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Congress Committee to Call Pan-American Ukrainian Conference

At a meeting held last Thursday, February 13, the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America executive board decided to summon, in conjunction with the Ukrainian Canadian Committee, a Pan American Ukrainian Conference, to be attended by representative of the two sponsoring bodies, and by delegates of Ukrainian nationally representative organizations of South American countries.

The conference is to be held sometime early this summer, in Washington, D. C.

One of the purposes of the conference would be to establish a common Pan American Ukrainian front for the purpose of furthering the American peace effort, and at the same time to impress upon world consciousness the realization of the fact that as long as the Ukrainian people in their native but Soviet misruled

land are denied their national freedom, and as long as Ukrainian displaced persons fear to return to Ukraine because of the persecution that awaits them on account of their anti-totalitarian and pro-free Ukraine sentiments, so long will there be no lasting peace in Europe.

The meeting was presided over by Mr. Stephen Shumeyko, president, and Mr. Eugene Rohach, vice president of the Congress Committee. Others present were Miss Piddubcheshen, committee secretary, Mr. Dmytro Halychyn, treasurer; Dr. Luke Myshuha, Prof. Nicholas Chubaty, Mr. Bohdan Katamay, Mr. Lev Dobriansky, members of Political Policy Board; Rev Antin Ulianitsky and Mrs. Joanna Bencal, members of Advisory Board; and Dr. Longin Cehelsky and Mrs. Helen Lototsky, co-opted members of the Executive Board.

Newsweek Calls Donna "Winnipeg's Cinderella"

The widely circulated (including European edition) Newsweek magazine is running in its current February 17 number the following well written and condensed story on Donna Grescoe, young Ukrainian Canadian violinist who made her New York Town Hall debut on the 3rd of this month:

Text

When a violin salesman knocked at her door in 1934, Mrs. George Grescoe, wife of a civil engineer in Winnipeg, Man., decided it was time to find out if her eldest daughter, Donna, aged 6, had the traditional Ukrainian talent for music. Mrs. Grescoe bought the violin. A year later, Donna was enrolled in the Beresford School of Music (since defunct), which specialized in teaching the mandolin, guitar, violin, and other string instruments.

"We used to stand in rows and saw away all together," says Donna, now 19. "We didnt learn much about music... but I find out I had a liking for the violin."

By the time she was 8, Donna's liking for the violin had won her acclaim as a child prodigy. She played at serviceclub luncheons, charitable affairs, and on the radio, and earned \$30 a week at the Beacon vaudeville theater. At 14, using a borrowed violin, she made a record score at the annual Winnipeg Music Festival. Arthur Benjamin, an adjudicator, jubilantly declared: "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius."

Up the Scale: Overnight, the borrowed violin fired Winnipeg's genero-

sity. The Winnipeg Tribute sponsored a concert, to which local artists and groups contributed, to buy Donna a \$1,000 Michel Deconnet violin (Venice, 1754). The Women's Musical Club gave her a \$100 scholarship. Then a group of local citizens subscribed more than \$3,000 to send Donna to New York, where she studied for three years under Mishel Piastro, former concert master of New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.

Last October, Donna gave her first solo concert in the city-owned Winnipeg Auditorium to finance a debut at Town Hall in New York. Provincial and federal governments waived taxes. Hundreds were turned away from the 4,500-seat hall.

Even in New York, Winnipeg's faith in its Cinderella ran high. Breaking Town Hall debut tradition, her sponsors refused to paper the house. Only a select few won free tickets. But the committee splurged money on a publicity agent and a post-concert reception at the swank Pierre Hotel, where Mayor Garnet Coulter of Winnipeg was host. He shared the honors with Donna's parents, Ralph Maybank, Winnipeg member of Parliament, and Lady Eaton, dowager head of the transcontinental department-store chain which gave Donna an \$800 concert gown.

Three out of five New York critics were warmly encouraging. The New York Times said she was "uncommonly talented" and The Post called her "highly exceptional." With home-town pride, Winnipeggers felt sure their Cinderella was well

UCCA Protests Red Screening of DPs

Upon receipt of report that Ukrainian DPs in Salzburg, Austria were being subjected to screening by Soviet personnel, with the object of forcibly repatriating them, the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America dispatched telegrams of protest to President Truman, State Department, War Department, UNRRA and American military authorities in Austria.

The report came in form of a cable from London. It stated that 3,500 Ukrainian DPs refused to permit themselves to be screened any longer by a committee composed of Soviet or pro-Soviet persons and because of the type of questions asked. "People went into silent mourning with religious services and hymns," the cable continued. "They are prepared for martyrdom and will resist with force. They are willing to accept any screening commission which is strictly American or British but not Soviet. Crisis now five days and getting more serious. All nerves are at high pitch."

Killed in Accident

Dr. Peter Tuliglowicz of Maplewood, N. J., a young Ukrainian American private pilot who back in 1939 planned to attempt a stratosphere flight to Ukraine, died Sunday, February 9, from injuries suffered when struck by an automobile on the night previous during a snowstorm while walking toward his country home in Telford, Pa. after his own car had stalled. He died in a hospital in Sellersville, Pa. Funeral services were held last Thursday at St. John's Ukrainian Catholic Church in Newark, N. J.

The son of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Tuliglowicz of Maplewood, N. J., the accident victim was born in Newark 35 years ago. He received his doctorate in medicine in 1934 from the Flower Hospital Medical School, New York.

In 1939 he planned to attempt one of the earliest stratosphere flights. Ukraine was to have been his destination. Delayed by technical difficulties in obtaining proper type engines and fuselage, the project was abandoned when war broke out, the Newark Evening News reports.

Dr. Tuliglowicz was honorably discharged from the Army a year ago after three years in the Medical Corps. He served overseas 2½ years, during which time he was in charge of the orthopedic clinic of the 305th Station Hospital in England. At the time of his death he was planning to open a clinic and hospital in Bridgeport, Conn.

Surviving besides his parents are

Relief Committee Conference This Weekend

A national conference of members of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee will be held this coming Saturday and Sunday, February 22 and 23 at Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City.

Its purpose will be to review the work done thus far, hold elections of officers, and lay plans for a fresh campaign to raise funds for the purpose of aiding the impoverished, homeless, and suffering Ukrainian displaced persons in Europe.

The conference is expected to have large attendance of active and supporting members of the relief organization from all parts of the country.

A feature of the conference will be the report to be given by Dr. Walter Gallan, president of the organization, on his recently concluded tour of Ukrainian centers and DPs camps in Europe.

Relief Head Returns From Europe

Dr. Walter Gallan of Philadelphia, head of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, returned last Tuesday, February 11, from Europe where he had visited various Ukrainian communities in Western Europe and Ukrainian DP camps in American, British and French occupied Central Europe.

The picture he presented of the plight of the Ukrainian displaced persons is black indeed. Deprived not only of the common necessities of life but also of elementary human rights, and with the threat of forcible repatriation by the Reds hanging constantly over them, their only salvation lies in vigorous and immediate action on their behalf by Americans and Canadians of Ukrainian descent, Dr. Gallan declared.

Notice

Because Washington's Birthday falls on next Saturday, February 22, the day on which the Ukrainian Weekly goes to press, it will not appear next week. The next number will be on March 2.

his wife, Mrs. Florence Tuliglowicz, and six brothers, Dr. John Tully of Philadelphia and Dr. Basil Tully of Chestertown, Md., physicians; Gregory and Anthony of Union and Joseph and Walter of Maplewood.

For The Common Good

By MYKHAYLO KOTSIUBYNSKY
Translated by PERCIVAL CUNDY

I

The Thunder Rumbles

ZAMPHIR Neron, a well-built, thirty-year old Moldavian, drank up the last of his wine from an earthenware pitcher and rose up from table. With a smile of contentment from his Sunday dinner, a smile which played all over his ruddy countenance, made all the redder by the good food and wine, he turned to his wife:

"Clear up quickly, Mariora, for we're driving to the vineyard today, and meanwhile, I'll hitch up the horses."

"All right," replied his wife, unclasping the broad copper bracelet which had just slipped down on her hand as dark as bronze.

But before she could put the bracelet back in place, she felt the round table, a yard or so in diameter, tip up on her knees, and then the dishes spilled and clattered and clattered and rolled all over the passage, where on account of the great heat, the Moldavians usually eat in summer.

"Here, steady, you imps!" Mariora cried out, startled, holding on the table with both hands.

The one guilty of the catastrophe—two seven- or eight-year-old boys and a little five-year old girl—appeared not to have heard the mother's outcry. Their dark eyes flashing with joy, with merry shouts they cried: "We're going to the vineyard! Let's go!" and they jumped up from the table and scurried to the stable after their father, waving their unfinished corncakes as they went.

