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EASTER PRAYER

By MYRA LAZECZKO

Let all men's selves be great as God's
for He
Is living thought where breathes life,
and beauty:
And death is sweet and silent as a
thought,
Of passing dreams: so gentle, we
know not
Whether the tide has ebbed or flow-
ed; and this,
We say's Religion, the low tide of
life
And death which beats within our
hearts.
O, God,
Before the altar of Ukraine, I've
bled,
In prayer, e'en when the flower of
Liberty,
The fairest rose of faith, is pale
and dead.
The unseen power of His form divine,
Wreaths thorns chill to my heart,
and, as the brine
Of tears, the holy dew in Life's frail
vase
Is sudden sweet, for I have gained
His praise,
Those who believe are one in mind
and soul,
His wine is common 'pon their lips;
and Truth
Is Father of the Holy Grail.
O, God,
I've prayed before Ukraine's altar,
as one
Who still believes in Liberty's fair
flower,
Even when Freedom's faith is paled
and gone.

U.P.A. Men Kill Poland's No. 1 Communist

General Karol Swierczewski, Poland's vice minister of defense and leading communist, while on an inspection trip on March 28 to units of the Polish Army on the Russian border was ambushed by members of the underground Ukrainian Povstancha Armiya (Ukrainian Insurgent—Partisan—Army), and was killed in a short fierce battle between them and his three truckloads of his bodyguards, the New York Times and other papers reported. Two of the soldiers accompanying him were killed and the colonel commanding his bodyguard and three other soldiers were wounded.

The Vice Minister, the Times reports, had inspected an infantry regiment in Baligrod in the morning. With three carloads of soldiers as bodyguard, he began to drive to Cisna, "through territory in which was situated the headquarters of the UPA, a fiercely nationalist organiza-

tion operating on both sides of the Russo-Polish border and opposed equally to Russian or Polish rule there."

The ambush was carried out at 10 A. M. in a gorge. The Ukrainians poured several fusilades into the military car before the bodyguard could answer. The attackers then retreated, with the soldiers in pursuits. According to reports none of the Ukrainians fell or had been captured.

General Swierczewski, better known as General Walter, commander of the international Thirty-fifth Division of Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War, was member of the Communist party. He was considered to be Poland's most important military man. He fought with the Red Army after the Russian Revolution and was among the Red troops who suppressed the Ukrainian independence movement then.

Buffalo Paper Features Ukrainian Easter Egg Photos

Undoubtedly the finest color and black and white photos thus far of the art of making Ukrainian easter eggs, showing the eggs themselves and the Ukrainian-costumed young women coloring them, appeared in the photo-gravure section of yesterday's April 6 number of the Buffalo Courier-Express. Filling up the entire front page and the two inside pages, these photographs are truly beautiful, more than worthy successors of similar photographs which in the past appeared in the Phila-

delphia Inquirer and the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The photographs, one colored and eight black and white, were taken by William Dyviniak, staff photographer of the Buffalo Courier-Express, Ukrainian by descent, who has won numerous prizes in the National Press Photo contests, according to Walter Ciopyk, a former veteran, now active in Buffalo Ukrainian affairs. Mr. Ciopyk reports that Mr. Dyviniak considers these Ukrainian easter egg photos as "tops," as some of the best work he has done.

In conjunction with these photographs, the Buffalo Ukrainian American community is currently presenting an exhibit of Ukrainian Easter eggs, embroidery, books, newspapers, pamphlets at the Buffalo Public Library, which will last through April 14.

The blurb accompanying the color photo on the front page of the pictorial sections reads as follows:

"The Easter egg, symbol of the Resurrection and of the promise of new life, is almost universal. Most colorful of all Easter eggs are those prepared by the Ukrainians. The technique of coloring, involving the use of beeswax and homemade dyes, is an intricate art, requiring a steady hand and a vivid imagination. There are endless numbers of designs, patterned after plants, animals, cos-

morning, is New York. And, by all odds, Ukrainian Easter eggs are one of the nicest old world customs ever transplanted here in New York."

The Ukrainian National Association, the Svoboda and the Ukrainian Weekly

join in wishing all their friends
A VERY HAPPY EASTER
KHYSTOS VOSKRES!

OUR CELEBRATION

Next Sunday, we who are of Ukrainian extraction will celebrate Easter. Yesterday our fellow Americans and most of the Christian world observed Easter. But we of Ukrainian origin together with our kinsmen throughout the world, observe our religious holidays according to the old Julian calendar.

No doubt, for some of us the difference in the time of our religious holiday celebrations causes considerable inconvenience. Perhaps in time the necessary reforms may be made, and thereby enable us to celebrate Christmas or Easter and other holidays together with most of the Christian world. In the meanwhile, however, let us adhere to our time and method of celebrating such holidays. They are part of our religious-cultural heritage. In a manner, they help to keep us together.

In any event, the fact that we observe our holidays at a later date than most of our fellow Americans, should in no wise embarrass us in the least. Certainly the Jews here in this country feel no embarrassment this week in observing their Pass-over holidays. Certainly they feel themselves no less American on that account. The same should apply to us, and all the more so since as a Christian people we live in a Christian country.

tumes, the constellations and various religious objects. Each design has its own title, some being named after the Ukrainian villages in which they were introduced. Local experts in the art shown above, left to right, Emily Diakun, of 184 Gates St.; Mrs John Hryckowian, 326 Amherst St.; Irene Hard, 76 Allegheny St. Ukrainians this year celebrate Easter April 13."

The black and white photos show methods, of coloring the eggs and tracing the intricate designs upon them.

One photo shows a number of eggs bearing upon them the Trident symbol, which according to the caption is "the national emblem of the Ukraine... a popular symbol for eggs, in preference to the hammer-and-sickle of the U.S.S.R." Naturally!

Radio Man Praises Our Easter Eggs

On March 26, Bill Leonard, Radio commentator, reporting over WCBS on his "This Is New York" program, praised Ukrainian Easter eggs in the following fashion.

"Most people don't start thinking about Easter eggs until the day before or at best the week before Easter. But then, that's because most people aren't Ukrainians. And most fortnights before Easter aren't filled with blizzards, either (except for the cooking I thought I was back down south this morning).

"But to get back to the eggs, I wouldn't have known anything about them either, except that I passed a small shop on Second Avenue yesterday and saw the most beautiful Easter eggs I ever hope to see.

"And if I tell you that it takes three hours of human labor plus whatever the hen puts in, to make one of these eggs, maybe you'll get an idea of how delicate and picturesque they can be.

"There is no describing the designs; they are exquisite, something like hand embroidery... almost museum pieces in themselves. And when I told that to Miss Mary Klachko, my host at the Ukrainian Art and Novelty Shop, she laughed. 'Some of them are museum pieces,' she slyly informed me.

"Each design has a name of its own, and the inspiration may have come from plants, animals, costumes, home furnishings, astronomy, almost anything. The eggs do have three things in common, however: a mother, beauty and tradition.

"Traditionally if I were a Ukrainian I'd have no business presenting one of these eggs to my wife. That's strictly the woman's prerogative. The female of the species is supposed to give the egg to the man of her choice. And it's nothing you can spread around, either... strictly one egg per man per Easter.

"But this, as I mention every

"Youth Looks Toward The Future"

The above, we learn, is to be the theme of the New York rally over the coming Memorial Day weekend of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

At first glance the theme appears to be rather colorless and hackneyed. Indubitably, however, it is a logical one. Figuratively speaking, have you ever encountered youth looking backwards? Youth is too much of an "eager beaver" to do that.

