of years of careful planning by the "Donna Grescoe Educational Trust Fund Committee," composed of six prominent Winnipeg citizens. The Committee, headed by Mrs. W. H. Collum, recognized Donna's brilliant talent at an early age, realized its importance and significance to her, to her home town and to the world at large and set up the fund which has enabled her to equip herself properly for the musical career for which she was destined.

Like A Fairy Tale

The young artist's career, from its beginning to her coming debut, reads like a fairy story. The girl who has been praised by such world-renowned figures as Jascha Heifitz, Albert Spalding and William Primrose, has had the most phenomenal success in her musical career, which began at the age of six. It was in 1934 that an itinerant salesman sold a \$5.00 violin to Donna's mother on the proposition that every child should have a musical education. Although Donna at that time had dreams of becoming a ballet-dancer, her mother chose her to justify the \$5.00 investment, and so she began to take violin lessons from George Bornoff. After few weeks Mr. Bornoff realized he had a genius on his hands and began to shape her career.

At 8 she won first place in the Junior Violin Solo Class at the important Manitoba Musical Competition Festival. For the first of many times, Canadian newspapers reported "little Donna Grescoe's performance amazed the critics."

Time out for a year and a half because of a broken arm and a series of illnesses.

In 1938, at 10, she was turning down offers from radio networks and concert managers. Critics were calling her "the child prodigy." In 1939, in March, she made her first Ukrainian-American appearance, at Cleveland, Ohio, at a Shevchenko Concert for the benefit of the Ukrainian Cultural Gardens at Rockefeller Park.

In June of the same year, she played at the World's Fair in New York, appearing before thousands at the Court of Peace on Ukrainian Day,

on the same program with Kosetz and his 500 massed choristers, and with Michael Holynsky, tenor.

In October 1940, she appeared at Canadian War Benefit Concerts. That year she won a \$5,000 scholarship at the American Academy of Music and went to study in Chicago and New York. She studied for a time under Herbert Butler, who was so enchanted by her playing that he composed an "Air de Ballet" especially for her. Carl George, a violin maker, was so impressed with the tone she produced from the \$5.00 violin she still played, he offered her one valued at \$1,000 from his collection. Critics then were writing: "She is a joy and thrill—most highly gifted both technically and musically."

In 1942, at age 14, Donna was awarded the highest marks ever given a contestant in a musical competition in Canada, and the Trust Fund was set up which permitted her to continue her studies in New York. Winnipeg citizens purchased a \$2,000 violin for Donna—a "Michele Deconet" instrument, purchased from the London firm of William E. Hill and Sons, violin makers. The violin, the same one on which she will play in New York, is dated at Venice, 1754 and made by Doconet, who was a follower of the Cremona School of violin manufacture.

Donna retired from public performances for one year in September 1942.

A Pupil of Piastro

In August, 1943, she left for New York to study with George Bornoff and a month later was accepted as pupil by Michael Piaastro, world-famous conductor and violinist.

In December 1945, Donna resumed public appearances with a concert at Fox Chase, Ukrainian Girls High School.

In March 1946, she enchanted the U.N.A. Convention delegates and guests at their Pittsburgh, Pa. concert.

In May, 1946, the Third Ukrainian American Congress, held in Washington, D. C., thrilled to Donna's playing.

October 1, 1946, Donna made her formal debut in her home town of Winnipeg, Manitoba, at the Civic Auditorium, receiving the roaring acclaim of her fellow-townsmen and their gratitude for justifying so brilliantly their years of trust in her career.

December 1, 1946, she arrived in New York to prepare for her World Debut at Town Hall.

"Genius" is an appellation Donna particularly dislikes, and she does not consider herself one. She insists that any laurels she has won has been by dint of sheer work. "I owe much to Mother and Dad," said Donna, "for teaching me discipline in working hard my goal. Mother particularly—Dad was away at the office, naturally—had to watch over me, to see that I practiced sufficiently, played correctly and executed instructions properly." Donna, however, shrugs prettily if it is pointed out that perhaps brilliance is a prerequisite for winning such musical laurels and a school diploma at the same time. For though devoting eight hours daily to practicing on her violin, she had to pass her school examinations like any other school girl. She has managed also to squeeze in a year's study at N. Y. U. since she has come down here.

Army Ground Forces Weapons on Display

The GI who fought during the dark days of the Pacific war looked at the array of ordnance enviously. "Boy, if only we had that stuff then," he said.

The soldier next to him had marched through Germany's West Wall three years later. "I wish we had it ALL during the battle for Germany," he added.

The Army's newest and best in everything that shoots, rolls, and drops from the sky was recently on display at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland. Some of it was formerly classified as secret.

Powerful recoilless rifles that fire without a tremor, the monster 100-ton "Land Battleship" tank, improved 24-tube rocket launchers, faster-firing machine guns and a giant mortar, nicknamed "Little David," were only a few of the ordnance items shown.

