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Ukrainian Writers in the DP Camps

[The prominent liberal weekly, The New Leader, featured under above heading the following article by Victor Serge, its Mexico correspondent and author of "Russia Twenty Years After" in its April 26 number.]

During the 1920's and 1930's there was a proletarian literary movement in the Ukraine. It was, naturally, Communist, full of idealism and with plenty of intolerance and sectarianism. It centered at Kiev and Kharkov in a "Free Academy" known by the abbreviation "Vaplite." The recognized leader was the young poet Mikola Khvylovy, a man of undeniable talent. He sang the civil war and the glories of industrialization and gained a reputation, also, by the publication of charming prose tales.

It happened that this movement became the object of severe criticism. The Communist Party accused it of looking upon the West with too much sympathy and of being guilty of Ukrainian patriotism. When, in 1933, the Political Bureau suddenly ordered a purge of intellectual circles and of Ukrainian Communists in general, there was a wave of suicides, followed by a wave of arrests. The old Bolshevik Skrypnyk, member of the Central Committee and from the beginning a fanatical Stalinist, sent a bullet through his brain. The poet Mikola Khvylovy, author of *The Century of Electricity*, *Autumn*, and *The Symphony of Twilight*, also put an end to himself. This was just the start. In the course of these purges, countless intellectuals were sent to the mass graves and to the concentration camps.

The survivors did their pathetic best to adapt themselves to the situation by pretending adoration of the great chief. Then the Nazi invasion plunged them into a frightful moral confusion. The successor of Khvy-

lovy as head of the proletarian writers, Arkady Lioubtchenko, was tortured to death by the Gestapo. Countless hostages and prisoners, were taken to Germany, where, upon the defeat of the Nazi forces, they were found interned in various places.

Immediately there arose the question of their repatriation. Those who were inside the British and American zones inquired about what their fate would be if they were shipped back to their homeland. They feared that their records, especially their association with the literary men who had been murdered and imprisoned, would lead to their condemnation in advance, and that the best they could expect would be banishment to Arctic regions.

Most of these men are young—under forty—and all their lives had been lived under one sort of terror or another. Their faith in their prolonged persecution. Today most of them are in the DP camps. Their future is uncertain, but they are resolved, no matter what comes, not to return to the terror. They want, above all, to become free men able to work for a free world.

It will be readily understood that I cannot record here any of the names of these men. But I do want to advertise to the world the fact that all the representatives of the proletarian literature of the Ukraine are now rotting in those DP camps. Through all their years of suffering they have maintained their idealism and their determination to serve humanity. But experience has taught them to condemn tyranny, no matter under what name it is known. And up to the present moment, all that they have been given is semi-captivity, under-nourishment and fear for the future.

Plea for the Ukraine

[The nationally known Newsweek magazine in its April 28, 1947 number contained the following review under above head of the recently published book on Ukraine by Prof. Manning of Columbia and sponsored by the U.N.A.]

Clarence A. Manning, professor of Eastern European languages at Columbia University, is no friend of Communism or Soviet Russia. His new book, "The Story of the Ukraine," ends on a bitter note of appeal for the freeing of its 40,000,000 people from the Soviet yoke. Professor Manning's book is a well-written account of what he calls a people with a tragic history. He traces the area's ancient story across nearly 1,000 years, over its vast plains, and through its crowded cities. Deeply

versed in Ukrainian lore, he lets his love for the Ukrainian people—whom John Fischer also admires—stand out on every page.

His final chapter is a chapter of regret that the Ukraine, for which he sees a great potential future, has fallen under the control of Communist leaders, and has become (or is becoming) an integrated part of the unified Soviet system. He sees the Ukraine deprived of its "natural rights and desires" and asks the "free nations" to reestablish "a free and independent Ukraine" as one of the "free nations of the world." Professor Manning, even more than John Fischer, has written himself out of any future passport to its rolling valleys or the streets of Kiev. (THE STORY OF THE UKRAINE. By

Kremlin Fears Ukraine

Drew Middleton, Moscow correspondent of the New York Times, reported last Thursday, May 1, that in Moscow one hears the quietly whispered rumors that the Kremlin fears the "centrifugal forces" in Ukraine, the Caucasus and Central Asia.

Middleton likewise reports that that one favorite piece of post-war gossip circulated in the villages between the Dnieper and the Dniester rivers was that Premier Stalin had promised Ukraine to President Ukraine to President Roosevelt at the Yalta conference.

Refugees in Danger

The grave danger in which the displaced persons and political refugees in Europe now find themselves is the subject of a featured article in the current May 3rd number of America, a national Catholic review of the week, written by Walter Dushnyck, young Ukrainian American newspaperman and an ex-GI who served as interpreter on General MacArthur's staff in Tokyo after the war.

The danger, reports Mr. Dushnyck, lies in the fact that "the trend on the part of the responsible governments is now away from a policy founded on humanitarian principles towards one of forced repatriation."