We wonder what our Ukrainian American youth attending the coming youth rally will look forward to.

On the whole, we expect most of them will be drawn from the younger element of the younger generation, that is those in their early '20s, the "kid" brothers and sisters, the "third chapter," or what have you.

For us, at least, it will be interesting to hear their views on the issues confronting them. Even more interesting will be what they conceive to be the issues that confront them.

After all, they may have ideas different from those of their older brothers and sisters or parents on what is essential or non-essential to the future Ukrainian American progress.

In any event, we hope that rally discussions go down to the very bed rock of the matters involved, and not merely scrape the top-soil. If this youngest element is to build an enduring organizational life, the latter must rest upon this bed-rock, that is on its answers to certain fundamental questions.

What are they?

Quite a number of them suggest themselves. Such as—

In the present crucial American effort to Win the Peace, to check the spread of totalitarianism and atheistic communism and safeguard freedom and democracy, what is your contribution to that effort? By propagating not only the justice and strength of the Ukrainian cause, but also the fact that a free Ukraine would act as a stabilizing factor in East European affairs and thereby deprive Soviet Russia of its war potential? Yes? Well, then, if that's the case, what practical measures are you prepared to take to help your kinsmen win their national freedom?

Along what lines can Ukrainian American life best be continued? and bettered? And what is your conception of Ukrainian American life? What elements of it should be especially stressed? Religious, cultural, national, fraternal, organizational?

Do you realize the importance of such institutions as our national fraternal benefit societies, the very backbone of Ukrainian American life? If so, are you prepared to take them over from their founders, your parents, by increasing your membership in them and gradually taking the reins from their hands? If not, do you realize the possible consequences of such a failure?

Also, are you ready and willing to "shell out" a dollar or so or more

every so often toward a worthy cause, just as your parents have been doing regularly and unstintedly from their very start here?

These, then, are but some of the questions that suggest themselves as possible topics for discussion at the coming New York and other rallies.

We sincerely hope that they will be seriously discussed, and that they will set the rally participants to thinking about them.

We hope also that the rally will devote enough time to general discussions on these and other questions. The discussion, the talks, the exchange of ideas are in reality the very meat of the rally program.

When a rally participant returns home, he or she should bear not only pleasant memories of a nice, social time, of some cultural exhibit witnessed, but should bear also some new ideas, some fresh conceptions of things, something that will give direction and value to his or her life.

S.

Trivia

By Sophia

PSYCHIATRY has at last come in to its own. Not only its own, but everyone else's too. Every other book nowadays deals with peculiarities of the mind. Men, women and children—all are psychiatry-conscious. They're making thousands of dollars on books they write while the readers suffer, tormenting themselves with the thought that somehow they are mentally ill. It's fashionable today to be a neurotic, a psychopath, or even a schizophrenic. In fact, if you're not mentally deficient, there must be something wrong with you. You read one of these books, discover the symptoms of mental derangement, and immediately start analyzing yourself in a desperate search for them. Heaven forbid that you should find yourself free of symptoms and normal. You'd lose your mind if you should find there's nothing wrong with you. You'd be ostracized by society. Even your best friends wouldn't speak to you. You'd have to look around for another soul without symptoms, and probably you'd spend the rest of your days finding him. Normal? What's normal? Normal-

cy is determined by the majority, and if the majority is mentally deficient, we also must be that way in order to be able to say we're normal too.

Some jokers are too lazy to read books and find out about the quirks of the mind. They hunt up an innocent, peace-loving citizen and inquire if he has read the latest pseudopsychiatric book. Upon receiving a positive answer, a command is always forthcoming: "Analyze me!" And the quack who has read the book makes an earnest attempt at it. He (or she, whatever the case may be) immediately embarks on a harangue on psychological ills, their symptoms and their development. If the haranguer is good, he will shock the joker into believing he should see a psychiatrist, which is a just punishment for anyone who orders, "Analyze me!" If he's still permitted out without a keeper next time, he'll know better and keep his mouth shut.

After working a whole day, and reading of other people's troubles in the daily newspapers, you decide you'd like to relax and get away from it all by going to a movie. But any movie you go to is featuring a "psychological thriller." If it's not the escapades of one man, it's that of twins; if it's not amnesia, it's dipsomania; if it's not a handsome young psychiatrist, it's a glamorous female doctor whose young patient (just returned from the wars) falls madly in love with her. It's all over, and anywhere you go, any way look at it, you can't escape it. It's after you, the impending doom, and you're absolutely helpless in the face of it. Even if you were sane when you entered the movie, you're "that way" when you walk out. By this time, it's all of eleven p. m., and the streets are dark. You walk along the quiet street, and you see someone coming towards you. Yes, he was coming this way. What's happened to him? There's nowhere he could have gone. Hmmm. Now there's someone following you. The footsteps are getting closer. You turn around, and you see—a barren street. Could it be that you're imagining things?

You welcome the warm, homey (and normal) atmosphere of your apartment, raid the icebox for a snack, and so to bed. But sleep doesn't come so easily or quickly, and after an hour of tossing and turning, you feel that perhaps if you read a little, you'll relax. Your grope for a magazine, and the first page you turn to shows before-and-after pictures of a mental case who has undergone a prefrontal lobotomy (the ensuing pages). No good. Another definition of which is found in the magazine you pick up has a short story about... yes, a neurotic. This will never do. You're much too nervous, too fearful. Tomorrow, you decide, you shall visit your physician.

The day dawns brightly, and you find circles under your eyes. A day off from work, and a consultation with the doctor should fix you up. On your hopeful way you go, and upon arriving at your physician's office, you find a blank space where the shingle used to hang. Inquiries get you the information that he's gone away to study psychiatry; there's a future in it. "There certainly is," you say to yourself as you head for the subway, knowing that someday soon you'll bump into your old physician at the Central Islip "Rest" Home.

On Records

By Ted Victor

THE DON COSSACK CHORUS. Conductor Jaroff. On Columbia Records.

It is a pity that this superb vocal ensemble has degenerated to its present state. No longer is it an excellent vehicle for the very beautiful Slavic folksongs, rather it is now a strictly professional group intent on one thing. Making money. Time after time they have recorded the same songs, utilizing the same little tricks in order to present a flashy rendition of some simple song. However, when we take the time to look through their many recordings we find that there are many numbers which have been done with the masterly touches of a finished artist. For no other chorus sings as high, as low, as soft, as powerful, or as hauntingly as the Don Cossacks. Their basses drop down through the floor and grind away in the basement. Their tenors with seeming effortless grace soar to ethereal heights. It is true that they employ many tricks, their diction is far from perfect, and often you can't tell what in the world they are singing about. But once you listen to a few of their better recordings all is forgiven. For after all it is possible to listen to music just for the enjoyment you derive from it. And since we of Ukrainian heritage possess a deep love for good choral music it would be a pity indeed if we were not aware of some of the better Don Cossack recordings.

How Glorious, by Bor. Co. No. 7220-M

This is the humn Kolj Slavenj that is sung in many of our Ukrainian churches. For a change the Don Cossacks do some straight singing which results in a most beautiful song of

faith. The reverse side has "Two Old Wedding Songs." The first was used by Moussourgsky in his opera Boris Godunoff, in the Inn Scene with Varlam doing the solo. In this record we have the solo taken by a tenor with a bell-like resonance to his voice of bells.

