

The Ukrainian Weekly

Supplement

ТРИ ЦЕНТИ в Злучених Державах Америки.
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Wins \$25,000 Award in Music

Irene Jean Polansky, 20, lyric soprano, Ukrainian by descent, of McKees Rocks, Pa., recently won the first Minna Kaufmann Ruud scholarship, which assures her an opportunity to study music until she is able to support herself in opera or on the stage.

The award, estimated at \$25,000, was established by the late Edwin Ruud, Pittsburgh capitalist and inventor of the instantaneous water heater.

The scholarship will enable Miss Polansky to come to New York in April to study voice, languages, stage deportment and gain repertory under the best teachers available.

The Pittsburgh and other local press featured stories of Miss Polansky's good fortune. The Pittsburgh press wrote that, "A modern Pittsburgh Cinderella with a golden voice woke up today (Feb. 14) still rubbing her eyes in disbelief."

As to her voice, the editor of this Weekly commented on these pages about a month ago, that the Miss Polansky is a singer "of considerable promise," who "for her age has a beautiful voice, rich in color, flexible, and with seemingly effortless style of singing, taking her highest notes well-nigh as easily as those in the lower octaves."

As reported in the Pittsburgh Press, Miss Polansky made her first public appearance in school operettas at Miles Bryan High, McKees Rocks.

"She was soloist in our chorus and had one thing in mind from the very beginning—singing," Mrs. Adelaide Ray Levy, her high school voice instructor, recalled.

"Students in the Rox don't come from families who can afford training—she wouldn't have been able to go on with her music without this award. We're all very thrilled and

proud that one of our girls got this chance," Mrs. Levy said.

Worked to Buy Music

While Irene was in high school, her father died. So she worked after school in a drug store, to buy music.

Between scooping ice cream and hustling at the soda fountain, Irene hummed, sang a bit, dreamed.

"She was a lively, happy girl and learned how to face people. Irene was a hard worker—we knew she'd get there somehow," Dave Lefkowitz, drug store proprietor declared happily.

Calls It Miracle

Her mother, Mrs. Mary Polansky, with whom she lives at California Avenue, North Side, called it "God's miracle."

"It was too cold for some people but never too cold for Irene to go to church," Mrs. Polansky said.

Irene has been soloist in the St. Mary's Greek Orthodox Church, McKees Rocks for many years.

Miss Polansky has had voice training for only three years at Pittsburgh Musical Institute. There she studied under Mrs. Romaine Smith Russel and her husband, Dallmeyer Russell.

Worked as Bookkeeper

The lessons were paid for out of money she managed to save in her job as bookkeeper with Thepett Manufacturing Co., on Banksville Rd.

"I had to finance my own education... I always dreamed of an opportunity to study—this was my one dream," Pittsburgh's modern Cinderella said, brushing away tears.

Her selection was by a board of six judges. In winning over two other finalists, Irene sang "Ah Love But a Day" and "Ich Liebe Dich" (German for "I Love You") by Grieg.

Gen. Clark Reassures UCCA on Screening

In response to its cabled protests against screening by Red personnel of Ukrainian displaced persons in the Salzburg area in the American occupation zone, preparatory to their forcible repatriation by the Soviets, the Ukrainian Congress Committee received a communication from the War Department at Washington, dated February 19, quoting a cable from General Mark W. Clark, now in London, assuring the committee that "Ukrainians in Salzburg camps are not required to appear before any screening commission on which Soviet personnel are members."

Text of Gen. Clark's reply to UCCA protest follows:

"Reurad 14th February, displaced persons in United States Zone of

Austria are encouraged to return to their homelands. For this reason the several United Nations maintain repatriation missions in the zone. These missions work among the displaced persons under United States policy directives. No person is required to appear before representatives of these missions for screening. Investigation reveals Ukrainians in Salzburg camps are not required to appear before any screening commission on which Soviet personnel are members. Appearance before such a commission is voluntary.

Signed

General Mark W. Clark."

Similar protests by the Ukrainian Congress Committee, lodged with UNRRA evoked a reply from Deputy

Relief Committee Holds Convention

The United Ukrainian American Relief Committee held its first convention Saturday and Sunday, February 22 and 23, 1947 at Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City. Some one hundred and four score delegates representing close to one hundred organizations throughout the country heard and discussed reports on the progress of the committee, since it was founded by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America in the spring of 1944, in providing relief and succor to the Ukrainian war sufferers, the homeless and destitute, the DPs, in Europe.

The convention was highlighted by the report given by Dr. Walter Gallan, retiring president of the relief committee, recently returned from a tour of Ukrainian DP centers in Central and Western occupied Europe. He moved his hearers with his description of the plight of the Ukrainian displaced persons, and called for redoubled efforts on the part of all Ukrainian Americans to alleviate their plight. Following his report and those of the other officers, as well as several addresses, the convention authorized the relief committee to conduct a \$200,000.00 relief fund campaign to aid the Ukrainian DPs.

An arresting feature of the convention was the election of a younger generation Ukrainian American as president of the relief committee. He

is John Panchuk, Detroit attorney, and former president of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

Dr. Walter Gallan tentatively accepted his election as Executive Director of the relief committee.

Other officers elected were: Mr. Nicholas Muraszko and Mrs. Helen Lototsky, executive vice-presidents; Mrs. Joanna Bencal, Roman Smook, and Dr. Longin Cehelsky, vice-presidents; Michael Dubas, secretary; Eugene Rohach, treasurer; Roman Slobodian, Wasyl Shabatura, Wasyl Dowhan, Mrs. Anastasia Wagner, and Antin Malanchuk, auditors; Dmytro Halychyn, Stephen Shumeyko, Bohdan Katamay, Kalyna Lisiuk, Lev Dobriansky, Prof. Nicholas Chubaty, Mrs. Katherine Georgia, Mrs. Anna Nastiuk, Mrs. Euphemia Huzar, Mrs. Maria Lechycka, Mrs. Daria Kulchytsky, directors.

Chief addresses were delivered by Dr. Luke Myshuha, Prof. Nicholas Chubaty, Dr. Longin Cehelsky, and Mr. Bohdan Katamay.

The convention was presided over by John Panchuk, chairman, Roman Smook and Mrs. Maria Demydchuk, vice-chairmen. Secretaries were Mrs. Catherine Hulchiy and Julian Baraniuk.

The Ukrainian Canadian Relief Fund committee was represented at the convention by Mr. Walter Koszar.

Taking Over

Worthy of note and of significance in Ukrainian American life development is the fact that both the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America and the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee are now headed by two younger generation Ukrainian Americans, both of whom are former presidents of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

At the recent convention of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, Mr. John Panchuk, attorney by profession, of Detroit, was elected as its president. Mr. Panchuk served as UYL-NA president during 1936-37.

President of Ukrainian Congress Committee since its reorganization in September, 1943, and re-elected at the second (Philadelphia, January, 1944) and third (Washington, May, 1946) Ukrainian American congresses, is Stephen Shumeyko, editor by pro-

UYL-NA To Hold 10th Convention in Philly

The tenth national convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America will be held in Philadelphia, Pa. this coming Labor Day weekend, according to a UYL-NA executive board announcement.

