

# СВОБОДА SVOBODA

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## Emigrants Seeking Entry Into U. S. Face Delays Up To Ten Years

According to a recent State Department estimate, reported by the Associated Press from Washington last Wednesday, European and Asiatic emigrants seeking to come to this country are facing delays up to ten years. That much time may elapse for some before they can hope to obtain passport visas from over-worked American consulate staffs.

That the consulate staffs are over-worked, this writer knows from personal knowledge. While in Paris (where there are many Ukrainians seeking entry into this country, and some of them, like the highly talented young pianist, Severin Saprun, would make valuable contributions to American culture), this writer attempted to facilitate to emigration to U. S. of some of these prospective emigrants. He was informed by the consulate officials, however, that because their staff was undermanned and because there was such a pile of applications for visas, it had been decided to accept no applications for at least a half year, until the staff could catch up with its work. This was quite a blow to those Ukrainian displaced persons who had emigrated to France in the hope that they could keep on going to this country, where they have relatives and friends who had long ago sent them the necessary affidavits of support.

Congress may help ease the situa-

tion a little for it soon will consider a request for funds to expand consulate staffs from about 11,000 to 14,000.

Another difficulty is that of getting accommodations aboard ships. The United States controls space on only six ships and regulates it carefully.

The combined annual quota for all countries is 153,879, but only about 40,000 were admitted in the first post-fiscal year, and some 80,000 are expected in the twelve months ending next June 30.

According to the State Department estimate, by the 1924 immigration law, first preference to one-half of any quota goes to husbands and parents of United States citizens. Second preference goes to alien wives and alien minor unmarried children of lawful residents of this country.

These applications originate largely in this country, whereas the bids of those who cannot claim preferences are filed abroad. The flood of these has been so heavy that officials say waiting lists are impossible to compute and are misleading.

But on the rule of thumb basis, the AP reports, they make calculations of the prospective delay in sifting applications and granting visas. Thus in France the quota is 3,086, and the wait for non-preferred is one year.

## America's Narrow Gate

Commenting on the State Department statistics on immigration (reported elsewhere on this page), the New York Times vigorously attacks American failure to expedite the entry into this country of at least a fraction of those many European emigrants, among whom are many Ukrainians, who ardently desire to come here and make of themselves useful American citizens.

The barrier is not in the quota system itself so much as it is in the inability of consular staffs to handle applications and in the shortage of transportation. These difficulties are so severe that according to the State Department estimate 30,000 American citizens now abroad may have to wait from one to two years before they can get home.

Here the New York Times poses two questions:

"The first is why this country, so remarkably efficient in sending millions of soldiers abroad and bringing them home again, has bogged down so badly in bringing in the few thousands of immigrants, plus some of its own civilian citizens, who are entitled to entry under existing laws. There is a shortage of ships on the

high seas but certainly no shortage of ships. There is a shortage of consular employes but certainly no shortage of candidates for consular employment.

"The second and more important question is what we intend to do about immigration. It is pure hysteria to shut our gates to a few thousand possible newcomers because we are frightened by the reputed millions who would like to come here. No one can force either the millions or the thousands on us. What we have is the opportunity to select the best and to aid the hardest-pressed victims of war and persecution—and often these two classes are the same. Can a sane person be alarmed by a possible infiltration of a little more than one tenth of one per cent of our population each year? Can a humane person turn his back on the remnants of Hitler's tortured and heroic enemies?

"Once our gates stood wide to all the world. They can do so no more. The pioneer hospitality is not possible. But as a memorial to the old spirit which built this nation we might—President, Congress and people—make sure that our permissible one-

## AN INSPIRING DATE

Outside a thin sliver or two on its western extremities, which remain under Polish rule, today all of Ukraine is "united"—under the rule of the Kremlin. Yet there is no joy in the hearts of the Ukrainian people.

For centuries the Ukrainian people hoped and struggled not only for an independent Ukraine but also for a united Ukraine, encompassing all of Ukrainian ethnographic territories. Finally it appeared that at long last they had achieved their goal.

On January 22, 1919—27 years ago last Tuesday—in an inspiring ceremony in the St. Sophia Square in Kiev, capital of Ukraine, representatives of the Ukrainian National Republic, which had come into being exactly one year earlier following the fall of Tsarist Russia, and representatives of the Western Ukrainian Republic, which had come to life November 1, 1918 following the fall of Austria-Hungary, formally met and amidst great rejoicing declared the Union of these two republics into one, indivisible, free and independent Ukrainian National Republic.

That was indeed a golden page in the history of the Ukrainian nation. The pages that followed it, however, gradually turned blacker and blacker, as the newly won Ukrainian national freedom became blotted out. Beset on all sides by powerful enemies, betrayed by Moscow-led quislings inside her, ravaged by disease and hunger, and ignored discriminated by

the victorious democracies of the west—the young republic collapsed.

Partition of Ukraine then ensued, with Soviet Russia grabbing the biggest share, Poland the next largest, and Rumania and Czechoslovakia the remainder.

The martyrdom of Ukraine that followed is too well known to be dwelt upon here.

Came World War II. Out of it the Soviets emerged as by far the most dominant power on the Eurasian continent, and a great threat to world peace. Today all of Ukraine is under their rule. Ukraine has once more been "united."

But under what terrible conditions. Not by the free people of her people, but by brute force. Not in a free and independent Ukraine, but in a fictitious Soviet "republic," ruled by the most despotic regime the world has ever seen, a regime for which the dignity and rights of the human being being mean naught, a regime which rules by terrorism, and a regime which has starved, murdered or tortured to death millions of Ukrainians, not to mention the other peoples under it.

Now, it is a long road that has no turning. The Ukrainian people know that the day reckoning is on its way. History often changes with startling rapidity, as witness the recent years.

The day is bound to come when the historic event of January 22, 1919 will be repeated, but this time with lasting results.

## New Baby Star!

Mike Mazurki, well known Ukrainian American movie actor, sent out the following announcement from Hollywood:—

Presenting A Delightful New Personality.

The overture ends, The house lights dim, And all over the theatre, The whisper—"It's her!"—"Isn't she beautiful!"—"Look at that smile!"—"Ooh, I'm swooning!"—"What manner, what Style!"

Yes people are talking from near and far—About that sensational new baby star!

Manette Ann Mazurki

Jeanette Mazurki, Producer  
Mike Mazurki, Associate Producer  
Initial appearance—Tuesday, January 14, 1947

Curtain time—8:50 P. M.  
Stage weight—6 lbs, 15 oz.  
Physicians and Surgeons Hospital  
Personal management—Dr. Carolyn Grey.

(Congratulations!)

tenth-of-one-percent hospitality is offered promptly, graciously and without red tape."

## Former DP Waits Husband Here

Among those aboard the Army transport Jared. M. Huddleston, which docked at Stapleton, S. I., N. Y. last Monday was Mrs. Vera Urichuk, European war bride, Ukrainian by nationality, on her way with her 7 month old son to their new home at 316 West High street Bound Brook, N. J., to await the arrival of Pfc. John Urichuk, who is completing service in Stuttgart, Germany, with the 423rd Ordnance Evacuation Company, the Newark Evening News reports.

Mrs. Urichuk who served three years at Nazi forced labor, said she was seized at her home by the Nazis in 1942. She was in DP camp at Boblinken, Germany, when she met Urichuk, who was stationed nearby. The couple went to Stuttgart after their wedding in December, 1945.

The Ukrainian bride said her baby was "completely undisturbed" by the rough seas, although she suffered several meal-less days.

BUY SAVING BONDS



DONNA GRESCOE

Pictured above is the young and unusually gifted violinist of Ukrainian descent, hailing from Winnipeg, Canada, but a New Yorker by inclination, who after a number of triumphal concert appearances in this country and Canada, is making her formal debut before the musical world on the stage of the renowned Town Hall, New York City, next Monday, evening, February 3, at 8:30 p. m.

## Ukrainian in Public Schools

The idea of teaching Ukrainian language in American public schools may seem fantastic, but it is a reality with other Slavonic languages. A determination on the part of Ukrainians may bring this about locally, and it will be a proud day for the city or town which will be the first to teach Ukrainian in a public high school.

Several conditions have to be satisfied prior to inclusion of Ukrainian in a high school curriculum. The first of these is the recognition of this new subject by the state departments of education. This appeared to be the most difficult hurdle to make, but it has been made in the states of Pennsylvania and Connecticut.