"A plague from God, these children!" exploded Mariora, gathering up the dishes scattered over the passage-way. "Aren't you eating, Grandad Dim?" she said, turning suddenly to a grey, almost white-headed old man, her husband's father, who remained sitting at the table with a vacant smile in his grey, turbid eyes.

"No thanks, I've eaten all I want," quietly replied Grandad Dim, stooping down to pick up some scattered dishes from the floor.

The wife began to move about, gathering up the dishes and carrying them and the rest of the meal inside. She then wiped off the three-legged table and stood it along the wall.

Her languid movements, the earthy color of her face, the corners of her lips sagging down, all witnessed to overfatigue, and her figure, bowed down as though beneath a heavy burden, made the twenty-five year old wife seem like an old woman. Yet her black, glowing, oriental eyes, beneath eyebrows joined together, spoke of a wealth of lurking nervous energy.

Having put the house in order, Mariora, standing before the mirror, twitched and pulled out the wide

sleeves of her fine cotton blouse, which at every movement revealed the bronzed forearms adorned with copper and glass bracelets, adjusted the enormous ornamental necklace hanging round her neck and looked at her short bodice with its broad laces, as if debating whether to put on something warmer for the trip, but the June sunshine coming through the grated window like a sheaf of rays reminded her that it was hot outside and that in the heat her husband would be surely awaiting her with the horses already hitched up. Mariora went out of the house.

On the "prysba," a wide bank of earth running completely round the house, Grandad Dim was sitting surrounded by ducks and hens and, with the vacant smile of the insane, was doling out handfuls of scrambled corncakes to his feathered friends who rushed upon it with clamorous avidity.

Shielding her eyes with her hand, Mariora looked in the direction of the shed. After a moment the wheels began to rumble and Zaphir, holding back the fiery horses with difficulty, drove up to the house in a smart, new, painted wagon on iron axles. From its green body the happy faces of the children peered.

Mariora got in and the horses, with necks arched from the tightly-held reins, dashed off down the street, stirring up a great cloud of dust. Swarms of dogs came rushing out of front yards, racing after the wagon with frenzied barking, darting under the horses' hoofs. Shading their eyes with their hands, Moldavian peasants, adorned in their Sunday best, gazed at Zamphir's wagon, smacking their lips with pleasure.

And truly, it was pleasant to see Zamphir's well-knit figure, his face as proud as that of a Roman patrician, his robust torso, tightly clothed in a gold-embroidered sleeveless vest, displaying the flaring sleeves of his white shirt beneath which were visible his sinewy arms corded with veins standing out tensely. Zamphir's brilliant dark eyes, his elongated full face bordered with a closely cropped back beard beamed with such contentment, radiated such pride, as though announcing to all the world that Zamphir was an actual peasant landowner second to none. With those same hands, which now held the leather reins so powerfully, he had earned all his present estate, all that which put him on a level with any other proprietor, a thing for which many a one now envied him. Therefore it was that he looked so proudly at those he encountered, whistled so jovially to the sleek horses in their leather harness which with gleaming coats and proudly arched necks swept the heavy wagon along as lightly as a feather past the wattled fences of the narrow street.

They passed the village. Zamphir

drove at a trot along the banks of the Prut. There lay the green marshy pools of the river's overflow, farther in the distance loomed the villages on the foreign side. Along the Roumanian side three pairs of oxen were towing on a hawser a large barge painted red up the river. A white pennon at the prow fluttered in the wind, flashing in the sun. A tall sunburnt steersman wearing a red fez was leaning on the tiller. Beside him sat a shaggy white dog, gazing at the shore. Higher up in a distant bend of the river, beneath the arching willows, a string of rafts was quietly gliding downstream like a sequence of black islets floating on the blue bosom of the river. From thence, borne on the wind, came snatches of lively dance songs with which the Galician raftsmen were diverting themselves on their journey far away from home.

The children noticed the dog and leaned out of the wagon: "Mother... mother! See, a pretty dog! Soo... sh, bow-wow!"

"Back inside!" the father suddenly exclaimed, turning round to the children.

Just at that moment, a wagon laden with women and children came driving up behind and overtook Zamphir. The two Moldavian drivers exchanged a look and suddenly, as though by tacit agreement, stood up from their seats, loosed their reins and shouted to their horses... The horses, feeling themselves freed of restraint, gave a leap, stretched forward and shot off like arrows in rivalry, soon disappearing in a thick cloud of dust. Only now and then, when a stronger gust of wind blew the dust to one side, could be discerned from afar the two wagons, one nearer, the other farther, swaying like drunken men from side to side in their frantic career...

The children clung with both hands to the sides of the wagon... Their black eyes sparkled with ecstasy... Ah, it was wonderful to be swept along thus, caught up from the earth as it were, flying somewhere far away!... The willows, the gardens, the hills seemed to be racing backwards towards the village as though snatched up and spun around by some raging whirlwind... Mother laughed with sheer joy, while father, a good "daddy," kept urging on the flight, waving his hand, the white sleeves of his shirt flapping like the sails on a boat. The horses extended themselves like serpents, foamed and frothed and would not be overtaken even when the wagon behind drove up so close that its horses were almost on a level with the front wheels of the first. No, no, ours kept ahead, still in front... Then the others fell behind until their horses gave up the chase...

Zamphir tugged at the reins, his horses slackened their gait and finally stopped. Zamphir wiped his perspiring brow with his sleeve, jumped out of the wagon, and with an expression of pride on his face heated by the race, affectionately patted the necks of his fiery coursers.

They had arrived.

In a moment, with loud outcries, the children hopped out into the vineyard, leaving their mother behind. Zamphir unhitched the horses and turned them loose to graze alongside the vines.

Directly off the road, fenced from it by wattled reeds, Zamphir's vineyard began. Splendid rangy vines, with abundance of canes buried in thick leafage, covered the slope, climbed up the mountain side, and hung down like garlands over the yellow gully which, like a deep furrow on a man's brow, cut through

the mountain range. Thin fences, artistically woven out of reeds, divided Zamphir's vineyard from those of his neighbors, but the profusion of sprawling vine branches, as though despising all bounds, swarmed across the fences, interlacing themselves into those of their neighbors, fraternally uniting into a green sea of vineyards. It was as though a mighty green wave had overflowed the slopes of the serrated mountains, surging upwards to the yellow peaks which looked down from on high upon the Prut, on its green marshy pools, onwards to the distant reaches enveloped in a greyish haze.

Below, the green sea of foliage sported every shade of color from dark green to greenish yellow; and from above this melody of color was repeated by the varied harmony of the copper bells of the flocks and herds pasturing on the high meadows and intermingling with the melancholy strains of the shepherd's pipe.

Zamphir loved his vineyard mightily. This three acres of soil, thickly planted with luscious vines, divided from the mountain by centuries-old walnuts, delicate apricots, and grey-leaved quinces, had come to him from his father, a heritage from his forebears, far-removed, perhaps. So many memories were bound up with this vineyard. As a child he had run about in it, tasting with pleasure the sweet grapes, peering under the walnuts he used to steal a mere girl; there to try his luck with it, he had planted some particular sort of grape, and now see how luxuriantly it had thrived!—and here, as husbandman, he had already raised a small plantation.

Zamphir squatted down before the stem of a vine, and cautiously and lovingly turned back the leaves, some a delicate bright green, covered underneath with white down, others dark and shining as if cast in metal. There beneath the leaves was a wealth of richness, whole clusters of luxuriant bunches of grapes, hanging so thick that the boughs bent down under the insupportable weight. Eh, God had given abundance! Zamphir's heart thrilled with joy and his eyes laughed at the enormous clusters.

"Daddy, Daddy! Come here!" shouted the oldest boy. "See how many bunches here!"

"Come here! Come here, Daddy!" cried the little girl from the other direction. "There are more where I am! You can't see the leaves for them!"

Zamphir beamed. His children wouldn't need to peer over other people's fences at other people's fruit. They would have their own grapes, they would have their own wine. This was just the right place for grapes; he would produce from it a wine like spirits... Ah, everybody knew what Zamphir Neron's wine was like, therefore he wouldn't need to cart it to market... the buyers would come themselves with ready cash if he had any to sell, and he would have to sell the larger part. Well, of course, that's why he tended his vineyard so well, that's why he slaved to make it profitable. With the blessing of God he would both sell and have some for himself. No Moldavian could go without his wine; they were accustomed to it from childhood.