A convention committee to aid in the holding of the conclave has al-

(Concluded on page 5)

fession, who served as UYL-NA head from 1933-1936.

Other former officers of the youth organization, which at present is undergoing a revival following its hibernation during the war, are also occupying responsible posts in Ukrainian American organized life. More and more of them, for example, are today presidents or secretaries of Ukrainian National Association branches.

Which goes to show, among other things, that the UYL-NA has served as a fine training ground for the younger generation in the taking over of the duties and responsibilities hitherto held by the older generation.

Director General A. G. Katzin that the Washington headquarters of UNRRA "have cabled our European office to investigate the allegations contained in your message."

Trivia

By Sophia

"The world's largest calculating machine—one capable of solving mathematical problems almost too complex for the human mind—has been unveiled at Harvard University." . . . A. P. News item.

To all outward appearances, society is progressing. But a news item like this has serious repercussions in all phases of life. Thus far I haven't read of any objections to such an invention, but I'm sure that organizations will be formed by many groups objecting to the mass production of such machines.

The first to raise an objection would be the mathematicians. Where would they be if such calculators were to be produced? After working so hard for so many years, diverting their genius and talents into this channel, they awake one morning to find their livelihood has been literally torn away from them. Where are they to turn? What are they to do with all their accumulated knowledge, upon discovering that a machine—practically a robot—can in a matter of minutes or seconds solve problems that heretofore have required hours, days, and perhaps even years of mathematicians? Most of the garrets around town are filled with starving artists, so it looks like our starving mathematicians will have to turn to cellars. Yes, they've got a right to kick, these poor mathematicians. In the near future, look for a mathematicians' march on Washington, led perhaps by Einstein.

Aha! More complaints! The next one from a group of irate apartment-seeking citizens, upon having read that our new calculator requires a room 50 by 60 feet. Such a waste of space just to figure out the cube root of 56,498 in two or three seconds. What price economy? You can't blame them for protesting, however. After all, who wants to sleep in the street, knowing that a lovely, warm 50x60-foot room is being occupied by a calculator insensitive to cold or wet weather? Even those lucky enough to share a two-room apartment with four other families are complaining, having decided that it's about time they should breathe

without having to perform the feat of breathing in shifts.

Housewives have raised their voices in protest. According to their line of reasoning, it's tough enough to have to wait on line for food, pay high prices, and budget the income without having to work this blasted contraption to check one's figures. The housewives constitute the most conservative group, refusing to give up a year or so of their time to learn how to work the calculator. We also hear that the calculator presents a major house-cleaning problem, its intricate gadgets requiring too much of the housewife's time. Picture, alas, the poor frustrated housewife adding up the laundry bill when right after the decimal point—bang!—our machine is on the fritz! She doesn't care even if the machine can be broken in two parts for simple mathematical work. She frankly, bluntly and emphatically says, "No!" to the calculator, and makes no bones about it.

Objections to the machine have also been received from the electricians' union, which doesn't relish the thought of installing more than a million feet of wiring for just one machine. Anyhow, how can one add up the million feet if there is no calculator, and how can there be a calculator without the million feet of wiring? It's a vicious circle.

Nevertheless, there are factions in the country that might favor such a machine. Think of all the time saved by the government if the staggering figures of the budget could be worked out on the calculator. Why, during the time saved, new legislation could be enacted, taxes changed, and senators could filibuster to their hearts' content. The calculator would even permit changing the budget every hour instead of every year!

The next election should show which way the public leans—whether for or against the new machine. We only hope that with such divided sentiments another civil war doesn't rear its ugly head. Apparently Harvard has also thought of this, because it has neatly disposed of the calculator by dumping it in the lap of the Navy Department, thus keeping its nose out of trouble. And who could think of a better solution?

Schoolboy Wins Art Prize

The annual Ingersoll Art calendar, illuminated by reproductions of paintings by American schoolboys and girls, has been issued by the United States Time Corp., and lists William Radio, Ukrainian by descent, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Radio, 167 Tilghman St., Allentown, Pa., as the winner of the Pennsylvania award for his painting "Grant Street Scene." The young man has received a \$25 cash prize and a certificate of merit for his work, the Allentown "Morning Call" reports.

One of Radio's paintings was the

first prize winner in the Allentown contest sponsored by the local Army recruiting post last June. That picture was exhibited in Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, during the summer. During the spring he was honored by the showing of a painting "Caesar's Fruit Stand," in the University of Pennsylvania's cultural olympics. That exhibition was held in the Academy of Natural Sciences.

Nearly 100,000 students from all over the U.S.A., Canada, Puerto Rico and the Philippines competed for the U. S. Time Corp. awards.

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An Incident By Vasile Stefanyk

Freely translated from the Ukrainian by Stephen Shumeyko

A STRANGE incident took place in the village. Hryts Letuchy deliberately drowned his tiny tot of a daughter. He wanted to drown her older sister, too, but because she beseeched him not to, he didn't.

Since the time when his wife had died, Hryts's lot had been a very hard one. It was very difficult to raise the children without her. He tried to remarry, for their sake. But no one would have him. It was not only because of the children, but because of his poverty too.

And so for three years Hryts suffered thus. No one bothered to know how he was faring, what he was doing, except perhaps his closest neighbors. The latter used to gossip of how he and his tots spent practically a whole winter without fuel to warm their straw-thatched hut.

But after that incident, they all talked about him.

One evening, they said, Hryts came home and found his children seated, as usual, on the oventop.

"Daddy, could we have something to eat?" Handzia, the older one, begged.

"Eat me, then. I've nothing else to give you," was the despairing reply.

He found, however, a piece of bread. They fell to gnawing upon it like pups would a bone.

"Everywhere the plague stalks—may it break its neck!—yet it leaves us alone. Why? Why doesn't it put an end to us too!" he exclaimed. "Even a plague avoids this house."

His little girls, however, paid no attention to what their father was saying. They were accustomed to such talk, day in and day out, and so they continued munching away on the hard bread.

They were a sight terrible and pitiful to behold. God knows how those tiny, fragile bones managed to stick together. Only the two pairs of dark eyes seemed to have some life and substance in them. Were it not for those eyes, it seemed that the rest of their bodies would crumble and flutter away like feathers in the wind. Even now, as they struggled with the hard bread, it seemed that from the effort the bones of their faces would crack and break.

Hryts glanced in their direction. He could not help but compare them with—skeletons. The comparison frightened him. Sweat broke out over his body. A heavy stone seemed to have settled in the pit of his stomach. While his tots kept gnawing on the bread, he suddenly dropped to the floor on his knees and started to pray. Yet his eyes were constantly drawn to the girls, causing him to repeat—skeletons!

For several days Hryts feared to sit around in his hut. Instead he went around visiting his neighbors. The latter talked amongst themselves about Hryts' harassed appearance. Heavy rings appeared beneath his deeply sunken-in eyes, while his face had actually become darkened.

One evening Hryts came home, boiled some potatoes, salted them, and tossed them up to the girls on the oventop.

When they had finished eating them, he said:

"Get down off the oventop, we shall go visiting."

The two sisters scrambled down. He pulled over them their torn and threadbare dresses, took the younger Dotska by one hand and Handzia by the other, and led them outside. They

walked a long while until they reached the top of the hill.