Through the efforts of the Sisters of St. Basil the Department of Public Instruction in Pennsylvania recognized Ukrainian as a high school subject. To Mr. Michael Nagurny goes the credit for the recognition of Ukrainian in the schools of Connecticut. Any further surprises along this line will be welcome.

The title of "the most difficult hurdle" passes now to the problems that must be dealt with locally. There must be prospective students in the same building, who would be willing

to study the Ukrainian language. School boards must be persuaded to admit the new subject to the courses of study. Teachers must be provided. Each one of these presents a problem that could be solved by Ukrainians in each community, if they were disposed to do so.

Who shall take upon himself the job of pushing this project to a successful conclusion? The job is too big for one person or even for the few; the whole community must be in back of it. Primarily this is a problem for the men in professions and for the businessmen. They are in a favorable position because they exert influence and have connections. The Ukrainian youth can do very much by creating interest in this project. Finally there are the Ukrainian clubs—social, political, literary and others. Often these clubs are in a quandary, what to do besides serving refreshments to their members. They have the financial means and the strength of an organization. By bringing the Ukrainian language to public schools they would justify their existence and even the right to the use of their high sounding names. Will they do it? Time will tell.

G. H.

## "SVOBODA" (Ukrainian Daily)

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## Recent DP Now College Student Here

ABOUT a month ago, Jarema Kupchynsky, a Western Ukrainian, was in a displaced persons camp in Germany. Today he is a student at Murray State College of Kentucky on the music faculty of which is the well known Ukrainian American violinist Prof. Roman Prydatkevitch.

As reported in the News of this Kentucky college in Murray,

Kupchynsky and his parents landed in the states aboard the U. S. Marine Merlin about two weeks ago. Then things began to happen at an accelerated pace for this friendly young Ukrainian.

Through a friend of the college in New York, Jarema was persuaded to enroll at Murray State.

With the aid of an interpreter, the College News interviewed this 18-year-old refugee. He very matter-of-factly talked of his experiences as a slave laborer in Germany and of his life in Western Ukraine.

Kupchynsky was born in Lviw, Ukraine, and attended school there for eight years. "We call it academic gymnasium there," he said. He was a member of the International Boy Scouts, called Mountain Eagles in his country.

Continuing, Kupchynsky told how he was taken to Germany as a laborer and worked in a factory at Linz, a city on the Danube in Upper Austria, where he had to scrub floors, for at least 12 hours a day, 7 days a week.

"We received bad treatment and the food was very bad," he added. "It usually consisted of ersatz coffee and a small piece of black bread for breakfast. The other meals would probably consist of a cup of soup, turnips, horse meat and occasionally as a treat they gave us a minute slice of margarine." As a result of pneumonia contracted because of conditions in the factory, he spent three months in the hospital.

"We got a chance to come to America," stated Jarema, "because my father had been in a German concentration camp at Sanok. He was suspected of Allied sympathies. Fol-

lowing the collapse of Germany, we had three choices when the Russians moved in. We could go to the forests and join the partisans, escape to the American zone or stay behind and be arrested by Russians. We chose the American zone."

Filling in political background, "Jerry" emphasized that the people in Western Ukraine were not in accord with the Russian government, and many of them belonged to forest bands that roamed the less inhabited sections of the country and carried on active resistance against the government.

After escaping to this zone, Kupchynsky and his parents were placed in a D.P. camp at Berchtesgaden. There he attended a school in the camp and studied German, chemistry, English, physics, math, and Ukrainian literature. The instructors were chosen from the D.P.'s and their salary was ten cigarettes per month. Besides his native language, he speaks fluent German and Polish. "My native language is Ukrainian, not Russian," he emphasized.

Here at Murray, Jarema is taking 'celo and piano in the college and attends Mrs. Lowry's English classes in the Training School. When he has a better working knowledge of English he will take regular college courses.

Commenting on his progress in English, Mrs. Lowry said, "Mr. Kupchynsky seems extremely interested in learning as much as possible in a short time and I believe he has an excellent grasp of the fundamentals. We are glad to have him as a student."

Asked for his comments on Murray and its coeds, Jarema's reply was, "I felt very strange the first few days but the people here are sincere and friendly. Now—as for the girls, I am very sorry I can't talk much with them but you don't have to speak English to dance with them." As an afterthought, he added the Ukrainian equivalent of "Man, do I like to dance with them!"

## Stalin's Saving Grace

In an article in the current February 4 number of Look magazine, Elliott Roosevelt tells of an interview he had with Stalin in Moscow late last December. Describing Stalin, Elliott makes note of the fact that Stalin appeared older and thinner than when he saw him in Teheran in December of 1943. But then he hastens to add:

"The eyes (of Stalin) were the same, however. They have the same snap and sparkle of tolerant good humor."

Ha! It must be indeed quite comforting for the millions of Ukrainians and others of the Soviet "prison house of nations" who were barbarously "liquidated" by Stalin's decrees or for the millions who are about to suffer a similar fate, to learn from Elliott that the dictator of the cruel totalitarian regime which enslaves, tortures and kills them is a man—"of tolerant good humor."

S.

## Not a Bad End

Though one of the capitalist society, I have never been able to afford the wherewithal (money) to take a trip to that rich men's vacation spot—Miami Beach in Florida.

The Communist press reported last Wednesday that Charles Crombein (I hope I have the spelling right), national treasurer of the Communist Party in the United States and one of its founders, age 58, died last Monday—at his home in Miami.

"Proletarians of the World—Unite!"

The least you can gain is a vacation at Miami Beach.

And what is this editor of the Ukrainian Weekly doing in this capitalist world? Fellow editors (of Svoboda, too), let's unite! Maybe we, too, can end our days at a winter resort!

S.

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## FROM A POLITICAL DIARY

FROM A POLITICAL DIARY, Russia, the Ukraine, and America 1905-1945, by Arnold D. Margolin, New York, Columbia University Press, 1946, 250 pp.

By LEV E. DOBRIANSKY

Dr. Margolin has at long last accomplished in this memorable work what has long been needed in the field of Western, especially American, orientation toward the actualities of Eastern Europe, notably those of Ukraine. His purpose is clear and unequivocal—to fill in the wide gaps of Western knowledge and therefore understanding of Eastern Europe; his message is sincere and forthright to awaken Americans particularly to their historic mission in the advancement of democracy throughout the civilized world as the only insurance of peace and true economic progress: his equipment is genuinely solid and in large measure obtained at first hand, mainly through the assemblies and councils of Russia, Ukraine, and foreign official gatherings. In a word, the author, in this diary-like examination of important international problems and issues, speaks fundamentally from personal experience, provided with careful documentation, rather than, as is commonly the case among our American "experts" on Eastern Europe, from variously pre-conceived patchworks of analysis drawn from poorly evaluated and questionable second-hand material.

### Author a Ukrainian Jew

Chief among the gaps in Western knowledge concerning Eastern Europe to which Dr. Margolin, a learned American lawyer of Jewish Ukrainian nativity, devotes himself is the vital role and active setting of the Ukrainian liberation movement in Eastern European politics. Reflecting a wide breadth of objective historical knowledge and an astute ability for critical selection and judgement, his analysis contains many vital points of information and consequently validly established interpretations over which many a department of state in the democratic countries might do well to ponder, and which simultaneously serve to rectify some of the current misconceptions about Eastern Europe harbored in the public mind. First is the supposedly close resemblance between "Russia" (USSR) and the United States, an assumed psychological fallacy capable of producing considerable political misguidance. Foremost among the differences specified by the author is the ineradicable multi-national complexion of the Soviet Union, grounded in centuries-long tradition of substantially distinct communal psychology, history, language, customs and institutions, as against the national unity of the United States in which even foreign-born immigrants participate willingly upon arrival as signified by their desirous intentions to become real Americans. "Even the Czars, who tried their best to centralize the government, used the term 'people of Russia' in addressing manifestoes to the public" (p. 2). The incongruity of the similar governmental address, "peoples of the United States," with our institutional orientation is at once obvious. The state of Western, notably American, knowledge can be readily estimated when this elementary fact has not even yet been fully understood.