The article lists the number of Ukrainian DPs as 277,871.

Particularly alarming, writes Mr. Dushnyck, in fact well nigh incredible is the fact that the DPs have been told by authorities in the American zone that since the American people cannot and will not render assistance to them indefinitely, they should return to their homelands. UNRRA meanwhile is planning repatriation of the DPs for this spring.

"Thus the United States embarks upon a refugee program which is in sharp conflict with its foreign policy as formulated by President Truman" as formulated by President Truman" of December 22, 1945, the writer observes.

HODIAK AFFAIR TO ATTRACT THOUSANDS

The Ukrainian relief benefit affair to be held in Chicago this Saturday, May 10, starring John Hodiak, Ukrainian American screen actor, with Donna Grescoe, violinist and Mary Polynack Lesawyer, soprano, from New York, is expected to attract an audience of several thousand people,

Clarence Manning. 326 pages. Philosophical Library. \$3.75.)

"WE PROTEST!"

So often we attend the so-called mass meetings or rallies called to protest against the abuse of human rights—specifically of Ukrainian rights.

Invariably some speaker or speakers declare in tones of righteous indignation that, "We have gathered here to protest before the whole world against the persecution of the Ukrainian people by their foreign misrulers."

Those attending it receive these words in the properly indignant mood.

Other speakers hit the same keynote, and likewise are warmly applauded. Finally the meeting ends and everyone attending it departs for home, with the feeling that he has done his bit to help the Ukrainian people, that he or she has protested!

And yet, in so many cases that "protest" meeting is meaningless. Outside the money it has raised for a Ukrainian cause, and outside of whipping up the feelings of those attending it, essentially it has failed completely in its purpose—to protest.

Why? Simply because at that meeting there was not even a single person of non-Ukrainian extraction.

Worse yet, there was not even a single reporter to record the "protest" in the press.

We trust that those who arrange such affairs take this matter into consideration.

Reds Call DPs "Criminals"

Ukrainian displaced persons, who because of their pro-free Ukraine and anti-totalitarian sentiments and activities refuse to return to their Soviet ruled native Ukraine, were recently smeared with the term "war criminals" by two correspondents of the Tass, Soviet news agency, following their tour of DP camps in the American zone.

The Tass men criticized the American authorities for aiding these "criminals," particularly that they received 3,100 calories daily for workers and 2,000 for non-workers.

According to a New York Times report, in the course of their tour of a DP camp near Munich containing 6,300 persons, mostly Ukrainians and Balts, the Russian correspondents found but one person who said she would be willing to return to Ukraine.

according to latest reports. It is expected that the program will be broadcast over the Mutual network.

Lesya Ukrainka's Youthful Years

Freely translated and adapted from Hlib Lazarevsky
By PERCIVAL CUNDY

I Lesya's Birth

IN the damp night air a hint, as it were, of early spring could be felt. The boisterous wind roared through the bending, naked, and dripping trees. It howled alongside the overhanging eaves of barn and shed, and tore unmercifully at every loose piece of tin-plate covering the roof of the house, hurling cataracts of rain mingled with snow against its walls.

Through the slits between the window shutters thin beams of light fell on blackening drifts of half-melted snow.

The light in this dismal night came from one of the rooms of a modest country-house in the country seat of Novhorod-Volynsky, formerly known as Zvyahel.

In the room, lighted by a large kerosene lamp mounted on a fine porcelain base, two women were seated at an old-fashioned table made of Karelian birch.

One of them, wearing a white cap with white ribbons on her already greying hair, and with a pair of silver-framed spectacles on the thin nose of her still comely face, was knitting a tiny sock, busily clicking her needles and casting a worried look from time to time at her companion.

The latter, still quite young, a pretty brunette bearing a strong resemblance to the older woman, having loaded the table with books, including dictionaries, and paper, was engaged in translating a work of Spielhagen's from German into the Ukrainian language.

Outside the wind bellowed, shaking and rattling the window shutters, which were not quite tightly closed. Inside could be heard the loud ticking of a massive grandfather's clock, also made of Karelian birch.

Suddenly from inside the clock there came a click, a whirring and buzzing, and then in deep, hoarse tones it struck twelve times.

The older woman started and turned to the younger:

"Olya, isn't it time to go to bed? How do you feel now?"

"Really, I feel quite all right, Mother," the younger woman smiled, revealing her fine white teeth. "Don't get worried—nothing's going to happen for a week at least. You go to bed, Mother; I'll be finished very soon now."

As Olya rose from her chair, the roomy, grey dress she was wearing emphasized the abnormal stoutness of her small figure. Swaying slightly from side to side, she approached the wall where an old-fashioned movable calendar in a bronze hung, and pushed the indicator on it.

The date then shown on the calendar was: 1871, February 14, Saturday.

Then she went back to her mother. "Come, Mother, go to bed. Really, it's very late. It's all my fault for

(1)
keeping you up like this. My goodness, what a night it is outside!"

