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More Press Reports On Ukrainian Folk Art

As already reported on these pages, a number of American newspapers featured this month colored and black-and-white photos of Ukrainian Easter folk art, particularly the traditional Easter eggs.

Add to them the report to the Weekly of Wasyl Halich, Ph. D., author of the book "Ukrainians in the United States" (University of Chicago Press, 1937, 175 pages, \$2.50, Svoboda Bookstore).

Writing from Superior, Wisconsin, his home town, Dr. Halych notes that—

On April 1, the Superior Evening Telegram had a column about the Ukrainian Easter Egg. The local Douglas County Museum borrowed Dr. W. Halich's collection to display during the Easter season. The account was written by the curator, Mrs. Dube, and was based on an old article from the Ukrainian Weekly.

April 6, on Easter Sunday, the Duluth (Minn.) News Tribune had a picture of Mrs. Nick Humeniuk, of International Falls, Minn., decorating Easter Eggs. In the same picture were Mrs. Humeniuk's daughter and a neighbor (Ukrainian) girl from St. Francis, Ont., across the border line. All wore Ukrainian national costumes. The picture was accompanied by a brief account about Ukrainian seasonal customs and also about the Ukrainian settlers in the above mentioned communities.

The third account, more imposing and academic importance, appeared in the School Arts magazine for April 1947. The entire issue is dedicated to "European Folk Art." It really has some very fine samples of folk art from some of the more artistically inclined peoples of that continent. The Ukrainian folk art is illustrated on pages 254-55 and 265. On page 254 is a picture of Catherine Sak of Three Lions, N. Y., decorating Easter Eggs. Another picture on the same

page shows a very fine sample of Easter Eggs. Still another picture on the same page has two American Ukrainian youngsters, Alexandra and Miroslav Riznyk in national costumes. All of these pictures are very clear.

Another picture in this magazine (p. 265) takes the reader to a Ukrainian peasant kitchen and shows him the characteristic stove-oven with its floral designs. Other pictures on the same page illustrate Ukrainian pottery.

The interest Americans show in Ukrainian and other folk arts is a wholesome sign. The emigrants from different countries owe it to themselves and their children, as well as to their new land, to teach their children and grandchildren the best of their native folk art—as a good many Ukrainian-American mothers are doing—and thus enrich the culture of the United States. I am especially addressing here the gifted emigrants from the Ukraine who are artists but have not done anything as yet to teach some youngsters the art of embroidering, designing of Easter Eggs, wood carving, wood inlay, basket weaving, etc. It has an additional importance because when such goods start coming to the United States from the Ukraine they will all be labeled as "Russian." Some of you, no doubt, still remember how the Polish pavilion at the World's Fair in New York in 1939 displayed the Ukrainian folk art as "Polish." This folk art is such a fine treasure that some of the "good neighbors" of the Ukrainian people are ever ready to appropriate it:

Soviet Vets Forced To Beg

An attempt to distort the American scene by a Moscow's Pravda foreign correspondent, was recently assailed in a recent number of the Ukrainian Press Service bulletin published in Europe.

The Pravda reporter, Yuriy Zhukov, gave his impressions of America in its February 5 number. He claims he saw in New York City war veterans and cripples "begging in full uniform" on the streets of the city. He further claims he saw one veteran with a poster on his chest reading: "I am a veteran of the war. I remain without even a cent. Please help." Nonetheless, Zhukov claims, hardly anyone stopped to give the veteran any alms.

The UPS writer indignantly assails the Pravda writer for writing such "impressions" of America. Moreover, he continues, in the light

of the plight today of the veterans of the Soviet armies, the Pravda writer's "impressions" are just so much insolence.

Describing the Soviet army veterans' plight, the UPS writer declares that he saw thousands of Soviet army veterans and invalids begging on the street of L'viv, and even threatening passerbys with their detachable wooden legs if they refused to give them alms.

Other thousands of such Soviet vets, he continues, brazenly conduct black-market operations or beg for alms on the Neumarkt in Vienna.

Moreover, a Soviet disabled soldier discharged from service gets only 150 rubles monthly at a time when kilogram of bread costs 20 rubles in state-operated stores. As a result he is forced to beg if he wants to

Palpable Insincerity

Were it not for one stark fact—that the Soviet "Union" is virtually a slave camp for the unfortunate people who inhabit it, a fact which Mr. Henry Wallace is undoubtedly aware of—we would at times be inclined to give the benefit of doubt and say that he is naive when he praises the USSR as a peace-loving and well-intentioned power, or when he says that its current expansionist policies have been duplicated in the past by other countries—by Great Britain as he says.

Of course, we can never forgive him for attacking his country's policies in the course of his European tour. That is unforgivable.

But that one particular fact, the terroristic nature of Soviet rule of which Mr. Wallace is undoubtedly well aware, is clear proof that he is not sincere, and that his fulminations against the Truman doctrine are prompted by motives which are most peculiar, to say the least.

We do not say at this time, of course, that Mr. Wallace is more of a Communist than he is an American, or that he takes orders from Moscow via the well-known Party Line. We do, however, think that the least that can be said about him is what Winston Churchill said about him the other day, namely, that

Hodiak to Speak At Relief Affair

For May 10 the Chicago Ukrainians are planning a gala benefit affair at which John Hodiak, film star of Ukrainian descent, will be the principal speaker. His presence there has been assured by the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer film studios in a telegram received last Thursday by Mr. Roman Smook, Chicago attorney. The proceeds of the affair will go toward the fund to help Ukrainian displaced persons.

It is reported that Mr. Hodiak's talk will be broadcast on a national hook-up. The program will include a concert.

Mr. Wallace is a crypto-Communist, that is a hidden Communist.

Else how can he ascribe the worst motives to American foreign policy and having nothing but praise for Soviet policies. Else how can he deliberately ignore the fact that Soviet totalitarian rule is even more brutal than was Nazi rule, that millions of people have been deliberately murdered in one fashion or another by the Kremlin rulers, and that today conditions behind the "iron curtain," particularly in war-devastated Ukraine, are worse than ever before.

The Politics of Famine

Under above heading on the editorial page of the April 19 number of the Saturday Evening Post Leigh White, former Moscow correspondent of the Chicago Daily News and author of the recent book, *The Long Balkan Night* (Scribner's), refers to the 1932-33 Moscow-instigated famine in Ukraine as "the worst in modern history."

That famine, as Mr. White correctly points out, "was almost entirely due to the forced collectivization of agriculture and the extermination of the kulaks."

Commenting on the fact that Soviet dominated areas of Europe are now in the throes of a very great famine, Mr. White declares that—

"Today's famine is partly a result of war, partly a result of drought and partly a result of sovietization. The rigid concept of Soviet land reform involved the simultaneous and immediate expropriation in half a dozen countries, regardless of local conditions, of all agricultural properties exceeding 125 acres in size. The state lands thus obtained were divided among the poorer farmers in parcels too small to be tilled eco-

nomically by traditional methods of agriculture...

Meanwhile, the peasants in the sovietized countries are being forced to deliver grain to the state in ever larger quantities, despite the fact that wholesale expropriations, even under the best conditions, result in lowered production over a period of years.

"The expropriations in Eastern Europe were carried out under the worst conditions imaginable.

"The slaughter of human beings and farm animals, the destruction of wheeled vehicles of every sort, plus a crying lack of fertilizer and implements, had already reduced agricultural production and distribution to a record low.

"It is ironical, indeed," concludes Mr. White, "that the United States, which has been cursed for its adherence to a free economy, should now be called upon to relieve a famine which is to a considerable extent the consequence of the coerced economy imposed on the helpless peoples of Eastern Europe. We shall do so, however, because, as Assistant Secretary of State Will Clayton has said, it is 'axiomatic that [we] will not permit the people of any country to starve.'"

live "under the happy sun of Stalin's constitution," the UPS writer adds.

On Records - - - by Ted Victor

WALTZES

Everyone loves a waltz. Perhaps that is why they are so difficult to choose. It is not unusual to go into a record shop and try as you will it's impossible to make up your mind as to just which one you like best. Also we musn't forget that because they are so popular many extremely beautiful waltzes suffer from abuse by various orchestras, instrumentalists, and singers. And yet if we take the time and energy we can find many almost perfect recordings of famous waltzes that are rare treats of listening pleasure for the music lover.

Vienna Blood; Voices of Spring.

J. Strauss.—Boston Symphony cond. Koussevitsky.—Victor No. 6903.

These two compositions embody the very essential sparkling, scintillating spirit of the waltz. The short prelude to the main theme in the Vienna Blood Waltz is so enchanting that you feel like playing it over and over again until you have had your fill. The Boston Symphony is at its usual top notch form and the recording is excellent.