### Perennial Ukrainian Resistance

A second point of vital interest concerns the Ukrainian people. Their movement for democratic freedom,

their course in the past and present. Of singular importance is their perennial resistance to any form of subservience, as shown in the incompatibility of serfdom, which thrived in Russia and Poland, with the democratic institutions of Ukraine, the second largest Slav nation. "Thus, like the Czech, the Ukrainians are a genuinely democratic nation, without any remnant of aristocratic or feudal psychology. In this they are akin to American's" (p. 24). The vicious fabrications of Russian imperialists under the Czars and after, seeking to discredit Ukrainian aspirations by denying its linguistic status or imputing German sponsorship of the Ukrainian movement, receive an authentic repudiation in this analysis, "As a matter of historic fact, the Ukrainian Duchy of Kiev existed as an independent state as early as the ninth century" (p. 26). In point of fact, as concerns this vile association between the pure Ukrainian democratic motives and German opportunism, which was even shamelessly revived during this past war by chronically unscrupulous enemies of democracy, the author shows with ample verification that the Ukrainian Central Rada, which was composed of Ukrainian, Russian, Polish, and Jewish political parties and which "displayed remarkable liberalism in regard to the cultural rights of Russian, Jewish, Polish, and other minorities" (p. 31), received de facto recognition from England and France and de jure recognition from Soviet Russia before the German-sponsored Brest-Litovsk treaty. "If France and England had been willing and able to save the Ukraine from the threat of invasion and subjugation by Germany or Soviet Russia, the representatives of the Ukrainian Central Rada would never have become party to the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk" (p. 28). The whole course of the Ukrainian movement has been consistently democratic, steering toward federation with Russian and other states on the principle of equality before the onrush of Bolshevism, toward complete independence after the establishment of red totalitarianism in Russia.

### Democracies Fumbled

The third point of consideration revolves about the attitude of Western diplomacy toward Ukraine, Russia, and Poland immediately after World War I, a war fought ostensibly for democracy. As Margolin shows so well, the main deterrent to proper relations between the Western democracies and Ukraine was a fateful combination of alarming ignorance on the part of the former and the little real interest which the democracies displayed toward the establishment of democracies elsewhere. With respect to the first point, the author's negotiations, for example, with the American Secretary of State, Robert Lansing, and with Mr. Selby, in charge of Russian affairs in the British Foreign Office, reveal the profound ignorance of these officials, at least candidly admitted by the latter, of Ukraine. Concerning the second part of the combination, instead of offering help to the one movement which was democratic, as democratic affinity demanded, the Western democracies fumbled into the morass of power politics whereby the United States, misguided by Russian aristocratic emigrés, favored Kolchak's reactionary forces; France, under Clemenceau backed General Haller's imperialist Polish forces, and Britain,

## Skiing and Democracy

The other night I saw a newsreel shot of Sir Alexander, Governor General of Canada, war-time British commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean Zone, chief etc. lord etc., etc.—learning how to ski.

Now, a novice in skiing is even a funnier sight than a novice in ice-skating. The worst that can happen to the latter is that all of a sudden he thuds down on his—what in biology (grasshoppers, insects and stuff) is called—the posterior. But in skiing, heck, there is no such easy and quick let-down.

Witness the newsreel shot of Sir Alexander, a man who underwent plenty as commander of land, sea and air forces in the North African campaign, suddenly finding himself—with a big crowd looking-on a slippery snowy Canadian hillside with his first pair of awfully long skis attached to his feet. The look of sudden alarm on his face is only matched by the worried concern etched on the faces of his children on how their daddy is going to make out.

He slips and he slithers, his knees wobble around, he vainly tries to keep his balance, and before you could utter the first two syllables of abacadebra (that's from Arabian Nights Tales, you oldsters), there he is, not only down on his posterior but out on his back.

Truly, it was one of the best candid newsreel shots I have ever seen. Time and again Sir Alexander, the doughty old (well, not so old) warrior, stumbled down that hillside, only to come to an ignominiously funny end. Yet he kept on trying, unmindful of the fact that he was a former Commander-in-chief and now Governor General of Canada. Finally he triumphed. He really went down that hillside—helter-skelter to be sure—and to cap it off he made at the bottom of hill a Tellemark turn!

The skeptic may say here that Sir Alexander went through his gyrations in order to impress the Canadians in the manner of a politician who kisses the children of his constituents. That was obviously not the case with Alexander, as any fool

those of Denikin. It is significant that what each represented, sooner or later collapsed. Left unheeded was the desperate need for a free agreement among the nationalities of the Russian Empire upon a democratic federation, such as the late Russian Prof. Miliukov, one of the very few genuine Russian democrats, advocated. Today, how much longer can the democracies afford to leave it this way?

The further experiences of the author, as a private citizen in the United States, with American officials on East European affairs are both interesting and instructive. His foresight concerning the trends in European politics during the 30's is well substantiated. The manner in which the Roosevelt administrations facilitated German and Japanese designs through essential inebriety is clearly shown, as would appeasement of the Soviet Union in its designs do today. Despite certain minor criticisms that can be offered, such as the author's somewhat weak acceptance of the 1936 Soviet Constitution as pertains to civil liberties, especially in the light of the recent disclosures of Victor Kravchenko, his glaring oversight of the numerous parallels to be drawn between the former Nazi regime and the Soviet dictatorship, points which motivate his additional suggestion that the democracies strive

## Poor Dogs

I visited a friend last night. He has a dog and a cat. Also a goldfish. But the latter does not enter into this story. It is too vapid, leading an aimless existence—just like so many of us.

What does concern me are the dog and the cat. It simply is not fair. When the master of the household (that's a phrase borrowed from Scott's Ivanhoe) enters his household, note difference between the two animals and the thanks they get.

The poor hound (dog, cur, etc., mostly etc.), greeting his master, has to jump to his feet, bark woof, wag his tail vigorously, scamper around, roll over and over and lick his hand.

But what does the cat have to do? Merely remain sprawled out, lift his eyelids lazily to look impersonally at "what" is called his master, purr contently a bit, and then to go back to slumberland again.

And so what happens? My friend's dog, despite all his efforts, is often less favored by his master, who prefers to stroke the lazy, purring feline. What a cat's life!

S.

**Wanted:** A girl to work in the general offices of the Ukrainian National Association, 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. Apply at above address personally, by letter, or by phoning—Bergen 4-1016.

who saw the newsreel could plainly see—see?

Totalitarian-minded communists may say something similar. Capitalist propaganda!

Yet when I saw it, it did my heart good to see another example of how truly democratic persons can act no matter how high their position or title. No strutting, no posing, just acting human-life. What better argument for democracy can one have?!

S.

to "persuade" the present Soviet rulers to democratize the Union, the author's judgements on the Yalta and Potsdam agreements as gross violations of the Atlantic Charter and the Declaration of the United Nations, analogous to the dispositions of the Vienna Congress and the Holy Alliance in the 19th century, on the veto power in the Security Council as an equivalent of the old Polish "Liberum Veto" which was aptly characterized as "the vice of parliamentary life in Poland," and on the necessary limitation of national sovereignty everywhere by the prerequisites of the democratic form of government and the guarantee of fundamental human rights, are the inevitable products of democratically-motivated reasoning. The climax of this admirable, gap-filling work which is indispensable for American readers is reached when Margolin truthfully states:

"As long, however, as the Soviet government refrains from legalizing all democratic political parties within its own confines, the world will not be 'safe for democracy'... By long and bitter experience mankind should now have learned that the tendency toward aggressive wars exists in the totalitarian countries in infinitely larger measure than in a democracy."

(Courtesy: "The Ukrainian Quarterly")

# Death of a Peasant

By LES MARTOVYCH

Translated by PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

But Hrytsykha paid no attention to this.

"You're dying, man! Why deny the truth? See, you smell like a corpse already. And how are you leaving me? (this she said through her tears). Who's going to provide for the children? They'll have to go begging from door to door. And the land's indebted, it'll be sold at auction. And where shall I get the money for your funeral? What shall I bury you with—my tears? And when you're gone there'll be the reversion tax to pay. Even if there's anything left after your death, it'll all go for lawyer's stamps and fees. Here I am, not able to earn; I'm a cripple; don't you see? To whose pity do you leave me? Am I able to pay the debts, am I able to pay taxes, am I able to pay the reversion, am I able to feed the children, have I even anything to bury you with? It surely would be better for me to go into the grey earth, but the children!... Who's going to take them in for you?"