The mother lit a candle, and escorted by her daughter, went into the adjoining room, where, beside the sofa which had been prepared for her to sleep on, there stood a child's crib on which lay stretched a dark, little two-year-old boy, flushed and rosy with slumber.

As though he felt the looks of his mother and grandmother bent on him, the little fellow stirred in his sleep.

"Sleep, Mysha dear, sleep," whispered Olya as she noiselessly kissed the little boy's brow, damp with perspiration.

Saying good night to her mother, Olya returned and set about her own preparations for retiring for the night, but while she was gathering her books and papers together, she suddenly felt the pain she had experienced two years before—a sharp, totally unexpected, unbearable rending pain. This time, however, it did not pass, but on the contrary, the pangs became ever more frequent and increasingly severe.

Gritting her teeth, and holding a candle in her trembling hand, Olya entered the bedroom where her husband, with his fiery red hair, moustaches and beard, his face still wearing last summer's tan, lay fast asleep and snoring heavily on the broad, spacious bed.

Knowing just how to wake him, the young wife jerked his leg, and immediately the small grey eyes opened, stared blankly for an instant, then swiftly came to life and grasped the situation even before his wife had been able to utter a word to him.

Dressing in haste, as only hunters and soldiers know how to do, the husband soothed and encouraged his young wife at the same time:

"The chief thing is, Olya—don't get upset. Everything will be all right. We'll soon have the doctor here..."

A few moments later he was energetically arousing the servants in the kitchen. He did it quietly, seemingly even without any hurrying, but it could be seen that here was a master who didn't stand any nonsense and the servants well understood it.

"Hanna, light up the stove. Karol, saddle the grey at once and fetch Doctor Plavsky."

Through the open door of the hallway the wind rushed in roaring, driving before it a veritable wall of wet snow, gleaming in the light cast by a lantern. A moment later the yellow light of the lantern carried by Karol was engulfed by the darkness and the tempest outside as he dashed to the stable.

Meanwhile the master of the house had aroused his mother-in-law.

"I hear, I hear, Petro Antonovych," she cried, putting on again the slippers she had only just removed. "But

Olya said it wouldn't be for a week yet."

Through the half-open door of the dining room, the frightened face of Karol appeared:

"Master, Vladék must have put the stable key somewhere..."

"Smash the lock at once," the master ordered him in a low but distinct whisper, and Karol disappeared like a flash.

Then the master was once more beside his wife. All his actions, his every word gave expression to such a strong, dependable love, that Olya clung to his short, broad-shouldered, sturdy figure in full confidence that her husband's love would be a sure defence against every evil.

However, old Hanna beckoned the master out into the dining room, room, where once more through the open door into the hallway, Karol's frightened face, wet with snow, peered in.

"Doctor Plavsky's sick in bed and can't come..."

"Quieter," the master said in a whisper to the man, but Olya's mother had already heard the report.

"Oh, you're always like that, Petro Antonovych! Why didn't you take the trouble to engage a doctor or midwife beforehand? What are we going to do now?"

Olya's big, terrified, questioning eyes filled with tears.

"Don't you worry. Yelysaveta Ivanovna," replied her son-in-law resolutely. "Olya doesn't like Doctor Plavsky anyway. Karol, hurry off for Doctor Mechnychevsky, and look sharp..."

Scarcely had he finished speaking than the hall door slammed again...

The servants were afraid of their master, but at the same time they idolized their young mistress:

Her quivering, tightly-clenched lips, tear-filled eyes, brow beaded with perspiration, trembling hands which literally gripped those of her husband like a vice—all this spoke eloquently of the unbearable sufferings of the poor young creature.

Mother, cook, and housemaid, with tears in both eyes and voices, bustled about the sufferer, and only the husband spoke lightly and cheerfully, caressingly smiling at his young wife. But the swollen veins on his brow bore mute witness to the tension of his nerves, of his will.

In the dining room the heavy tread of Karol's hobnailed boots was heard.

In his wet sheepskin coat, dripping cap in his hand, Karol had ventured to enter the room, making a puddle where he stood.

Going out to him, the master asked in a now somewhat tired voice, "Well, what's wrong now?"

"Doctor Mechnychevsky's not in town. He went away on a visit to the country the day before yesterday, and he hasn't got back yet."

"Saddle the black and go get Doctor Zavadsky."

Again the door slammed, again the lantern gleamed in the darkness outside, briefly lighting barn, outbuildings, trees...

Meanwhile in the hallway the master whispered to an alert Vladék, telling him to find some old woman, a midwife, and bring her back without delay.

Entering quietly on his toes into the dining room again, the master was amazed to hear a strange sound, a sort of wail. Before he had time to determine whence it came or exactly what it was, laughing and crying at the same time, his mother-in-law came running out to meet him and flung herself headlong into his arms, repeating, "A daughter, Petro

Editorial Contest

A contest for the best editorial in a foreign language newspaper in the United States on the subject of overcoming group prejudice was announced today by the Common Council for American Unity, according to a statement by its Executive Director, Read Lewis.