Skater's Waltz, Waldteufel. —NBC Orchestra, cond. Toscanini on Victor Records.

Why Toscanini ever bothered with this is a mystery when we consider all the other works he could have performed. But the fact remains that this old, beaten warhorse of a waltz, has been resurrected through the genius of Toscanini. In order to really appreciate it, listen first to any of the ordinary recordings before you buy this one. You will never believe that it's the same piece of music.

Der Rosenkavalier Waltzes, Richard Strauss, —Phila. Orchestra, cond. Ormandy.—Victor No. 18390.

Listen to this collection of waltzes from Strauss opera "The Cavalier of the Roses" and see if you don't get the urge to trip the light fantastic. They differ a bit from the familiar J. Strauss waltzes but they certainly don't lack any fine essentials of the waltz.

Liebesleider Waltzes, J. Brahms perf. by duo pianists Luboshutz and Nemenoff and the Victor Choral, cond. Robert Shaw.

These are the famous love waltzes of Brahms, each one of them a precious musical gem. Only Brahms the perfectionist could have taken these simple little waltz themes and made them what they are. They express every little intoxicating thrill, desire, pleasure of that emotion known as love. The music was scored for two pianos and a very small vocal group. However the full chorus under Shaw's direction more than justifies the change in Brahms's original score.

Danube Waves, Ivanovici, Boston Pops Orchestra, cond. Fielder.—Victor No. 12510.

This is the familiar Anniversary Song in its original form. It is not

a Ukrainian folksong as has been mentioned in some of our Ukrainian American papers. Now that you have heard this played at your local dances, wedding etc. give yourself a treat and listen to this version of it.

OTHER RECORDINGS

Valse Trieste, Sibelius, Phila. Orchestra, cond. Stokowsky. Victor No. 14726.

Medley of Waltzes, Kirillof's Balalaika Orchestra.—Victor No. 35826.

Blue Danube, Danube Waves, Over the Waves, Merry Widow, Glow Worm, etc.

UKRAINIAN RECORD OF THE WEEK

Ukrainian Suite, Stinson Recording
Four songs performed by the Red Army Chorus, with tenor and baritone soloists. The singing of these four popular folksongs is quite superior to anything I have heard for some time. Hear it and you'll buy it.

Trivia - - - By Sophia

I'M going to make the headlines. Not only am I going to do that, but I've even figured out a way of doing it. Any fool can be obscure, but it's the fellow that's just a little different that gets to see his name and life story in print on page one. But there are ways of being different, and there are ways of being different. All this must be thought over before the type of difference is decided upon. After careful deliberation, I have completed the plan which follows. It may take fifty years to be successful, but who's in a hurry? Anyway, let me know what you think of it.

First, I'm going to buy myself a building. Not a small, cozy place; not even an old broken-down mansion reminiscent of years past. I'm going to buy a hotel, about sixty or seventy stories high, from which I shall evict all the guests and seclude myself. No, it won't constitute a housecleaning problem, because I can't live on all the floors at the same time. I'll need all the available space for storage, for I'm going to be a collector. Why be plebeian enough to collect junk? My abode shall be neat from top to bottom, and in my mind's eye I can see exactly what each floor will store for me.

The main floor shall be a reception room, devoid of all furbishings. (Of course, you realize that my remodeled hotel is not open to the public.) Yes, my reception room may be rather cold-looking, but that's one way of discouraging visitors. Furthermore, I have more than sixty stories left, so that very little time will be spent on the main floor. Upstairs we go. The second story of the building is an interesting one, because it will house my collection of sand. Most collections (except in church) are placed in showcases around the room, but mine, as usual,

It was a warm Sunday afternoon in spring, after dinner to be exact, when ambition is reduced to a form of languid conversation or is driven to a quiet room for a snooze. To forestall the latter and revive the conversation, I popped the question to my daughter: What is your excuse for being unable to speak Ukrainian? Before the girl could think of an answer, her mother retorted in a voice that accepted the challenge: Because her father did not teach her to speak Ukrainian.

When a fellow feels that he is licked, he makes a hasty retreat or keeps quiet. Trying to save face, I countered weakly: Did your father teach you? The reply came fast: He sure did; and a miserable time he made of it for me; and don't think you are going to do the same! I asked for it. I knew when it was time to retreat, and was glad to do it. As a parting shot, the daughter took her turn and asked coyly: Daddy, where would your pet, the Ukrainian

Weekly, be if we all spoke Ukrainian?

Well, it was a warm, drowsy afternoon, and a cozy chair in a quiet room was the right spot for nursing frayed feelings. The gnawing problem, of making your children speak Ukrainian, awakened memories of the past, memories of this parent or that one, whose efforts ended in frustration. And memories of parents who succeeded in compelling their children to speak Ukrainian.

During my teen age I lived one year with a family of an early Ukrainian pioneer, who stood very high in the esteem of his countrymen and held some of the most important offices of trust and leadership. At home he spoke in Ukrainian only, and insisted on getting answers from his children in Ukrainian. He succeeded in getting Ukrainian answers, but the children spoke to one another only in English.

The man, who was my ideal of a priest and patriot, had an affectionate family, and never a harsh word was spoken by him to any of his children. One day his guests burst out laughing when the oldest child spoke Ukrainian with a faulty but cute pronunciation. The child walked away in tears, and no amount of persuasion from the parents would induce any of their children to speak Ukrainian since that time.

Then there were families whose children conversed with their parents in Ukrainian as a matter of course. But these parents spoke very poor English, and spoke to their children in Ukrainian rather than submit to frequent corrections. One proud father boasted of never hearing his son address him in English, but it turned out that the son had married an Irish girl. And yet there is every reason to believe that the children of all the aforementioned parents are loyal Ukrainians although their names do not appear in Ukrainian Weekly. After all, I have yet to see an Irishman that could speak Irish, as I have yet to see one that is not proud of being a member of that race.

So, let the critics rave. I have done my best, though probably not good enough. In a Ukrainian environment my children would, no doubt, enjoy the use of Ukrainian language. As it is, they at least do not connect anything unpleasant with the little they have learned, and they look forward with pleasure to the holidays that emphasize the Ukrainian customs. As long as they know who they are, know the bright spots in Ukrainian history, they will someday become useful to their people. When they regard other Ukrainians as their equals, belong to Ukrainian organizations, and attend Ukrainian Youth Rallies, I ought to be satisfied.

G. H.

of minutes. I hope they descend slowly, otherwise the pieces might scatter.

If all is complicated to you, it just shows you have no desire for adventure. You are bourgeois enough to be made happy by the possession of material things like money, mink coats, and new automobiles. You shall never know the thrill of planning to live alone in a big house; the joy of deserting society and leaving it to its cruel fate. You unfortunate people!

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An Appraisal of the New Ukrainian Immigrants

By DR. LUKE MYSHUHA

Text (translated from Ukrainian) of address delivered at conference of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, February 22-23, 1947 in New York City.

(Concluded)

We Know Them

TO be sure, someone may question our assertions and ask for proof. Someone may also express doubt, and rightly so, whether what we say applies to each and every Ukrainian DP. Naturally not. But it does apply to the overwhelming majority of them. Moreover, we Americans of Ukrainian origin have been vitally interested in Ukraine for a long time. Among us of the older generation there are still many who prior to emigrating here played a role in the revival of Ukrainian statehood at the close of the first world war. Moreover the Ukrainian Americans have always been bound by cultural ties with the Ukrainian in Europe and have supported various Ukrainian cultural-humanitarian activity there. Most of our older generation Ukrainian Americans, it should be borne in mind, were reared in straw-thatches village homes or in the humble dwellings of the workingman or artisan, and they have never severed their ties with the places of their origin.

From the numberless letters they now receive from the Ukrainian DPs, they can see that the new Ukrainian immigrants in Europe are composed of the best elements of Ukrainian peasantry, workers and intelligentsia, to whom, before the war interfered, they sent substantial sums raised amongst themselves for the building in their former villages and towns various libraries, cooperatives, community centers and churches. We Ukrainian Americans know the Ukrainian DPs as those who spent time in the occupant's prisons, and as those whose parents, or children or friends suffered death by hanging or from forced labor exile because of their love for their native land and devotion to the Ukrainian cause.

Among them are many intellectuals who labored in the Shevchenko Institute of Learning, in the "Ridna Shkola" school system, Prosvita, and other institutions as well as newspapers, journals and publications of various sorts; also those who founded higher institutions of learning in Ukraine or abroad if forbidden to do so in their native land. Also former leaders of Ukrainian political parties, known to us by their achievements and by the general confidence they enjoyed among their people. Among them, finally are many prominent and very worthy persons from Eastern Ukraine as well, whom we well know because even though they lived in Soviet Ukraine the fame of their achievements as scholars, scientists, writers and artists reached even us here.