Bathed in the moonlight the river stretched out down below them, like a stream of silver.

Hryts shuddered. It was as if coolness of that stream had chilled him. And that rock in the pit of his stomach seemed to grow heavier and heavier. He found it difficult to breathe, and barely able to carry tiny Dotska.

They descended the hill towards the river. Hryts ground his teeth so hard that it seemed to him that the very forest resounded with it. Something seemed to burn within him. The river was now but a short distance away. He could no longer hold himself down to a walk. With a sudden lunge he ran forward, leaving Handzia behind. She ran after him.

Reaching the river bank, Hrytsko swung Dotska with all his might and flung her into the water.

He felt better, and began speaking rapidly to himself:

"I shall tell the judge that there was nothing else that I could do. Nothing to eat. Nothing to warm up the house with. Nothing even to wash in. Nothing. Nothing. And so I shall accept my punishment, Sir, for I am guilty. To the gallows with me."

Beside him now stood Handzia, and she too spoke rapidly:

"Daddy, daddy, don't drown me, don't drown me, don't drown me!"

"Well, since you beg me, then I won't. But it would have been better for you. It's all the same for me whether I have to hang for one or for two. You'll keep on suffering as a child, and when you grow up you'll have to hire yourself out to some landlord, and there you will suffer too. It's entirely up to you."

"Don't drown me, don't drown me! . . ."

"All right, all right, I won't. I tell you, though, Dotska is better off than you. Go back to the village, while I go to give myself up. See that path? Follow it uphill until you come to the first house. Go inside and tell them that so and so happened, that 'father wanted to drown me but that I begged myself off, and won't you please keep me overnight.' And the next morning ask them maybe they would like to hire you to take care of their children. Go, now, for it's getting dark."

And Handzia went.

"Handzia, Handzia," her father called after her. "Here take this stick, for if a dog sees you he might tear you to pieces, but with this stick you'll be safer."

Handzia took the stick and went up the path.

Hrytz rolled up his trousers to ford the river, for in that direction lay the road to the town. He stepped into the water up to his ankles and then stopped stock still.

"In the name of our Lord, Son, the Holy Ghost, Amen. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come . . ."

When he finished praying, he went on his way to give himself up to the authorities.

PROTECT YOUR FUTURE

★★★ with ★★★

U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

For The Common Good

By MYKHAYLO KOTSIUBYNSKY
Translated by PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

ZAMPHIR walked among his vines here straightening up a stake, there plucking off superfluous leaves, or tying up a branch. True, today was Sunday, one ought not to work, but yet it couldn't be a sin to do this in the vineyard, for here was sacred bread, the gift of God... Ah, what a mat of branches here! It doesn't let the sun through... some of these leaves must come off... And there's a useless tendril, sucking the sap for nothing from the rest of the vine. Cut it off... so... And here the clusters have weighed down the branch so that the poor things are trailing on the ground... it must be lifted up... it's a shame... so much of human toil has gone into it. Ah, toil! How much of toil and trouble this scrap of land has absorbed! His father and forefathers had deposited here all their strength—see what strong, sturdy and fruitful vines they had brought into being! And he himself—had he put in any less of his own health and strength into them?

And Zamphir recalled how every autumn he had to gather stakes, prune branches, spade and bury the vine roots in the earth. The heavy spade would flash up and down, and in place of the vines mounds of earth would arise. Throughout the winter the vines would sleep beneath the earthly mounds, but in spring they must be liberated, brought out into the light from beneath the soil, cleaned and staked. And then the vines would begin to grow like weeds—again the spade would fly, again the blisters on the hands. He loved his vineyard so that he spent himself on it. He cared for it as he cared for his own children; it agreed with him and he got habituated to it as to a dear companion, a being, with whom one's own life, nourishment, and welfare is bound up. And the slender vine which returns such a vast recompense for hard work and blistered hands can become very dear indeed to the one who works it.

"Is it about time to gather the vintage," thought Zamphir. Well, that's an easy, festival sort of job. The whole family takes part in the work. It's a pleasant sight to look upon the ripe, translucent berries, which can hardly hold in the sweet juice under the fragile skin. The grownups, with songs, cut off the ripe clusters, drop them into baskets and carry them to the waiting barrels, while excited children, smeared with the sweet juice, rummage beneath the vines, searching for bunches which have been overlooked. The torrent of sweet must begin to work and soon the entire village from the smallest child to the oldest grandfather will be at the "tasting."

"If only God will grant him to gather in the vintage and sell the wine! He ought to buy another strip of land from the squire, for without land enough husbandry is hard. What would Mariora say about the idea? But where is she?" Zamphir swept his eyes all around.

Mariora was standing among the vines as though framed in the green foliage, her bent head supported by one hand, with an expression of deep pensiveness on her face.

"Mariora, what are you worrying about there? Don't you see what an abundance the Lord has sent us? Such a vintage I've never seen with any of our neighbors."

"Praise God!" sighed the young wife. But, you see, I was thinking... people are talking..."

"What are they saying?" said Zamphir coming up to her

"They say there are some 'doctors' travelling about the villages, ruining the vineyards. They saw there's some sort of disease or something at work among the vines and so they're chopping down some vineyards, burning them up and putting poison into the soil as well..."

"What? Chopping down the vines!" Zamphir shuddered. He, too, had heard about it in the marketplace at Rena. Burning, she says, poisoning the soil! But this was his property, inherited from his forefathers, his bread—were a lot of 'doctors' to destroy it? No, never, should that come to pass. Maybe there was some sort of disease which attacked the grape, but here, in this village, all the vineyards, thank God! were healthy, sound and thriving, on splendid soil. Just a foolish report, a stupid rumor. They were not the sort of people to let any so-called 'doctors' into their vineyards. Oh! let any of them dare to put a foot on his property! He'd shoot the first one down like a dog with his gun. Only over his dead body should anyone step into his vineyard, for living; he would admit no one. Stupid rubbish! Just people's foolish chatter.

Zamphir waved his hand.

However, notwithstanding the gesture of contempt, a cloud of anxiety overshadowed Zamphir's brow. Yet not for long, it is true. The brilliance of the joyous June day, the broad billowing of green foliage which, like a sea, flowed over the wealth of the vintage beneath its surface, the care-free chatter of the children who, adorned with vine leaves, came rushing boisterously to their father—all this restored to Zamphir his cheerful mood, his rosy hopes.

The sun had begun to decline towards evening. Mariora reminded them that it was time to return home. The children scurried after the horses and soon these were hitched up to the wagon again, ready to start. The fiery horses tossed their heads as they were decorated with vine leaves, and the little girl carried with her into the wagon an immense nosegay of the same bound together with slender tendrils.

At last they started and the wagon rolled along the banks of the Prut and for a long time the happy faces of the children were visible amidst the long green vine branches which, hanging down out of the wagon to the ground, swayed with the movement as though waving farewell to their companions left behind in the vineyard.

There was a stir in the village. Large groups of young people, dressed in their Sunday best, were standing about on the streets or making their way to the common from whence there resounded over the whole village the dull thudding of the "doba" or long drum, accompanied by the shrill whine of the "kaval" the immense flute. The monotonous oriental melody known as the "Bulgariska" testified to the fact that on the common a dance was in full swing.