A first prize of \$100, a second prize of \$50 and a third prize of \$25 are being offered by the Council. The contest runs from May 1 to July 4 inclusive.

The judge who will pick the prize-winning editorials are:

Seymour Berkson, General Manager, International News Service;

Erwin D. Canham, Editor, The Christian Science Monitor and First Vice-President, American Society of Newspaper Editors;

Earl G. Harrison, dean, University of Pennsylvania Law School and former U. S. Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization;

Alvin Johnson, Director Emeritus, New School for Social Research;

Anne O'Hare McCormick, Editorial Board, The New York Times Elmo Roper, Director, Fortune Survey of Public Opinion.

Antonovych, a daughter..."

The master pushed her aside, and with one bound landed in the bedroom, where, in a sort of daze, he perceived only those dear eyes which as though asking pardon for having caused a disturbance, were smiling at him, exhausted but blissfully happy.

"You have a daughter—a fair-haired daughter," she whispered languidly.

Moved to his very depths, the husband, fearing even to touch his young wife, went back into the dining room. His glance fell on the hands of the clock which pointed to 4:40 in the morning.

The bustle continued in the house, but now it was a cheerful bustle, almost gay.

After a few moments, Karol again ventured into the dining room.

"Sir," he whispered, on seeing his master there... "Doctor Zavadsky can't come either. He's sick."

And Karol was astounded when the master turned to him with smile:

"We won't be needing any of those doctors now, Karol. Go to the kitchen and drink a glass to the health of your newborn young mistress."

And that is how to Petro Antonovych Kosach, president of the bench of civil magistrates of Novhorod-Volynsky, and to his wife, Olha Petrivna, was born their second child, a daughter.

(To be continued)

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

THE STORY of the UKRAINE

By
CLARENCE A. MANNING

Assistant professor of Eastern
European Languages
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

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Trivia

By Sophia

DOPE addiction is a habit that society frowns on. True, it is extreme, and it is detrimental to the health, but there are addicts to milder opiates that no one ever mentions. One of the foremost types is the sun worshiper. Spring's first warm day finds him in the sun chair on the porch or in the backyard. He never occupies his time in the sun chair by reading, playing solitaire, or even thinking. He just sits and sits, his face following the natural course of the afternoon sun, until his reverie is interrupted by the mess call. Hot summer days make the beach a magnet, and he responds to the lure of the seashore at every possible opportunity. Others may go for a swim or picnic on the beach, but he lies on as though he were drugged. After the last angular ray of the sun has finished stretching across the cloudless sky, he packs up and trudges homeward, a bit apprehensive because it may rain tomorrow. This leisurely life requires either money in the bank, or a devil-may-care attitude about work. To blaze with the boss, and with the job. The sun's the thing! If you'll take the time to notice, you'll find that the sun-worshiper's bronze coloring is always offset by white or other light colors, so that it comes to everyone's attention. At any rate, he's getting his vitamin D, and there could be healthier habits.

Another type is the coffee addict; the type who cries for his "morning coffee" the first thing on arising. Breakfast isn't important, but just let him miss the coffee and things happen all day long. Makes one ask if he got up on the wrong side of the bed. Arriving at the office, he watches the clock until 10:30 when he sneaks down for more coffee. Then there's coffee with lunch, coffee in the afternoon, and about three more times during the day. Coffee, coffee, coffee. No wonder there are so many Brazilian millionaires! Hasn't the fiend ever heard of milk, or tea, or even water? But no, on he goes, easing his tension with coffee and ending up with the now-famous "coffee nerves." His friends tell you he's a wreck, and living on borrowed time. And so he is, you discover, as you read in his obituary that he ceased his coffee habit (along with the living habit) at the tender age of 102 years.

Next, there's the person for whom the radio acts as a sedative. He can't start the car or make a left turn without a popular song blasting in his ears. The news in the evening paper is interspersed with corny commercials and mystery stories. He lies down for a nap as a renowned crooner sings him a lullaby, and if he should be deprived of his listening pleasure at any time, he hums jingles reminding himself not to put bananas in the refrigerator, and asks himself if he is safe or only half safe. When guests visit, he beats the announcer to the punch line to let those present know that he's familiar with the script. This, perhaps, could be considered a private audition for the privileged company.

Among the fair sex, there's the housecleaning maniac. Somehow or other, the obsession possesses a small percentage of the female population to the extent that a dust cloth in the hand becomes a trade mark. The children are not allowed on the living room sofa, and a speck of dust is im-

possible to find. These homes have few visitors, who are made uncomfortable by a constant emptying of the ashtrays at regular intervals. It finally gets to the point where one is afraid to step on the rug with his shoes, and the hostess finds the number of her friends rapidly dwindling. At this dangerous stage, she begins washing money (it might contain germs from all the handling!) and degenerates into a "case."