(To be continued)

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WHY I DO NOT WANT TO GO "HOME"

By IVAN BAHRYANY

[Ivan Bahryany is one of the outstanding Ukrainian writers of the younger generation. He was born in Soviet Ukraine and educated in the Soviet schools. He spent many years in Soviet prisons and concentration camps for his Ukrainian connections. Now as a political refugee in Germany, he is Executive Officer of the Association of Ukrainian Writers and Artists in Western Europe and one of the leaders of the Ukrainian Artistic Movement (Mystetsky Ukrainsky Rukh—MUR). This moving document is taken from the "Ukrainian Quarterly."]

I AM one of those hundreds of thousands of the Ukrainian people who do not want to go home under Bolshevism and so startle the whole world.

I am a Ukrainian, 35 years old, born in the region of Poltava of laboring parents and now I am living with no fixed residence, in constant want, wandering like a homeless cur around Europe—hiding from the repatriation committees of the USSR, who want to send me "home."

I do not want to go "home." There are hundreds of thousands of us who do not want to. They can come for us with loaded rifles, but we will put up a desperate resistance—for we prefer to die in a foreign land rather than go back to that "home." I put that word in quotation marks, for it is filled for with horror, for it shows the unparalleled cynicism of the Soviet propaganda directed against us: the Bolsheviks have made for 100 nationalities one "Soviet home" and by that term they are building the terrible "prison of peoples," the so-called USSR.

They call it a "home" and complain about us to the whole world so as to take us back on a halter to that "home." At the mere thought that they can catch me and take me back, my hair turns white and I always carry with me a dose of cyanide as the last method of self-defence against Stalinist socialism, against that "home."

For Europeans and citizens of all parts of the world (except the USSR), it is strange and incomprehensible how a person can flee from his native land and not want to return to it. Perhaps it is because he is a desperate criminal who is afraid of punishment for his major crimes against his native land. Perhaps they accuse us of such.

It is natural that those should wander, to whom the world "native land" has a holy meaning. What can be dearer than one's own native land, the land where he was born and played as a child, where there are the bones of his ancestors, the grave of his mother?

For us the word "native land" is filled with the same holy meaning, perhaps more than for any one else. But it is not the Stalin "home." I dream at night of my native land. My native land is Ukraine, one of the republics with "equal rights" in the federation called the USSR. I am not only a criminal against my native land, but—to help it, I have spent one third of my life even before the War in Soviet prisons and concentration camps.

I dreamed of it every night and yet I do not want to go back to it. Why?

Bolshevism is there.

The civilized world does not know what that means and cannot believe it. The person who listens to us must pay attention. We have spent there a quarter of a century and in telling now the horrible truth about that world, we do it with the full knowledge that we are placing under the threat of death, terror and prison, all our friends and relatives, because they are still there and because Stalin will take out on them

his boundless spite and his bloody hate against us Ukrainians.

But this does not stop us from trying to tell the world only a small part of that terrible truth, which follows us every day in want, cold and hunger and drives us on like a horrible nightmare,—that truth about that "home," about the extreme Stalinist socialism and about our Ukrainian tragedy under it.

And so:

I

Pick up the Small Soviet Encyclopedia, edition 1940, open it and under the letter "U" read what is written in the article "UkSSR."

It is a document and there you will see in black and white, although in fine print, that Soviet Ukraine according to the census of 1927 had a population of 32 million and in 1939 (twelve years later) 28 million.

Only 28 million? What happened to 4 million people after 1927? Where is the natural increase which in 12 years should have been at least 6-7 million?

That means more than 10 million? What happened to those 10 million of the Ukrainian population? What happened to them in the "land of flourishing socialism"?

That is why I do not want to go back under Bolshevism.

I walked over the whole road to Calvary with my people and I was a living witness of what happened to those millions. I cannot tell it in detail in a short article, but at least I want to give a short summary.

I want to emphasize in this that I am the son of a workman (a proletarian), that is, a member of the ruling class in the USSR, in the name of which Stalin and his party operate their so-called "proletarian dictatorship." But I am the son of a Ukrainian proletarian and also my mother is of peasant origin, the daughter of the peasant farmer Ivan Krivusha of the village of Kuzemeny in the region of Poltava—and that is the misfortune of my whole life in the ultra-democratic USSR.

Through the fact I have been not only a witness of what happened to those 10 millions of the Ukrainian population but also a part of those other millions who with them were murdered and impoverished systematically through all the years of Bolshevism.

II

I was a little boy, only ten years old, when Bolshevism impressed itself upon me like a bloody nightmare and the murderer of my people. That was in 1920. I was living with my grandfather in the village among the bee-hives. Grandfather was 92 years old and had only one arm but he made his living by looking after the hives. He reminded me of Saints Zosima and Savvaty whose ikons were hanging on an old linden tree among the hives.

One day towards evening a band of armed men appeared, speaking a strange language and before my eyes and the eyes of my cousins and despite our yells and cries, they murdered grandfather and one of his sons (an uncle of mine). They

stuck them again and again with their bayonets and to be sure of their success they shot at the bloody bodies on the ground with their pistols and laughed. The sound was awful. Under the old linden among the beehives, around the ikon of Saints Zosima and Savvaty, the ground was all sprinkled with blood. That was St. Bartholomew's Eve in our village. There had been many such nights in Ukraine and small as I was, I had heard of them but I had never seen them. Then I did. That night there were murdered in our village all substantial farmers and the priest and Bolshevism was organized that night (as only one of many such) in the form of a representative of the Cheka and a Bolshevik murder gang.

I did not know then that it was a prelude to my whole life under the Soviets and a symbol of the fate prepared by Bolshevism for my whole nation. They tortured my grandfather to death because he was a rich Ukrainian farmer (he had 80 acres of land) and he was against the "commune," and my uncle, because he had been during the national struggle for independence in 1917-1918 a soldier of the national army of the Ukrainian People's Republic, that is, he had fought for the freedom and independence of Ukrainian people.

My other uncle who had hidden and escaped death was later arrested and without trial sent to Solovki for ten years, then for ten years additional and he died there. Later I and my entire family went on the same road.

That is the way I first observed Bolshevism at first hand. At the beginning of my life and the origin of the UkSSR, I saw Ukraine crushed under the Soviet regime and colonized by the Red Moscow imperialism. Later I saw that life there was as bloody and cruel.

III

Having mastered Ukraine, Bolshevism set as its goal the task of denationalizing it, destroying it spiritually and nationally by proceeding to make of the multi-national USSR a single Red Empire. Since Ukraine was the richest republic of the USSR and the second in size after Russia, Bolshevism decided to subdue it at any cost. Since the population would not consent to this, Moscow Bolshevism entered upon the path of provocation, terror and the physical annihilation of whole masses of the people, a policy which it has followed during the entire period of its domination and which it is still continuing. This annihilation was carried on a grandiose scale, as befits a people dominated by the mania of greatness.

In the years 1929-1932, Bolshevism declared war against the entire wealthy farming class with the slogan of "the annihilation of the kulak as a class." In reality this meant the annihilation of a colossal mass of people, the hard-working dirt farmers. That means the annihilation of the Ukrainian country population, the annihilation of the "kulak as a class" was in reality for us the annihilation of Ukraine as a nation, for the Ukrainians were 70% agricultural. Through this slogan of physical annihilation there were destroyed literally millions of Ukrainians, not only of the so-called "kulaks" but of the poor people, intellectuals and workmen.

In Ukraine the annihilation was carried out not on the social plane but on the political and national. The

"kulaks" were destroyed, because they were rich, because they were "kulaks." The poor, the intellectuals, and the workmen were destroyed, because they sympathized with the "kulaks," and that meant that they were "little kulaks." In this category was placed every one who opposed the Soviet government and collectivization.

All these masses of people destined to death, were sent to the snows of Siberia and the far north and they died of hunger, cold, and disease, and were deprived of all rights, even the most elementary.

They sent them far away with all their families and tore them up by the roots—along with the old people and young children. And as they drove them throughout the whole USSR as prisoners, they pursued them in every way possible—with the spoken word and in the press. When they had taken them to the grim Pechora or Murmansk, they threw them out at liberty. Whoever had not died on the journey, perished there. Mothers had no way of burying little children who died on the road but had to throw them out in the snow without priests or graves—and then not long after they lay down themselves with the same fate.

With the bones of these Ukrainian children and mothers, Stalin has paved all the roads and wilderness of the "unconquered home."

That is how many of my relatives perished. But it made life no easier for one in Ukraine.

That is why I hate Bolshevism and do not want to go "home."