Evening Bells, arr. by Jaroff

Co. No. 7370-M

This popular song has been recorded time and time again by many artists. I use the word "artists" in a very elastic sense. Here we have a falsetto voice performing with the chorus. Soon after the recording was made the singer lost that peculiar quality that makes this record so interesting. The reverse side has the "Kama Song" as arranged by Gogotzky. This is another of the famous Volga Songs. (The Kama River is a branch of the Volga). I'm certain, though, that if the old boatmen ever heard this version of their song they too would stop working and listen.

Of Thee We Sing, Kastalsky.

Co. No. 17136-D

This is the familiar **Tebe Poyem** from our Ukrainian churches arranged in a most remarkable manner. This recording was made years ago when the chorus was at its peak. Listen to this song once and you will never forget it. On the other side there is the Song of the Nightingale by Alabieff. You may think at first that the Nightingale has a sore throat. But don't worry, as it's only the very high falsetto voice of the soloist.

Two Guitars, Dark Eyes, Co. Set. M-619.

These two songs are in an album which means you have to buy the album, in order to get either one of them. Once you hear the first number you won't worry what the rest sound like. At the end of the Dark Eyes recording we have something resembling a three ring circus with everyone trying to get into the act. However you will soon learn where to cut that out by picking up your pick-up in time.

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HAPPY EASTER! Which One?

The season's greeting is "Happy Easter," and happiness is the keynote, the motif, or whatever descriptive term one cares to use in characterizing the human attitude at this time.

To the religiously devout, Easter symbolizes the resurrection of the soul* and life everlasting. For an ardent patriot it is a source of new vigor, bolstering his faith in the ultimate liberation of his people, symbolizing a victory of light over darkness, and a rebirth of a nation. To all of us Easter brings impressive church services, reunions of families and friends, and a sumptuous dinner prescribed by the old Ukrainian custom.

And that is not all! Easter means new clothes, including the Easter bonnet so glorified in a song. And new clothes are of spring fashion. So it is Spring, with all her frills and implications that comes with Easter. It is Spring that fills with hope the young and old, awakening in everyone a desire to live, to breathe the balmy air, and to bask in the sunshine again!

A pagan sentiment of Easter, is it not? Yet, how many pagan customs from the Ukrainian antiquity have survived in connection with Easter! Recollections of Easter Sunday in a Ukrainian village are crowding one another, eager to be spread in words on paper. How they danced, how they sang, what games they played on an Easter Sunday many years ago! It needs a literary artist to give a complete picture of a Ukrainian Easter.

But now, like a cold spray, a soft voice whispers: Take it easy, brother, you're old enough to know better. This is not your Easter. You will have to wait another week before you burst with that happiness you are raving about. You will celebrate Easter after the rest of the world had returned to normalcy and forgot about it.

That does it. The happy state of mind changes to chagrin, then to gloom. So I can't enjoy Easter with the rest of the world. So I have to wait a whole week, in another two weeks, and in some years as many as five weeks after all other Christians had their Easter. And when the Ukrainian Easter finally comes around I must put on an act of enjoying it, while the rest of the community goes on about its business. Don't kid me, brother, there is no pride nor happiness in being different from everybody else when you are behind times. A fine institution I have inherited from my ancestors!

Exaggeration? Making a mountain out of a molehill? Could be, if this were the only gripe against the only "blessing" we inherited from the old country. But there are so many more! Gripping does not hurt. What does hurt, is the fact that the present grown-up generation of Ukrainians, born in America, is rapidly breaking away from Ukrainian influence without griping.

One way or another, rain or shine, youth shall not be deprived of whatever the season offers. So it is Happy Easter to all!

G. H.

READING

The desire for knowledge is planted in a man at birth. In childhood, education is usually forced upon us, against our will, and in our mature years many of us regret the lack of early education. But there is no need for such regret while books on every conceivable subject are available.

It is not unusual for people to say that they cannot find time to read anything except a detective story or a newspaper now and then, but they are only deceiving themselves, which is infinitely worse than the habit of deceiving others.

It is far better for a person to give the real reason why he or she cannot find the time to read a good book. It would be better to say, "I spend so much of my time with my hair and my good looks that I can't find time to read," or "My activities in different clubs and lodges take up my spare time," or "My mind is so absorbed by the fast life I lead that I cannot concentrate on a book long enough to make any sense out of it, unless the book is spicy with sex or full of murder."

As a rule it will be found that those who lead the busiest lives find the most time to read, while those who say, "I can't find any time to read" usually are the ones that have little else to do except trifling things to occupy their minds and energies.

Many ask: "What kind of books should I read?" To answer that is to ask another question: "What kind of information or knowledge do you want?" If a person is specializing in some profession or business, he would gather this information from books pertaining to that profession or business, so that he would become thoroughly acquainted with it and understand it from all angles and sides. But that is not enough. He should also become acquainted with books that do not pertain to his field—books on philosophy, history, literature and arts. He should read writes of many kinds, and few should be read repeatedly as long as he lives and thoroughly.

Ukrainian Books

Every man, woman and child should know about important individuals; therefore, read biography, lives of outstanding men and women.

You want to know about life on the planet, how it started and how human beings finally appeared to take charge and rule it. Study astronomy, and read enough about geology to understand the earth's construction.

To read and reread the classics is a worthy pursuit. Every Ukrainian should know the high thoughts of our great writers, such as Kotlarevsky, Shevchenko, Franko, and many others. People would appreciate more the history, literature, music, art, and folk lore if they would first absorb such knowledge and information of their own native land.

Don't read trash until you have read all the good books. Then you will never read trash, for no man can read in one lifetime all the good books.

It is a useless task of trying to pick out the hundred best books, because everybody would select books that suited his or her thoughts and would disagree with the other person in regard to his selection.

Nearly everybody knows Francis Bacon's statement on reading, talking and writing:

"Reading maketh a full man; conference (talking) a ready man, and

"The Way Repin's Kozaks Sang"

I had to grip the table hard, bracing myself against the thunder of their singing.

"This is it!" I felt. This is the way those Kozaks in Repin's famous painting must have sung. These men seated around the tables, although they were singing a Partisan song, fighting song of present pro-free Ukraine Partisans, were singing it as it should be sung, as free men and warriors sing it—vigorously, joyfully, lustily, sending their thunderous notes crashing against the rafters.

I looked over at the leader of these men, Prof. George Kirichenko, watched him beaming with pride at his 'boys' around him and was glad we still have a choral director among us who is able to obtain the maximum amount of power from the lungs of his men singers and make them sound like a true Ukrainian Kozak chorus.

The last note of the song challenged the hardness of the walls and then subsided. The men lapped up the applause and admiration of their female companions and resumed their dinner.

It was a wonderful dinner—turkey and all the trimmings, prepared by Olya Zadoretka, Steffie Rygiel and Martha Kirichenko for this party given for choristers and guests celebrating the first and quite successful concert of the Ukrainian Folk Chorus of New York, which was held at Washington Irving High School on March 9th.

These choristers know how to balance their work and play very nicely, for they do both in the same way—very hard and with complete and honest enjoyment. Prof. Kirichenko's rehearsals may require deep concentration for the two hours, but playtime for the chorus requires only one determination—to relax.

The partly progressed quickly and spontaneously to more singing, to changing records on the player, to hilarious games (men are always little boys at heart—we saw), then toned down to quiet enjoyment among various couples or groups. The chatter, of course, included discussions on their coming portrayal of the characters in Repin's painting, "Kozak's Reply to the Sultan," the tableau which they will create at the Music and Dance Festival on June 1st for the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

It was not hard to visualize some of the men present as certain characters in the painting, pronouncing the strong, vigorous words of the letter they would be writing. Several offered to cover their thick thatch of hair for "Art's Sake," to portray faithfully one of the bald-domed characters. Several matched 'bay-windows' for an opportunity to portray the Otaman.