The health fiend is a most annoying character, who has nothing on his mind but his well-being, and occasionally the well-being of others. Anywhere he goes, he feels his first duty is to open the windows wide and let in some cold air. He is strictly a vegetarian, and meat is just tabu. The calories and vitamins in each morsel of food are carefully calculated, with a history and composition of each item on the menu readily available upon request. He discovers the most obnoxious concoctions which (if taken regularly) will keep you healthy forever, in case you should live that long. After sampling one of these mixtures, you decide that you'd rather gamble on sixty three normal years than eighty or ninety years of such misery. Anytime you may think that an hour's nap would relax you, he tells you that you're abnormally lazy and lazy and prescribes a long walk. A stroll before bedtime is an absolute must before this healthy creature returns to his well ventilated room for eight hours (no more, no less) of sleep. These are the people who usually spend the most money on doctor bills, are incurable insomniacs, and are hypochondriacs to boot.

Addicts are too numerous to mention all of them. There's the inveterate smoker, who saves matches by lighting one cigarette from the

Veterans Should Organize -- By G.H.

UKRAINIAN veterans should organize, but there must be permanency in their organization or the efforts spent in the process of organization will be wasted. After the World War I the number of Ukrainian veterans was comparatively small, and they were scattered over many communities. In consequence there were only a few Posts of Ukrainian veterans, and these showed signs of life only when an infrequent occasion demanded.

The present situation finds almost every community boasting of a large number of Ukrainian veterans. A combination of veterans of both wars not only swells their number, but is capable of producing better leadership as well, which is the most important factor in stability of an organization.

It would be worth while to study the methods of operation and growth of the great veterans organizations, like the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. In this respect the old veterans, who have been members of these organizations, have accumulated a certain amount of valuable experience that should prove advantageous to the new Posts of Ukrainian veterans. This does not mean that the old veterans must monopolize the offices of the Post,

other; there's the news bug, who spends his money buying all the newspapers and his time twisting the dial for radio news reports every half hour; there's the movie goer, who ages a year if he should miss his weekly movie, and so on into the night. Time and space prevent any elaboration of such addictions, but the few examples convey the idea, don't they? 'Seuse me. Gotta get back to my housecleaning as soon as I finish my coffee.

but their words of advice ought to carry weight.

A veterans Post is expected to be a civic organization, which means participation in community affairs, or rather performance of some beneficial service to the community. Once a Post discovers a way of becoming useful to the people of the community, its future is assured, providing it performs that service. It will be looked upon with respect, and its leaders will be invited for consultation on important civic problems. Membership in that Post will mean something, because it will have gained prestige not only among the Ukrainians but in whole community as well.

Just what service would a Post of Ukrainian veterans offer to its community? That would be a problem for the Post leadership. Study a list of civic organizations in your community and find out what they do. Choose one of the easiest tasks that any of them performs, and do the same for your people—for the Ukrainian population. One thing leads to another, and soon the Post will have its hands full of work, wishing for more willing hands to do it. In the case of Ukrainians there is so much to be done that one does not where to begin.

What about the needs of the members in the Post? Nothing is more discouraging to the growth of an organization than the need of suitable quarters for meetings and social gatherings, as well as for relaxation and casual get-together. A clubroom, though small in the beginning, becomes a home to the Post. It should be rented for the exclusive use of the Post and open to membership every day. The Post may hold business meetings once in a month, but frequent informal gatherings at the Post quarters help to germinate plans and shape them for presentation at the business meeting. A refreshment stand helps to pay the rent and fills that particular need for cementing comradeship that even rich furnishings may not accomplish.

A live Post active members does not stay long satisfied with small quarters. Its ultimate object is soon advanced to the possession of its own home. A careful study of the schemes employed by other veterans organizations will save many headaches. The system of "Home Associations," incorporated and managed by the elected members of the Post, has been worked out by the best legal minds. There is no copyright on their operation, and a copy of their By-Laws may easily be obtained.

Membership in the Post is for the veteran a connecting link with his service in the armed forces, for he lives again in the atmosphere of the service whenever he meets with his comrades. But his family was his moral support during his service, and his absence from the family circle was one of the most felt pangs experienced in the service. He is therefore anxious to have his family brought into the Post, to work with him and back him up as it did in the trying days of the war. There is, then, need of an Auxiliary in the Post, composed of mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of the veterans. And that is a team that makes the Post what it ought to be: a bee hive of workers for whom no task is too small or too great. That is another factor which makes a Post a permanent institution.

Banquet Honors Panchuk

As reported in the Detroit press, by John J. Najdich—

Honoring their leader, John Panchuk, members of Detroit's Ukrainian colony traced its development and contributions to the community.

A testimonial banquet for Panchuk, son of immigrant parents who rose to leadership of the Ukrainians and became one of Detroit's outstanding civic leaders, was attended by 1,500 persons Sunday in the Ukrainian National Temple, 4655 Martin avenue.