IV

In 1933 the Bolsheviks artificially organized a famine in Ukraine. Before the eyes of the whole world the Ukrainian village population died out in whole villages and regions. More than 5 million Ukrainian village people died that terrible death by famine at that time. No one in the Kremlin raised a finger to save this unfortunate people. On the contrary; Stalin refused the assistance which was organized in Western Ukraine under the leadership of Metropolitan Sheptytsky, brotherly assistance from that part of the Ukrainian people, which was living outside the boundaries of the USSR in Poland, and he even made no statement about the perishing Ukrainians in the USSR. Why? It was dangerous, for it showed that national solidarity so feared by Bolshevism. Stalin doomed the Ukrainian agricultural population to death by famine deliberately to compel it to obey and be reconciled to the Kolchoz slavery which he had introduced.

Elevators in the whole USSR were bursting with Ukrainian grain, grown by the Ukrainian people and with the produce of that people the Bolsheviks were depressing the world markets by dumping, and they were using it to support the Chinese revolution, etc. At that same time, when the dying Ukrainian farmers went to the capital to beg for alms on the streets, the red gendarmerie, called the "workmen's and peasants' militia," tracked them down and threw them outside the city to perish along the roads.

In that terrible tragedy the Ukrainian people were forced to cannibalism. Mothers, insane from hunger, ate their own children..

You mothers of the entire world! Can you visualize a position and a regime under which you would be forced to eat your own child?

No.

(Continued on page 4)

COULD UKRAINE SECEDE?

THE above question was asked in the course of a discussion on the subject of the Soviet Union.

"Why, of course not," we replied, with emphasis.

"Well, that shows how little you people know about the true situation there," was the retort.

"What are you driving at?" we asked.

"Simply this. The Soviet Constitution, the one that was passed in 1936, definitely allows any one of the constituent republics of the USSR to secede if they so choose."

"Yes, I heard something of that sort, but I'm sure if there is any such provision in the so called constitution of the Soviets there is some joker attached to it that nullifies it. In any event, even if there were no joker, do you think for a moment that the Kremlin rulers would allow Ukraine, for example, to secede?"

"The latter is beside the point," was the rejoinder. "The fact is that Article 17 says that each republic or whatever you want to call it which is a part of the Soviet Union has the right to secede from it. What have you to say on that?" was the triumphant question.

"Yes, that article does say that," we admitted, "but nonetheless there are jokers attached, in form of other articles.

"Oh yeah? Well, then, let's hear about them?"

So here goes:—

First of all, let us bear in mind that in the USSR Constitution centralization and uniformity are its very bedrock. According to it the jurisdiction of the USSR is extensive, whereas that of the component "republics" is restricted, being confined mainly

to matters of secondary importance.

Now, article 13 declares: "The Union of Soviet Republics is a federal State, formed on the basis of the voluntary union of the Socialist Soviet Republics with equal rights; while Article 17 repeats the condition contained in the former Constitution: "Each Union republic retains its right freely to secede from the U.S.S.R." The method by which such right could be exercised is not defined in the new Constitution.

The Jokers

It might be supposed that secession could be effected by the passing of an appropriate resolution by the Supreme Council of a "republic," which is described in the Constitution as "the supreme organ of State power." But Article 60 of the Constitution which sets forth the powers of this Council does not include among them the power to secede from the "Union."

Nor is it lawful under the Constitution for citizens of a "republic" to advocate separation from the "Union." It is true that under Article 125 freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly and meeting, and of street procession and demonstration is guaranteed to the citizens of the U.S.S.R., but in the same Article it is implied that such freedom is only permissible when it is utilized "in the interests of the workers for the purpose of strengthening the socialist system," and that only on this condition being observed will the State, the owner and controller of all property in the U.S.S.R., "place at the disposal of the toilers and their organizations, printing presses, supplies or paper, public buildings, means

of communication, and other material conditions."

It is clear that, under Article 125 of the Soviet Constitution, there is no freedom in the U.S.S.R. to advocate Nationalist separatism; for Soviet courts would no doubt hold that such advocacy is against the interest of the workers and weakens the socialist system. Equally repressive is Article 133 which stipulates that: "The defence of the Fatherland is the sacred duty of every citizen of the U.S.S.R. Treason to the Fatherland; violation of oath... impairing the military right of the State... is punishable with the full severity of the law as the most heinous crime." Under this article separatist activity would be regarded as "the most heinous crime."

It should be added that under the Constitution the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R. remains the highest judicial organ, and that it is charged "with supervision of the activity of all judicial organs of the U.S.S.R. and the Union Republics (Article 104); and that all State Attorneys are appointed by the Union Procurator (Article 115).

While depriving the nationalities within the U.S.S.A. of full and free expression, the Soviet Government "grants the right of asylum to foreign citizens persecuted for their struggle for national liberation" (Article 129 of the Constitution).

Lenin's Attitude

Lenin's attitude to the nationalities question was defined in an article entitled **Towards Revision of the Party Programme**, which appeared in the journal *Prosveshcheniye*, Nos. 1 and 2, October, 1917. The following passages are taken from this article: "... Instead of the word 'self-determination,' which caused

numerous misinterpretations, I propose the perfectly precise concept 'the right of free secession.' After a half year's revolutionary experience of 1917, it is hardly possible to dispute that the party of the revolutionary proletariat of Russia, the party which uses the Great Russian language, is obliged to recognize the right of smaller nations to secede. If we win power, we shall immediately and unconditionally recognize this right with regard to Finland, the Ukraine, Armenia, and any other nationality oppressed by Tsarism (and the Great Russian bourgeoisie). On the other hand, we do not at all want secession. We want as vast a State, as close a tie, as great a number of nations who are neighbours of the Great Russians, as possible; we desire this in the interests of democracy and socialism, in the interests of attracting into the struggle of the greatest possible number of toilers from different nations. We desire **revolutionary-proletarian unity, unification, and not secession...** We want free unification; that is why we are obliged to recognize the right to secede (without freedom of secession, unification cannot be called free). We are the more obliged to recognize the right of secession, for the reason that Tsarism and the Great Russian bourgeoisie have left by their oppression an abyss of bitterness and distrust of the Great Russians generally in the hearts of the neighbouring nations, and this must be eradicated by deeds and not by words."

Later, however, Lenin changed his mind, and played a leading role in destroying the newly-risen Ukrainian National Republic. Today the right of secession in the U.S.S.R. is purely a theoretical one, and even as such it is dangerous to discuss it there.

Why I Do Not Want To Go "Home"

(Continued from page 3)

You cannot conceive it or believe it.

It happened in Ukraine in 1933. Perhaps you think that our mothers, our wives, our sisters are savages or Bushmen or like the other wild tribes of Africa?

No, our mothers and sisters are of eastern Europe and of the same race as the Grand Princess Olga who introduced Christianity at the dawn of European civilization.

Our mothers and sisters are one of the most noble Slavonic tribes, of Ukraine and are as noble and beautiful as the wives and maidens of Italy, France, or England. But... they were brought to this tragic situation by Bolshevism. To the most extreme condition of human tragedy which takes away the functioning of the normal mind. They were placed before the ghastly alternative of dying a terrible death by famine, or... and this "or" was the result of the insanity of the dying. And death just the same stood behind this second "or." Bolshevism put it there, and was the symbol of it. Cannibalism is its origin and essence and is the symbol of it. It is possible to collect a whole mass of facts and materials and living witness who can well illuminate this terrible page in our history.

It is for those who are interested. But no one in the whole world is interested and in that is the greatest tragedy of us, the Ukrainian people. This artificially prepared famine demanded colossal sacrifices from a

people who wished for nothing but freedom and independence. That is why I hate Bolshevism and do not want to go "home."

V

In the years 1932-1939, the Bolsheviks annihilated the entire Ukrainian intellectual class: scholars, writers, artists, military men, political workers and thousands and tens of thousands of thinking people, who formed the highest stratum of the people. Many of them were Communists who had fought heroically in the October Revolution, for its slogans of liberty and justice, equality and brotherhood, and who had during the entire time been true to these slogans.

Stalin, trampling upon all these slogans with his anti-national policy, destroyed those people who remained true to them to the end.

Bolshevism annihilated them to rid the Ukrainian people of its spiritual elite, who were aiding them toward freedom and social justice. It annihilated them, after first subjecting them to a terrible inquisition and such tortures as were only known in the Middle Ages, and then shot them or sent them to prison in distant Kolima, Solovki, Franz Joseph Land, etc.

Thus perished many of my friends and comrades: Thus perished the writers, Hrihori Kosynka, D. Falkivsky, A. Antonenko-Davydovych, E. Pluzhnyk, Teneta, D. Zahni, M. Yohansyn, M. Kulish, S. Pylypenko, O. Slisarenko, Brasyuk, Dray-Khmara, M. Ivchenko, H. Shkurupi, Yu. Shpol, Hr. Epik, Pidmohylny, M. Vorony, M. Zdrov, and others...