Other equipment put through the paces in the ordnance demonstration area included an automatic aircraft cannon that fires shells like a machine gun, the double-header T-8 transport and tank recovery vehicle, the new .60-caliber machine gun, and dozens of vehicles and guns of many designs and purposes.

Some 3,000 military and civilian guests, attending the 28th annual meeting of the Army Ordnance Association, watched (and listened) intently from the moment when a sound-recording of a guided missile in flight opened the all-day program until mass-firing in Beachhead Bingo style concluded it.

The muffled roar of engines and the fring of guns was heard continually. At one moment self-propelled artillery, that moves fast and shoots faster, sped from one end of the area, while a big gun discharged an HE shell at the other.

In the next instant, a low-slung wrecker would lumber out to scoop up a medium tank, or fire engines would race across the range to extinguish shell-ignited fires.

Powerful trucks towing multiple machine-gun carriages and howitzers thundered by the grandstand, tanks and amphibious vehicles maneuvered in the clearway, heavy artillery rumbled down the alley, and A-25's skimmed over at three-top level to drop clusters of fragmentation bombs.

The materiel on parade wasn't all large. Jeeps and chunky little snow

vehicles paraded, light cargo carriers bounced along, new fuses were demonstrated, rifle and hand grenades were shown, multi-colored pyrotechnic signals hung patterns in the sky, and the carbine rifle, developed to fill the gap between caliber .45 pistol and M1 rifle, showed its capability of delivering semiautomatic or automatic fire.

The fast-paced demonstration illustrated well the combined Ordnance and Industry research that is maintaining the Army at the peak of modern military engineering and development. From the weapons and vehicles perfected too late for the war, also, can be inferred the yet greater marvels still on the planning boards.

The stepped-up firepower, the added mobility, and the increased durability is the Ordnance Department's contribution to the Army's determination to make the American soldier the best-trained and best-equipped in the world.

Millions of man-hours spent in planing, experimentation, and research advanced the standards of Army Ordnance to a high degree of perfection. Countless technical problems were met and overcome in the never-ending effort to develop bigger and better weapons and vehicles with which to harass our enemies and bring the war to a speedy and successful conclusion.

Today, as during the war years, the combined forces of Army Ordnance and United States industry are hard at work seeking answers to such challenging questions as: how to design a vehicle which can be operated equally well in tropical or arctic regions; how can a lighter, more durable metal be substituted for conventional alloys; how to develop a more effective lubricant in this age of high-engine temperatures; and many other problems which must and are being solved in order to meet the technical needs of the Army Ground Forces.

From another point of view, the new equipment indicates the ever-widening opportunity for the technically inclined man to gain training and experience in the Army. Ordnance soldiers are skilled men, with the twin prides of military service and craftsmanship making their duties among the choicest jobs in the Army.

The Ukrainian In Her

On the eve of the turning point in her career, Donna Grescoe confesses to a new-found love and inspiration. Beginning with her Fox Chase appearance before Ukrainians, she has become aware for herself, by her own adult reasoning, of her Ukrainian background, of her people, their culture, language and most important to her—their music. Previously, although her Ukrainian parentage has been stressed always, Donna has been regarded only in the light of her career as an artist of unusual ability, with a gift that stemmed from Heaven and for all the world to enjoy. Now, however, she has met other young Ukrainian artists studying in New York, has recognized in them her kindred spirits, reaching for the same high goals. She has become an enthusiastic member and supporter of the Ukrainian Music and Arts Guild, believing in its aims and purposes. Donna has met our foremost Ukrainian composers and musicians around New York. She has thrilled to the discovery and the playing of the

music of Ouglitzky, of Prydatkevitch, of Hayvoronsky. She begged to include some of their compositions in her Town Hall Concert, but the program had been planned long ago, a program that required months of polishing each composition. Donna, nevertheless, is already planning a performance of the new Ouglitzky Concerto for Violin and Symphony Orchestra, which he has just completed for her.

Donna Grescoe, too, has made a host of friends in the Metropolitan area. Friends who adore for her gentlewomanly ways, her generosity in playing for them at small gatherings. They have been waxing so enthusiastic over descriptions of her playing, that seats for her coming concert are already at a premium. Her friends will be there, in the boxes, in the front orchestra. They will undoubtedly be delighted to learn that she will give the same full measure of her artistry to the vast audience as she does to her friends at

(Concluded on page 7)

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GIRL WITH A GIFT

(Concluded from page 6)

small gatherings. They will recognize Donna's appealing little individualism again. How she punctuates her interpretations with sways of her body. How, in passages that are soft and sustained, as in the Bach that she loves best, Donna almost closes her eyes—then, when the composition reaches climactic heights, her eyes grow wide and bright. They will watch for signs at the corners and her eyes will twinkle.

After the concert, her friends, along with a host of new ones, surely, will cheer her on to newer, greater heights.