Yes, they agreed, the Chorus' ranks are still open to young men who like to sing the way Kozaks once sang. Of course, more girls will make the rehearsals more enjoyable.

M. M.

writing an exact man."

Reading fills a person with knowledge, but it loses value unless intense thought goes with it. It is what we do with our own brain that counts, for what we read makes thought, and what we think makes us. For a sponge sucks ten times its weight in water, but when it is full it is still only a sponge. Merely reading books and absorbing the information, the lofty ideas and thoughts of others is

SPRING SONGS

(An excerpt from the late Prof. Alexander Koshetz' "Short History of Ukrainian Music")

The reawakening and rebirth of nature has been sung by our people in the Spring Songs, which are variously called Vesnianky, Vesnivky, Hahilky, Yahilky and Halil. These songs have come down to us from times past wholly unimported, (although perhaps in modified form), along with the choral forms, the games, the play-acting, and pantomime, with which they are always accompanied, and which are the fragments of old, forgotten pagan ritual. Taking into consideration to call forth the reproductive forces of nature, and was similar to ancient Greek Eleusiac mystery of the goddess of agriculture Demeter (in Germany—Ostra), to the Egyptian mysteries of Oziris, Azia Minor's Adonis, and Kibella, and the Roman barbarian cults of Attica and the Great Mother.

Although the Church adapted its Paschal Holiday of Christ's Resurrection to the Spring celebrations, because of the incompatibility of the two ideas, Christianization of paganism did not succeed to the extent that it did in the case of the Christmas holiday, except perhaps that Spring Songs even today are to be heard near a church, sometimes even in the church graveyard. Therefore, even the pagan nature of the songs was not encroached upon. They remain pure, with their original symbolism and imagery—characteristics of animistic philosophy.

In these songs, the action is carried out by exclusive pagan elements, so that, along with people, things in nature appear and figure in the story, it tells—fauna and flora, such as the jack-daw, the falcon, the eagle, the rabbit, the quail, the kid, the drake; and Pink-cherries, a pear tree, a willow, cranberries poppy, cucumbers, a rose, basil, violets, poison-herbs, grass, periwinkle, etc. There are also personifications of events, even abstract ideas,—Spring waters, Green murmurings, Mist, Spring, Winter, and even the Spring Song itself in the guise of a young girl. There are many on the subject of love, and of prophecies of marriageable coupling-up of people, the total effect being one of joy and light.

The Princedom Era contributed its additament to these songs, as it did in the case of the Christmas Carols and New Year's Songs; also other historical events and happenings. For example, we find mimicked the occasion of King's siege of a town (The King game), and the tableau of the crowning of Prince Danilo in Galicia (1211 A. D.) in which is mentioned the name of his father, the Volhynian Prince Roman (Votrotar game), or the later siege by Khmelnitsky or Zbarazh, in which Prince Jeremy Vyshnevetsky had locked himself up (1649). One might further add that the Spring Songs are sung only by girls, and in unison at that, with short heterophonic departures in the direction of polyphony, which characteristic proves their great age and purity. During these girls' songs and games, the young men begin their own separate games that recall only heroic battles.

of little use to us unless we get fired with imagination and inspiration which we transfer into active mental work within our own minds and use it in our everyday life.

M. S.

PROTECT YOUR FUTURE

★★★ with ★★★

U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

For The Common Good

By MYKHAYLO KOTSIUBYNSKY

Translated by PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

IV

The Victim

A FORTHNIGHT passed. During this time certain gentlemen arrived in Loyeshti, called the people together to Zamphir's vineyard and showed them the phylloxera. They showed it to Zamphir also, but every time he shrugged his shoulders and turned his head away, adding that it was not worth while pointing out such a trifling thing as those tiny mites. The gentlemen assured him that in any case, in a few years time, it would destroy his vineyard; his neighbors lamented that such a splendid vineyard should have to be destroyed, but Zamphir believed neither the ones or the others. He did not believe that there ever could be such cruelty, such injustice, as to deprive a poor Moldavian of his last morsel of bread. Sometimes he felt oppressed by a presentiment of coming evil, and then something seemed to whisper to him that neither he, Zamphir, nor his enemies would live to see the ruin of his property.

Meanwhile his vineyard stood as before. Days passed and the 'doctors' continued their inspection of the rest of the vineyards without further touching Zamphir's. He noticed that heavy iron barrels were being transported on the Prut. "It's poison," the Moldavians whispered, considerably reassured by the fact that no more phylloxera had been discovered, and Zamphir comported himself with the idea that maybe it wasn't poison but some kind of chemical preparation not harmful. In the poor Moldavian's heart hope waged a battle with a desire for frenzied vengeance, and sometimes the one had the upper hand and again the other would dominate. However, one must needs wait until the whole matter of the vineyards was finally cleared up.

It was a lovely July morning. Zamphir was repairing his wagon beside the shed, Mariora was cooking at the huge clay oven in the yard. Poor insane Grandad Dim, according to his custom, was feeding the ducks and the fowls; the children were playing with the dog behind the house. Everywhere peace and quiet reigned.

Suddenly two youths dashed into the yard and, breathing heavily, shouted out together:

"Uncle Zamphir, Uncle Zamphir! They're chopping down your vines. Run quickly, or they'll hack them all down and burn them."

Mariora was holding a pot in her hands, but on hearing the news, she let it fall to the ground. Clapping her hands with frantic cries of "Oy-oy!" she was the first to run out into the street. For an instant everything swam dizzily before Zamphir's eyes, but a moment later he was running towards the vineyard with his gun in his hands. The children, wailing loudly, trotted after their father. Grandad Dim, as though grasping something of the catastrophe, rose up from his seat on the "prysba" beside the house, but his trembling legs bent under him and he fell down helplessly, scattering his store of crumbled corncakes. The turgid grey eyes of the old man stared blankly into space, the smile congealed on his lips and he continued to sit without stirring, not even heeding the uproar the poultry were making over the scattered corncake fragments and the havoc the dogs were

creating with the stuff left in the open oven.

Zamphir was running after his wife. He neither saw nor heard anything. He was not conscious of his wife's loud wailing, nor did he note the plaits, which, escaping from under her kerchief with the speed at which she ran, swung and tossed behind her like two black serpents. All sorts of ideas careened about in his disordered mind, his heart hammered in his breast, and the long dusty road which he would have covered in a single bound, had he been able, exasperated him unspeakably.

When lo, on the mountain slope, a thick pillar of smoke burst upward, and Zamphir felt as though something had struck him a staggering blow. He even stopped for a moment—only a moment, however. Frantic rage gripped his heart and, gripping his gun more fiercely, he ran on again. But the black smoke thickened, became more and more dense. From a little way off the vineyards became visible, and men were bustling about over there, piling up heaps of hewn-down vine stocks and branches.

"I'll shoot them down like dogs!" Zamphir hissed through his livid lips. "Ha, the gallows-birds!" he raged as he kept on running.

Now his vineyard was only a few steps away. Zamphir stopped, hesitated, lifted his gun, set the trigger and... then threw it into the ditch. Like a flash of lightning the thought darted into the Moldavian's inflamed mind:

"No, not that way... better to plead with them... they are men, they'll take pity on my poverty, my little children... better to plead with them..." He was already in the vineyard.