But another movement in addition to this was noticeable. Moldavian peasants were weaving about the

streets, gathering in groups in doorways, beside fences, waving their hands, shouting, disputing. Some old women with their shrill voices were raising a regular hullabaloo. Manifestly something had happened in the village. When Zamphir approached one of these groups, they stopped him, swarmed round the wagon on all sides, and from their inflamed countenances it was clear that they had some interesting news on the tips of their tongues, but yet, in accordance with ancient custom, the ceremonial forms of greeting had to be first complied with.

"Good day, Zamphir!"

"Thank you!"

"What are you doing just now?"

"Coming from the vineyard..."

After this very brief prelude, executed by both parties in the same tone, a regular tempest of voices arose. "Had he heard that the village mayor had received a 'paper'?" "Oh, he'll let them come, he'll sell us out!" "He'll answer for it before God at judgement day!" "No, he won't let them!" "Oh yes, he will, he'll let them, you'll see!" "Well, the village won't allow it!" "Sure, the end of the world's coming!"

Zamphir couldn't make out a thing.

"What? Whom won't he let in?"

"Talk sense!" He hurled his questions on every side.

"Who? Why, the 'doctors'!" A 'paper' came to the courthouse saying that the 'doctors who poison the vineyards will soon be here too."

Like a bolt out of a clear sky, the news struck Zamphir. Could this possibly be true? the thought shot through his mind. Could it possibly be true?

"Oh, they'll chop down our vines, they'll chop them to the very last one, the antichrists!" screamed one old woman.

"No matter, we'll get along without wine," interjected someone in the crowd with mischievous malice.

Zamphir could not as yet believe it. Perhaps someone had merely started a foolish rumor? He would have to find out for himself at the village courthouse.

"I'll be back right away, as soon as I unhitch," he called to the crowd as he drove off.

In a short time, Zamphir, looking sullen and glowering, entered the village courthouse. A number of peasants followed him. The mayor was not yet back from the fair, but outside the building they encountered the court clerk, very much dissatisfied because no one was making any admiring remarks about his new brightly colored official trousers. He glanced at Zamphir with his feline eyes, twisted up his feline moustaches in reply to his greeting.

"We have come to you, Mister Clerk, to find out whether it is true that a paper has come about 'doctors' who ruin the vineyards?"

The clerk made a motion with his hand and another with his legs clad in the bright, new trousers as though desirous of apologizing to the crowd for the very existence in the courthouse of such an impolite document.

"Well... there is... it is numeral..."

"What do they want with us, these

'doctors?'" asked Zamphir in hoarse voice.

The clerk was greatly embarrassed; he himself did not exactly know what the 'doctors' were after.

"Well, there's a sort of disease in the vines; they call it phylloxera," he temporized, gratefully throwing out one brightly trousered leg and making a circular movement with his hand.

"Disease? A disease in the vines?" the crowd echoed. "It's a lie! Our grandfathers and theirs before them lived to be a hundred years old! And we drink the wine and nobody ever heard of any disease from it. Just trying to addle our brains! Look you, it's a disease they've invented!"

"Where does the disease come from?" asked Zamphir, calmly but flatly.

"Why, out of the air!" And the clerk, frowning, drew in a breath through his nostrils, as though he had noticed the presence of the infection in the atmosphere.

"Well, what then?" Zamphir continued to enquire, "will they chop down our vines?"

"They will chop them down."

"All of them?"

"All of course..."

Every Moldavian flared up with indignation. Who has any right to chop down our vineyards? Why, they'd tear to pieces the first one to lift an axe against their vines. What! They had planted the grapes, they had cultivated them, and now, should some strangers come and, just like that, start to destroy all their labor? By what right?

"The law," replied the clerk with a bow, spreading out his hands and closing his eyes as though begging pardon for the existence of such a law at all.

The law! The law! They had heard the word before. When it was a case of any taxation, any exploitation of the common folk, immediately: the law. Was it the law which had planted their vineyards? What gave the law the right to destroy them? Had the law labored with blood and sweat on those vineyards? The law, he says! Could there be such law in the world as to take away the bread from children, to reduce them to beggary?... Oho, let them have their law; they would talk to it with a gun, to anyone who should dare to lay even a finger on their vines... Then let them do their judging.

The crowd buzzed like a swarm of exasperated bees, but the clerk no longer listened to their clamor. With a feeling of his own superiority and with an expression of ineffable contempt for this ignorant peasantry, an expression which did not in the least suit his feline features, the clerk turned his back on the crowd and, with a final glance at his new trousers, entered the office.

Zamphir abandoned the surging excited crowd without having achieved any clear idea as to the impending calamity. Anger welled up within him, strangling his throat, and the curses which he hurled at all the laws which would not permit poor folk to live in peace and quietness did nothing to lift the heavy weight from his heart, did not assuage his rage.

But when his anguished wife met him with an agitated, questioning look, he hissed through his teeth: "Don't be afraid, nothing's going to happen to us. I'll know how to defend myself from attack"—and he glanced from beneath his brows at the old Turkish gun which hung on the wall beside the kitchen dresser.

(To be continued)

A FINE UKRAINIAN
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WHY I DO NOT WANT TO GO "HOME"

By IVAN BAHRYANY

(Concluded)

VI

I PASSED through that "home" from Kiev to Kamchatka, to Bering Strait and back. I passed through it under the protection of the oprichnicks of the GPU-NKVD, and I underwent in succession all the martyrdoms, until I escaped to Europe. It lasted for 8 years. Half of my adult life has been spent in the prisons and concentration camps of Bolshevia. My whole youth has been buried there. The rest of my life has been passed in that great concentration camp, the names of which is the USSR, where a whole category of people (the category of the politically unreliable) are deprived of the of speech and are doomed to an eternal condition of moral repression, without mentioning the fact that it is often deprived of work and means of livelihood and constantly threatened with new arrests and imprisonments.

It is not for nothing that there has been developed there that type of persons so widely spread—a person terrified, suspicious, silent and fatalistic.

A European or an American, hearing that his author has passed 8 years in prison in the land of "socialism," thinks that he is at least a confirmed murderer, an abuser of young children, or a bandit on the high roads, to deserve such a punishment.

No, the author is a Ukrainian artist with high education and has never killed even a chicken. His whole misfortune has been that in that land of "Stalinist socialism" and of the "widest democracy in the world," he dared to say a word of protest and that concealed in the form of a fable. For that he passed his youth in prisons and hard labor, envying even the bandits, for they had a lighter regime and had privileges, but artists had no privileges, as "political criminals," because they were patriots on behalf of their people and their native land.

That is the paradox.

VII

I do not want to return to my native land, because I love my native land. And love for one's native land, for one's people, that is, national patriotism in the USSR is the greatest crime. It was so 25 years ago, it is so now. This crime is called in Bolshevik language—in the language of red Moscow fascism—"local nationalism."

Why is it regarded as the greatest crime?

The USSR, as is known, is a federation of republics with equal rights, who "according to the constitution of Stalin" have the right to national freedom, even to separation from the USSR. That means, each representative of each nation has the right to his own patriotism and to love for his own people.

But that is only in theory.