Their Periodicals

The worth of the new Ukrainian immigrants in Europe finds its reflection in the unusual number and high quality of their periodicals which appear regularly under conditions which stagger the imagination. Among them are such as *Nashe Zhittia* (Our Life), *Nedilia* (Sunday), *Ukrainski Visti* (Ukrainian News), *Chas* (Time), *Ukrainske Slovo* (Ukrainian Word), *Ukrainska Tribuna* (Ukrainian Tribune), *Ukrainsky Shliakh* (Ukrainian Way), and *Novi Dni* (New Days). Then there are others of a religious, theatrical, boy and girl scout character. Finally,

even the political prisoners have a journal of their own, *Politviazyn* (Political Prisoner).

In the field of belles-lettres, over fifty five books were published quite some time ago by the DPs. In general they are either Ukrainian classics or works of the modern authors.

All of them and the others not mentioned here are published under conditions which the Central Representative Body of the Ukrainian Immigrants in Germany has characterized as follows:

"Worth stressing is the fact that the technical difficulties involved in issuing these publications appear to have no precedent in the Ukrainian publishing business. The entire Ukrainian emigration has at its disposal thus far but one linotype and two printshops where type is set by hand."

Their Art

In the field of art and handicrafts too, the Ukrainian DPs show their worth. For example, within recent times Salzburg in Austria was the scene of a 200-piece exhibit of some twenty five Ukrainian DP artists. Baden-Baden in its time had an exhibit of the works of eleven such artists and three sculptors. Moreover, the recent Convention of Ukrainian Journalists was attended by ninety-seven active members and fifty-six advisory members. And then, consider also the excellent Ukrainian choral groups which have appeared among the DPs and which excite admiration at each one of their numerous concerts, including those presented before American Army personnel.

These few examples merely illustrate the high worth of the new Ukrainian emigration, which has accomplished an amazing lot in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

By way of further illustration, let us get down to some statistics received within recent times from Germany and Austria.

Schools

Created by our DPs, the New Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences already has around one hundred scholars within its membership, publishes a number of scientific journals, with many others in the offing.

The well known Free Ukrainian University which existed in Prague before the war, has now been revived in Munich. Its Department of Philosophy has now forty professors, instructors, and lecturers, while its Law Department has nineteen of them. Thus far the student membership is small, about 120. Its Philosophy extension in Ausburg, however, has about one hundred students.

The equally well known pre-war Ukrainian Technical-Agricultural Institute of Podedbrady (Czechoslovakia) has been revived in Regensburg. Its engineering faculty consists of thirty-three members, economic faculty of sixty members, while its agronom faculty consists of twenty five members. Altogether there are 120 faculty members at the institute while its student body figure is 259.

In Munich the Ukrainian Sconomic High School in Munich has twenty-eight lecturers and 190 students, while the Greek Catholic Theological Academy-Institute has sixty-eight attending its classes. The founding

of the Orthodox Theological Institute there appears to be in its last stages.

In Innsbruck, we are informed, there now exists an Institute of Ukrainian Studies.

Add to all this the twenty-eight Ukrainian high schools, the numerous grammar schools, and the numberless Ukrainian courses given in the DP camps in agriculture, mechanics, chauffering, English language, etc., and we get some idea of the widespread extent of Ukrainian DP educational and cultural activities being conducted under seemingly impossible conditions, such as the not infrequent curtailing by the authorities of some of these activities. All in all, they testify to the vigor and the spirit of the New Ukrainian emigration.

In this connection, consider also the great progress made by the DP writers and literary critics organized within the Ukrainian Art Guild consisting of some thirty-eight members; or the ANYME Ukrainian Portrait Painters Guild; or the Ukrainian Stage Artists organizations whose masterly presentations of dramas and operas have evoked wide acclaim from non-Ukrainian European critics. Coming to the choruses, worthy of mention here, too are such fine groups as "Ukraina," "Trembita," "Surma," "Dumka," and "Muza." Worthy of mention here also is the a'capella Bandurist group, whose concerts have been publicized even here in America among us.

The talent for organization is manifested by the Ukrainian DPs also by the Central Representative Body of the Ukrainian Emigration in Germany (CPUE) as well as by the Ukrainian Central Relief Union in Austria. Then there are the Soyuz Ukrainok (Ukrainian Women's Association), the Student Union, the Plast having at least 2,000 members, the Physical Culture Council representing forty sport societies with some 8,000 members in all, the League of Former War Prisoners of the Nazis and their concentration camps, and numerous religious-relief committees.

The question now arises: What would these new Ukrainian immigrants, the DPs, have been able to accomplish if they had freedom of action and in a free land?

On the other hand, what would our own Ukrainian-American immigration have been able to accomplish to date if some fifty years ago it had at least a fraction of the number of intellectuals which are now found among the Ukrainian DPs? Yet, as a matter of fact, some twenty years elapsed before the first priest and the first student joined the ranks of Ukrainian immigrants in this country—the first intellectuals to come here from Ukraine. Still, it is not too late today to enlist the aid of Ukrainian DP intellectuals in the ranks of those seeking to advance Ukrainian American life.

Let's Give Them A Hand

There is a movement afoot now in New York City to erect a monument to the U. S. Army chaplains of the Nazi-torpedoed *Dorchester*, who while floating took off their lifebelts and gave them to those around them who had none, and then sank to their death. They performed this heroic

What They Say

President Truman in his statement on signing the new act, extending control of sugar through October 31, 1947:

"Sugar controls are of concern not only to domestic producers and users but have international implications as well. As the purchaser of the Cuban sugar crop, this country acts as the agent of friendly nations to make sure that other countries as well as our own receive their fair share of the world's sugar supply. We must continue to fulfill our pledge of dealing fairly with other nations while guaranteeing to the American consumers the maximum amount that our share of total world supplies permits this year. A premature ending of controls over sugar would bring about a scramble of competing countries for the inadequate supplies now in prospect. A period of soaring sugar prices and unrestrained competition might, after a brief period of false prosperity, result in disastrous consequences for the sugar-producing countries."

Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, speaking in Washington:

"I am sure that there is only one real defense for democracy, and that is to make it work. If it works here, I think the example is much better than any amount of words."

Superior Court Judge Bond Almand, of Atlanta, Georgia, in sentencing the head of the Columbians, Inc., for usurpation of police powers:

"...The means that you used to carry out your philosophy of life are based on ideas that have no place in a society where life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is its goal.

In your attempt to help one segment of society to better its lot, you proposed to do so upon an appeal of hate, intolerance and ignorance at the expense of another group. Our nation... has grown great because it was founded by minority groups who sought to establish a government where free men, regardless of race, creed or origin, could live safely and peacefully under established law. Equal justice under the law to all alike is the keystone of our organized society."

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act without pausing to think whether those to whom they gave their lifebelts really reserved to be saved.

We, however, do not have to sacrifice our lives or even suffer any undue inconvenience to rescue the truly worthy Ukrainian displaced persons in Europe. All that we have to do is to defend them against Soviet attempts to smear their good name, contribute to the funds set up to aid them, materially, legally and morally, and at the same time increase by at least ten-fold the necessary affidavits of support we are sending them to enable them to come to this country and become useful and worthy citizens of it.

Our Christian religion, our Americanism, and our love for our fellow kinsmen, calls upon us to at least do that for our Ukrainian DPs.

For The Common Good

By MYKHAYLO KOTSIUBYNSKY

Translated by PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

THEN unexpectedly there came the chance of a position in the Phylloxera Commission. The prospect of an essentially useful activity smiled on Tykhovych, although it was to be in alien territory, for the advantage of a foreign folk. He took to the work with great enthusiasm. All the difficulties, all the hindrances, merely incited him, stirred him up, as the spur does to a good steed. Before him lay the magnificent task of rescuing the Bessarabian vineyards from the blight of phylloxera, and to this splendid mission he could contribute all his powers. Tykhovych believed in the possibility of winning out in the struggle with the enemy of the grape wine, and this conviction redoubled his strength. But time elapsed, the years went by, and every passing year stripped him of a little of his belief, sapped his enthusiasm. Regardless of the battle waged against it, the phylloxera occupied an ever-increasing area with every year. Doubtful of the efficacy of the commission's work after several years' activity, Tykhovych perceived that the commission was unable to localize the spread of the pest, to keep it within the limits of the known areas already burnt out by its orders. Not only that: the commission had not even succeeded in eliminating phylloxera entirely from those burnt-out areas. Indeed the effort was no easy one in view of the hostility and ignorance of the people and the lack of sufficient funds. Many a time, after having inspected one village without discovering the presence of the pest, Tykhovych felt no elation but rather a sense of impotence, for he could not be certain that the surrounding vineyards for ten miles around, north, south, east, and west, were free from phylloxera. And there was no chance of reaching absolute certainty. The government grudged money for the struggle; it was hardly sufficient for work on the burnt-out areas and for the investigation of some of the vineyards in certain places. It was like walking about in a dark room, groping with one's hands. In one place all the funds were spent on one job, while in another the vineyards were being tranquilly devoured. It was kept within bounds on the one hand, while on the other phylloxera was allowed to run in every direction. It is understandable that such a state of things could not help but shake Tykhovych's faith in the utility of his mission. However, he resolutely drove his doubts and unbelief away from him. He comforted himself with the hope that matters could not drag on in this manner for long, that the government itself would finally recognise the futility of such a course and would make it possible to carry out a comprehensive inspection of all the vineyards in Bessarabia to find out, at least, what strides the enemy had made then to map out a plan against it or to seek another means of deliverance.