With a swift glance Zamphir's vision embraced the dreadful picture. Over a good part of his vineyard, stripped almost bare of its vines, there was nothing left but bristling, short stumps, unmercifully hacked and wounded by the axe. Some of the workmen, more terrible to Zamphir than so many demons from Hell, were chopping at other vines quivering with fright, snapping off with loud crackings the not entirely hewn-off branches, smashing the trellises, while others were carrying armfuls of the chopped-up vines one which the abundant, heavy clusters of grapes still hung, and throwing them together in great heaps enveloped in black smoke and flames. Every time the axe bit into a stem or a branch cracked, Zamphir felt a pain shoot through both his head and heart, as though someone were cleaving his brain, slicing his heart.

Clasping his head in both hands, Zamphir groaned: "O God, O God! What shall I do? Ruined for ever! What shall I do?"

Tykhovych, pale and deeply moved, came up to him.

"O Doctor! Sir!" Zamphir addressed him with supplication in his misted eyes. "Doctor! Sir! Don't cut down my vineyard... I'm a poor man... I have little ones... It's all the bread I have."

But when Tykhovych, unable to reply, shook his head in sign of refusal, Zamphir, staggering in his gait like a drunken man, ran to a vine, and, falling all his length on the ground, laid his head on a root and groaned in a smothered voice:

"Cut my head off, not the vine!... My head!..."

The workmen stopped; they pitied the poor Moldavian. Their peasant's hearts felt the tragedy of the situation to the full. Tykhovych did not know what to do. He ran to Zamphir, then to Mariora, reasoned with them, tried to make them desist, but it was of no avail; Zamphir lay under the vine, weeping appallingly, the children raised a dreadful lamentation, while Mariora, falling on her knees, embraced a vine as though it were a little child, and wailed as if over a corpse. Streams of tears coursed down her pale face, dripping on the leaves and clusters of grapes.

"Man... woman... what are you doing? Come to your senses... I am not to blame for this, it's an act of God!" Tykhovych almost wept. "Your vineyard is infected, the disease is in the roots, it may travel and infect other vineyards... I've got to tear out your vineyards..."

Mariora jumped as though stung.

"Disease?" she cried, "Disease in the roots?"

Then in a flash, like a wildcat with its claws, she began to scratch out the soil under a vine with her fingers. Having dug her way to the roots covered with phylloxera, she tore some off and frantically devoured them, saying:

"Disease, you say? Then let me be the first to die of this disease... I don't want to live until evening. Oy-oy! If I could only die from this disease!..."

Her eyes flashed wildly, her pale face was contorted with anguish, her white teeth tore at the roots studded phylloxera, which she chewed avidly, all the time repeating:

She was a terrible sight in her wild desperation.

Tykhovych was utterly at a loss what to do break off the scene which was becoming unendurably painful for all. No amount of persuasion, prayer, or threats had the slightest effect. Zamphir still lay under the vine, Mariora kept on eating phylloxera, the children continued their heart-rending bawling.

The workmen, scared, yet overwhelmed with pity, stopped their work and stood as though rooted to the spot.

Vainly Tykhovych assured Mariora that phylloxera could do no harm to a human being, only to grapes, but the woman would not listen.

A saving idea bashed into his mind and finally Tykhovych cried out, "Hey! This woman has eaten the poison. It may harm her... Give me some gasoline in a can, let her drink some gasoline..."

One of the men rushed for a can, but Mariora, noticing the movement, jumped to her feet and darted a look from her black eyes full of anger straight at Tykhovych.

"My God give you to drink of your own blood, you vampire!" she shrieked, and with these words she rushed out of the vineyard.

Tykhovych then approached Zamphir.

"Lift him up cautiously and lead him away from here!" he ordered the workmen.

For a wonder, Zamphir made no resistance. He allowed himself to be assisted while merely continuously pleading:

"Cut my head off, not the vine... don't take my bread away... don't ruin me or I shall be done for..."

The workmen let Zamphir out of his vineyard and set him down under a willow alongside the river. The unfortunate wretch hung his head in silence.

Meanwhile in the vineyard the work began to speed up again, Axes hewed at the thick roots, making the foliage quiver on the pliant branches; big armfuls of severed vines grew into immense piles inside which half-smothered fires hissed and then spouted forth flames, enveloping the green leafage heaped over them.

But what of it? Zamphir no longer looked on at the devastation of his vineyard. With clouded eyes which now reminded one of his father's he stared into space beyond the vineyard, somewhere on high or beyond the mountain. The fearful catastrophe crushed him down; he felt neither the pain in his heart nor his recent rage. A sort of inertia, an impotence, mastered him. He felt himself so weak, so helpless, so utterly prostrated. It seemed to Zamphir as though his hands and feet had been cut off and he had been cast into an abyss, to the bottom of the river. The water flowed over his eyes, ears, and nose, entered down his throat and flooded him inside, preventing him from crying out for help, or pleading for assistance, and he was sinking deeper and deeper and could do nothing to save himself, for he had neither hands nor feet... Zamphir went down to the bottom, and lay there lifeless where his wife and children were awaiting him. And now Zamphir lay motionless side by side with his family in the midst of funereal silence, utterly indifferent to all that once while he was yet alive was dear and precious to him, to those whom he spent his strength, battled, hoped, and lived... Now he lay separated from the world by a thick layer of yellow flowing water several fathoms deep through which the eternally tranquil heavens, ever deaf to human supplications, gazed incuriously at Zamphir.

Tykhovych, too, felt wretched. Now he felt a deep sense of shame sweep over him, then a wave of pity followed. He realized indeed that he, Tykhovych, was in no way to blame for the disaster that had overtaken Zamphir and his family, but none the less he was tormented by the feeling as if he had maltreated someone or had robbed someone... Mariora's incessant shrieking irritated him unspeakably, yet he could not take his eyes off the wretched Zamphir, speechless in his despair. The workmen were doing their job slowly and sluggishly, yet Tykhovych did not dare call out to hurry them up because he feared to hear the sound of his own voice. He cast around for some support whereby he might recover his mental equilibrium thrown out of balance by what had taken place. His wandering look finally came to rest on the nearest flaming bonfire.

(To be continued)

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Is Soviet Russia Fomenting A New War?

SOVIET tactics, whether at the meetings of the United Nations, during the Peace Conference in Paris, or at the meetings of the Big Four, are steadily becoming more confusing even to experienced politicians.

At one moment the Soviets follow a course of boycotting or terrorizing their opponents. At another they become stubbornly silent and they follow this with unexpected concessions and give the impression that they are a peace-loving power which is anxious to get along on the best terms with the other nations. Yet again and again they have returned on the very next day to their original tactics of boycotts and threats.

This attitude of the Soviet sphinx naturally attracts the attention of the statesmen and the press. Every peaceful word of the Soviet representatives is reported in the press in an optimistic manner because of the hope that it is a change for the better in international relations and then it is proved false almost at once. The enemies of the Red Kremlin profit by this to alarm the world with the danger of a new war to be started by the Soviets while fellow travelers and true communists glorify the USSR as the most peace-loving country in the world and berate their opponents.

A Rapacious Fox

Only a fundamental understanding of the Soviets derived from a close study of their policy for many years and of their clever political methods which have led to the enslavement by Moscow of the East European and Asiatic peoples, can guard a political critic from making dangerous mistakes as to the Soviet tactics which seem to change from day to day. These Soviet tactics are like those of a clever fox, which are ever changing, but they are fundamentally designed to bring the whole world under the domination of communism. At one time the clever fox acts aggressively and provocatively, and overnight he poses as weak and dangerous to no one. Now he appears as a gentle animal and then, when the occasion offers, he becomes a raging beast with his fangs bared, as he jumps on his prey.