In fact, if any republic wished to leave the federation, it would be crushed with fire and sword by its ally with "equal rights"—Bolshevik Russia. It has always been held down and dominated by terror in this "free" alliance. Bolshevism is striving to create one totalitarian red empire, with one administration, one language, one culture, one ideology and politics.

The slightest demonstration of its own will by any of the nations "with equal rights" in the USSR (except

Russia) is suppressed by a terrible moral and physical terror.

By the use of that terror the Russian red fascism (Bolshevism) is striving to refashion 100 nationalities into the so-called "one Soviet people"—that is actually into the Russian people.

Therefore local patriotism, that is, the patriotism of each of the 100 nationalities,—striving for national freedom and independence, is regarded as the greatest crime and is heavily punished accordingly.

Therefore love for one's people and one's native land (not for the USSR, the prison of nations, but let us say for Georgia, for Ukraine, for White Russia, etc.) is regarded as the greatest evil. Therefore they give no peace to the Ukrainians even beyond the borders of the USSR, and strive by force and provocations to drag them back and destroy them.

Then in order that the world may not be aroused but may rather assist Bolshevism in its work, Bolshevism tries to prove to every one that the Ukrainians are criminals, enemies

Yes, the Ukrainians are enemies of Bolshevism but they are not war criminals. They fought alike against Hitler and against Stalin. They fought against both before this war and they fought against both in the war.

Many of us after the prisons and concentration camps of Stalin passed through the concentration camps of the Gestapo—through Dachau, Belzen, Buchenwald, Auschwitz, and others. More were hung and tortured by Hitler, the ally of Stalin in 1939. Bolshevism knows it. But it is trying to blacken us in the most shameful manner so that no one in the world will sympathize with us and help us.

Why?

Because we are a danger to it—we are the bearers of that truth, which the world does not know and must learn—That is what Bolshevism fears.

VIII

I do not want to go back to the Stalin "home," because the baseness, cynicism and cruelty of the Bolsheviks know no bounds. The party slogan which is expressed by the proverb, "the end justifies all means," actually does not overlook any means. Since the goal of the Bolsheviks has changed several times during the years of its domination (from the goal of building socialism with the cult of Karl Marx to the goal of building a Russian fascist empire with the cult of Tsar Peter I, or from the goal of atheism to the goal of supporting the Russian Orthodox Church, etc.), it is not hard to show what utterly contradictory and utterly surprising means the Bolsheviks have adopted. Now to build this goal, now to destroy it; now to root out religion as "the opium of the people" by shooting priests and ruining churches, now to restore the Russian Church by shooting the unbelievers (as Yaroslavsky) and sending to prison at hard labor representatives of other religious denominations.

Now punishing for opposition to Ezhov and "Ezhovshchina," and now for support of that same Ezhov and "Ezhovshchina," etc. etc.

And all this has been done with open cynicism and cold cruelty and all on a "grandiose" scale.

A man under this regime is de-

prived of human dignity and the most elementary human rights. When the NKVD arrests a citizen (without regard to his age, status, or services to the people), no one can intercede for him or defend him. The true institution of defenders in court actually does not exist. There have not been open trials for political prisoners. Millions of people have been put to death, when they did not know they had done.

The responsibility for the father (and that not only if he has been a real criminal, but if he has only been arrested) is laid at once upon the children and the family, and they are subjected to persecution and terror.

As an example:

When they arrest a father (and they have arrested all where formerly they broke their ribs and tortured them in their inquisitions, and then have shown — sometimes after two years—the order for their arrest and the charges brought with no date, to carry on the case legally; it has happened that they have shot a person and then have determined that there was no reason to shoot him, for they were seeking another person with the same family name), so when they arrest the father of a family and do not name the charges, they throw his family on the street, term them "enemies of the people," organize persecutions of them in society, deprive them of work and means of livelihood.

That is the way my children perished just like the children of many of my friends in prison.

Or they have laid on the children all the crimes of their fathers and even of their grandfathers, by not admitting them to the higher schools or to work, only because a grandfather was a kulak, or an officer, or even a private in the army of the Ukrainian National Republic, or of another.

That is the style of life under Soviet rule.

That is what I endured for a long while.

It is the same in relation to mothers. Mother can die at the doors of the NKVD, praying for the news about her son, but they will tell her nothing, give her no information, and will increase the wound in her heart with dirty insinuations and threats. They will ask the unfortunate mother to tell them with whom her son was acquainted. And they will terrify the uneducated illiterate, old woman and drive her out of this life. That is the way my mother perished.

After crippling the prisoner in the torture and racking him in the cell, they give him no medical assistance. The physician of the NKVD puts to his victim who is half insane from torture: "Confess everything that you you know and then I will help you, or die." And then you must take into consideration the fact that this victim is guilty of no crime.

IX

I do not want to go to the USSR, because a human being there is not worth as much as an insect. In destroying people for nothing and for trifles, for a spoken word, an anecdote, a complaint at the hardness of life and in doing it with open cynicism, the Bolsheviks put forward this formula:

"In the USSR there are enough people and there is no need to be fussy" and "it is better to break the ribs of of one hundred innocent people rather than allow one guilty person to escape."

It is not surprising then that in

the prisons and camps in the USSR in the years 1936-1939 there were about 11 million people. The prisons were so overcrowded that in individual rooms (with space for one person) there were 25-30 and they sat—or rather stood—that way for 10 months and more "under investigation"—that is before the explanation of what crime they had actually committed. It entered the head of no one, that these people were perishing alive. Besides each of them was murdered in the investigations.

All this was done according to a definite plan and the instructions from the Kremlin. That was the so-called "five year plan for the reconstruction" of "man." That was the way they reconstructed him. But when the process was carried to an absurdity, when there was no family in the USSR, which was not seized with terror, because there had been discovered in it an "enemy of the people," when the sea of petitions and written prayers of the children and mothers of the imprisoned and condemned "enemies of the people" flooded the Kremlin and especially N. Krupskaya (the wife of the late Lenin), then Stalin, to quiet the thoughts of the citizens, proclaimed at the 18th meeting of the Party that "The enemies of the people had penetrated into the NKVD, had mastered the honorable 'party and non-party' Bolsheviks" and had beaten them for so many years and on such a gigantic scale... And having said this, he ordered Ezhov to be removed and sent into retirement.

What can be greater cynicism and mockery over a human being? Mockery over millions of people... And the provocative murder of Kirov?—Is it a second "burning of the Reichstag?" Inspired to direct further terror against all opportunists and all the dissatisfied. A certain right opportunists Nikolayev killed Kirov. Is he only Van der Lubbe No. 2?

In vengeance for Kirov they shot people of the "right," the "left" and all others in masses and not only party opportunists but many (and most) people who had no relation to the party or to opposition. Thus they shot the Ukrainian artists and writers. The wave of mass executions rolled from Odessa to Vladivostok and the number of those shot was so great that it would have been a high return not only for Kirov but also for Stalin. And they did not count those sent to prison at hard labor.

Examples of such mockery, cynicism, falsity, provocations, sadism and totally unjustified cruelty, mark the whole practice of Bolshevism for 27 years. They are not examples of "a spot on the sun." They are the very pattern of Bolshevism, its nature. That is why I do not want to go to the "socialistic home" of Bolshevism.