But meanwhile, every vineyard that Tykhovych razed lay like a heavy load on his conscience. When certainty as to the value of his work decreased, the ground began to tremble beneath his feet.

And now, for the sake of this questionable common good he had forcibly precipitated Zamphir's ruin,

a calamity which, it is true, was inevitable; he had wrought an injury to an entire family; he had become its enemy. What consolation was there, what recompense for the repulsive experiences he had endured when the logic of facts inexorably destroyed all faith in the usefulness of his work, in the necessity of sacrifice? Why should he have to do penance for the sins of others?

"What can be done with the old man?" worried Tykhovych, pacing the room. "Those vacant, clouded eyes of his, continually fixed on me, are robbing me of rest, of sleep. Here's one drop of bitterness too much in my none too pleasant life. . . . Ought I not to go to the mayor? Maybe he could do something with the old man. No, this would be better—I'll go to the priest; he ought to be able to settle the matter. . . ."

In the morning Tykhovych betook himself to the priest. The yellow, unwhitewashed house was in no way distinguished from all the other Moldavian dwellings. Just as he was about to enter the yard, he was halted by a large flock of geese which at that moment came pouring out into the street with a loud quacking. Behind the geese, with a staff in his hand, there emerged a tall, hook-nosed, bearded man dressed in the short Moldavian smock and with a black rough felt hat on his head.

"Is the priest at home?"

"What do you want with him?" returned the gooseherd, none too graciously.

"I have business with him."

"I am he!" said the man, taking off his hat from beneath which there fell down on his shoulders a shock of long hair.

Tykhovych was astonished at the transformation; he had never seen a priest like that in Ukraine.

"Katushka!" the priest called in a deep bass voice. "Drive the geese out to pasture!"

A young woman hurried out the shed. The priest handed her the staff and led his visitor into the house.

When both priest and visitor were seated on benches in the room, furnished in peasant style, Tykhovych told his story and begged for help. The priest listened attentively until he had finished.

"Very well, I will arrange the matter. Set your mind at rest. . . . only. . . ." He broke off as though fearing to give expression to some covert thought.

"Only what?" said Tykhovych, taking him up.

"Only do not discover any more phylloxera in our vineyards here. There are a good many of our people whose sole living comes from the vines. . . ." he added, looking severely at Tykhovych.

Tykhovych began to explain the conditions to him, but from the manner in which the priest kept on dryly ejaculating at intervals, "so. . . so. . . God's will," Tykhovych perceived that the priest shared precisely the same views in regard to phylloxera as his parishioners. Without concluding his exposition, he said "Good-bye" to his host.

When Tykhovych returned from his work that same day, Grandad Dim was no longer here. Zamphir had come and taken him back.

V

End or Beginning

One morning the Moldavians witnessed a curious procession. A wagon, loaded with a medley of stuff, rumbled down the village street. The central position on the wagon was occupied by an iron barrel, flanked on one side by a chest full of small tools and on the other by a network sack stuffed so full of pointed wooden pegs that they stuck out all over through the meshes of the sack. All this was surrounded by spades, buckets, tin cans, iron chains and similar smaller materiel.

Beside the wagon the workmen trudged, some with long ironbound rammers on their shoulders, some carrying tin cans, and others with long, gleaming instruments, the injectors, which could fairly have been compared to the swords used by warriors in the old-time predatory campaigns, had it not been for the tinware reservoirs attached to the hilt of each. The procession was headed by Tykhovych who marched with a tall, narrow glass in his hands.

The procession moved forward, accompanied by all sorts of noises. The wheels rumbled on the beaten roadway, the stuff in the wagon made an unmerciful racket, chains rattling like fetters, tin cans bouncing and clanging, the iron-bound rammers bumping against one another, and above all at times there resounded the pure, metallic ring of the reservoirs on the swordlike injectors.

With gaping mouths, the Moldavians marvelled at this strange procession and never took their eyes off it until it was lost to view over the hill. The most curious even betook themselves up along the Prut from whence it was possible to see all that might be taking place in the vineyards strung parallel to the river. There, from the heights, squatting down, they were able to see the broad, green swathe of vineyards, broken in one place where Zamphir's had been; to observe the process of decontamination.

It was worth while to behold, for it was exceptional picture, worthy the brush of a first-class battle-painter. Over there under the willows, ranged in a row, were iron barrels full of sulphuric acid: that was the ammunition for the battle, the powder, so to say. From one of the barrels the acid was already being tapped into copper measures, from which it went into the reservoirs of the injectors. There to one side, girded with a white apron, a mechanic was busy with his tools, spreading them out on a canvass laid on the ground. His job was to succor the wounded. . . . injectors. Tykhovych, like a general, marked out the plan of battle, measuring huge

squares with the chains. The chains skipped along the ground, jingled, drew taut, and in an instant along its whole length there appeared a row of wooden pegs, set at short distances from each other and stuck into the ground. Again the chains skipped, jingled, drew taut, and once more a row of pegs stood in place. The ground began to bristle with pegs like quills on a porcupine. "Get ready! Ready!" cried Tykhovych. And now the shock troops come up, two by two, always two by two. . . . one with an injector, the other with a rammer—now they take position along the rows of pegs. "Begin!" yelled Tykhovych. The pegs were kicked out, they flew aside, and in their stead the sharp nozzles of the injectors sunk into the ground, the reservoir hilts clashed, and the encounter began. The injectors advanced in irregular line, their reservoirs gleaming as their nozzles stabbed the ground, and after them came the iron-bound rammers stamping and filling up the holes made by the injectors, thus giving the acid no chance to evaporate in the air. In irregular line the troops pushed forward, leaving behind them the naked, devastated earth. The silence was broken only by "Zing, zing!" and "Thud, thud!"

Runners with copper measures were continually hurrying to the iron barrels out of which the steaming liquid was flowing through spigots, filling up and carrying ammunition to the injectors. The heavy fumes of the acid floated in the air, rose up on high. Unaccustomed to the smell, the Moldavians who were sitting on the hillside watching the process of decontamination, wrinkled up their noses and spat.

Tykhovych was absorbed, indifferent to all else. He was listening to the music of the injectors, his ears seizing on any false note.

"Hey! That injector doesn't sound right; it's probably empty!" he shouted to one side.

"Stamp it down deeper! To the bottom!" he cried, turning in another direction.

At last all was going well.

"Zing, zing! Thud, thud!"

(To be concluded)

A communist is a fellow who has given up all hope of becoming a capitalist. . . . No woman will wear a hat or dress identical to another woman's—but all rules are off about mink coats. . . . A mind free from care is better than all the power and money in the world.

Teacher: "At night, his work being over, and he being tired and worn out, what does your father do?"

Johnny: "That's what Ma wants to know."

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THEY CAUGHT THE THIEF

(From the life of Ukrainian farmers)

By MATHEW CHANDOHA

Translated by Theodosia Boresky

Ivan Hubich is not a young man but nearly eighty years old. He has eaten many a loaf of bread in his day, has seen many things and lived through a great deal.

But he is still hale and strong for he has often been heard to boast,—“Just let any villain fall into my clutches and he'll pay the price of learning the farmer's grip!”

He has been in America for forty years. Almost as soon as he landed, he went to work as a farm hand. But he's been a farmer on his own for a long time.

“Why should I work in a mine or a factory,” says he, “when I am a son of the soil? And if I have to be a slave, I may as well be one to the blessed earth instead of to something else.”

His Ukrainian farmer friends were of like mind. They loved, respected and even revered him, for he was capable of weaving many a fascinating tale from life.

“A remarkable man!” said they. “When he tells you something, it's as if he were quoting it from a book. He is a practical philosopher!”

It was Sunday afternoon and twenty Ukrainian farmers gathered at his place, seating themselves about an old apple tree to begin their usual dissertations, finally coming to the subject of thieves, how they robbed the people in Ukraine.