The Soviets are rapacious like the fox but since they are comparatively weak, they cannot attack their prey directly but they strive to do it from the side from which it is least expected.

Is there any danger that the Soviets will start a war? Do the Bolsheviks want war? There is no immediate danger now but the Bolsheviks want war in the not so distant future.

The absence of danger now is due to the fact that the Bolsheviks are at this moment too weak to start a war of aggression against the democracies. They would lose such a war and therefore they will not start one now. Peace now they want and need.

There are many reasons for this, both domestic and international. First, despite their victory in World War II, the Soviets lost heavily in human lives and there was destroyed fifty percent of their industries, which were chiefly in Ukraine. They need several years to rebuild these industries, although they have already replaced some of them by the aid of plundered

German factories, which they have dismantled and then set up anew beyond the Urals, where they are busy producing war material.

Secondly, despite the victorious war, the Soviets are badly shaken by internal dissensions. Millions of Soviet youth have had their eyes opened to the realities of the outside world and have consequently lost faith in the Soviet propaganda about the Soviet paradise. These young men, who served in the Red Army through a terrible war, no longer fear the Soviet police as do the ordinary Soviet citizens.

Aspirations Rekindled

Thirdly, the war rekindled the smouldering aspirations for independence of the non-Russian peoples, under the leadership of the Ukrainians. To spur the war efforts of the Ukrainians against the Nazis, the Soviets gave them certain concessions, among them being the publication in Ukrainian of books and poems with a Ukrainian rather than a Soviet patriotic character. Today all these concessions are being withdrawn and this is creating again a discontent and a growth of nationalism among the peoples living under Soviet tyranny. Representatives of the revolutionary movement among the Soviet-ruled peoples are creating an anti-Bolshevik bloc, which has initiated a partisan movement of revolt not only in Ukraine, Byelorussia and the Baltic states, but also among the peoples of the Caucasus and Turkestan.

All these reasons create an unfavorable situation for the Soviets to start a new war. Moreover, the hundreds of thousands of displaced persons antagonistic to the Soviets, are also an important factor in the Soviet reluctance to start a new war. Besides, the Soviets well realize that the industrial might of America with its atom bomb gives the democracies such an overwhelming superiority that they do not even dare to start a war now.

The history of Russia shows that on the whole it has lost offensive wars and won defensive ones. It is only natural for a population that has been ruled by dictators for over eight hundred years to be unwilling to wage an aggressive war but to fight to the end in defense of its native land even under hated domination. The Soviets well understand this and therefore there is no danger of Soviet aggression in the next few years. The Red propagandists, however, try to make it appear that the Soviets are peace loving.

Do the Bolsheviks Want War?

Whether the Bolsheviks want a war in the future is a very different question from whether they want to start one now. They do want a war and are preparing for it on all fronts in the conviction that a war is inevitable and that it must end with the complete destruction of democracy throughout the world.

Lenin himself expounded the theory that every war among the capitalist countries must in the end turn into a civil war and thus be the prelude to the establishment of communism in the countries involved. Although the recent world war did not end that way, the Bolsheviks continue to believe that the *finis* of capitalist nations will start when they declare war on the Soviets. Even though such a

war may be absolutely necessary for the Western nations, because of the lack of any other alternative, Soviet propaganda is bound to picture it as an imperialistic war, even though the democracies commence it to defend themselves and the rights of the peoples enslaved by Soviet aggression.

The Bolsheviks will not themselves declare such a war but they will create such international tension that it will be bound to break out. Already Bolshevik propaganda is attempting to foist communism upon the countries that have been depopulated by the last war. In their satellites they have already done so —by force. Rumania, Poland, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and even Czechoslovakia today are under the terroristic rule of the Soviet secret police and at the disposal of the Communist party.

Beyond the sphere of their direct control, in Italy, France and Spain, the Soviets are attempting to gain control of the governmental machinery by means half democratic and half forceful. Italy is the center of their organized anti-religious campaign. In France the Communists are trying to get control of the government through the labor unions. In Spain they are supporting an underground movement. All this is done to gain control of western Europe, to communize Germany, and thereby to become the master of the whole of Europe.

Communist propaganda, definitely anti-American in character, is also widespread in Latin America and in countries which are supposed to be the good neighbors of the United States. The last presidential elections in Chile show clearly how their work is progressing. There are similar reports in the press of the growth of Soviet influence in Brazil and other Latin American countries, and all these indicate that Soviet propaganda is definitely not on the wane in that continent. To oppose the American pan-hemispherical plan of unity and a common front against the danger of communism, the Soviets are working out a pattern of action designed to weaken the American nations internally and to break up their united front against communism.

Naturally the United States of America are in the vanguard of this fight. The Soviets regard it as their potential enemy and are directing most of their attention to it, for they hope that at the outbreak of the war a paralysis of transportation and other key industries in America, will assure a speedy victory for themselves.

The American people measure the power of communism in this country by the number of votes that communist candidates receive in elections. In reality however this is entirely wrong. The Communists are too clever to reveal their true strength at the polls. On the whole they prefer to ignore the usual democratic processes used in electing men to governmental offices. That is why the number of enrolled members of the Communist Party is not fifty thousand, as the Communists are wont to claim, but about ten times of that number.

The infiltration of Communists into the ranks of organized labor is somewhat more dangerous. To be sure, the last CIO congress condemned this infiltration by a resolution but the delegates regarded by their fellow-members as Communists voted for the resolution. This is a good proof that the Communists are well aware of the danger of public opinion and that the people of the United States know what is going on

Ukraine's Farmers Shy at Collectives

One of the essential tasks of the Communist party in Western Ukraine is to strengthen the agricultural administration of the area and to explain the "advantages of a collective economy over an individual economy," a dispatch from Moscow to the New York Times reported on Saturday, March 22,

This was one of the important points made by the Plenum of the Central Committee of the Communist Party for Ukraine in Kiev.

It is a result of the resistance of Ukrainian peasants to collectivization. The report alludes to this resistance in generalized Party terms and calls for action against it.

in certain fields, as the Communist control of the maritime unions.

In those European countries where the Communists have gained power by assuming governmental posts, they usually reserve for themselves two ministries, those of education and internal affairs. The first gives them the control of the training of the youth. The second, under the average continental system, puts them in charge of the preservation of public order and thus gives them some measure of protection in their communist activities. Here in the United States the Communists are devoting a large part of their attention to education and to transportation. The latter is one of the most highly developed fields in America and played a tremendous role in World War II. The former is an indication of what is happening in Europe.

Although the membership of the Communist Party is not large, it has at its disposal hundreds of thousands of "fellow travelers," well-intentioned but naive people who labor under the delusion that their activities are helping to serve the common man. Yet all they do is only to spread Communist influence.

Reds Need Time

The Soviets need time to rebuild their war-shattered industries, to forge new chains of slavery for the hapless people under their misrule and pacify the unruly elements. They need time to and more time to develop their propaganda activities in the Americas.

Time is what they need and that is why they drag on all conferences and negotiations in which they take part. That is why they talk about disarmament in the abstract and haggle over all details. They know that they need years or some years before they can by land and air face the democracies and before their propaganda and fifth column ideas can weaken the democracies internally to the point where no action against the Soviets is possible.

The Soviets will not start an immediate war. They want it in a few years and they are preparing it today by arming, by propaganda, by organizing and preparing millions of quislings throughout the world to be traitors to their respective countries. The Russians have always been convinced that they have a mission to "save" humanity. The Bolsheviks hope that they, after the defeat of the Nazis, can trade blows with the capitalist world and are preparing intently for it.