Artists: I. Padalka, Sedlyar, Vrona, and others.

Army officers: Yakir, Dubovy, Tyutyunyk, etc.

Thus perished the professors: Hermayze, S. Efremov, Doroshkevych, etc.

This list is as long and endless as is our tragedy. Many active Ukrainian Communists ended their lives by suicide as the narkom (People's Commissar) Skrypnyk, the Communist writer Kkhylovy, the head of the Council of People's Commissars of the UkSSR, Lyubchenko, etc.

Among all these tortured leaders of the Ukrainian art, literature and science, there were many great names and men of undoubted talents, known and honored not only in Ukraine.

Many of them were my companions and friends and I can certify that they were not "enemies of the people," but on the contrary were ardent patriots, highly intellectual and honorable sons of workmen and peasants and inflexibly honorable people. That is why they were annihilated.

With them I passed over the thorny path of Bolshevik prisons and concentration camps. With many I sat in one cell where I was beaten and tortured with them.

I call upon all the Ukrainians in America to mark my words, and especially the Ukrainian Communists; thus perished among others your well-known Communist author, M. Irchan, thus perished all the Galician Ukrainian Communists, who had believed Stalin and had come to the USSR to build Soviet Ukraine in a "brotherly union" with red Moscow. They were annihilated because they were Ukrainian Communists and believed in the hypocritical Bolshevik

talk about the right of the nations to "freedom"... even to "separation," and hoped to carry that "right" into practice. Many living witnesses can say where the bones are lying of such men as Hritsay, Badan, Krushelnytsky, etc.

And if the American Ukrainian Communists today come out against us, Ukrainian fugitives from Bolshevism, and try to send us back, they are carrying out the role of Cain. Let them go themselves to that "Stalin's paradise" and stay there a few years. Then, if they wish, let them speak.

Besides the prominent and well-known members of the higher intellectual class, there were murdered during these same years a mass of unknown intellectuals. And all because they were Ukrainian and because by some mere word spoken perhaps 20 years before, they had expressed their dislike for the occupying regime of Moscow. For that they were declared "enemies of the people" and were murdered in such a manner that even a Hitler could admire and copy. The terrors of Dachau and Buchenwald do not surpass the horrors of countless NKVD torture chambers and concentration camps of those years.

As a consequence of all this vivisection of the Ukrainian people, there perished even by Soviet statistics, about which we have spoken, between the years 1927 and 1939 more than 10 million of the population.

But Soviet statistics do not merit confidence. The census at the end of the thirties was made twice. Once in 1937. After it was finished, it was

(Continued on page 7)

LET'S PHILOSOPHIZE

The Process is the Thing!

"Students! Young ladies and gentlemen! You have come to this class to study logic. But I want you to do more than that. You can study anything anywhere: at home, in orchard, by the brook of clear water... What is the use of the class like this? Why do you think you have been stuffed in this little room, forty-odd of you? To look at each other? To steal from each other the valuable fresh air? No, my friends.

"Coming to this room you have entered a laboratory. I hope that the American Boards of Education will plan more agreeable laboratories for next generations of students but we will have to put up with this small room. We will study a science. We will have to experiment. Instruments? Meters? Yes, we have them, that is—you have them. Your nervous systems and you minds—they be our instruments and motors. The objects of our experimentation? They will be our thoughts, our words and sentences. When experimenting, we will not be interested in ready-made formulas, or conclusions. As a matter of fact, we must learn to doubt the alien conclusions if we want to experiment and come to our own.

"Therefore, my friends, we will not study logic; we will not memorize any set of rules and formulas; we are going to "logicize," to reason out; we are going to go through the whole process of thinking logically, of reasoning, and only after seeing through the whole process of this logical thinking shall we pronounce our verdicts on disputable problems. This process is the condition without meeting which we cannot go any further."

This was my first lesson in logic. Similar lessons came later. We were not to study ethics and morals; we were not to study philosophy, but "philosophize." We were to experiment, to see the process; the conclusions were to come only after conditions had been met.

In the spirit of these lessons I have had in logics, ethics and philosophy from my dear old friend, a college professor, I should like to write these few columns.

Mass Production of Gods

"If there were no God, we should have to invent one," said Voltaire. He was a philosopher and a historian. As a historian he had read enough history to see that all men at all times must have a god. If someone steals from them one god, they immediately manufacture in the workshop of their imagination another god of their own. As a philosopher he recognized the fact that the man needs a god as he needs an atmosphere, in which he may live and move around. No god would be just like no atmosphere—a vacuum, in which a man could do only one thing—suffocate.

But man is a poor god-maker. He takes almost anything for a god: a piece of wood, a stone, a cloud, a mountain, an oddly shaped tree, a meteorite fallen from heaven, a black rock like that of Mecca, a cat, a crocodile. Sun, moon, and stars were gods to millions of people. To many they still are. There are in every country many Miguels (from "Matador," by Marguerite Steen) who point to the setting sun and say:

"There is very God Itself—no Jehova of the Church, but the glorious and blessed Essence of Creation, the Force that is responsible

for all that was and is and shall be. Bow down your head and worship That which is to be worshiped, That which was worshipped before the Christians corrupted the earth with their feeble creed."

But "Miguel," it is further explained in "Matador," "was his father's crooked conscience—a lonely, sour, silent child living in perpetual revolt." And such are all the Miguels, who revolt against everything and everyone, who revolt even against one God, who reject Him, and who call the passionate love of Him of many millions of people a "feeble creed"—the "lonely, sour, silent, children," who bow down their heads and worship sun, moon, stars, rocks and hundreds of other things—the pagans.

Then there is a different breed of god-makers—the communists. They differ from the first only in taste. They haven't even the sense or good taste to make a god of sun, so they make him of a machine and of "modern science," a god more horrible and hideous than the fierce conception of Aztecs! They make their gods of dynamos, of poison gases, of the state, of the NKVD, or of the embalmed body of the bald, fat paunchy Lenin enshrined in a sarcophagus.

There are also some that deify the man. Sir John Seelye in his famous "Ecce Homo" speaks of the degenerate Romans who were guilty of "the incredible baseness of deifying the man." They have made a god of Caligula, but the poor god-Caligula didn't have any other man whom he could proclaim his god. In this distress he made a god of his horse.

Yes, man is a very poor god-maker. That is why the world is befuddled and befooled by so many passing heresies. That is why there are so many gods turned out on a large scale production!

Recognizing our incapability in making a god for ourselves we might do the best we can—take for ours the God given us by Christ Himself! He has been proved to be the best for thousands of generations before us. Hundreds of millions of people know Him, love Him and live in Him now. What shall we do?

Many of us know no other gods but Him, but some of us are still in the dark, seeking a way out, searching, experimenting. There is no harm in this experimentation, if it is sincere. St. Augustine experimented. In the Tenth Book of the "Confessions of St. Augustine" he relates the story of his experiment:

"I asked the earth, and it said, 'I am not He', and all things that are

in the earth confessed the same. I asked the sea, the deeps and all creeping things, and they answered 'We are not thy God, seek Him above us.' I asked the subtle air, and with all its inhabitants this air made an answer 'Anaximenes is deceived, I am not thy God.' I asked the heavens, the sun, the moon, the stars, 'Neither are we,' said they, 'The God thou seekest.' And to all them who stood before those portals of my soul, my senses five, I said, 'As to my God, you say you are not He; but tell me now somewhat of what He is.' And with a mighty voice did they cry out, 'It is He that made us.'"

All those who experiment sincerely, in the purity of their heart and soundness of their mind, will find the same answer. They will find their God not in the things, but in the Creator of all the things.

The Case of Science

Science has helped the Religion to shatter many pagan ideas and kill many little gods. For this job it was appreciated and praised by everybody. Science and religion were partners then, both working to make our stay on this earth more pleasant and easier to bear.

But then into the circle of scientists stepped in "lonely, sour, silent," Miguels who were in perpetual revolt. They sought to break the partnership. They started to blemish religion and worship the science. They said that in this world of ours there is no room for both partners. One of them must be got rid of, that one being religion, the "feeble creed" of Christians. They said "either—or" and started the revolt.

Many people are so used to praise science and regard it with such awe that mere inference of the existence of war between religion and science makes them cool toward religion and passionate defenders of science. These people need only to know what the real, the greatest scientists think of this revolt of sour Miguels of science and they will soon change their views.

"This universe is not of our making," (thank goodness!), says Robert Millikan the Nobel Prize winner for science. "The development of science shows a universe of orderliness, not a chance thing. Who did it? That question inspires our reverence. You can use the word 'God' if you want to describe what is behind it."