Panchuk, expressing his thanks, said it was the continued interest of Ukrainians in customs, arts and skills of their people that made them "good citizens and good neighbors."

"Your diversified cultures were needed by this city," he asserted. "This combination of your talents with that of other nationalities made Detroit great."

Points Way to Peace

"Detroit typifies the new civilization. It put the world on wheels. What Detroit does is challenge to the rest of the world."

"The cultural and political background of each nationality, are important to this country in promoting the understanding of other peoples around the world. This is the first step toward peace."

Public officials and citizens of all walks of life joined the Ukrainian people to pay tribute to Panchuk for

the "inspiration and leadership" which made the Ukrainian colony an important factor in Detroit life.

Praised by Jeffries

Mayor Jeffries, who twice appointed Panchuk to the City Plan Commission, said he "has long been recognized as a real citizen and true member of the city of champions."

Circuit Judge Ira W. Jayne said Panchuk personified "the reason why democracy works," because, as spokesman for a minority, he was willing to work with other groups.

Council President Edwards and E. H. Johnson, president of the board of the International Institute, called him "an outstanding citizen."

Messages from Senator Vandenberg and Gov. Kim Sigler were read.

Aided War Relief

Panchuk, now 43, received his law degree from the University of Michigan in 1928. In 1937 he was appointed assistant attorney-general. In 1942 he became general counsel for the Federal Life & Casualty Co.

He was one of the organizers of the War Chest, and was a member of the executive committees for Red Cross and War Bond campaigns. He is a charter member of the International Institute and its first vice-president.

He helped organize the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America and

(Concluded on page 6)

Ukrainian Ideology

By ISYDORE HLYNKA, PH. D.

In the field they speak of freedom
Softly to the breezes.

Taras Shevchenko.

THE world today is a bewildering maze of ideologies, and, as is natural, in this maze relatively few paths lead straight to the desired goal; more lead to the objectives sought for only by a lengthy and circuitous route; many paths, alas, lead but to the blind alleys of disappointment and disillusionment.

Honest John Q. Citizen stands perplexed. In this age of democracy when the responsibility falls more and more upon the individual, he feels that he should and indeed must play his full part in the building of a better world. Yet he has neither the confidence in his modest background nor the audacity to decide to his own satisfaction on problems of his society on personal, community, national and international levels. As a result he tends to become cautious at first, then suspicious and finally aloof—a democratic casualty.

The average man definitely feels the need of some simple formula to guide him in making straight-forward decisions on the complex issues of the day. One person may seek direction from his church organization, another from some exclusive service club and still another from a social welfare agency or perhaps from a local brand of politics. Each of these institutions is based upon an ideology, and its ideology at its own level can give to its adherents, in a greater or a lesser measure, a sense of fulfillment of their democratic responsibilities.

Nevertheless, many people do not find a suitable ideology, or having found one they discover that it does not give them that practicality which they desire toward the solution of their problems. On the other hand, most useful ideologies have been obtained by people from rather interesting and perhaps least expected sources. One such concept is the topic of this dissertation. It is, of course, the Ukrainian ideology.

Definition

Ukrainian ideology as used in this article may be defined as the desire and willingness on our part to concede to some forty-five million Ukrainian people the elementary right to an independent existence on their ethnographic territory. It is as simple as that—nothing more! It includes, of course, an interest in such phases of Ukrainian national life and culture as history, literature, language, music, art, manners and customs. On the American continent this viewpoint is represented in general by the member organizations of the Ukrainian Canadian Committee and the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

On first thought one might wonder why this simple concept should be regarded as an ideology. However, it is precisely because the Ukrainian people hold liberty as an ultimate objective and place it on a pedestal as an ideal that a nobler meaning is conferred on our everyday concept of freedom. This, then, is the first attribute of a Ukrainian ideology. It seems that we in the democratic countries who enjoy liberty as a heritage tend to take it for granted. We can, therefore, do no better than to have a constant reminder of the ideological nature of this democratic heritage. And it is not strange that this reminder should come from a

people whose age-long struggle for liberty has not yet been consummated. After all, it is the same liberty whether it illumines our own horizons or rises as a distant star in the Ukrainian skies.

Let us then, tentatively accept this ideology and follow step by step its application through its various phases.

The Teaching of Russian or Ukrainian

In recent years the teaching of the Russian language has become widespread in American and Canadian universities. It has come about primarily because of the success of eighty million Russians in subjecting nearly one hundred and fifty million neighboring peoples to Russian rule and language. Some pundits argue that the teaching of Russian has, therefore, become a cultural necessity, while others contend that as it may, it is suggested that as an alternate the Ukrainian language be given consideration by the discriminating student.