They forget only that God, truth and human rights work slowly but unfailingly. Time is also on the side of human decency and civilization.

(Courtesy "Ukrainian Quarterly")

Youth and the U.N.A.

Keep Your Insurance in Force!

It was reported in The Ukrainian Weekly of March 31st that, according to a statement made by the Supreme Secretary of the Ukrainian National Association at the annual session of the U.N.A. Supreme Assembly, the organization suffered some losses involving younger generation members. The members in question discontinued their U.N.A. membership by applying for the cash surrender values of their insurance certificates.

Time and time again articles have appeared in the Weekly stressing the benefit and advantages of U.N.A. membership, many of which are unobtainable in ordinary life insurance companies. Although the purpose of these articles was to attract non-members to U.N.A. membership, they also were directed to members and continued much information of interest to them. Special articles appeared urging members to continue their insurance in force and not to apply for cash surrender without giving the matter serious thought.

In addition, the Main Office of the U.N.A. sent letters to the majority of the young people who requested cash surrender. These letters informed the members just exactly what they would lose by taking cash surrender, and urged them to think seriously before withdrawing from membership in the U.N.A. Unfortunately, only a small percentage of the persons who received the letters actually changed their minds about cash surrender and decided to continue as members in good standing. The others signed their cash surrender applications and returned them to the Main Office for payment. Despite this, however, the U.N.A. intends to continue sending letters to young people who request cash surrender for, as long as a few of them change their minds and continue as members, it is worth it.

Several years ago requests for cash surrender were too numerous. Today, however, there are many requests for cash surrender and the situation is being viewed as a major problem. Most of the members requesting the cash value of their insurance are of the younger generation, and when it is considered that the future of the fraternal order lies in the hands of just such members, it can be seen why this matter is treated so seriously.

Why some Cash-Surrender Their Policy

One of the reasons for requests for cash surrender is that many persons are insured under National Service Life Insurance of GI policies in amounts ranging from \$1,000 to

\$10,000. Although the U.N.A. makes no attempt to encourage its members to drop their NSLI insurance, but, in fact, is strongly in favor of such protection, it tries to convince the members that they should retain their U.N.A. insurance as well, particularly in cases where the U.N.A. insurance is on the 20-Year Endowment or 20-Payment Life plans and has been in force several years. U. N. A. members who also carry NSLI policies should remember that the U.N.A. is not an ordinary insurance company, but a fraternal benefit society which offers advantages in addition to the insurance. People who take cash surrender on insurance which has been in force for some time in order to retain comparatively new insurance necessarily suffer a loss on the first investment. And this is especially true of insurance based on 20-year plans.

Strange as it seems some of the young people who request cash surrender are newly-weds. A U.N.A. member married to a person of non-Ukrainian extraction would request cash surrender because the latter desired "strictly American" insurance or else wanted to apply for insurance in a fraternal order catering to persons of his or her own nationality. Also, some cash surrenders are the result of misunderstandings between parents and their newly-married children. The parents kept their children's insurance in force until the children were married, and then discovered that they were entirely disinterested in taking the insurance and paying for it themselves. Seeing no point in making further payments, the parents would request cash surrender on the insurance. There are also cases where the children take cash surrender on insurance given to them by their parents.

There are other reasons why people take cash surrender on their insurance. Some resort to cash surrender because they are pressed for funds, and realizing that the money involved could be had on a loan basis with interest at only 4% and with the insurance continuing in good standing. Whatever the reason, however, it can be safely stated that most cash surrenders are unnecessary, and there would not be so many requests for this option if the insured gave the matter careful and serious thought. In every case the person who takes cash surrender on his or her U.N.A. insurance has little to gain and much to lose, for cash surrender results not only in the loss of the protection but all benefits and privileges of membership as well.

Keep your U.N.A. insurance in force!

ADDRESS PHILLY CONVENTION COMMITTEE MEETING

Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, March 16, 1947 John Evanchuk, Financial Secretary of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America spoke at length to the members of the Philadelphia Convention Committee. He briefed them upon their responsibilities on the 10th Convention of the UYL-NA to be held this forthcoming Labor Day weekend.

Major Michael Darmopray, National Commander of the Ukrainian American War Veterans and President of the United Ukrainian American Citizen (7) Clubs of Philadelphia, welcomed the committee to use the facilities of the Ukrainian Citizen's

Association at 847 N. Franklin St. without charge for meeting purposes. He also states that he will endeavor to give his fullest measure of support to this auspicious undertaking. Major Darmopray also stressed the fact that the Ukrainian American youth should fight all things that are alien to American way of life.

This meeting had over thirty members present with Michael Elko as chairman. Photographs were taken of the speakers and committee members by John Begedza and Peter Zaharchuk, photographers.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

"THE KOBZARS" IN BOSTON CONCERT

Boston's Peabody Playhouse on March eighth and ninth was the scene of a Debut Concert by a very promising Ukrainian Male Chorus and Ballet Assembly, "The Kobzars," under the capable direction of Melvin Zelechivsky.

Judging from the applause the performance will not easily be forgotten by those who thrill to the Kobzar's rendition of Ukrainian Songs and Dances.

The Program was well arranged in my opinion and personally I think other Ukrainian groups should take notice of it.

The choral numbers were Koshetz, Hayvoronsky, Lysenko, Leontovich, Davidenko and Smolen compositions or arrangements.

Mrs. Irene Z. Kanazawich's Musical Interlude was warmly received by a grateful audience on account of her fine interpretation of De Bussy and Mendelssohn.

The folk ballet was tops. I doubt if anyone could justly describe its captivating beauty. To really enjoy Ukrainian dances one must witness them all their splendor.

The Zaporozhian Hertz (Sword Dance) fascinated the audience so, that the endless applause could have easily raised the roof and threw it smack right in the near by Charles River.

The Arkan and Chumak Solo were artistically presented. First, the Arkan with its graceful movements followed swiftly by the Chumak Solo, with Arkan dances forming the background, later to partake in the Chumak ending with a squatting movement that reminds one of hula, was a rare treat. The soloist in the Chumak, John Zelechivsky, deserves mention for his fine interpretation of Ukrainian dance.

Congratulations Boston.

MICHAEL SCYOCURK

What They Say

D. A. Fitzgerald, secretary general of the International Emergency Food Council, in a statement made since his return, with former President Hoover, from an economic mission to Europe:

"The International Emergency Food Council committees... are urging the most stringent measures of food conservation and the early organization of effective food collection programs to bring the maximum amount of this year's harvest into the stocks for the urban populations (of Europe). Critical food conditions loom ahead for many months to come, and worldwide cooperation among the food exporting and food importing nations must continue in order to alleviate suffering, to avoid the disruptive effects on the physical and the political and economic health of the world... and to advance world recovery by fair sharing of the food that is fundamental to existence."

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, speaking in the United States Senate against proposed cuts in the budget:

"This year of all years, when the chips are on the most important postwar developments of the diplomatic front, it is my view that we dare not present to the world the picture of a pacifistic America, hastening to retire into her vulnerable shell, a picture of Uncle Sam with a chip on each shoulder and both arms in a sling."

TWO CHORUS CONCERT IN PROVIDENCE

The Kobzars, all male chorus and ballet of the Ukrainian American Civic Organization of Greater Boston, and the Rhode Island Ukrainian State Chorus presented a concert in Providence, R. I. on March 30 at the Plantations Auditorium. The near capacity audience was enthusiastic in its response to the efforts of both groups, who performed many traditional numbers and were attired in colorful Ukrainian costumes. The concert was for the benefit of the erection of the new St. John's Ukrainian Orthodox Church in Providence.