“There's no one like the gypsies,” remarked one from among them. “No one can equal them!”

“True, true!” rose other voices in agreement. “They would rob God himself, if they could!”

“And what do you say, Mr. Hubich?” queried another farmer.

“Please give us your opinion, Sir.” Ivan Hubich was usually greatly displeased if any one ever addressed him without prefixing the formal title of “Mr.” or “Sir.”

“Who are you?” he would demand angrily. “If you can address any scum of the earth as ‘Mr.’ or ‘Sir,’ then it won't turn your tongue to show proper respect to a decent individual.”

“I am a real gentleman because I do not take away the rights of others, nor do I enslave anyone. Then you should not rightly address tricksters and tyrants as gentlemen because they do not deserve it!”

“A crank!” some called him. Nonetheless they took careful note of what he had said.

Old Ivan Hubich inhaled a pinch of snuff and sneezed so hard that the leaves of the apple tree trembled while the farmers glanced at one another, suspecting that there must be something of great importance coming since it began with such a blast.

“Well now!” he said. “You were all brought up in a village and are familiar with village life. Thus wrote Shevchenko:

“A village! Even the heart can rest
In a village in our Ukraine
Like a gaily colored Easter egg
Its coziness bedecked
With garlands of fresh verdure.”

“It was a prosperous village. There was bread and things to eat with bread. Dense as virgin forests were the vast fields of rye, wheat, barley and oats. There was no poverty for there were no poor among them. They were all equal among equals. And how hospitable this village was! There were always banquets, weddings and above all a loving spirit

among them which attracted the attention as if to a blossoming cherry tree. And so honest they were! Not even a common pin was ever stolen there and no one ever dreamed of any kind of locks!

“Then as if he had lost his way a gypsy blundered into the village. And the people accepted him, saying, ‘Is he not a human being like ourselves, created by the hand of God? It is unseemly to turn him away.’

“He built himself a cottage and presently a shed and a barn. He also bought a wagon and a pair of fine horses but he did no work. ‘I am not well,’ he excused himself.

“However while he grew richer, the village grew poorer. From one householder someone had stolen all the chickens, from another hay and from still another stacks of sheaves out of wheat field and from others pigs, cows, and many other things.

“‘What a calamity!’ the people bewailed. ‘A thief has found his way here!’ And they began to take precautions. All at once there were locks and dogs. But who the thief was no one knew. The gypsy defended himself, ‘Good people, don't cast suspicion upon me. I am a respectable man!’

“‘If only we could catch that criminal!’ the word blazed round the village with unsuppressed fury.

“Then one midnight there arose a cry of ‘the thief, the thief! Come! Come on! They've caught the thief. He's caught!’

“‘Who is he?’
“The gypsy. Caught in the very act of robbing a store room.”

“We'll beat him! Boy, oh boy! How we'll beat him—to a pulp!”

“To the village council with him!”
“He has defamed our village and blackened its reputation!”

“They brought him, fetching switches and ropes and tied him to the bench at which they intended to beat him to death.

“But the gypsy pleaded, ‘Kind citizens, before you kill me, please but who and for what?’

“‘You don't know what you're doing. You want to beat somebody but who and for what?’

“‘Before I came to you, what were you? Eh? Inexperienced! There was not a lock to be found on any house door nor on the barns. But now you are an enlightened people. I stole not for myself but for your own good, to teach you wisdom.’

“That's right! That's right!” spoke up the gypsy's fellow travellers, helpfully. “Why bother the good man? His hand should be kissed for teaching us a lesson!”

“So it came to pass that the gypsy received clemency and a pardon.”

“What awful fools those people were!” cried a farmer, “To so readily release a criminal!”

“So they were!” agreed Hubich, adding, “But are they the only foolish ones? There are others like them, millions of them!”

“Just consider! All kinds of thieves have oppressed Ukraine! They impoverish us, enslave us, and then tell us that they are our friends and guardians. And don't some of our people kiss the hands of these thieves?”

“And don't they praise these thieves' fellow travellers who come from among us? Haven't you heard them? Don't they invoke us to yield to these thieves? Our people should have

Youth and the U.N.A.

INCREASE YOUR INSURANCE!

Anyone who has organized new members for the Ukrainian National Association has probably noticed that some people carry no insurance whatsoever. Usually it is a simple matter to convince such persons that they should join the U.N.A. In some cases, however, particularly where the prospect's parents tell him that he should pay his insurance dues himself, the prospect postpones joining, usually indefinitely, thinking, perhaps, that he probably will not die for a long time and so will save his money. Unfortunately, such procrastination sometimes results unfavorably; death may come suddenly and the uninsured person may leave his family in dire financial circumstances.

What the uninsured seldom take into consideration is the fact that insurance dues or premiums are based on attained age. A person of 18 years, for instance, would pay much less than a person of 28. There was a young man who, ten years ago, was told that the annual rate at that time for a certain type of certificate or policy would be \$15.87. He didn't apply for it. The other day the same fellow inquired about the same type of insurance and he was told that the rate was \$20.15. “What!” he cried... “So much? Why, the first time I asked about it, it was cheaper by more than four dollars!” When the matter was explained to his satisfaction, he decided to apply for the insurance. There's just a little more to this story... the man's application was rejected. He could not be insured because of high blood pressure. He would have been accepted ten years ago because he was healthy then. This demonstrates quite convincingly the risk people take by remaining uninsured... they may die without protection or become uninsurable. And the older a person becomes, the higher his premium will be if and when he is accepted for membership.

“Don't Need Any More”?

Though the majority of the people have insurance protection, it has observed that many men with families are content with \$500 or \$1000 worth of insurance. They argue that they have insurance” and “don't need any more.” The truth of the matter is that they need double and triple what they have. A man with a wife and children is responsible for their support and welfare, and he should make some provision for them in the event of his death. What man with family responsibilities would dare say that \$500 or \$1000 is adequate protection for his wife and children? Funeral expenses alone would absorb a considerable portion of the benefit. Are the widow and

children expected to live on the balance, if any? The answer is obvious. Men who are content with less than \$1000 protection show very little foresight or else do not care what happens to their wives and children after they have passed on. They should do some serious thinking and take steps to increase their insurance as much as possible.

Just how much insurance does a married man need? The answer to that question depends on the circumstances involved, for each case requires individual consideration. It may be stated, however, that a man should have as much as protection as he can afford without disrupting his budget. One man may be able to afford as much as \$10,000 worth of insurance, while his neighbor may not be able to exceed \$3,000 worth. The point is that \$500 or \$1000 protection is insufficient, and the amount should be increased to a point where the insured is satisfied his wife and children are adequately protected.

What kind of insurance should a married man have? Offhand, whole life insurance is recommended for it is the least expensive and a man can buy as much of it as he needs. For men who want other types of insurance there are payment and endowment forms of protection, but the premiums are higher than on whole life and a man may find himself taking out less insurance than he anticipated. Young, single persons favor the more expensive classes of insurance, for they have few responsibilities and are not attracted to whole life insurance.

Because the family man has adequate protection it does not mean that his wife and children should not have insurance. Death is always accompanied by funeral expenses, and for this reason a man's wife and children should carry insurance. If the parents plan to send their children to college when they are of age they may take out endowment insurance for them. When the insurance matures (the U.N.A. has 16-year endowment, 20-year endowment, and endowment at anniversary following 18th birthday insurance for children) the face value is paid in cash. This money may start the children toward their college education.

The Ukrainian National Association has been issuing additional insurance certificates to its adult and juvenile members for many years. Hundreds of members have two or more certificates (policies) in their favor.

If the reader is interested in joining this fraternal order, or desires to take out an additional certificate, the U.N.A. will be happy to supply further information. The address is: Ukrainian National Association, Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J.

T. L.

their own state, an independent Ukraine, ruled by her own people!”

“Ha, ha, ha!” laughed Ivan Hubich, while the tears streamed down his wrinkled old face, finishing his speech thus:

“Some of people are not interested in being their own masters, therefore they are ruled by the very thieves who cheat and rob them!”

“Mr. Hubich!” one of the farmers rose to his feet, evidently moved by deep emotion for his hand rested upon his heart and he spoke slowly as if drawing the words forcibly out of his throat:

“I thank you! This is such a plain

yet mighty truth as only God is mighty in heaven! I will not forget it to my dying day!”

Pierced to the heart by the words of old Hubich, the other farmers remained silent unable to utter a word, stricken dumb by the profundity of the revelation.

“Snuff? Snuff! Here, have some snuff!” he aroused them from their reverie. And famous was his snuff: blended with aromatic herbs and spices, it was powerfully strong, one sniff and the heart tickled. When they inhaled it and sneezed, farmer fashion, it was like the burst of thunder from a cannon firing.