Can voices from the ivory tower of knowledge, like the voice of Robert Millikan, still save us from the frantic roaring of the sour mutineers on the ship of the best of partners—Religion and Science?

We hope they will!

MODERN SKOVORODA

What They Say

President Truman in a letter to the Reserve Officers Association of the United States:

"As an organized group, the Reserve officers of this nation believe in a nation that is vigilant, strong and democratic, with a national policy based upon our traditions of freedom and favoring justice and fairness toward all peoples. It is fitting that emphasis is to be placed upon that theme in plans for observance of National Security Week from February 12 to 22. Not only out of respect for their service, but because the questions to be discussed are fateful for all of us, every citizen is urged to join our Reserve officers in their observance. The entire nation will do well to give thoughtful and prayerful consideration to our people's security, not only from wars, but from pestilences and other enemies which would undermine national strength, health, character and happiness."

General Dwight D. Eisenhower:

"I have yet to see the first studious person who has ever seen a battlefield who doesn't think no untrained person should ever go into battle again. Training is the right of youth if it is ever faced with the unspeakable horror of a battlefield."

Herschel V. Johnson, deputy U. S. Representative on the U. N. Security Council:

"The peoples of the world must not permit representatives to fail in the effort to devise effective means of control of armaments and armed forces and the development of adequate forces to maintain the peace. ... Intimately and indispensably linked with this problem of control is the establishment of a system of inspection which will safeguard complying states against the hazards of violations and evasions."

U. S. Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney:

"We see the political collectivism stretching out to embrace all Europe. We see socialism taking over the Government of England. We see great industrial enterprises which we like to call private enterprises, though they are in fact collectivist enterprises, taken over by the Government of Great Britain. We know that of all the great nations of the world only the United States still adheres to a belief in the capitalistic system. If it is to survive then it follows that we in the United States must make it survive. We must all join in helping to save the capitalist economy by helping to write the rule under which the managers of all modern economic organizations are made responsible to the people."

Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association:

"Just as we have a united foreign political policy, we need a united foreign economic policy... I believe a return at this time to the outmoded high protective tariff policy would be disastrous for the country. I believe that such a policy, adopted now, would reap a whirlwind of economic disasters a few years from now. The theory of economic isolation is unthinkable for the greatest creditor nation in the world."

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Youth and the U.N.A.

U.N.A. 53 YEARS OLD



THE U.N.A. HOME OFFICE BUILDING

On George Washington's Birthday, February 22nd, the Ukrainian National Association will be exactly 53 years old.

During the 53 years of its existence, the U.N.A., its thousands of members, its branches, and its official organ, Svoboda, have consistently demonstrated, by word and deed, that the organization as a whole is one hundred per cent American. True, the members of the fraternal benefit society are of Ukrainian extraction . . . but these foreign-born people and their American-born children are as wholeheartedly American as an citizen of the land. The U. N. A., its members and its branches, have invested millions of dollars in United States War and Savings Bonds and have contributed to such worthwhile organizations as the American Red Cross. Much educational material has been published and circulated to U. N. A. members, including information on Americanization and naturalization. The Svoboda and The Ukrainian Weekly, based on American principles of Journalism, have always reported the news completely and accurately, and have always supported American ideals.

Modest Beginning

The Ukrainian National Association had a very modest beginning. When a handful of Ukrainian immigrants gathered together in Shamokin, Pa., on February 22nd, 1894, and formed a group for the purpose of issuing life insurance protection to their own kind, it all seemed insignificant and unimportant then. The whole enterprise was worth only a few hundred dollars 53 years ago. Ukrainian miners and farmers in towns near Shamokin, however, heard about this first Ukrainian fraternal benefit society to be formed in America, and hastened to support it by becoming members. The movement hit Pennsylvania like a tidal wave and thousands of people were enrolled as members, which made branches necessary so that business could be handled properly. Soon there were branches in nearby States. Like a snowball rolling down hill the fraternal order kept growing larger and larger. Today it has 475 branches scattered throughout the United States and Canada. It has more than 46,000 members and resources amounting to almost \$9,000,000. It has paid several millions of dollars in benefits. It has come to be re-

cognized as the very basis of Ukrainian-American life. The Ukrainian National Association represents 53 years of hard work, during which it succeeded in uniting many thousands of Ukrainian people and their children into a powerful and influential group.

The United States of America has a glorious and unforgettable history, dating back from 1619 when the first representative government in America met at Jamestown, which was established in 1607 as an English settlement. Throughout the centuries people from all parts of the world came to America to establish permanent residence, and build the country to what today is the world's richest nation. The customs, traditions, religions, languages, cultures and other nationality characteristics of the immigrants, helped enrich the culture of America.

Leading Ukrainian-American Organization

Sharing in the building of America and in the enrichment of American culture is our own Ukrainian nationality group. With their churches, schools, newspapers, fraternal benefit societies, national homes, and all types of organizations, our people have earned for themselves the reputation of being hard-working, serious-minded, American-conscious, freedom-loving individuals.

The most outstanding achievement of the Ukrainian people and their American-born children has been the formation, growth and development of the Ukrainian National Association, the oldest and largest Ukrainian organization in the United States. The 53-year history of the fraternal order is also a history of the Ukrainian people in America, for the organization played a leading role in their unification and development.

Like the government of the United States, the government of the Ukrainian National Association is based on the democratic system.

Like the people of the United States, the friends and members of the Ukrainian National Association honor and respect February 22nd, the birthday of the first American President, George Washington. Ukrainians and Ukrainian-Americans have another reason for celebrating February 22nd . . . for it is also the birthday of the Ukrainian National Association.

A Pet Peeve

Like several million other New Yorkers, I spend a good many of my waking hours in that place of places—the SUBWAY, I've tried to avoid it but I find that it's a necessary evil. Maybe after a while I would not mind it any more. You know, they say, that the first one hundred years are the most difficult. But, I am sure that even one hundred years would not eliminate my pet peeves. I've tried making resolutions about them but, those pet peeves pop up persistently

Oh! What could I do to the guy who buys a newspaper and expects to read it all by himself. Just as I start an article about the promiscuous affairs of Mr. Soandso he turns the page to see the baseball scores! That's that. My other neighbor has a book open. Ah! "The Red-Hot Virgin." Just the book I've been wanting to read for weeks and weeks. Well, I'll just begin on page eighty-six with her. Boy oh boy! What a book! The only trouble is that my eye span is greater than hers and I am way ahead of her. She's as slow as molasses. I work myself into a cold sweat wondering what's coming on the next page. We read on for three stations and at Bliss Street her boy friends gets on the train and she closes the book. Isn't it disgusting? I'd ask her for the book but she's very busy making eyes at him. She gets off at the Plaza. So do I.

My train is just coming in and I'd love to sit down. I get myself pushed into the train. I spy a seat. Mr. Bigandfat sees it too. He grabs it and I am allowed to break in my new shoes. And someone else is helping me do it. Who was the guy who said that two objects could not occupy the same space at the same time? Well, he wouldn't know. He never rode in the SUBWAY of New York.

I suffer and suffer. A young man has arisen! A saviour? No. The seat is for the red-head back of me. I suffer some more. At Court House Square Mr. Bigandfat gets up. I make a dash for his seat. He gets in my way and I have to crawl into place. How inconsiderate! He might have let me know that he was going to get off. I find my seat quite comfortable. Too bad, though. The girl with the book is miles away.

Well, did you ever? Some one starts moving up the line and before long you can see that they are making room for Mrs. Broadbottom. She's nothing else than an Amazon in size. The space next to me is about nine inches wide. She squats down into it. That gets my goat. Why on earth does she want to sit down for and make me so uncomfortable, anyway?

I am rather reduced in size by the time we reach Times Square. I am reduced still more in trying to reach the door before the Amazon does. She gives me a dirty look. How rude of her. I only pushed her a little bit.

I have some more peeves but I get all peeved just thinking about them.

E. D.

U.N.A. Basketball Team Wants Games

From the Sports Department of the U.N.A. comes the information that the U.N.A. basketball team of Berwick, Pa., desires to book games with U.N.A. basketball teams in other localities. U.N.A. team managers interested in arranging games with Berwick should write to the Sports Department, Ukrainian Na-

THE HARVEST OF LIFE

Sowed I the seeds,
Of barren brown weeds,
Deep in the earth of patience and toil,
And the warmth and sun of the rays of hope,
Shone down on the barren, brown soil.

And the rays of knowledge shone down, and true,
Sprouted the leaves so green and new,
But the plant grew aged on the stem of scorn,
And the flower droopt' her head forlorn,
But the roots of experience bore the pain
'Till only the fruits of success remained.