Mr. Myroslaw Zelichivsky, of the New England Conservatory of Music, directed the chorus and Mr. Michael Masney, ballet director of the Kobzars, was in charge of the dancers. Mrs. Paul Kanazawich provided the piano accompaniment and Mr. Alexander Christie played the clarinet for the dances.

Soloists were Michael Yarosh, Joseph Charyna and Myroslaw Zelichivsky. Ivan Bezubka, of Fall River, sang "O Dnieper, Dnieper," and "The Song of the Open Road." Ivan Zelichivsky vigorously danced the "Chumak." A warm tribute to Taras Shevchenko was delivered by Mr. Andrew Prucknicki, president of the Ukrainian American Civic Organization.

The Kobzars were given an after the performance party by the St. John's Glee Club and Miss Lech who was in charge and did a splendid job of it.

The Rhode Island Chorus is made up from the Ukrainian parishes of that state. The U.A.C.O. is a non-sectarian and non-political group of young Ukrainian men of the Greater Boston area who have in common the fact that they are Americans of Ukrainian heritage.

THEODORE KISIL,

Publicity Director of the Kobzars
26 Leon Street,
Roxbury, Mass.

WEEKLY BANTER

She was only the optician's daughter—two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself... The part of an auto that causes more accidents than any other is the nut that holds the steering wheel.

Two Scotchmen walked eight miles to a baseball game—and when they got there they were too tired to climb over the fence... Then there's the tale of a Scotchman who was building a brick house and he 'phoned the Masonic Temple for a couple of Free Masons.

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is quite valuable. We have a few on hand in the English-Ukrainian languages.

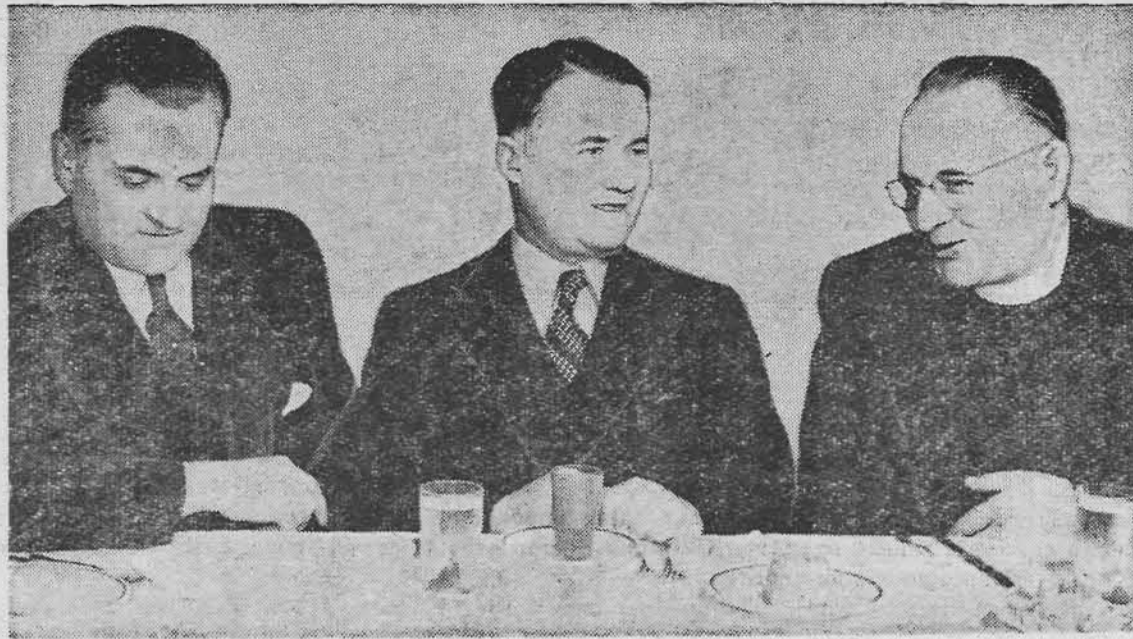
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Windsor Ukrainians Honor Chamberlin



Mr. William Chamberlin, noted American journalist, author and speaker of Cambridge, Mass., spoke in Windsor, Ont., Canada on March 23, for the Assumption College Christian Culture Series at the Vanity Theatre. "Stalin's World Game," was his topic.

Before delivering his speech he was entertained by the local Ukrainian Canadian Committee. In the above picture, left to right, are Mr. John Yatchew, honorary president of the committee; Mr. Chamberlin and Rev. Father Basil Osadec, president of the Ukrainian Canadian Committee.

The Dinner in honor of Mr. William Henry Chamberlin, author of "The Ukraine a Submerged Nation,"

was given under the auspices of the Ukrainian Canadian Committee, Windsor Branch, at the Wellington Hotel.

Rev. B. Osadec, Windsor President of the Committee, introduced the Master of Ceremonies, Dr. John Yatchew, who was the first President of the Committee, and now, Honorary President.

The program began with several beautiful musical numbers given by artists principally from neighboring Detroit, namely, by Stephen Zola, Tenor, Elias Kosikowsky, Baritone, Donia Stephania Demray, Soprano, and Wolodimir Zahulak, Violinist. Olga Shustakewich and Helen Atamanetz, were accompanists.

After Mr. Chamberlin was intro-

duced by John Yatchew, who read excerpts of Mr. Chamberlin's book on Ukraine, Mr. Chamberlin commented upon the happy arrangement of Canadian, American and Ukrainian flags at the head of the dinner table.

Mr. Chamberlin who spent a number of years in Russia and Ukraina and who brought himself a wife from there, gave a very interesting talk upon the Ukrainian question and its relation to international problems.

Later in the evening he spoke at the Vanity Theatre under the auspices of the Assumption College Christian Culture series.

BAYONNE UKRAINIANS WIN NATIONAL SLAV TOURNNEY

Having eliminated the national Slovak and Polish champions in earlier rounds, the young Ukrainian Athletic Club quintet of Bayonne, N. J. emerged victorious in the "Club Division" of the 7th annual National Slavonic Invitation Basketball Tournament held in New York City when they beat the highly regarded and previously undefeated Carpatho-Russ champs from Binghamton, N. Y., 60-52.

The Ukrainians coached by Johnny Peters and managed by Walter Danko, were led by captain Myron Lotosky, 6'5" All-Hudson County high school center at Bayonne Tech. Lotosky scored 25 points and also played a sterling defensive game as he grabbed rebound after rebound and continually fed his team mates.

The Ukrainian A. C. received a large trophy, emblematic of the championship of the National Slav Invitation Basketball Tournament and the individual members of the victorious team received medals for their efforts in winning the championship. The "Ukes" now have won 16 and lost only 2.

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Sam: Ah done tried hard, judge, but he goes and gets himself caught anyway.



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SAT. A.M. MAY 31st: Registration, Hotel New Yorker

SAT. P.M. MAY 31st: Rally Sessions, Hotel New Yorker

SAT. 7 P.M. MAY 31st: Banquet & Dance, Hotel New Yorker

SUN. 2 P.M. JUNE 1st: Music & Dance Festival at School of Fashion & Design, 24th St., bet. 7th & 8th Ave.

SUN. 7 P.M. JUNE 1st: Social — Hotel New Yorker.

INQUIRIES: N. Y. Metropolitan Area Committee, c/o McBurney YMCA, 23rd St., New York City. — For advance banquet and hotel reservations contact Anthony Shumeyko or Dan Slobodian at same address.

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