X

I do not want to go back under Bolshevism, because I have been in prison with priests of various religious denominations and I have seen how they were beaten and murdered. At the order of Stalin they were destroyed in the USSR and the churches were ruined. For the whole of 25 years they beat out of human souls the slightest signs of the Christian religion and in a brutal, loathsome manner.

Then in 1943 Bolshevism yielded to religion and began to appear in the role of defender of the Orthodox Church. Europe and the whole world could not believe that Stalin was actually supporting Christianity, and that his party has returned sincerely to religion. And we do not believe it.

The Non-English Press in the United States

More than 1000 of the 18,000 newspapers and periodicals in the United States are published in languages other than English. This non-English press covers 39 different languages:

Spanish	130
German	115
Italian	102
Polish	79
Yiddish	56
Hungarian	54
Czech	52
French	43
Swedish	42
Norwegian	33
Slovak	31
Lithuanian	28
Greek	28
Portuguese	23
Finnish	20
Armenian	17
Danish	17
Russian	17
Ukrainian	15
Chinese	14
Hebrew	14
Croatian	13
Arabic	12
Carpatho-Russian	12
Slovene	12
Dutch	9
Japanese	9
Rumanian	6
Bulgarian	4
Serbian	4
Albanian	2
Estonian	2
Latvian	2
Welsh	2
Esperanto	1
Flemish	1
Korean	1
Ladino	1
Wendish	1

American War for Independence there were some thirty-five German newspapers in the State of Pennsylvania alone, and French newspapers began publication in Boston and Detroit, Michigan. Successive waves of immigration preceding the Civil War were marked by the appearance of the first Danish, Italian, Norwegian, Welsh, Spanish, Swedish, and Polish newspapers. After the United States purchased Alaska from Russia in 1867, a Russian newspaper was set up in San Francisco. Before the end of the nineteenth century Arabic, Armenian, Carpatho-Russian, Chinese, Czech, Croatian, Dutch, Finnish, Greek, Hungarian, Lithuanian, Serbian, Slovak, Slovene, Ukrainian, Yiddish and other non-English language newspapers were established. In 1917 the non-English language press in the United States reached a peak, with some 1350 publications. After the enactment of the quota laws, restricting immigration, the number decreased, but the non-English newspaper has kept its place as an integral part of the American press.

The 1010 non-English publications in the United States are located in 36 of the 48 states, those with the largest number being:

New York	290
Illinois	121
Pennsylvania	83
California	66
Massachusetts	53
Texas	52
Ohio	50
Michigan	43
New Jersey	38
Minnesota	31
Wisconsin	25
Connecticut	15
Missouri	14
Colorado	12
Iowa	12
Nebraska	11
New Mexico	11
District of Columbia	11

A quarter of the country's non-English publications, 253, are published in New York City. Chicago has 94. Other cities having 15 or more are:

Cleveland	37
Pittsburgh	30
Detroit	28
Boston	24

Los Angeles	24
San Francisco	24
Philadelphia	20
Milwaukee	15

Of the 1010 non-English publications in the United States, 95 are dailies, 38 semi-weeklies, 401 weeklies, 71 semi-monthlies, 312 monthlies, while 93 are published less frequently. The Chinese have the largest number of dailies, 12.

Between 1840 and 1940 the United States admitted 37,529,494 immigrants from all quarters of the world. To these newcomers, an American newspaper printed in their native tongue provided a tie between them their adopted country. Oftentimes the paper served as a sort of guide and textbook to American customs and institutions, American history and government, employment, naturalization, and the thousand and one things a newcomer wants and needs to know.

It is from Americans of foreign birth and their families that the non-English press draws the bulk of its readers. Not only do persons of foreign birth or parentage constitute one quarter of the American population, but in the 1940 Census as many as 21,996,240 persons in the United States reported some language other than English as their "mother tongue. Languages reported by 50,000 or more, according to Census statistics on mother tongue or race, including:

Arabic	107,240
Armenian	68,320
Chinese	77,504
Croatian	115,440
Czech	520,440
Danish	226,740
Dutch	267,140
Finnish	230,420
Flemish	54,340
French	1,412,060
German	4,949,780
Greek	273,520
Hungarian	453,000
Italian	3,766,820
Japanese	126,947
Lithuanian	272,680
Norwegian	658,220
Polish	2,416,320
Portuguese	215,860
Rumanian	65,520
Russian	585,080
Slovak	484,360
Slovenian	178,640
Spanish	1,861,400
Swedish	830,900

Ukrainian	83,600
Yiddish	1,751,100

Many of the persons in these groups are, of course, bi-lingual, speaking and reading both English and their mother tongue.

Non-English papers in the United States range all the way from small struggling sheets, printed and edited by a single individual, to influential weeklies and large dailies with circulations reaching six figures, equipped with modern plants and capable of producing impressive Sunday editions. An important part of American journalism, non-English publications have the same rights and privileges as their more numerous English competitors.

To millions of newcomers not yet at home in English, non-English publications in the United States render an invaluable service. They are a source of current news, and interpreter of American institutions and ideals, a guide to the American scene, and a link to the newcomer's own cultural heritage. To many thousands of Americans, on the other hand, who are bi-lingual, non-English publications also render an important service, by supplying information and contacts which cannot be obtained from the English language press—information about developments and events in their native countries, and contacts with persons of the same cultural or racial background.

COMMON COUNCIL

CONVENTION

(Concluded from page 1)

ready been formed in Philadelphia. Its publicity committee writes that all Ukrainian American youth in Philadelphia and surrounding are cordially invited to join this committee and participate in this great event. Until further notice all meetings will be held every Monday evening at the Ukrainian Hall, 847 N. Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For Further information write to Horace A. Kulyk, Secretary, Ukrainian Youth League Convention Committee, 847 N. Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa. or phone Ma 7-2407 or De 6-3152.

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

The ghosts of the tortured priests still stand before our eyes, and their bones have not yet turned to dust.

The Biblical King Herod could more easily return to Christianity than his representative in the 20th century. Stalin has made of religion a tool for his political machinations and that is all. If religion was rooted out in the USSR, it is and will be rooted out.

XI

I do not want to go back to the USSR, because the Stalinist "socialistic" USSR is a social concentration camp of the enslaved people of 100 nationalities—people without rights, terrorized, frightened, hungry, poor.

After a quarter of a century under Bolshevism they have obtained nothing except prisons, rivers of blood and tears... And they will obtain nothing, so long as Bolshevism continues to exist.

Bolshevism is violence to the human being, it is slave labor, it is modern serfdom, it is physical and spiritual terror, it is poverty, it is famine, it is war.

XII

I do not want to go back to my

native land, so long as Bolshevism reigns there, because Stalin destroyed Ukraine in alliance with Hitler. Stalin was the ally of Hitler in 1939. But for us, Ukrainians, he was the ally of Hitler from the earliest times. Hitler had as his goal our annihilation in the name of the rule of fascist Germany over our land. Stalin destroyed and is destroying us in the name of the rule of his party, the Russian red fascism over our land and the whole world in the name of the so-called "Marxist-Leninist doctrine."

Stalin helped Hitler and murdered us in Siberia and in the barracks. Hitler helped Stalin by murdering us in Dachau and in harsh captivity.

We have not laid down our arms in the struggle against our attackers and we will not lay them down, even though our 40 million Ukrainian people be wiped from the face of the earth.