Hryts again turned to her his anguish look.

"Wife, be good... what do you want of me?... Sure, I'm not yet dying... but you drive me into the grave by worrying me."

"I'm driving you into the grave? That's how you answer me? Why, I'd divide my own health with you if I could. Don't you see what awaits us after you die? Don't you know what happened to Havrylo's children after he died in poverty? They had to roam about like lost dogs around other people's doors for a whole month!"

Meanwhile a conversation had started in the passage. It began at first in whispers, but gradually grew louder and louder.

"It's misery for a peasant," said big Mykyta. "They take him and turn him into a serf, and he's not allowed to die as he pleases. A man takes sick and only waits for death to come and snatch his breath away, when lo! Don't you dare die, and that's all."

"Ah, but it's a squire or a Jew," said little Mykyta, "they can all die off to the very last one, nobody's going to hinder them. Let the cholera trim their toes, nobody cares."

Then Dmytro inserted himself into the conversation:

"Or, let them take ten years in dying; they can do it if they want. But a peasant, no; that's expensive. Either get it over with, or else get up and work!"

Little Mykyta began to banter Dmytro.

"Ah, but your wife, Dmytro, wouldn't allow you to die. They took your very soul away today for the taxes, and your wife would say: 'Wait, my man, pay the taxes first, and then you can die.'"

"Ho, you think, maybe," snorted Dmytro, "you can get away with hiding those sheepskin coats? Just let the collector come back and he'll tear them off your backs."

Big Mykyta disregarded Dmytro's retort.

"Th, friend Dmytro would know how to manage it. He'd have an old overcoat and a pair of boots stowed away. And if friend Dmytro decided to die, he'd wait till winter when there'd be such a snowstorm outside, you wouldn't dare put your

nose out of the door. Then he'd pull on the boots, put on the overcoat and say: 'Wife, I'll just hop out and get some water for you!'" But instead of getting the water, he'd slip into the straw stack and die there in the straw, perhaps more comfortably than another man in his bed."

"Provided there'd be straw!" said Dmytro. "But that devil cleaned me out today to the very last stalk. I begged him: 'Leave me the straw at least; I've got sheep. What am I going to feed them with this winter? I keep sheep for my taxes.' But he replied: 'Don't worry, my man, he says, about the sheep; we'll take them.' And he took the sheep as well."

Hryts's neck was hurting him because of his uncomfortable position: his shoulders on the pillow and his head pressed forward by the wall. He tried to move himself back to where he was lying before; he took hold of the side of the bedstead with one hand and pushed against the mattress with the other. But he was too weak to budge.

Big Mykyta noticed what Hryts was trying to do. He stepped into the room and then called little Mykyta:

"Come on, Mykyta, let's help Hryts to get straightened out in bed. He's lying all twisted and his neck's hurting him."

"Thanks, Mykyta," pleaded Hryts. "Thanks... I'll manage... Don't trouble... It's nothin... No great trick to move myself... Leave me alone, I'll do it myself."

Hrytsykha again peered attentively at the sick man. The two Mykyta's took him by the arms like a little child, and laid him lower down.

"Do it yourself?" said Hrytsykha. "Oy! you'll never do a thing again by yourself. You never take another step by yourself."

The two Mykyta's went back into the passage to resume the conversation.

"Dmytro," said big Mykyta, "by this time you've already had quite a bit of revelling in Paradise, because your wife, on account of the boots and overcoat, wouldn't have gone outside after you."

"Oy! revelling in Paradise," said Dmytro. "And maybe by this time they'll have got me out to the graveyard and said: 'Amen, dust do dust, ashes to ashes, that's all! But is it a sure thing that people do go to Paradise after they die? Maybe Paradise isn't for peasants, after all. Didn't Squire Kruchka say that a peasant hasn't any soul. 'A peasant,' he said, 'when he dies, just gives of a bit of steam, like the cattle do.'"

"Well, just you think a minute," said little Mykyta. "Where would they put a peasant when he dies? It's different with a squire. As far as God's concerned, a squire's either good or bad. A good squire pays a lot of servants, gives to the poor, they get a dozen priests to him, and so on. He's got the money to do it with. A chap like that goes right away to Paradise. A bad one goes straight to Hell. But what are you going to do with a peasant? A peasant's stupid. Does he know how to praise God in Paradise? He goes to church because the others go, and crosses himself, maybe to chase the flies away from him. He doesn't give to the poor; he'd take charity himself if he could find another one

stupid enough to give anything to a peasant. Priests don't come at his call, for he hasn't got the wherewithal to pay for holy services. All right, read the rules: He rightly belongs at the very bottom of Hell. But why send him down there to Hell, when he's had Hell here? What reason should he go there when it's all the same? It's better for him to croak like the cattle, and no Judgment Day for him."

"There you have it, if friend Dmytro was to sneak off to die! No Paradise for him, for the rules don't allow it. And he'd die without confessing his sins. Is there any reason for sending him to Hell when he hasn't done any harm to a soul? Getting burnt out is no sin; even a church might burn up."

Dmytro waved his hands: "After all, if they did send me to Hell, perhaps you think I wouldn't recognize whether it was Hell or Paradise? I'd feel, maybe, that it was a bit different from being on earth, but who knows—perhaps it might be better. And what's Hell anyway? There's no Judgment and no Hell. Consequently it's better to moulder in the grave, and after death there won't be any ideas popping into my head as to what they're going to do do with me."

Then all three of them burst out into the peculiar peasant laugh already mentioned. Such a laugh neither intermits nor puts a stop to a conversation. Hrytsykha continued peeling her potatoes. All those present in the house listened unconcernedly to the talk. Only Hryts heaved a sigh from time to time...

## VI

A few days after this, Semenykha, Protsykha, and Ivanykha came to visit the sick man. Semenykha sat down on a banch near the window, while Protsykha and Ivanykha stood inside the door. Young Ivanykha was very shy. She was fearfully embarrassed because she was so large; Protsykha scarcely came up to her bosom. Ivanykha felt herself neglected, for every time she turned to glance at Protsykha all she could see was Protsykha's black hair. Moreover she was disturbed by the fact that she couldn't find a word of disagreement with Protsykha. Semenykha and Protsykha talked and Ivanykha blushed.

Hrytsykha was sitting beside the stove with her lame leg resting on a chair. She was spinning.

"Oy, neighbors, neighbors!" she declaimed, "I won't be your neighbor very much longer. I'll soon be going begging along the hedges with my children. Others will come and take what I've worked for. All my life I've toiled and toiled, never slept enough at night, worked hard like an ox, but not for myself, not for myself."

### "A DISTINGUISHED PIECE OF WORK"

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

## A HISTORY of UKRAINE

By MICHAEL HEUSHEVSKY

Edited by O. J. FREDERIKSEN

Preface by GEORGE VERNADSKY

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"Hrytsykha, dearie," sympathized Semenykha, "don't take it so much to heart. God's good and the people aren't Tatars. There are others still worse off. Surely a Christian comes into this world to meet with tribulation?"

"And do you think," said Protsykha, "that we are any better off? Oy-yoy, neighbor! Things are so bad, so bad, that we may have to die of hunger yet. But a Christian lives on hope; he staves off poverty as best he can. Always: Be it so, be it so! God's good, somehow we'll manage, and yet things get tighter all the time. A Christian toils and toils his whole life long. For weeks on end he labors like an ox at the plough. But always: Provided there's health, somehow it'll pass."

"Ah, that's it, Protsykha," rejoined Hrytsykha. "Provided there's health! But don't you see how things are with us? I'm a helpless cripple and there's not a single soul in the world I can look to for help. And Hryts—well, today or tomorrow..."

"Eh, neighbor, don't talk that!" said Semenykha. "Don't stir the of God. It's all God's will; all our ways are in His hand."

"How can one help but talk, neighbors? How can one help but talk? Just look how awful-looking he's become... A corpse. In the daytime it's not so bad, but you should see and hear at night. I can hardly call him back from death. I tell you he might pass out at any moment, any moment. I just watch the candle. I don't sleep, neighbors; whole nights I don't sleep a wink, but just listen to hear whether he's gone. Last night I dozed off for a short hour—forced to do it, sleep broke me down. And I dreamed an awful dream, a terrible dream. My heart tells me it won't be long now."