Scene at the Coming Music and Dance Festival June 1st

By MILDEED MLANOWICZ



"Kozaks Reply to the Sul'an"

Ilya Repin

ILYA Yefimovich Repin's painting, 'Kozak's Reply' is the best known of his works abroad. It typifies the artist's effective grouping, his robust almost Flemish opulence of color, and his characteristic gift for portraiture" (Repin—"Open Court," Dr. Christian Brinton, N. Y. 1921)

The scene of the "Reply" depicts the Kozak's regimental scribe, the "pysar," penning a defiant answer to Sultan Mohammed IV, who had demanded the unconditional surrender of Hetman Sirko's turbulent Kozak host in the 1600's. The text of the Sultan's letter they have just received is translated as follows, by E. R. Livesay, from the poem of Stephen Rudansky (1834-1873).

"In the year 1600 in that God's year
A letter came from Akhmet
To our Zaporozhe:—
"I Sultan, the son of Mohammed
The grandson of one God
The brother of the Crescent
And even of the Sun;
Knight strong and great,
King of Kings,
Champion of all the world,
And Tsar of Tsars!
Tsar of Constantinople
Tsar of Macedonia,
Greece, Serbia, Moldavia;
Tsar of Babylon, Podolia and Halych
And glorious Crimea;
Tsar of Egypt, Arabia, Jerusalem
The Keeper of the Tomb in Jerusalem
And of your God;
I am the Sorrow and the Help of all
Christian men—
I say to ye, Kozaks,
Surrender!
Or expect no good from me."

The reply they are now composing above reads as follows:—

"Thou, Sultan, art the devil's son
The grandson of Haspid¹ himself
And thou, a horned chort.²
"Thou art but a wretched innkeeper
In Constantinople;
A Macedonian brewer
Greek and Moldavian swine,
And Babylonian blacksmith;
"Thou oppressor of Serbia and Podolia
Crimean parrot, Egypt swineherd;
Owl of Jerusalem!
No help of Christians art thou, but
a fool,
No protector of our God.
Thou are not worthy to kiss anywhere—
Nor worthy to hold our Zaporozhe.

"We shall fight thee
By land and sea!

We do not fear thee
Thou son of a dog!
Such is our answer!

"We know not what year this may be,
Because we have no calendars in our Sitch—
Our Missiatz³ is now in the heaven
This day is the same day as with you.

Then, Turks, after these words,
Try to take us!"

The mocking bravado of each countenance in the painting tells the same story in a different way. You can literally hear the derisive laughter of these liberty-loving Zaporozhtzi as the scribe writes their answer while they gather around the rude, card-strewn table.

"The Kozak's Reply" reveals Repin's characteristic talent, depicting a Byzantine richness of costume, gleam of jewels, glint of polished metal. His works, typified by this painting, were not the result of a single, swift transcription of something vividly seen or spontaneously apprehended. On the contrary they were the outcome of prolonged study. For the "Reply," Repin made as many as 100 preliminary sketches. During an interval of 10 years beginning in 1892, he painted three versions of the "Reply." The theme, in fact, haunted him since he was never satisfied with the results of his efforts. He constantly strived to attain more effective grouping, or arrangement or more eloquent coloristic power. This explains the puzzle of several versions of the "Reply" now in existence. They were all painted by Repin and are the result of his constant and further study into the historical background of his theme—Kozaks.

Repin distinguished himself by great psychological insight into the characters of his subjects. Here, in the picture of the Zaporozhians Kozaks, we find a group of most interesting types taken from actual life, all of them animated by one spirit of exultant scorn for their arch enemy, the Turkish Sultan. The faces in the painting show the vigorous, war-like qualities of these people. The officer to the right, wearing the shaggy-fur cap, was modeled by a famous general. His loud and boisterous laugh dominated the whole situation. The scribe-pysar—the only one among this horde of Kozaks who

¹ Haspid—Serpent

² Chort—devil

³ Missiatz—crescent or moon

knows the art of writing, as he wields his pen, cannot suppress his smile of satisfaction at the jeers of defiance hurled at their enemy. The men, who by their combined wisdom indite the letter, are evidently enjoying the thought of its later delivery in Constantinople.

The Artist

Ilya Yefimovich Repin was born in Chugayev, Ukraine, July 24, 1844, of Ukrainian nationality and, like other Ukrainian-born artists and musicians of the age, received his schooling in art at the only possible place—a Russian school, since Ukrainian schools were forbidden, and so became known as a Russian painter, contributing to the Russian school of painting—much as Bortniansky, another Ukrainian, became known as a Russian musician, who definitely influenced the Russian school of music.

Ilya Repin had several things in common with Taras Shevchenko, thirty years his senior, which may have influenced his sincere admiration for the Bard of Ukraine and for all things Ukrainian, evidenced in his absorbing attention to accuracy in his "Reply" painting. Both Repin and Shevchenko, after revealing a flair for painting, were apprenticed in their early teens to the local icon painter. Both finally completed their studies at the Academy of Fine Arts in St. Petersburg, surrounded by the influence of the Imperial Russian nobility and intelligentsia—and both nevertheless, revealed their love and admiration for their homeland Ukraine. Repin publicly acknowledged his Ukrainian nationality at the close of his life and upon the rise of the Ukrainian National Republic at the end of World War I. He died at Kuokkala, Finland on September 19, 1930, in his 86th year.

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SING, STUDY OR SEE SHOWS AT PHILLY UKRAINIAN HALL

Philadelphia Ukrainians and others may be interested in knowing that the Ukrainian Hall at 847 North Franklin Street has recently purchased a Television set, a record-playing machine and installed a modern sound-amplifying and record-making machine. A neon sign will also be instilled in front of the hall.

Every Tuesday and Thursday evening eight to ten, Choir rehearsals are held under the direction of Sgt. Ted J. Hoptiak, while every Friday evening from seven to nine, starting May 2nd, Prof. Metro Pasichnyk will conduct a "brush-up" course in Ukrainian. Membership in both the choir and school are free!

Philadelphia Ukrainians are invited to frequent the Ukrainian Hall—to learn Ukrainian songs, to improve their Ukrainian or to see television shows. And for those who want to borrow books on Ukraine, they too are available in the Ukrainian Hall Library, open Thursday.

Alexander Yaremko, Sec'y
Ukrainian American Citizens'
Association

A "RELIC"?

Dear Editor:

While reading the Ukrainian Weekly of March 31 I noticed that in one of its articles a baseball trophy was classified as a relic in the home of Ukrainian National Association Branch 157 at Wilkes-Barre. Now, if the members of that branch classify a trophy as a relic, I take it that the sport of Baseball has lost its interest or there is no more baseball interest around there.

True the war years had something to do with the losing of interest in sports of the younger members who were athletically inclined; but many, I am sure, still had an idea that sooner or later with coming of normal times Baseball would still remain a major summer sport and a challenge for anyone who has thrown a baseball or has hit a home run.

As a reader of the Weekly I think it would be a grand idea if the U. N. A. baseball trophy would be put up as a challenge to the various branches, whose members would not talk of relics but who would try to produce try to be the best team and bring the trophy home to their various branches.

Let's try to make this the best baseball season of the U.N.A.

MICHAEL PYTLOWANY

WANT SOFTBALL BOOKINGS

The St. Mary's Cavaliers of New York City are looking for softball bookings. Last year we completed a successful season of ten victories and one defeat.

The Cavaliers Softball Team consists of young men, mostly veterans, who belong to the Athletic Club organized in the parish of St. Mary's Protectress Ukrainian Catholic Church. We would like to hear from teams interested in challenging our continued successes from eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut and the metropolitan New York area.

Please contact the manager of the St. Mary's Cavaliers.

HENRY LAWRY
1933 Marmion Avenue
New York 60, N.Y.

1946-47 Ukrainian All-American College Basketball Team

KARPOWICH AND SCHMONES SELECTED TO LEAD ALL-STARS
By WALTER W. DANKO

Here is my 1946-47 compilation of the "Ukrainian All-American College Basketball Team." This club has just about everything, including some height, speed, clever ball-handlers and general all-around "class." Among the players, there are several "All-Sectional" team players and also some standouts on their respective squads.

Starting off with the 1st team which averages 6'1/2" in height, we have a group that would give trouble to any team in the nation. In 25 year old **Tony Karpowich**, who by the way is one of the co-captains of this squad as well as of his Fordham team, this "All-Uke" team has a smart and aggressive forward, who is fast and an excellent shot from the "outside." Tony, who spent 3 years in the Army and is also the proud daddy of a baby girl, was honorably mentioned for the "All-Metropolitan" team.