That is why I and hundreds of thousands of us do not want to go home to the "land of socialism."

XIII

I will return to my native land with millions of my brothers and

sisters, who are here in Europe and there in concentration camps in Siberia, when the totalitarian bloody Bolshevik system is wiped out like that of Hitler. When the NKVD follows the Gestapo, when the red Russian fascism disappears as German fascism has disappeared. When we, the Ukrainian people, have returned to us the right to freedom and independence in the name of Christianity and justice.

*

It is hard for a person who has grown up in normal human conditions, to believe all that has been done there in a sixth part of the world, behind a Chinese wall.

The world cannot believe us. Well.

Let them try us. Let the Bolsheviks try us, but in Europe, before the eyes of the whole world. Let them accuse us of what they wish and let Stalin and his oprichniks judge us, but in Europe, before the eyes of the whole world and with the participation of representatives of the civilized world.

All the hundreds of thousands of us, fugitives from Bolshevism, will sit on the bench of the accused.

Let the court pronounce judgment upon us.

But Stalin will not come to that trial.

We do not fear the trial but he fears it, he "the father of nations," "the wisest of the wise," "the most democratic of democrats" fear such a trial, for it would be a trial of him and all his Bolshevism, it would be the most unprecedented and most interesting scandal in history.

Stalin knows it and is hastening to wipe us out as rapidly as possible, now employing methods of kidnapping and the physical annihilation of individuals in the ruins of the Hitler Reich.

The devil is evil and such are his methods..

P. S. To the Editor:

In sending this to the publications of the world, I am well aware of the fact that when this letter appears in the press, the Bolsheviks through the hands of the NKVD will murder the rest of my family, if any are still alive. But I ask you to print it and sign it with my full name.

All that I have to lose, I have lost and what is left is entirely doomed to destruction.

Youth and the U.N.A.

Keep Your Insurance in Force

The first week of every month, the Ukrainian National Association accepts new members, reinstatements, suspensions, transfers, and the like, in accordance with the reports submitted by the secretaries of its 461 branches. In connection with the suspensions, it is perturbing to note that the majority of them consist of young people who have been members less than three years. Further investigation reveals the fact that a very small percentage of these persons are reinstated the month following the suspension. It is difficult to explain why this is so, but it would not be surprising if the main factor proved to be that of misunderstanding or lack of information.

Many suspended members learn about their suspension when they see their names listed under the suspension heading of the monthly report released by the Supreme Secretary of the U.N.A. for publication in the Svoboda. Most of the members receive suspension notices from their branch secretaries. Uninformed members who find themselves suspended fail to reinstate themselves because they misunderstand the term "suspended." They (particularly those recently admitted membership) seem to think that being suspended means that their certificates have been made null and void. Occasionally a member will write to the U.N.A. and ask if it would be possible to reinstate himself somehow. Some persons even make long trips to the U.N.A. Home Office to inquire about ways and means of their becoming goodstanding members again. All of this is the result of misunderstanding or lack of information.

The truth of the matter is simply that a member remains suspended just as long as he does pay his monthly dues. A member who does not pay his May dues, for instance, will be suspended in May. If he pays his May and June dues in June, however, he is promptly reinstated. It is as simple as that. All certificates provide for reinstatement privileges, and a member may reinstate himself within three years of the suspension date, upon furnishing satisfactory evidence of insurability and upon payment of all arrears of dues.

Read Your Certificates

It is unfortunate that members, in many instances, do not read their certificates carefully. That this has led to many unnecessary suspensions cannot be doubted. U.N.A. organizers have reported coming across many cases where former members expressed surprise upon learning that they could have reinstated themselves.

There have also been cases where members, moving from one city or State to another, allow themselves to be suspended, thinking that by leaving the city in which their branch is located, they automatically forfeit their membership. This, of course, is true... but uninformed persons are "suspended" nevertheless. Sometimes it is not the member's fault; an uninformed branch secretary being to blame. The U.N.A. has received more than one letter from secretaries who write about members "leaving town," instructing the U.N.A. to "cancel their certificates." It is apparent that some branch officers do not read the U.N.A. By-Laws and Constitution, and such officers do more harm than good. All that is necessary in cases where members are moving from one city to another is a transfer letter. This transfer letter is a document, signed

by branch officers, which gives the person to whom it is issued, the right to be admitted into any other U.N.A. branch in the United States and Canada.

The writer knows of a case where two brothers, who had been U.N.A. members a long time, refused to pay sick benefit dues to their branch. Upon being told that the by-laws of the branch compelled them to pay these additional dues, they allowed themselves to be suspended. That was several years ago and they are now suspended without hope of reinstatement. If these two brothers had been given transfer letters, with which they could have been admitted into a branch that would not require them to pay sick benefit dues, they would be goodstanding today.

The U.N.A. sends copies of the By-Laws, information booklets, pamphlets, etc., to all of its branches upon request. Its certificates contain much information that would be to the members' advantage to read and remember. There should be no reason for misunderstandings. The trouble lies in the fact that many persons do not bother to read this information regarding their organization.

In closing, the best thing to do is to urge the reader-member to take the writer seriously. Read your certificate and U.N.A. By-Laws so that you will be fully informed. Don't let lack of information or misunderstanding result in the unnecessary suspension of your insurance certificate.

Genius

One of the most misleading definitions of genius is the familiar one which declares genius to be an infinite capacity for taking pains. A capacity for taking pains may be characteristic of every conscientious worker, but it is not essentially a distinctive trait of genius.

Genius has spontaneity, inspiration, power of instant and inexplicable coordination and achievement. It cannot take pains, because it is an immediate force like gravity and works without effort or consciousness of exertion. Usually, genius is very spasmodic, uncertain, fluctuating as the tide and erratic as the wind, susceptible to stimulus and amenable to suggestion and education; but intolerant to routine, impatient to restraint and accommodating itself with difficulty to the requirements of conventional toil in a toiling world.

Many people think that genius is only developed in the natural arts such as music, artistic, literary, architectural, and scholastic fields. But genius can also be developed in the art of living. Genius may show itself in the simplest service of humanity such as the genius of motherliness which soothes and sustains the whole weary world; and the genius of merrymaking which suns out the dark crevices whenever it comes near. The end of all art is, in all, quite similar. It is a matter of devotion to spirit and outlook to inspiration. The real artist delights in perfect execution but torments himself when any task is ill-done; he finds intense satisfaction in adjusting means to ends and in finding adequate expression through a medium. "Only the best is good enough," is his uncompromising motto.

We have and have had such geniuses who aimed for the highest; who served humanity and glorified Ukraine; and who themselves have fre-

quently undergone suffering and wrongs because to them was attributed genius. Glory and misfortune can be exemplified by one of our most talented poets—Taras Shevchenko. The music genius, Mykola Lysenko has heralded to the American and European people the intriguing and soulful Ukrainian melodies. In the art of diplomacy we are accredited with the master, Ivan Mazepa; and of warfare with the leader Bohdan Khmelnytsky. In the school of philosophy, Hryhory Skovoroda soared to remarkable heights. In the sphere of religion we have Volodimir the Great who introduced Christianity into Ukraine. And in art there is, of course, Alexander Archipenko.