The Ukrainian language is spoken by the second largest Slavic racial group. Furthermore, philologists agree that Ukrainian is the key to the study of Slavic languages. The reason for its unique position lies in the dominant role played by the early Ukrainians in culture and learning. For those, therefore, who would like to study a representative Slavic language, Ukrainian is the language of choice. It has the further important advantage that it does not carry an undesirable connotation and no one can impugn the motives of those who may for academic reasons desire to study Ukrainian.

Our Literature

Let us for a brief moment pause next to take a hurried glance at Ukrainian literature. The literature of a people is much more than a collection of their best books of prose and verse. It is a faithful record of their individual, family and social life; it is a chronicle of the experiences of men and women; their motives, their hopes and aspirations, and their disappointments; it is that interesting part of history which lies outside the scope of the historians. Literature, too, comprises especially in its poetry the subjective and objective philosophy of a people at its best.

Ukrainian literature is all these. Of all the literatures it carries perhaps the least ballast. It had to be thus. Ukrainians during a good portion of their history have been a subjugated people. As a result the growth of their literature was anything but encouraged. In fact, the Russians as a historic fact issued an edict declaring that the Ukrainian language did not exist and at the same time forbade, under threat of heavy penalty, writing in that language. The most famous victim who was deprived of the opportunity of exercising his genius by a ten-year sentence in a Russian forced labor camp of another era was Taras Shevchenko, Ukraine's greatest name. Under conditions such as these every poem and every novel had to carry a deeper meaning and a more urgent message than would have been the case under happier circumstances.

Unfortunately, most of the Ukrainian classics are unknown in English translation. Surely here is a challenge to the dilettante, the writer

and the publisher, the scholar and the student. What literature other than Ukrainian can offer such a story-book character as Shevchenko? Born a serf, he had a step-mother at the age of nine and was an orphan at twelve. He became a page to a nobleman and later, as he showed talent in painting, he was apprenticed to study. His friends raffled off a painting by a contemporary master, raised enough money and bought freedom for young Taras. His talent in writing then came to the fore, he championed the cause of his race, served ten years in Russian penal servitude and died prematurely to take his place among the immortals of this world. Or again, what literature has had such a strong influence on the history of a people? Just when the Russians had almost succeeded in wiping out the last vestiges of Ukrainian national life, the Ukrainian resurgence and survival was brought about by the writers. And so we might go on but let adventure wait for those who seek it.

History

In the field of Ukrainian history several good books are now available in the English language. Ukrainian history is, in the best Wellsian tradition, a story not of the rulers and conquerors nor yet so much of the Ukrainian state, but of the people and their common struggle for survival with the odds heavily against them. It represents, therefore, a distinct point of view rather than a mere chronicle of events. It is in this light that the mundane subject of history reaches its ideological level.

We learn from Ukrainian history that the western world will forever be beholden to the early Ukrainian Kiev state for having warded off the incessant Mongol-Tartar invasions which threatened to engulf Europe. While European civilization was thus given a chance to take root, flourish and blossom, the Kiev state fell—never fully to recover. Later the Ukrainian Kozaks continued to give the same unquestioning defence to Christian Europe on its most vulnerable frontier. In the second World War it was again the Ukraine which suffered the greatest loss in life and property.

We learn, too, that the Ukrainians have the oldest democratic tradition in modern history. Long before the absolute rule of monarchs was successfully challenged anywhere, the Ukrainian Kozaks had already developed a democratic state with elective offices, system of administration and a judiciary. This political philosophy pervaded every aspect of Ukrainian cultural life. In history the democratic tradition is mirrored in the ethnic basis of Ukrainian historiography in contrast to the more common but less scientific approach based upon a political conglomerate called the state. For this reason those who study Ukrainian history for the first time find a point of view unfamiliar to them. Nevertheless, any student of history who is to evaluate the complex forces which have motivated organized society through the ages must include in his reportory a history with an ethnic basis.

Contemporary Ukraine, too, deserves the attention of thinking men and women. It is the ideological crossroads of the world and a proving ground of Russian grand strategy. Here, for example, is a gigantic development of the concept of colonialism which has scarcely been noticed by the rest of the world.

We are, of course, all familiar with the colonial possessions of the European countries in Africa, Asia, Oceania and elsewhere. We know also of the development of the British Commonwealth of Nations, that unique association of free nations ideologically united through a crown. All these colonial ramifications, however, are characterized by a geographical remoteness from the parent country and hence by a separate identity. It is, therefore, possible for the rest of the world to see the relation of one to the other.

Geographical Considerations

There is yet another type of colonial possession of which the historians and the politicians appear to have been almost completely unaware. It is the case of geographically contiguous colonies where a country overpowers and devours its neighbor. The boundary between the two is then obliterated and the rest of the world soon forgets. In fact colonial conquests of this type are often glorified by such euphemisms as "federation" and "union." Indeed the naive point out and unwittingly recommend the contiguous colonial system as a solution to the problems resulting from the crazy-quilt map of Europe. Let it, however, never be forgotten that successful unions can only be achieved on the basis of equality of the united parties.