At the other forward position, we have **Mack Suprunowicz**, Michigan's high-scorer and one of the leaders of the Western Conference, who is deadly when he takes aim at the basket. Mack has scored as much as 30 points in a game this past season. Although only a freshman, his stand-out playing in a tough league has earned him a place on this team besides the "Western Conference" first-team.

At the all-important center post we have without a doubt one of the finest players in the East, Columbia's big 21 year old captain, **Walter Budko**. Walt led his team to their 1st Ivy League championship in 11 years when he broke the Ivy scoring record. He spent almost 3 years

in the Navy after being placed on the "All-East" squad in 1942. Walter, who was selected for the "All-Met" 1st team this year over 6'9" Harry Boykoff of St. John's, was rated the best backboard man in the metropolitan area by reporters and could also hit from the "outside."

At one of the guard positions we have **John Karpinski**, of Duquesne, which was the last major team to leave the undefeated ranks in the nation. Johnny is a tricky play-maker who can cause a lot of trouble with his set shots.

At the other guard slot, we have 21 year old **Paul Schmones**, who just completed his 4th year in collegiate basketball. Paul is a typical city college player, small, fast, smart and a clever ball handler. 2 years ago selected on the "All-Met" 1st team and last year on the "All-Met" 2nd team, Paul has been handicapped by his lack of height, but he makes up for that with his spirit and aggressiveness. Incidentally, Paul is the other co-captain of this team besides being captain for C.C.U.Y.

The 2nd team, which averages almost 6'2" in height, is just about as good as the first team. **Leo Kubiak** who is a smooth performer on the consistently good Bowling Green squad and **Sig Skronski**, one of Manhattan College's leading scoring threats, are the 2 forwards. Big

Tom Notchick, high-scorer of Scranton U., handles the pivot spot capably. **John Rusinko** Penn State's leading scorer and **Bill Rudick**, Buffalo's great play-maker, handle the guard assignments and round out a fine squad.

There are several players on the "Honorable Mention" list that are expected to blossom out into stand-out performers. **Walt Kostyshyn** was the "ace" of the crack Seton Hall quintet. **Joe Fryz** of E. Kentucky State, **John Maskalevich** of Rutgers, **Al Ezersky** of Manhattan College, **Dan Alexa** of Union, the **Kindzierki** brothers, **John** and **Joe** of Stevens Tech, **Don Boyko** of Trinity College, **Mike Bak** of N. J. State Teachers College, and "**Hank**" **Zalewsky** of Hofstra round out the personnel of this "All-Ukes" team.

FIRST TEAM:		School	Class	Ht.	Wt.	Home Town
Pos.	Player					
F	Tony Karpowich (co-capt.)	Fordham University	Senior	5'10 1/2"	185	Freeland, Pa.
F	Mack Suprunowicz	Michigan University	Freshman	6'1"	180	Schenectady, N. Y.
C	Walter Budko	Columbia University	Junior	6'5"	225	Brooklyn, N. Y.
G	John Karpinski	Duquesne University	Sophomore	6'1"	180	Duquesne, Pa.
G	Paul Schmones (co-capt.)	City College of New York	Senior	5'9"	160	Bronx, N. Y.
SECOND TEAM:						
F	Leo Kubiak	Bowling Green	Junior	5'11"	170	Toledo, Ohio
F	Sig Skronski	Manhattan College	Sophomore	6'3"	190	Staten Island, N. Y.
C	Tom Notchick	Scranton	Junior	6'5"	185	Fell Township, Pa.
G	John Rusinko	Pennsylvania State	Sophomore	6'4"	205	Berwick, Pa.
G	Bill Rudick	Buffalo	Sophomore	5'10"	180	Buffalo, N. Y.
HONORABLE MENTION:						
	Walter Kostyshyn	Seton Hall	Freshman	5'11"	180	New York, N. Y.
	John Kindzierski	Stevens Tech.	Senior	5'11"	170	Carteret, N. J.
	Joe Kindzierski	Stevens Tech.	Freshman	6'3"	185	Carteret, N. J.
	Al Ezersky	Manhattan College	Freshman	6'2"	180	Bronx, N. Y.
	Henry Zalewsky	Hofstra College	Sophomore	6'2"	170	New York, N. Y.
	Michael Bak	N. J. (Paterson) St. Tchrs.	Junior	6'0"	180	Passaic, N. J.
	John Maskalevich	Rutgers	Freshman	6'2"	185	South River, N. J.
	Joe Fryz	E. Kentucky State	Freshman	6'2"	180	McKees Rocks, Pa.
	Dan Alexa	Union Junior College	Freshman	6'5"	190	Elizabeth, N. J.
	Don Boyko	Trinity (Conn.) College	Sophomore	6'3 1/2"	185	Bristol, Conn.

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ЗА ЗАЛІЗНОЮ ЗАСЛОНОЮ

ВИЗВОЛЬНИЙ РУХ В УКРАЇНІ.

Ж. Г. Дюмон у своїй статті в бельгійському журналі „Вре“ ч. 1. пише: „Фрагмент за фрагментом — правда пробивається через славу залізну заслону, за якою СССР кує свій неблаганний імперіалізм. Раз — це делеша советської агенції ТАСС, яка доносить нам про „ліквідацію“ одної групи українських націоналістів; другий раз це польський варшавський журнал „Жечпосполіта“, який пише: „Активність партизанських фашистських банд (?) простягається головню на області на схід від Люблина. Банди згід знаку УПА стають такі нахабні, що вони атакують навіть військові табори“. А деколи пощастить якійсь людині вирватися з червоного пекла і її свідоцтво кидає яскраве світло на завзяті бої українського народу проти його гнобителів. Україна стає центром широкої протисоветської партизанки! Цей факт може видаватися дивним, коли ми знаємо, що батьківщина Мазепи є переважно країною безлісних рівнин, мало пригожих для організації підпільної армії. Але на північному заході простягаються гарні волинські ліси, а Карпатські гори, хоч не можна їх рівняти до масивів Динарських Альп, все ж таки дають відносно певне схоронище повстанцям. В інших околицях країни відвага повстанців дозволяє покрити недостачі природи.

Правду кажучи, Українська Повстанська Армія — не сьогоднішня. Від січня 1942 вела вона свою боротьбу проти німців і проти росіян одночасно. Зразу це були тільки відокремлені групи... Згодом акція краще організувалася і сконцентрувалася на виразно означених цілях. Створено Головну Визвольну Раду, яка мала адмініструвати більш чи менш розлогі території, де оперувала УПА. Українські повстанці ніколи не одержували ніякої допомоги від англо-саксонців, ані в харчах, ані в матеріялах, скінених з літаків. Отже — вони мусли здобути вирад і узброєння власними силами, відбираючи від ворогів гармати, кулемети, рушниці, муніцію і вантажні авта, що їх вони потребували. Що ж до прохарчування, то українська людність давала його даром й доволі.

З початком 1942 року на Волині широко запроваджено акція унерухомила декілька німецьких армій на час трьох місяців. Вкінці війська райхскомісаря Е. Коха були змушені відтягнутися до великих міст, залишаючи село для повстанців. Повстанці негайно використали свої успіхи так, що вони реорганізували сільське господарство та використали для себе малі промислові заводи в Дубні, Луцьку, Рівному ітд. Відкрито школи і національна поліція забезпечувала лад і порядок. Крім того удариці відділи перевели систематичний саботаж комунікаційних шляхів, що й причинилося значно до сталінградської катастрофи. В перших місяцях осені 1943 український рух спротиву захопив деякі стратегічно важні міста, під час коли в Галичині партизани закріпилися в Карпатах.

Під час німецького відвороту Українській Повстанській Армії пощастило захопити значні кількості військового матеріялу... Це було її щастям, бо росіяни вирішили зараз цілковито знищити українських націоналістів. У протистивстві до нацистів, які діяли тільки спорадично, Совети виконували свою понуру репресійну роботу методично. Вночі червоні бійці оточують одне село, входять до хат та дають

наказ негайно виїздити. Коли мешканці не хочуть виїздити, тоді починається стрілянина, получена з грабінням і насильствами: „Все, що лишається в живих, депортується на Сибір. Комуністичний садизм звертається особливо проти духовенства. Сотні священників і інтелігентів стрінула та сама доля, а апостольський адміністратор у Сяноку преосв. Малиновський врятувався тільки втечею. Католицькі церкви віддано до диспозиції московської церкви, тобто НКВД.