Because the possessors of genius have misfortunes, genius is charged with possessing characteristics which bring about these misfortunes. But this is surely an error. It is not the unfortunate man's genius that involves him in unhappiness, but his lack of a rationally ordered and well balanced education adapted to his exceptional needs. Instead of being the cause of his undoing, his genius is often the only source of satisfaction. Happiness he has, and its exercise and influence afford him only refuge possible to this otherwise irregular life. Genius often seems mad only because its possessor is inadequately educated for the handling of his treasure; incapable of arranging his life with himself and the world. It is not strange that the bungler of such a blessing should be distracted and distraught by failure. Therefore, genius must be educated and supplied with adequate complementary capacities in order that it may be saved from torture and frustration.

Foreign Language Press Exhibit at United Nations

The exhibit of non-English newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, now on display at the Lake Success headquarters of the United Nations, shows the unity of the American people despite their many and varied origins. "They Work and Live Peacefully Together," is the inscription on one of the panels showing distribution by languages of the 22,000,000 people who in 1940 reported some language other than English as their mother tongue. Another panel shows the distribution by languages of the 1010 publications in non-English languages; and still another calls attention to the 37,500,000 immigrants—America's "Living Links to the World"—who arrived in this country during the century 1840-1940. Sixteen panels are filled with the mastheads of non-English publications. Arranged artistically, they present a colorful and striking sight. A memorandum containing information about the foreign language press in the United States and full list of their addresses is available to all visitors.

Presented by Common Council

The exhibit was presented by the Common Council for American Unity, with many foreign language publishers and editors and representatives of the United Nations present, at a brief ceremony on February 4th. A release of the United Nations De-

partment of Public Information described the ceremony as follows:

"The program was opened by Mr. Wilder Foote, Chief Information Officer of the United States Delegation, who, speaking on the aims and purposes of the Common Council for American Unity, pointed out their accord with the principles of the United Nations Charter. Mr. Foote also paid tribute to the magazine 'Common Ground' which is published by the Council as well as to their weekly (press) service to foreign language newspapers.

"Next speaker was Mr. Read Lewis, Executive Director of the Council. Outlining the the history of the foreign language newspapers in the United States, Mr. Lewis demonstrated how they made their appearance simultaneously with the successive waves of immigration. Today these publications cover 39 different languages and include more than 1000 newspapers and periodicals, published in 36 of the 48 states.

"In New York City, Mr. Lewis said, over a quarter of all foreign language newspapers were published. All but six or seven of the members of the United Nations can find publications in their own language in the United States.

"Mr. Tor Gjesdal, Director of the United Nations Department of Public Information, then spoke on behalf of Mr. Benjamin Cohen, Assistant General, who is at present in Latin America.

"Thanking the Common Council for American Unity for its exhibit, Mr. Gjesdal said that its work should be taken as an example by the staff of the United Nations Secretariat, which up to today is represented by 45 nationalities.

Mr. Chyz Explains

"In concluding the ceremony Mr. Yaroslav Chyz, Manager of the Foreign Language Press Division of the Common Council for American Unity, explained the 16 panels showing the front mastheads of a great number of newspapers, all grouped according to language, and some representing even various dialects of one language.

"Other tables of the exhibit tell the number of the foreign press represented, their distribution in the United States and statistics on immigration.

"The Exhibition will remain on display for three weeks for the benefit of the United Nations Secretariat and visitors to the United Nations."

The Exhibit aroused great interest among the members of the staff and members of various commissions working at Lake Success. Interesting comment was heard from them on the subject of the "Free Press in 39 Languages" and its importance in America's relations with the rest of the world. One of the first visitors was Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Chairman of the U. N. Commission on Human Rights, who spent some time exploring various panels and asking questions about the foreign language press and its readers.

Following its showing at Lake Success, it is expected that the Exhibit will be shown in New York City, and perhaps in Washington, D. C.

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

Gets B.A.

Miss Sophie Demydchuk, 20, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Simon Demydchuk, 416 17th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., graduated from Brooklyn College



MISS SOPHIE DEMYDCHUK

recently with a Bachelor of Arts degree. She majored in Sociology.

Miss Demydchuk, member of U. N. A. Branch 293, is well known in the younger Ukrainian American generation circle, being active in various cultural organizations. She spoke at the youth forum of the last Soyuz Ukrainok convention in Philadelphia, and also at the UYL-

Make League Rally Reservations Now

The Ukrainian Youth Rally Committee of the New York Metropolitan Area Committee urges all persons planning to attend the Rally over the coming Memorial Day weekend May 31st and June 1st, at the Hotel New Yorker, New York City, to make their reservations for the Banquet and Ball early so that they will be sure of a memorable and happy weekend.

Due to the shortage of good hotel accommodations, those who send in their reservations for the banquet and ball plus their registration fee will be assured of a hotel room for the weekend. In fairness to all con-

cerned our policy will be "first come, first served."

Banquet, Ball and Registration fee—\$7.50. Make money orders payable to Anthony Shumeyko.

Mail to Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee care of McBirney YMCA 215 West 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

Send return address for confirmation. For further information write to Anthony Shumeyko or Daniel Slobodian Co-Chairman Hotel and Banquet Reservation Committee at same address.

Your Rally Hosts:
Anthony Shumeyko and Daniel Slobodian.

UYL-NA BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

The Sports Department of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America announces the start of its 1947 Basketball Tournament beginning the week of March 16, 1947, in various cities to be designated by the Sports Director.

Any Ukrainian team, regardless of its affiliation with any other organization, may enter the UYL-NA tournament subject to the following rules:

1. A team member must be of Ukrainian extraction, through one or both parents.
2. Membership of team is limited to 15 players.
3. A team member must have been a member in good standing of the organization he is representing for a period of three months.
4. Members of team must be of amateur standing.
5. Entry fee of \$5.00 must be paid with application.

The team winning the championship will receive a large handsome trophy, with each member receiving silver charm basketballs, while the runner-up will receive a smaller trophy.

Applications, or letters of interest in participation, must be in the hands of the Sports Director not later than March 9, 1947.

Any team wishing any further information regarding the tournament should write to the Sports Director: WALTER BACAD, 135 W. 77th Street, New York 24, N. Y.

To Youth of Ohio

Are you interested in uniting all Ukrainian American young people in Ohio? A movement to organize and strengthen our youth groups in Ohio through the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America has been gaining in momentum.

Groups representing Cleveland, Rossford, Youngstown and Akron met in Cleveland on February 1st to discuss the benefits of a central organization in Ohio. Delegates at this meeting were convinced of the necessity for coordinated activities in Ohio and were confident of the success of such an organization.

The next meeting shall be held in Cleveland at the West-Side Ukrainian National Home on Saturday, March 15 at 8 P. M. All those interested in furthering this cause are welcome to attend this meeting.

JOSEPH KVASKA, Temporary President.

A certain rather seedy little hotel down in Alabama has adopted a simple but effective means of forestalling complaints from its dis-

gusted patrons. Prominently displayed near the clerk's desk is a large sign reading:

"This ain't the Waldorf-Astoria; if it was it wouldn't be here."

"You ain't J. P. Morgan; if you was you wouldn't be here."

"We know this hotel is on the bum—well, how about yourself?"



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