"It seemed as though I was going to town and I came to the old grave-mounds. Just when I was near a red cross, I looked and lo! I was standing on a high hill and I was thinking to myself. I was thinking: How am going to get down this hill when I'm a cripple. So I said to myself: I'll grab the bushes with my hands and let myself down bit by bit slowly; maybe somehow I'll manage it. So, you see, I grabbed the bushes with my hands and let myself down lower and lower, and then from somewhere there came a stream, all muddied, almost black, I'll swear. And in the stream there was a fish thrashing about. The fish seemed so fierce and awful that I was terrified to death. I tell you that fish jumped up in the water and whirled about and opened its jaws like a dog and gnashed its teeth at me as though it was going to devour me. I shook with terror and kept on trying to slide farther down the hill, but quietly, so the fish wouldn't hear me. Yet it seemed that for all I hurried, I didn't get any farther, and as I clung to a bush there came such a rustling, as though some one was dragging branches along a road. Let it be what it will, I thought to myself, I must get away from here. So I started to slide down farther and then, you know, I banged against a sharp rock. Good Lord! I smashed against the rock with my head so hard my teeth rattled. I felt for my teeth and they'd all flown out. And then the fish, you know, somehow crawled out of the water and came at me like a serpent. My heart almost stopped beating. In my fright I let go of the bushes and fell down, down, over a precipice."

(To be continued)

BUY SAVING BONDS

## "Democracy" of the Soviet Union

By DR. M. HAYDAK

There is a tendency among certain groups of people to extol to high heavens the democratic trends and the social justice of the government of the Soviet Union. Let us follow these trends by presenting some facts from the present and from not so distant past.

In an issue of TIME (July 8th, 1946, p. 32) one could read such a short notice pertaining to the events in the Soviet State:

"Because many Chechens and Crimean Tartars fought on the side of the Germans and the main mass of the population... did not give opposition, their 'autonomous' republics were expunged by Moscow. Charged with treason, sabotage and collaboration, an estimated 400,000 men, women & children were driven from the land on which their ancestors had lived for untold generations, and ordered to trek eastward. Where? Nobody knew—"

Local newspapers carried the news to every city and town in the United States. The majority of readers probably just glanced over the item and forgot about the event. Very few understood the tragedy which was hidden behind this short note.

### Herded Like Cattle

For the people who are not familiar with the way the things are done in the land of the dictatorship of proletariat, it is difficult to comprehend, why "because the main mass of population did not give the opposition to the collaborators," the whole population had to leave their homes and wander far away. Usually in such migration the unfortunate persons are given only a few hours to take a specified amount of their belongings and are compelled to leave everything else untouched and intact. In other words, the remaining part of their possessions is confiscated by the State without any refund. The people are herded like animals, placed in sealed freight cars and sent to some distant regions to shift for themselves or are taken directly to concentration or forced labor camps.

The Ukrainians know too well these brutal methods. They have been applied to them very freely in the past, and especially in connection with the forced collectivization in 1932-1933 when, according to W. H. Chamberlin (Christian Science Monitor, May 29, 1934) more than 4 million people died from the Soviet Government-made famine. Even Maurice Hindus, whose writings are always favorable to the Soviet experiments, clearly stated (Harpers, Vol. 174, p. 611,—1937) that due to such collectivization "One million kulak families were liquidated, that is, deliberately ruined. They were stripped of all but a small portion of their personal property and either cast out over sandy or swampy allotments of land and left to shift for themselves, or were banished north to work on roads, in lumber camps, on construction enterprises, and to settle new territories. At least three million peasants perished from the famine of 1932-1933 which was exclusively an incident of collectivization." President Kalinin summed up this government-made mass murder by saying in early summer of 1933, "The collective formers this year have passed a good school. For some this school was quite ruthless."

### Mass Evictions and Murders

It is apparent that such mass evictions and mass murders are being

practiced by the Soviet government at the present time just as in the past. It is a well known fact that thousands of Ukrainian intellectuals were killed by the agents of the NKVD (Soviet Secret Police) in Western Ukraine during the occupation of that land in conjunction with the treaty of amity between Hitler and Stalin, and especially in 1941 during the bolshevist retreat before the advancing German armies. Those Ukrainians were killed not because they were guilty of any crime, but simply because they could have been potential enemies of the Muscovite occupation of the Ukrainian land (AP dispatch from Lviw of July 7, 1941, published in "Trident," vol. 5, No. 6, p. 10—1941). Such terror is being continued now and the Soviet representatives to the United Nations apply all possible pressure to bring about the forcible eviction of the Ukrainian displaced persons from the allied zones of occupation and turning them back to the bolshevist agents of the NKVD for liquidation. These efforts are being made not because the Soviet government is interested in the wellbeing of those displaced Ukrainians, but because those DP's lived under the Soviet brand of democracy. They know too much and may spoil the intricate work of the Soviet agents and sympathizers, who are trying to pull the wool over the eyes of the rest of the civilized world.

Let us examine again the case of abolishing the autonomy of the Crimean Tartars and the Chechens-Ingushes. These people are not Russians. They were incorporated into the Soviet Union by the force of arms and by the famous Trojañ horse tactics. They have been under the bolshevist regime for more than 20 years. The fact that they did not regret the departure of the regime and some of them even fought against it shows very clearly that they were dissatisfied with the Muscovite occupation. In this case one cannot speak of treason. The act of treason may be accomplished by a person or a small group of persons, but when the whole people are dissatisfied with the government then in the democratic countries they do not call it treason. There must be something wrong with the government. And in democracies the people are given an opportunity freely to express their will by a vote. The Soviet government did not ask the Tartars or Chechens what was wrong. It did not try to remedy the situation. It simply punished all of them. These are the ways of dictatorships, no matter what color they are.

### A Police State

"One of the differences between a democracy, such as America, and a police state, such as Russia," commented the Editor of the St. Paul Dispatch (July 30, 1946) in connection with the Soviet lieutenant Redin's spy case, "is that in the democracy it is thought better that many guilty people should go free than one innocent person should be punished; but in a police state it is thought necessary that many innocent persons should be punished rather than risk the escape of a single guilty persons... In Russia and other police states, terror is an accepted tool of the government."

Can we speak of the "democratization" of the Soviet Union?

("Ukadet," Minneapolis, Minn.)

## Youth and the U.N.A.

### DOUBLE INDEMNITY INSURANCE

In March, 1946, at the 21st convention of the Ukrainian National Association, it was decided to issue a new type of benefit for the adult members of the fraternal benefit society. This benefit, which is titled "Benefit in Event of Death Prior to Age 65 by Accidental Means," popularly referred to as "double indemnity," is available to male members from 16 to 54 years of age, and to female members from 16 to 49 years of age, as well as to new members in these age groups.

To receive double indemnity protection, a member should contact his branch secretary; the secretary will produce a double indemnity application, which the member should sign. This application, together with the member's certificate (policy) is sent to the Main Office of the U.N.A.; the double indemnity agreement or clause is attached to the certificate and same is then returned to the member via his secretary. That's all there is to it... and no medical examination is required. New members may apply for double indemnity insurance at the same time they apply for membership.

Holders of juvenile certificates and holders of Old System Whole Life certificates are not eligible for double indemnity insurance. Only members insured in Classes T, W, O, P, and E, within the eligible age groups, may make application for double indemnity benefits.

When a member holds double indemnity insurance and his death is caused by accident before he is 65 years old, then his beneficiaries are entitled to receive a death benefit equal to double the amount of insurance. This means that for \$500 of insurance the death benefit will be \$1000; for \$1000 of insurance the death benefit will be \$2000... the death benefit will always be twice the amount of the insurance declared on the face of the member's insurance certificate.

### Both Dues Paid Same Time

The dues for double indemnity insurance are payable together with the dues for ordinary insurance. If a member pays his regular dues monthly, or quarterly, or semi-annually, or annually, his double indemnity insurance dues are payable on the same basis.

The double indemnity agreement is effective up to the 65th birthday of the insured. When a member reaches 65 he ceases to pay for double indemnity insurance and the agreement is null and void. When such a member dies after age 65, even from accidental means, only the regular death benefit is paid.

Double indemnity insurance becomes effective when the member receives his certificate with the clause attached and has made his first payment on the insurance.