Reaped I the grain,
Where the weeds had lain,
The harvest of joy, and the harvest of strife,
Success was mine, and the voice of God,

Said, "Son, thou hast lived a life."

MARY LAZECZKO

Those Who Struggle

There are few—if any—notable achievements which has not come about after long and courageous struggle.

Even the achievement itself must give precedence to the struggle that created it. Struggle is the food of our virile fibres. Scared and sobered through conflict after conflict, the vision and the big heart walk hand in hand.

He who struggles—marches on. Defeat grinds down the rough surfaces of his skepticisms and timidities, and gradually polishes his will to face any task. That man or woman is educated who has trained his or her faculties in such a way that they can take immediate command of emergencies, when they arrive, and whether winning or losing, still retain the mastery.

Each defeat is a victory—in knowledge, and knowledge gained is an added insurance against failure. No matter what our misfortunes may be, we must remember that there are others who have greater ones—and who handle them far more bravely than we. The things we obligate ourselves to gain, and which mean sacrifice and struggle, are the worthwhile things.

From nature we came—and to her we return. Here is a life of struggle—against storms, fire droughts and floods, yet in her ever changing form, she is the inspiration of man and woman in all of their struggle.

He who faces all difficulties, taking them as they come without complaints—gains ruggedness of mind and heart, understanding and appreciation of the sweetness and worth of life itself, and thereby fortifies himself in faith and courage, so that after all struggle means—growth, increased power, and above all character.

J. B.

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JERSEY CITY WINS IN BOWLING

The Ukrainian Social and Athletic Club of Jersey City, New Jersey, competing in the New Jersey State Ukrainian Bowling League, began the tournament triumphantly in a match with the Ukrainian Social Club of Carteret, at Carteret, New Jersey, on February 2, 1947.

Jersey City Club's "A" team defeated the "A" team of Carteret in all three games; whereas the "B" team of the latter won out of the three games with the corresponding team of the former.

A social followed the bowling game, and everyone had a jolly time. In the very near future, the Club will have an opportunity to reciprocate the warm hospitality of the Carteret at a return engagement in Jersey City.

Why I Do Not Want To Go "Home"

(Continued from page 4)

destroyed and it was planned to make a new census but to postpone it for a long time, for the results of the census were too terrible.

After the postponement hurried measures were taken to correct the tragic number of the population in the various republics and in Ukraine. Laws were hurriedly passed, forbidding abortions and granting rewards for large families, to increase the growth of the population.

Then there was undertaken the census of 1939 and in this they even listed people condemned to death but whose sentences were postponed until the completion of the census. Even so in Ukraine there was a drop of several million in comparison with 1927, even on the basis of this so-called "census."

That is why I do not want to re-

WEEKLY BANTER

Etiquette

Billy (at dinner): "Papa, are caterpillars good to eat?"
 Papa: "Haven't I taught you better than to mention such things at the table?"
 Mama (after a pause): "Why, Billy, why did you ask that question?"
 Billy: "I just saw one on Papa's lettuce, but it's gone now."

Competition

Friend of Famous Runner: "I'll race you and beat you if you will give me a yard's start and let me choose my course."
 Runner: "All right, I'll give you five dollars if you beat me. Where do you want to run?"
 Friend: "Up a ladder."

Wisdom

And then there was the absent-minded professor who made the students write the questions while he answered them.

Grammar

Teacher: "Give me a sentence with the word 'avaunt' in it."
 Pupil: "Avaunt what avaut when avaut it."

Streamlined

"What did they teach you at school today, sonny?"
 "Oh, teacher told us all about Columbus who went 2,000 miles on a galleon."
 "She did, did she? Well, don't believe all she tells you about those American cars, my boy."
Disillusioned
 "I dreamed last night that I had invented a new type of breakfast food, and was sampling it when...
 "Yes, yes, go on."
 "I woke up and found a corner of the mattress gone."

Definitions

"Doesn't narrative mean tale (tail)?"
 turn under Bolshevism and will never be taken alive, for Stalin's satraps to take me back to the "Soviet home."
 (To be concluded)

"Yes."
 "Doesn't extinguish mean put out?"
 "Yes."
 "All right then. Get your dog by the narrative and extinguish him."
Hmmmmmm
 He: "Why are you so sweet yet dumb?"
 She: "Sweet so you can love me, and dumb so that I can love you."

Explanation

A young man went to get married, and on being asked his name said that it was either Mickey or Paddy. "Explain yourself," said the clergyman.
 "Well, your reverence, myself and my twin brother were christened together, and on the way home from church one of us died. If Mickey died, I am Paddy; and if Paddy died, I am Mickey."

Enough Reason

A wife asked her husband why he went to the woman dentist. He replied: "It's so nice to hear a woman tell me to open my mouth instead of to shut it."

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ЗА ЗАЛІЗНОЮ ЗАСЛОНОЮ

ПРИВІТ З ТОГО СВІТУ.

Невідомими манівцями доблукався до редакції лист, нецензуrowаний, наданий 28-го грудня м. р. в одному з міст в теперішній східній Польщі. Лист написаний олівцем на жовтому папері і звертається „до братів і сестер за океаном” та описує дещо з боротьби українських повстанців в Західній Україні проти большевицького окупанта. „В цій великій і страшній боротьбі” — пишеться в листі — „Український народ складає великі жертви. Палають села, падають герої, але на їх місце стають все нові безстрашні борці за волю”. Лист кінчиться закликком: „Хай не буде в світі ні одного українця, який на свій спосіб не допоміг би своїй страдальній Матері-Україні в цій грізній годині”. Лист підписали: „Брати рідних земель”.

ЗАГОНИ УПА НА ПЕРЕДМІСТЯХ ЛЬВОВА.

Польсько-американський „Дзенік Звйонзкови” з 4-го лютого довідується, що загони Української Повстанської Армії „вже кілька разів доходили аж до передмість Львова”. В цьому самому повідомленні говориться, що большевики продовжують на марно проголошувати відозви та обіцянки помилування для тих українських повстанців, що добровільно піддаються. В боротьбі проти УПА має брати участь півмільйонна большевицька армія з танками, літаками і парашутистами включно.

„ДЕЙНЕ І МИСТЕЦЬКЕ УБОЖЕСТВО”.

„Літературная Газета” з 21-го грудня м. р. надрукувала довшу статтю Вл. Рубина про „Дейне і мистецьке убожество” американської і англійської поезії в порівнанні зі советською.

„ГЕНІЯЛЬНИЙ УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ВЧЕНИЙ” Й. В. СТАЛІН.

„Правда” з 6-го січня на першій сторінці приносить власну кореспонденцію з Києва про видвиження „українськими вченими” Сталіна в кандидати на депутатів до Верховної Ради УРСР. Промову виголосив дійсний член Академії Наук УРСР М. А. Лаврентієв. Він м. і. сказав: „Мені припала велика честь висловити нашу єдину думку, назвати першого кандидата в депутати Верховної Ради Української республіки. Я називаю імя великого вождя советського народу, організатора і натхненника всіх перемог нашої батьківщини, геніального вченого нашого часу, почесного академіка, генераліссімуса Советського Союзу Йосифа Вісаріоновича Сталіна”. Всі кричали по українськи „Ура”.

СОВЕТСЬКА ВИБОРЧА КОМЕДІЯ.

Советська преса з першої половини січня майже вцілості заповнена скучними до обридження тими самими звідомленнями з передвиборчої кампанії. За виїмком коротких принагідних урядових повідомлень, що відносяться переважно до всіляких відзначень та відповідно дібраних відомостей ззакордону, з яких можна б набрати враження, що подство вже не може діждатися того дня, коли його большевики „визволять”, шпальти большевицьких газет повністю замальовані іменем Сталіна. „Ізвестія” з 5-го січня з усіх чотирьох сторінок друку на трьох і пів сторінках дає виключно „відомості” з передвиборчої кампа-

нії та відповідні заклички, щоби „вибирати” Сталіна. До Верховної Ради Української РСР видвижено в поодиноких областях таких кандидатів: У Львові — Сталіна, Молотова, Хрущова і Шверніка. В Києві — Сталіна, Молотова, Хрущова, Шверніка, Коротченка, Чеботарьова. В Донбасі — Сталіна, Хрущова, Берію. В Дніпропетровську — Сталіна, Мікояна, Хрущова і Логінова. Те саме по всіх інших містах. І те саме по всіх інших советських „самостійних державах”.

„НА РОДНОМ ЯЗИКЕ”.