Тимчасом в лісах серед багон націоналістична армія не кинула зброї. Навпаки — її військо незвичайно збільшилося, так, що його оцінюють тепер на приблизно 50 тисяч людей. У протистивстві до того, що діється у прибалтійських країнах, українські партизани атакують радше НКВД, аніж саму Червону Армію. Врешті багато російських жовнірів, яким остогид комуністичний режим, щораз переходять у лави УПА. Декілька місяців тому відбулися завзяті бої в околиці Модрина, а пізніше розвинулася справжня велика битва в південній Польщі. Советський штаб довідується щодня про те, що знищено якусь дорогу, зірвано міст, спліндровано якийсь магазин, або розбито на голову якийсь місцевий гарнізон. Ледви здушиться революції в одному селі, вона вже лютує декілька кілометрів далі. Та пригноблююча гра вичерпує армію. Тим часом наслідки подій на Україні знайшли свій відгомін аж у Москві. Це не був припадок, ані честнота в тому, що зовнішня політика Кремля нагло злагіднилася.

„Чому так важко є розбити українських партизан?“ — запитує комуністичний журнал „Радянська Україна“. І він відповідає зараз таки: „Націоналісти опираються на ідеологію, яку вони черпають із творів проф. М. Грушевського, автора історії України в 8 томах, і проф. О. Єфремова — автора історії української літератури. Якщо ми хочемо винищити українських повстанців, то нам треба за всяку ціну знищити їхню релігію і культуру.“ („Радянська Україна“) — автор статті Я. Галан).

Це безсилне признание виявляє цинічно справжню ціль СССР: знищення української національності. Не треба сумніватися, що це тільки зміцнить духа спротиву УПА. Найближчі місяці будуть, здається, вирішальними. Україна заворушиться. Введовзі вона лочне кипіти. І загальний терор і чистки, які переводяться під претекстом неслухняності письменників та поганого ведення колгоспів не вистарчать для того, щоб направити справи маршала Сталіна. — (УПС).

„НАЦІОНАЛІСТИ“ В ДРОГОБИЦЬКОМУ ТЕАТРА.

„З великим інтересом чекали глядачі відкриття сезону в дрогобицькому театрі, тимбільше, що цей театр єдиний у місті. Проте театральна афіша примусила глядачів здивуватися: не вже театр не міг підготувати до відкриття сезону хоч би один новий спектакль? Крім того в репертуарі була тільки одна пєса на сучасну тему — „На Україні мільйон“ Чабаненка. Цим спектаклем театр і почав свою роботу. Але вистава пройшла на такому низькому ідейно-художньому рівні, що на вимогу уповноваженого головреперткому її зняли зразу ж після прем'єри“.

Так пише кореспондент з Дрогобича у 232 числі „Радянської України“. В чому ж провинила дрогобицького театру? На думку кореспондента — театр відстав від радянської дійсності! „Не

З життя українських скитальників

З „АКАДЕМІЧНИХ ВЕЧОРІВ“ В МЮНХЕНІ.

„Криза української моралі“.

У п'ятницю, 14 березня, вилосив д-р М. Шлемкевич, у філософічно-світоглядному циклі „Академічних Вечорів“ доповідь на тему: „Криза української моралі“. Ця цікава доповідь на актуальну тему була дійсно блискуча своєю формою.

Доповідач підкреслив на початку велике значення моралі, навіть у наш „атомовий“ вік, у час фізичного насилля й матеріяльних труднощів, дарма, що марксистський матеріалізм вважає мораль тільки другорядним, вислідним явищем. Далі він перейшов до джерел моралі (любов ближнього, симпатія, пошана до свободи), та ствердив занепад моралі, відхід від високих християнських ідеалів до утилітаризму, який, поставивши в осередку всього якусь конкретну, людську вартість (націю, класу, расу), довів аж до... конц-таборів. Від цього занепаду, в наслідок якого пробудився в людині драматичний звір, не вільна й українська мораль. Доповідач накреслив схематично певні суспільно-моральні категорії, з яких складалася дотепер суспільність, також і наша: пересічна „порядна людина“, провід „ідейних людей“, виняткові люди — генії. На його думку, нашою трагедією тепер є те, що захитався той пересічний тип „порядної людини“, який є тривкою основою суспільства, хоч дехто може вважати його філістерським.

Далі доповідач говорив про ті ідеали, які націхували історичний розвиток українського народу в останій час. Ідеал „вільного духа“, зроджений Драгомановим і Франком, як протест

проти заскоружлого філістерства тодішніх „порядних людей“ — переміг і затріумфував у перших двох десятиріччях XX століття. Він завершився в створенні нашої державності 1918-20 рр. УНР — держави „вільного духа“, яка впала через брак сили. Пізнішого прийшла природня реакція українського народу в прагненні до сили: класова реакція проти „вільного духа“ з права (Липинський) і з ліва (Хвильовий). Перша з них була невдалою через свій несучасний романтизм, друга — через зудар із сильнішим північним противником тієї ж самої пролетарської класи. Більше щастя мала ідея „сильної людини“, що спиралася на волюнтаризм й аморальності Донцова та була очевидним запереченням всього світогляду „вільного духа“. Ця концепція, яка наслідувала, мовляв, деякі чужинецькі зразки, перемогла остаточно в Західній Україні. Але її перемога була початком занепаду цієї концепції в 1930-их і 1940-их роках, одночасно з занепадом противного типу — „вільної людини“. „Вільна людина“ перетворилася в „інтелектуального жонглера“ без будь-яких тривких засад, а далі, вже на еміграції — в „продажного інтелігента“. „Сильна людина“ — перетворилася у „вічного революціонера“, а в кінці в „революційного циніка“ — емігранта. Обидва ці типи, на думку доповідача, тепер безвартісні банкроті. Але він бачить уже початки відродження у якійсь неясній тузі теперішньої української молоді, що прагне визволитися від „революційного чаду“; ця туга доводить її тепер до „втечі від життя“ й до прагнення ідилічного спокою.

„Українська Трибуна“, повідомляючи про цю доповідь оспорує твердження прелегента.

зрозумівши величі партизанського руху, не обмисливши патріотичних почуттів радянських колгоспників, постановники і виконавці не могли відтворити правдивих картин партизанської боротьби. Артист Ованесов перетворив постать керівника партизанського загону в якийсь комічний персонаж. Радянська мати-патріотка у виконанні артистки Калініної виглядає у виставі як плаксива обивателька, а старий колгоспник Лука нагадує селянина з часів кріпацтва, а не мужнього радянського патріота. Окрім сцени пісні, введені постановником в текст пєси, мають явно націоналістичний характер. А в цілому спектакль є знущанням з героїчної боротьби радянських партизанів“.

На нашу думку актори створили такий тип радянського партизана, який вони бачили в дійсності: менше воював проти німців, а побільше грабив українських селян. Персонаж не дуже комічний. — (УПС).

НЕЛЕГКО ПРИХОДИТЬСЯ ЕКСПЛУАТУВАТИ ЛЕМКІВШИНУ.

„Жечпосполіта“ ч. 352, опублікує репортаж Р. Квятковського п. н. „Підкарпаття, пахне нафтою“. Автор описує свої спостереження з поїздки на Підкарпаття, де особисто переконався, що: „чим ближче до чесько-советської границі, тим частіше бувають напади на залоги копалень та робітників. В копальні Ванькова одного дня вбито одного робітника, а наступного дня ще дох. Внаслідок цього робітники покинули працю, та повернулися на свої місця щойно тоді, коли прибув відділ війська для їхньої охорони.

До місцевості Тілява, що ле-

жить близько границі, прорвалася група УПА та спалила будинок граничної сторожі і декілька селянських хат. Недавно дощенту знищено копальню в Теряві Сільній. Крім нечисленних диверсійних груп, виступають банди, що начисляють від 1,000 до 2,500 людей. Вони озброєні в модерну автоматичну зброю, а навіть в гармати, і продираються на наш терен в щораз інших околицях та задержуються в лісах... Банди складаються з решток армії ген. Власова, з членів УПА — підпольної української організації, з т. зв. лемків, що походять з вороже настроєних до Польщі українських верховинців, які замешкують північні узгір'я Карпат... Вони заходять навіть в околиці повітів Кросно і Ясло. На отверту боротьбу рішаються тільки тоді, коли їх оточить наше військо. Однак вони знаходять союзників у бандах ВН і НСЗ, які подають їм інформації про стан і становища польських військ. Тому до збройних сутичок доходить рідко. На села і на копальні нападають підступно та нечаяно. Їм з поміччю приходять банди НСЗ, тому терени Підкарпаття стали найбільш неспокійною околицею країни. Шоси треба було обставити густо військовими станицями, а дивізія ВП в Сяноку силкується всіма способами опанувати ситуацію; однак це не приходитьсь легко. В сутичці під Тілявою, де бандити спалили село, розбито одну з численних банд, причому у формальній битві повстанці понесли болючі втрати, лишаючи численних вбитих і раних...“

Про втрати варшавської армії в цих боях автор не говорить нічого. — (УПС).