The U.N.A. will pay double the amount of benefit only when the death of a member, insured under the double indemnity agreement, results from bodily injuries, sustained after the effective date of the agreement for double indemnity, and when these bodily injuries were sustained solely from violent, external and accidental means and if the member dies within 100 days after such injuries. Consequently, the double indemnity benefit will not be paid if death occurs from any of the following causes: committing, or attempting to commit, while sane or insane, an assault, felony or suicide; volun-

tary or involuntary taking of poison or inhalation of gas; travel, service, or flight in any kind of aircraft except riding as a fare-paying of a commercial airline flying on regularly scheduled routes between definitely established airports; war, insurrection, or participation in a riot; bodily or mental infirmity or disease or medical, surgical, or dental treatment therefor; bacterial infection other than that occurring as a result of bodily injury described above; if death occurs while the insured is insane.

### Rates Very Low

The rates for double indemnity benefits are surprisingly low... from 5¢ to 8¢ monthly for members insured for \$500, and from 11¢ to 16¢ monthly for members insured for \$1000, depending on the age of the member at the time of application for double indemnity. A slight savings is realized by members paying their double indemnity insurance dues on the quarterly, semi-annual or annual basis.

Because of the nature of their insurance, members in Class P (20-Payment Life) desiring double indemnity benefits must pay for the clause from the date of regular insurance as shown in their Class P certificates. New members in this class are not affected.

All questions on double indemnity insurance should be referred to the Ukrainian National Association, Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J., or to the officers of U.N.A. branches.

Double indemnity insurance is expensive and a very good thing to have. Make sure your U.N.A. insurance certificate contains the double indemnity clause. Your branch secretary will help you obtain it. See him as soon as possible.



*There's a World-Wide Shortage of Fats to Make Soaps, Tires, Cars...*

**TURN IN YOUR**

**USED FATS!**

*They're Needed Today, More Than Ever Before.*



## FAN MAIL

By JOHN HODIAK

I'm proud of my fans.

Ever since I was a kid I've been an inveterate postbox watcher. I love to get letters—and I don't mind answering them.

First of all there's a fact that might as well be faced. We are rapidly becoming a nation of letter writers. With the war having taken so many from home, writing letters is now a habit. In days gone by we could pick up a telephone or send a telegram. But it isn't that simple today. And so, we turn to pen and ink or a typewriter and write a letter. And Americans are thorough. Just as thorough in their composition of a letter as in anything else they set out to do.

Since the start of my screen career the fan mail that comes to me has been a source of real interest. Nine out of ten of the letters are sincere, intelligent and honest. Those who write for information do so because they are sincerely interested. Those who offer criticism are prompted by a desire to be service, and to pass along pertinent pointers which might be helpful now or in the future.

Recently I received a letter from a college professor. He was interested in the psychological reaction of an actor to the roles he was called upon to portray.

I'm frank in admitting that this was way over my head. Not having studied psychology I wasn't much help. But I tried, at least, to refer him to someone who was. Now, believe it or not, I'm interested in psychology. If I do experience any of the professor's "reactions" I'm going to train myself to spot them. As a matter of fact I wrote a letter to him requesting more information on the subject.

Yes, that professor threw me for a loss. So did a fifteen year-old high school girl. This youngster was so earnest it was heartbreaking.

She wanted to know how to get glamour—and believe me, she wanted the answer more than she wanted anything else in the world.

At the moment I knew as much about glamour as about psychology—but happily I was in range of an expert source of information. Judy Garland was just three dressing rooms down the line waiting to be called for a scene in "The Harvey Girls."

I walked over with the letter and put it on the line to Judy. "How does a fifteen year-old girl get glamour", I asked.

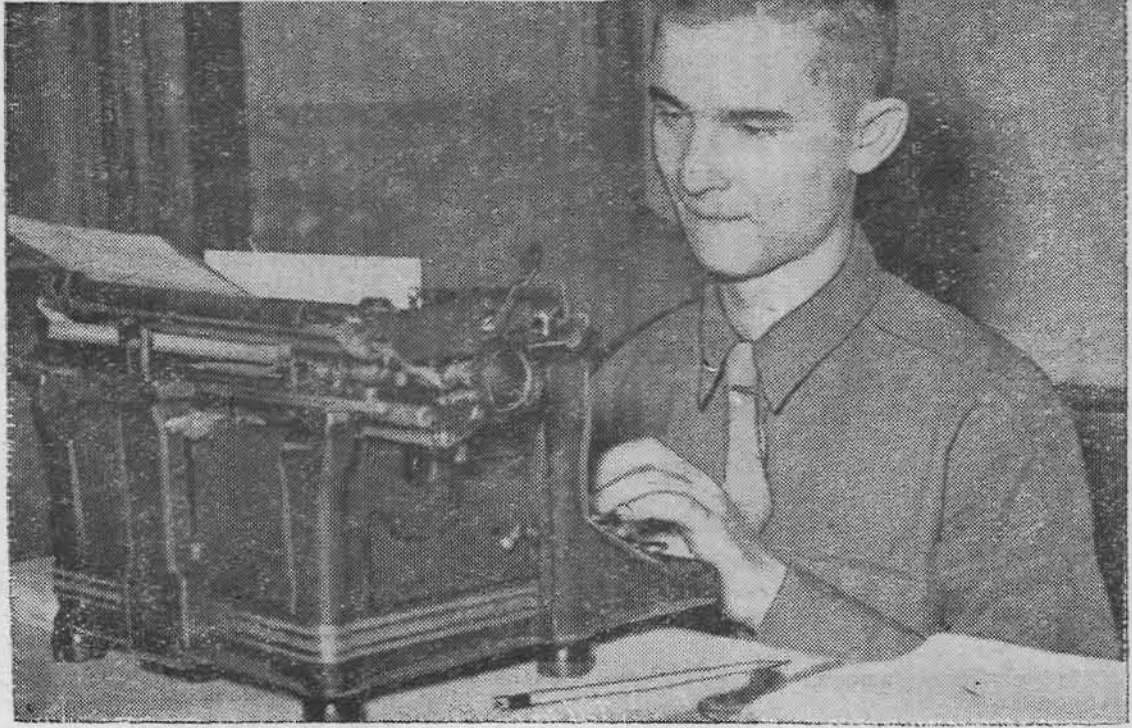
We talked for a full half hour. At the end of that time my young fan not only had an answer, but so did I.

Glamour, according to Judy, is something that one doesn't intentionally set out to achieve. It is brought on by a series of things. First of all, glamour is the art of being one's self. It is being properly dressed for an occasion. It is being one's age and action, and in appearance. It is a soft, pleasing voice—the ability to listen as well as to talk. It is something that comes from inside and can't be slipped on and off like a dress.

It made sense to me. I answered my fifteen year-old, taking no credit for these pearls of wisdom but quoting my source of information.

Since then I've had at least six other letters from feminine fans wanting to know exactly the same thing. A skeptical friend of mine remarked that while I may now consider myself an authority on glamour, chances are that the only thing the

## Philly GI in Japan



**TICKLES THE KEYS.** In faroff Kyoto, Japan, Philadelphia boy, Pvt. John P. Levitsky of 2210 Wallace st. bangs the typewriter as a hustling clerk-typist in Gen. Douglas MacArthur's forces. With the signal section of 1st corps, Levitsky went overseas last October after rookie training at Camp Lee, Va. He was a student at Benjamin Franklin high school. Pvt. Levitsky is the son of Rev. Nicholas and Mrs. Anne Levitsky of the above address. He is a member of the Yednisch Society of Philadelphia, Branch 163 of the Ukrainian National Association. His older brother is also in service, Corp. Nicholas W. Levitsky, member of U.N.A., Branch 163.

## WEEKLY BANTER

The secretary problem still persists. A Cleveland man hired a new girl and told her to indicate the proper zone on envelopes. When he signed his mail the first day, he found all of it was addressed "Temperate Zone."

You can lead a salesman to water—but it'll be an awful disappointment... People who haven't time to stop at grade crossings always find time to attend the funeral.

Little bankroll are we part. Let me press you to my heart. All the year I've clung to you, I've been faithful, you've been true. Little bankroll in a day. You and I will start away. To a good vacation spot. I'll come back, but you will not.

Boss: "Rastus, did you attend your lodge meeting last night."

Rastus: "No, boss. We dun have to postpone it."

Boss: "Why was that?"