**New York City U.N.A.,
Quint Enters Slav
League**

Joining with the Greek Catholic Union, First Catholic Slovak Union, Slovak Catholic Sokols, Slovak Union Sokols and Czech TJ Sokols, the New York U.N.A. Basketball Team will compete for the Mickey Hamalak Trophy, awarded for the first time in 1940 to the Championship Slav Fraternal team of Lower New York State.

First game will have the U.N.A. meeting the FSCU (Jednota) on Saturday, January 25th at Stuyvesant High School at 8 P.M. The New York ARS will meet the Phillipsburg, N. J. ARS in the preliminary.

Among the additions on this year's team we find Harry Sydor, student at Seton Hall College and former Bryant (Long Island City) High School captain. Harry was on the St. John's University team of 1942 prior to entering the service. He's studying for a BA with hopes of Law School to follow. Hank Spivak, member of this year's Hofstra College squad, will be available along with brother Frank. Mike Czarnecki, who scored 24 points against Phila. will round out the first squad with Teddy Dusanenko, former Franklin High School star, Nestor Stadnyk, John Hamalak, Mickey Hamalak and Johnny Lefko are the rest of the squad. The Jayvees have Emil Huzar, Gene Agres, Paul Lakomski, Paul Nykyforchyn, John Bodnar, John Stadnyk, John Brelus and Joe Spivak. Hopes are high that George Worgul will be released from the service by the time the Ukrainian Youth League Tourney starts. (By the way... how about dates on the affair soon, as time flies and we have but 10 weeks before Easter).

We pride ourselves on being 100% U.N.A. team.

Thursday nights have been called off as practice sessions with only games being booked from this point. Come to Stuyvesant on January 25.

BERWICK LEADS IN CITY

Following its reorganization, the Berwick U.N.A. Basketball Team Berwick, Pa. has been getting along quite well this season. At the present time it is leading the City League.

On its roster are three of its stars who were on the team when it won the Eastern Championship back in 1939.

Our last game was with the Berwick Russian Glee Club, which we beat to the tune of 52-40.

Any teams wanting to play with us have the green light. Write to Theodore Wozniak, 1532 2nd Avenue, Berwick, Pa.

OFF THE EDITOR'S DESK

In our last week's column on "Youth Talent" we heard at the Ambridge concert we misspelled the principals' names. The violinist is not Turko but

ELIZABETH BEATS PASSAIC

In a game played last Sunday afternoon at the Ukrainian Hall in Elizabeth, N. J. the Elizabeth Ukrainian five won over the Passaic Ukrainian basketball team, 58-46.

By defeating Passaic, the Elizabeth courtsters held first place in the State Ukrainian League. They got off to a 21-13 margin in the first period and increased the lead to twelve points at half time. The second half was evenly contested.

Johnny Kunka and Danny Alexa again were Elizabeth's high scorers while Pete Labinski sparkled in floor play.

The score:
Elizabeth 21 12 12 13—58
Passaic 13 8 15 10—46
Referee, Markowitz; umpire, Koza.

SYRACUSE UACV CAGERS DEFEAT SAYRE UKRAINIANS

Syracuse, N. Y. The Syracuse UACV, Post 560 of the Catholic War Veterans, scored their second victory in the Ukrainian Basketball League of the Buffalo Deanery when they defeated the Sayre Ukrainians 50 to 47 at the Syracuse Ukrainian National Home, Sunday, January 12th. The victory over Sayre places the Syracuseans in first place in the League with two wins against one loss.

The UACV cagers grasped the lead at the outset and held it throughout the game against the strong and determined attacks of the visitors. At half time the UACV's led 29 to 17.

Returning for the second half, the Sayre Ukes slowly cut down the UACV lead to four points, 40 to 44. With a minute and a few seconds remaining, the visitors fought desperately to gain the lead. The Syracuseans, however, equally determined, maintained their lead to give the Syracuse fans their second thrilling victory.

Eddie Coyle, high scorer for the night, netted 16 points for the victors. Steve Oliski scored 15 tallies for the visitors. Mike Koczan hit the hoop for 13 tallies for the Syracuseans while Denny Coyle collected 12 points.

In the preliminary game, the Syracuse juniors, the St. John Ukes, scored their first victory in the Ukrainian League, defeating Sayre Juniors 20 to 10. Taking the lead in the first quarter, the St. John Ukes maintained their lead throughout the game. Bob Franok, captain of the

Torick, and his first name is Emil, while that of his brother, his accompanist, is Raymond. The first name of Miss Poliansky, the singer, is Irene.

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

YOUNG UKRAINIAN college graduate working in New York City desires room & part board with desirable Ukrainian family in New York City of Jersey City area. Write to Box 123, c/o SVOBODA, 83 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

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St. John Ukes, scored 14 points for the victors. High scorers for the visitors. High scorers for the visitors were Durizck and Tymoski, with 4 points each.

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