Загальне число шкіл в Україні з кінцем нової п'ятирічки збільшиться до 29 тисяч. Більше половини з них становитимуть сьомірічні та середні школи. Сітка шкіл збільшиться головню в Західній Україні, на Закарпатті та в Ізмаїльській області. За час п'ятирічки в Україні мають побудувати 4,530 нових шкіл, з того 577 в Західних областях. Тепер в новоприслухених областях України працює 7,430 шкіл, в яких вчиться советської грамоти більше мільйона дітей.

Ці відомості подають „Ізвестія” з 2-го січня, додаючи на закінчення, що „всі діти мають можливість вчитися на рідній мові”. Хай би в Англії, в Америці чи в будь-якій іншій країні, яка газета написала, що „діти мають можливість вчитися на рідній мові”.

ЕЛЕКТРИФІКАЦІЯ СІЛ ДНІПРОПЕТРОВЩИНИ.

„Ізвестія” подають у власній кореспонденції з Дніпропетровська, що „за минулий рік на Дніпропетровщині засвічувались електричні лампочки Ільча в 132 колгоспах та 15 машино-тракторних станціях”. В тих колгоспах при допомозі електричності обмолочено збіжжя, зібране з 45 тисяч гектарів. За минулий рік проведено електричність в 23 колгоспах самого тільки Томаківського району.

ДОНБАС ВИКОНАВ РІЧНИЙ ПЛАН ДОБУВАННЯ ВУГІЛЛЯ.

Новорічна „Правда” твердить, що Донецький басейн виконав річний план видобування вугілля. В 1946-му році пройдено основних підземних вирібок на 143 кілометрів більше, ніж в 1945 р.

ВІДБУДОВА ДОНБАСУ.

В місті Макіївці на Донбасі пущено з новим роком новий металургічний цех. „Правда” твердить, що машини працюють справно. У Ворошиловграді в тому самому часі віддано в експлуатацію три нові вуглеві шахти.

ЧОРНА МЕТАЛУРГІЯ ВИПОВНИЛА РІЧНИЙ ПЛАН.

Москва, 5. січня. Міністерство чорної металургії повідомило про виконання річного плану по виплавці чавуну і сталі. Перевиконали план: Кузнецький завод ім. Сталіна, Магнітогорський завод ім. Сталіна, Золотоустовський завод ім. Сталіна та деякі інші заводи ім. Сталіна.

НОВІ ТЕЛЕФОННІ І ТЕЛЕГРАФНІ ЛІНІЇ.

„Правда” повідомляє з Дніпропетровська, що робітники телефонного і телеграфного зв'язку закладають нові лінії, які будуть б виборчі округи з виборчим центром в Києві безпосередньо, на випадок, якщо б під-

С. Б.

ШТИКОМ ПОКОЛЕНЕ ДІВЧА

— Я піду — повторила ще раз рішуче.

— Ні — відповів неменш упевнено.

Погляди їх стрінулися. Не бачив більше нічого, лиш дві чарівні волошки, що на мить утратили свою рухливість. Розумів цей погляд. Була це відвага, рішучість, посвята. Привабливо волошки зворушилися, послали в його серце благання. Душа стрепенулася. Відчував, що заломлюється.

— Я не хочу здержувати тебе, але... — почав переконливо.

— Дякую, за кілька хвилин я готова — не дала докінчити. Використала хвилину заломання на те, щоб перемогти. Скоро вибігла до другої кімнати. Хотів бігти за нею, переконувати, але здержався. Знав, що запізно. Хтось відкрив двері. Різно обернувся. На порозі стояв хор. Зміюка. Поздоровкався, просив сідати. Розложив карту й почав.

— Переберете чоту Чорноти й розложите всіх по дорозі, в напрямі П. Як почуєте стріли з правої сторони села, відкриєте вогонь. В селі Б. стоїть чота Хмеля. Він покищо про ніщо не знає. Але я посилаю до нього звязкового, який повинен за одну годину бути там. Хміль буде наступати з правої сторони на село П.

— Щоби дістатися до Хмеля, звязковий мусить перейти село П. — перервав несміло хор. Зміюка.

— Так! І тільки від нього залежить успіх нашого наступу. Бо, якщо в пору не буде повідомлений Хміль, ми не всіли самі робити наступ. Якщо ж проміне ця ніч, то ворог скоро зеднається з другою своєю частиною, яка пішла в напрямі С., і тоді ще тяжче буде його окружити. Отже, до діла. Тепер десята. Сподіюся, що в 12-тій пічнетесь. Як почуємо ваші стріли, починаємо зліва наступ.

Зігнувся над картою й подав ще кілька завваг. Хор. Зміюка слухав уважно та карбував усе в пам'яті.

Підвівся. Знову скрикнули двері та прозвучали кроки хор. Зміюки.

Виросла, як зпід землі.

— Пане сотнику, я готова в дорогу — дзвіночками пронеслося і застрягло в усі. Мовчки взяв зо стола щойно заляковану штафету й подав Вірі.

— Хай Бог допоможе! — Вертайся з Хмелем назад сюди. Обережно тільки на роздоріжжі.

Ще кілька важних завваг, стиснув руку й обернувся. Не хотів зустрічатися вдруге з волошками.

По вояцьки стукнула закаблуками.

— Наказ буде виконаний — і скоро зникла за дверима.

Міряв кроками кімнату.

Трах... Щось впало і жалісно зойкнуло. Зірвався. На землі лежала гітара з порваною струною. Годинник вибивав дванацяту.

— Зловіщий знак! — подумав. В мізок настирливо пхалася думка: Віра...

Скоро надів шапку й вибіг з

кімнати. Стійковий витягнувся, як струна.

— Було чути якісь стріли?... — скоро запитав...

— Ні — була так сама скоро відновив.

Мов несамовитий, біг дорогою, на недалекий горбок. Став. Напняв груди й скоро віддихав. Вітер цілував щоки холодом, мізок працював.

— Значить, не дійшла... Пропадо все...

Жалував, що сам післав її в пащу вовка... Блискавкою витягнув з портфеля її знімки та дві засушені волошки. Притиснув до серця і прошепотів:

— Віра, тебе вибрала Україна... Та-та-та-та-та. Бух-бух...

Стріли?... Не вірив... Сильно напружив слух... я в гарячці... Ні, ні, це правда!!

Вистріли густішали. Десь далеко загворив скоростріл.

— В наступ! — трохи не крикнув з радості. Віра — переможець!!! Шулікою допав коня і полетів...

Клекотіло... Бухнув пожар. Це в середині села... Хтось присвічує роботи. Але хто?... Там, внутрі, большевики... Може, може, Хміль вже там!

— Вперед!... Допали перших хат. Заяцями з вікон ворог.

— Пали!!!... Гарне полювання...

* * *

Віднайшов Хмеля...

— Здорово погуляли! — засміявся...

— Ворог з недобитками прорвався — була відповідь.

— Віра була в мене з наказом, опісля сказала, йде в село та посвітить нам при роботі. Хвалилася, що спалить хату, в якій самий ворожий генерал ночує.

На хвилину переставало битися серце... Вдарив по рамені Хмеля і почався. За ним вірний Хміль...

Уже в середині села...

— Де був генерал? — посипалося громом.

Хтось показав. Підіхав на роздоріжжя. По одній стороні догоряла хата. Тіла одежа трупів. Кінь скочив у бік.

Побачив по другій стороні чотири розлогі липи та Розпяття. Звичайно, при дорозі. Щось тягнуло туди... Потиснув остроги. Кінь неспокійно затанцював... Під липою хтось лежав. Скочив з коня, підбіг...

— Віра!... — зойкнуло в грудях. — Світла!!! — закричав у голос. Хтось присвічував. Нагнувся... Дві волошки купалися в крові, сміялися. Приглядався... Поколена штиком, большевицьким штиком... Поглянув на Розпяття. Здавалося, з ребра Христа тече кров...

* * *

Кусав губи. Копали могилу. Таки тут, під Розпяттям.

Поховали... На військовому хресті шолом, в шоломі дві волошки.

* * *

Дивувалися. Завжди, у вільні хвилини, казав Хмелеві співати пісню, яку сам його навчив. Хміль розумів його. Співав та навчив і других співати. Тихими вечерами співали вої про дівчину-розвідчицю з Визвольних Змагань, Віри Бабенко. Сотник слухав і задумано глядів у далечинь. А коли пісня доходила до останньої стрічки, витягав знімку Віри й довго, довго любувався двома волошками... Знав, що половину серця свого дав на жертівник України.

Вітер ловив слова пісні й ніс її далеко, далеко. Хтось у лісі сумно кінчив:

— „Штиком поколене дівча...” (Батьківщина).

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