Rastus: "De Grand-All-Powerful-Invincible-Most Supreme-Unconquerable Potentate dun got beat up by his wife."

A ventriloquist attended a Negro funeral unknown to the mourners. Afterward, one of them told another what had happened at the cemetery.

"You won't believe it, Mose," the narrator said, still wild-eyed, "but when dey begins to lowah Joe in his grave, he says, 'Lemme down easy, boys.'"

"And did dey finish burying him?"

"Man. Ah don't know. Ah didn't stay."

kids really wanted was an autograph.

That may be. Frankly, I'm no skeptic. I believe if a youngster says she wants to be glamorous—that she means it. Usually, autograph hunters don't bother to write a letter. They simply drop postcard stating their case.

But as far as mail is concerned, I'm for it. It taught me about psychology. It taught me about glamour. From it I also learned the kind of pictures that the boys overseas prefer and their favorite pin-up queens.

## U.Y.L. of N.A. Sports

The Sports Department of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America outlined today its 1947 schedule of tournaments to be held in various cities and towns throughout the country. The tournaments are planned to stimulate a postwar revival of interest in competitive athletic activities in and among various Ukrainian and Ukrainian-American organizations which had become inactive during the war years.

Mr. Walter Bacad, Sports Director of the League, announced that plans for a Basketball Tournament in late February, as well as a Bowling Tournament later in the Spring, have tentatively been made.

A large handsome trophy, bearing the inscription "UYJ-NA Basketball Champions," will be presented to the winning team. Permanent possession of this trophy will go to the team winning the championship three times. Members of the championship team will receive silver basketball charms. In addition, a smaller trophy will be presented to the team finishing in second place.

In announcing the rules for eligibility in the Basketball Tournament, Mr. Bacad stated that the number and geographical location of the teams participating will govern the procedure to be followed in the tournament and the play-offs, and would probably be the key factor in deciding the locale of the finals. Eligibility rules are as follows:

1. Team members must either be Ukrainian or of Ukrainian extraction through one or both parents.

2. Members of any one team will not exceed fifteen players.

3. Prior to participation in the finals, a team member must have been a member, in good standing, of the organization he is representing, for a period of at least three months.

4. An entry fee of \$5.00 will be charged, payable with application.

5. Team members must be of amateur standing.

The only eligibility requirement for the Bowling Tournament will be that contestants must be either Ukrainian or of Ukrainian extraction through one or both parents. Further details of the Bowling Tournament will be made public by the League at a later date.

Since its inception in 1933 the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America has among its activities fostered interests in national and community sports programs for all Ukrainian and Ukrainian-American organizations in the United States and Canada. The League does not limit participation in these sports activities to its own membership, but encourages other Ukrainian organizations to participate in its national tournaments, which the past have included baseball, softball, bowling, track and basketball. Its Bowling Tournaments, the First Ukrainian American Olympiad held in Philadelphia in 1936, and the annual Basketball Tournaments, have all stirred intense rivalry among the various organizations, and are some of the highlights of its past sports program. In sponsoring these competitive meets the UYL-NA has stimulated interest of benefit to the athletic, as well as to the social aspect of Ukrainian-American youth activities, and in this manner has fulfilled one of its prime functions as a national organization.

All organizations, teams and individuals interested in either of these tournaments or other athletic activities, may obtain entry blanks and detailed information by writing to the Sports Director:

WALTER BACAD,  
135 West 72nd St.  
New York 24, N.Y.



## ЗА ЗАЛІЗНОЮ ЗАСЛОНОЮ

ТАМ, ДЕ ГРАБУЮТЬ КРОВ  
ТА ПІТ НАШИХ ПРЕДКІВ...(Репортаж із Західних околиць  
Українських Земель).

Від деякого часу польська краєва та закордонна преса вже менше місця уділяє українським землям на захід від лінії Керзона. Коли порівняти скромні замітки з шумом, який ще недавно робилося навколо форпостів української землі, то можна говорити про мовчанку, чи про якусь загадкову тишу.

Що діється сьогодні на землях, які один окупант віддав другому? Що діється там, де військо, поліція, чи, пак, міліція та цивільні банди силоміць виганяли з прагматичних хат українське населення?

Дні відкритих боїв, дні пожеж та заправ, що з аливали кожного дня і ночі небо, там уже минули... По них, як свідки, залишилися тільки згарища та руїни наших сіл. Спустошення, зокрема, дуже сильні в районі Перемішля та Грубешова. Але, хоч інші райони потерпіли трохи менше, проте можна говорити про своєрідну смугу згарищ, своєрідну зону смерті між кордонами теперішньої Польщі та советської України.

Ця картина дуже болюча. Деш селами й бачили лани незасіяних земель... Незасіяні тоді, коли Європі, та й самій Україні загрожує голод... Людей у селах майже непомітно, а ті, що залишилися чи прийшли колоністами з заходу, бояться кожної зустрічної людини. Є райони, де цілі села стоять пустою, а хати — без вікон та дверей — справляють дуже гнітюче враження. Люди, котрих повивозили до ССР, позабирали з собою все, що могли. Те, що вони не забрали, пограбували поляки знавколишніх сіл.

Українці на захід від лінії Курзона, цілком відірвані від усього життя. Мало хто з них намілюється їхати до міста, бо не має відповідних документів. Щоб виробити якийнебудь тимчасовий документ, на те треба багато коштів, а, зокрема, сала та горілки. Війти, за довідку на 2—3 місяці беруть від селянина — українця 5—6 літрів горілки, 5—10 кілограмів сала та інші речі. А давати нема з чого. Хвилі грабунків та реквізицій перекотилися над українськими селами, що їх лінія Курзона відділила від українського материка... Пограбовано живий та мертвий реманент, одяг і т. п. Нерідко приїжджає польська поліція по контингенти і часто забирає все, що можна забрати.

Так живуть рештки українського автохтонного населення там, де від віків український селянин орав свою землю. Так живуть українці там, де вони своїми порепаними руками, своїм потом та кров'ю здвигали села та міста. Так живуть українці там, де закопуються кордонні стовпи, та на захід від лінії Курзона заквартирується польська охорона кордону. Там переслідують, з наказу большевицької Москви, наших братів, там грабують кров і піт наших предків...

Ю. С.

ЯК ЖИВУТЬ ТІ, ЩО ЇХ МОБІЛІЗУВАЛИ ДО „ЧЕРВОНОЇ АРМІЇ“?

Як відомо, большевики, захоплюючи українські землі, через 3—5 днів по приході до якогось району, оголошували мобілізацію. До мобілізаційних пунктів, що були створені по більших селах та містах, мало зголошувалися все чоловіче населення воєнзобов'язаного віку, цебто від

17 до 50 років яке залишалося на місцях.

Багато активніших людей тоді на місцях заарештовано. Інших вивезено — нібито до червоної армії.

Що сталося з ними, та яка була їхня далша доля?

Частина справді потрапила до червоної армії. Багато українців засуджено на 10—15 років примусових робіт. Їх большевики відразу брали до відбудови пошкоджених міст на Україні і поза Українськими Землями. Засуджені терплять зараз сильний голод та нужду. Вони одержують нібито по 300 грамів хліба та трохи супу щодня. На ділі пайки хліба далеко менші. Листування з родичами для засуджених дуже обмежене: один відкритий лист на місяць.

Засуджені живуть здебільшого під голим небом. Одяг, у якому вони ввійшли, вже знищений, а нового ніхто не дає. Висилання харчових пакунків, яке нібито дозволене, натрапляє на величезні труднощі. Часом треба їхати від 100 до 200 кілометрів, щоб там знайти спосіб переслати пакунок.

А до рідних приходять дуже рідко листи про „щасливе життя“ (так, як і взагалі під сонцем сталінської конституції...) Зміст їх майже однаковий: „Живу добре, — важу 40 кілограмів...”

Система невідільної праці по другій світовій війні в ССР не то що не перестала існувати, а навпаки — набрала ще більших розмірів.

## ЛЬВІВ СЬОГОДНІ.

Саме місто знищене на 10%. Головний двірць, що був за час війни двічі знищений, уже на 70% відбудовано.

Багато вулиць переіменовано. Наприклад, вулиця Льва Сапіга зветься — Сталіна, Личаківська — Леніна, Казимірівська — Чапаєва, Домбровської — Крупської, Легіонів — вулиця 1 травня.

У Львові виходять газети: „Вільна Україна“, „Червоні Штандар“ та московська „Львовская Правда“.

На німецькому цвинтарі при вулиці Янівській — тепер Шевченка — всі хрести на німецьких гробах понищено. Зрештою, не тільки німецьких, бо таку саму долю ділять також усі свіжі могили та старі — муровані. Їх руйнують ночами так звані „жуліки“, що шукають золотих зубів та перстенів. Бувають випадки, що жінка, яка поховала свого чоловіка, на другий день зустрічає на чорній біржі, на Краківській площі, його вбрання, в якому він був похований...

Міліції дуже багато. У ній працюють, здебільшого, люди із східних областей. Вона одягнена подібно до війська, тільки може ще гірше, і її можна впізнати лише по тому, що кожний міліціонер має блакитну стірку навколо своєї шапки. НКВД має синє денце на шапці, пограничники носять зелені шапки.

На двірці квиток не важко дістати, але при тому треба зазначити, на яку лінію. До Яворова, Мостиськ, Самбора, Дрогобича та Стрия можна дістати дуже легко, але зате на лінію Тернопіль чи Рівне надзвичайно важко, бо ними їде дуже багато людей по харчі із східних областей на ЗУЗ.

Голоду в місті немає. Коли по склепах є все для високих чиновників, то ославлені Кракедани є місцем, де можуть купувати всі. Але там ціни надзвичайно високі. Кілограм білого хліба коштує 25—30 карб., чорного 2½ кілог-

рами — 25—30, одно яйце 2 карб., 50 копійок, 1 кілограм соли — 11—15 карб. і т. д.

У Львові є тепер біля 70% населення, що прибуло сюди із Сходу. Це, здебільшого, росіяни. Між ними є малий відсоток українців із Києва, Харкова та Одеси. На вулиці чути мову російську та українську, а вже дуже рідко — польську. У самому Львові мало би ще бути 10 тисяч поляків, але скільки їх є насправді, ніхто не знає.

Викладовою мовою по школах є, нібито, українська мова. Але тому, що більшість викладачів та учнів говорять по „руськи“, виклади, в дійсності, відбуваються російською мовою.

Кіна з назвами: „Дніпро“, „Україна“, „Льва Франка“, „Шевченка“, „Лесі Українки“ показують фільми російські. Останні: „Золота стежка“, „Чоловік № 214“, „Вельса“, „Вітряк“, „Люфт-шофер“ та подібні.

Церкви повідчинювані, але все правиться за російським православним обрядом. З духовенства на місцях залишилися ті, що підписали перехід на російське православ'я. Всі інші засуджені на 10—15 років тяжких робіт та вивезені на заслання.

3 польських костелів працює ще два.

## СТАН ПРОХАРЧУВАННЯ НА ЗАХІДНІЙ ВОЛИНІ.

Коли порівнювати село з містом, то, безумовно, далеко краще живуть селяни. Не зважаючи на те, що селяни мусять багато постачати для державної влади, вони все ж можуть легше пов'язати кінці, ніж городяни.

Контингент великий: з гектара 3—5 центнерів, а до того ще біля 1,500 рублів податків. До них треба ще зачислити різні штрафовки та позики. Робітник заробляє в місті 300—500 карбованців, коли 1 кілограм солонини коштує 110—150 карбованців, один центнер збіжжя — 1500—2000 карбованців, а чоловіче вбрання — 2000—5000 карб.

На Західних областях України чорна біржа дуже поширена.

До різних міст Західно-Українських Земель приїжджає дуже багато українців та москалів із Сходу. З огляду на голод, який панує на їхніх теренах, вони стараються за всяку ціну залишитися тут на працю. Деякі з них ідуть прямо на села, щоб випросити якісь харчі у добрих людей. Ті люди походять здебільшого з Київської, Харківської, Брянської та Смоленської областей.

## ТРУДНОЩІ ПРОХАРЧУВАННЯ В СТЕПОВІЙ ЧАСТИНІ УКРАЇНИ

Забезпечення населення харчами на Україні незадовільне. На пунктах продажу обмаль споживчих продуктів, і чорна біржа процвітає по всій Наддніпрянщині.

Особливі труднощі виникають у Степовій зоні України, де спеки минулого літа знищили великий відсоток збіжжя та ярини. Поїздки в інші райони по харчі, а зокрема на Західні області, хоч формально й не заборонені, але зустрічаються з величезними перешкодами.

Степовій смузі України загрожує голод. Советська влада, що мало присвячує цьому уваги, здається, черговий раз свідомо чекає, щоб українські селяни масово гинули з голоду.

## ХЛІБОПОСТАВКИ НА ЗАКАРПАТТІ.

Советська преса сповістила, що на Закарпатті виконано хлібопоставки на 109.6%. Хлібороби Береговського району виконали на 120% і Свалявського — на 171%...

На практиці це визначає, що

селяни змушені були здати всі лишки хліба і зостатись на голодному раціоні. Подекуди вивезено зерно, без огляду на засівні потреби населення.

## ПРЕЗИДЕНТ ВОЛОШИН НЕ ЖИВЕ.

Як відомо, більшість членів влади Карпатської України, на чолі з президентом, д-ром Августиним Волошином, дісталась до большевицьких рук. Міністра д-ра Юлія Брашайка, який залишився був під малярською окупацією, щоб продовжувати вільну боротьбу на місці, большевики захопили до своїх рук і десь заперотрили вже в 1944 році, як окупували Карпатську Україну. Інших членів влади, що мешкали в Празі і вчасно не вихали за кордон ЧСР, НКВД-исти заарештували в травні 1945 року і з Праги вивезли до ССР. В той час було заарештовано: президента д-ра Августина Волошина, міністра д-ра Миколу Долину, міністра д-ра Юрія Перевузіника і міністра Степана Ключурака.

В Празі однозгідно всі твердять, що президент д-р А. Волошин, транспортований у вантажному вагоні, переповненому большевицькими жертвами, помер у грудні 1945 р. в большевицькій тюрмі в Галичині. Інші, згадані вище, міністри були вже засуджені большевицькими судами на кілька років каторжної праці в Сибірі. З членами влади Карпатської України був вивезений із Праги на Сибір і засуджений на 8 років каторжної праці також секретар першого засідання Союзу Карпатської України, д-р Михайло Кочерган.

## ТРИ КАТЕГОРІЇ ЛЮДНОСТІ В КАРПАТСЬКІЙ УКРАЇНІ.

Не всім відомо, що по прилученні Карпатської України до ССР, советська влада поділила населення її на три категорії. При вході до кожного дому можна побачити на дверях список людей, що в тому домі мешкали, з зазначенням категорії, до якої вони належать. До I-шої категорії належали компартійці, до II-гої — трудящий народ і до III-тої — „підозрілі“. Крім того, біля прізвищ були ще інші таємничі знаки, звичайним смертним незрозумілі.

Відповідно до цих категорій, преділялася і „норма“ харчів. Люди першої категорії мали все, чого тільки хотіли. Не мусіли чекати і стояти в чергах. Всюди мали першенство! Люди другої категорії, значить — трудящий народ, мали вимірену „норму“ і, ради порядку, мусіли свого приділу чекати і стояти в чергах. Як не вистачало для них в одному склепі, могли перебігати до іншого, і як не сьогодні, то завтра могли свою „норму“ отримати. Отже, для „трудящого народу“ привілеї — не абиякі! Зате люди третьої категорії — „підозрілі“ — ті були в найгіршому становищі. Вони могли приходити купувати свою „норму“ аж тоді, як уже було й другу категорію задоволено. Інша річ, що бігання з одного склепу до другого не дуже їм помагало, бо нерідко на другу категорію „норми“ не вистачало, і мусіли чекати „на другий тиждень“.

Третя категорія доплачувала ще й на те, що ті нещасні знаки таємничі біля їхніх прізвищ були причиною, що перед їхніми домами зупинявся вночі „чорний ворон“ (так зве населення Карпатської України авта НКВД, якими вночі відвозять большевицькі жертви!), і „підозрілі“ без вісти зникали. Сьогодні людей III-тої категорії вже на Карпатській Україні нема. Всіх повивозив кудись „чорний ворон“!

КУПУЙТЕ БОНДИ ПЕРЕМОГИ!