The largest colonial empire of the latter type is, of course, the U.S.S.R. Until recently Russia held fifteen nominally recognized colonies within her borders. The largest of these colonies is the Ukraine with a population of the same approximate size as that of France or of the British Isles and an area second largest in Europe. The fate of this and other colonies of the same kind should be of vital interest to all in this rapidly contracting world.

Recently extremely interesting information has filtered through from the Ukrainian Insurgent Army to the outside world. It reveals not only the admirable daring to challenge the Red Inquisition but also the extent of the movement for Ukrainian liberation. But more significant is the enthusiastic and general support given by the peoples of the other "republics." In fact, Ukraine represents the promise of realization of the democratic hopes and dreams of the colonial peoples of the USSR.

Finally, the strategic position of the Ukraine with respect to Russia, the Black Sea and the Dardanelles, Asia Minor and the Suez Canal make the Ukraine loom large in geopolitical considerations. A study of the past and present of these people is, therefore, indispensable to an intelligent solution of some of the world's most difficult problems.

"A New Glean"

The foregoing are but a few examples which could be multiplied and extended to other interests. They suffice, however, to illustrate that in each instance the Ukrainian ideology does give a preferred orientation. At this stage it is more important perhaps to note the basis of this ideology. It is not some foreign doctrine to be regarded with disdain or suspicion but on the contrary it is a universal principle exemplified in the national aspirations of the Ukrainian people. It is this principle which gives us faith and confidence that right will always triumph in the end.

This writer knows of many people, Anglo-Saxon, French, Ukrainian and others in all walks of life whose works testify to the fruits of the
(Concluded on page 5)

A SOLDIER'S FATE

(The Story of Little Olia)

By MATTHEW CHANDOHA

Translated by Theodosia Boresky

A SOLDIER'S fate! No one can understand it so well as the one who has to suffer it, the soldier himself. Eventually even he gets accustomed to it by learning to lighten its burden with cheeriness so that its bitterness might not entirely eat itself into his heart.

When the band strikes up
And drums begin to beat
It puts the martial spirit
Into every soldier's feet.

"Row upon row of soldiers, the first just like the last, all healthy, strong as young oaks, pounding mother earth with their marching feet while she patiently accepts, resounding with "thump, thump, thump!"

A flowing stream of humanity in uniform, fully armed, hundreds of feet and wagons "marching along to martial music, cannoners, infantry, cavalry and workmen.

And this mass of uniformed and armed humanity looks peaceful enough in a peaceful atmosphere, but what a terror it strikes in action, at war! Then it emits fire, strikes the earth with thunderous blows and colors it red with human blood. Alas, for humanity it were better never to experience war!

He and she are Ukrainians, American-born, therefore an American young couple. They were also married here and after a time a little daughter was born to them whom they christened Olia.

She was only three years old when her father was called into service.

Their little home saddened as a foreboding shadow crept in to destroy the perfection of their joy. For to go into the service meant to go to war.

It was then he recalled the song his father had taught him when he returned from service overseas during the first World War. He had told him many a story of his experiences and sung to him the song. The father is gone, dead, but the song has remained in his son's memory:

A soldier paces
Back and forth he paces
Cap in hand.
Seeking a mother's blessing
Ere he leaves for far.

The father is gone but in his place is another soldier, his son, Maxim. But the mother is still alive. And now as his father before him had done, he, too, sought his mother's blessing.

His mother wept, but not only the mother, his wife wept even more.

"Maxim, dearly beloved, Maxim!" she embraced him. "You're leaving us! But we have hardly begun to live! When and how will I see you again?"

But it wasn't too bad as long as he was still in training in America. He came home on furlough now and then, making them all very happy.

"Mommy, mommy!" Baby Olia would cry. "See what a nice soldier our daddy is!"

But six months later, sorrow entrenched itself within their home which was hard to dispel. They sent Maxim overseas. Letters trickled in from time to time, somewhat easing their unhappiness but not casting it out altogether.

There was never much in the letters. "My Darling!" it would begin. "I am well and things are with me

as with any man in the service. I am constantly thinking of you, Olia and my poor old Mom. I send you all my love and kisses. God grant that we shall all see each other again. Please write! Maxim."

It was a very special occasion for them when she answered his letters.

"Write that I think of him day and night," begged his mother, "and pray that he will return safely."

"Mommy! Mommy!" Olia never failed to add, "Tell Daddy that little Olia loves him so very, very much!"

Then all at once it seemed as if an iron door had swung itself shut upon them. She continued to write but received no messages from him in return.

There were fierce and bloody battles raging at the time.

Bombs dropped by planes, cannon and gun fire were found to be ineffective in winning the decisive battle. Instead use had to be made of bayonets and hand grenades.

There was an advance, hand to hand fighting with knives and hand grenades. One of these grenades struck Maxim, shattering a leg completely and so they took him to the hospital.

At the time she had an ominous dream, about which she told his mother. "Such a dreadful black cat was watching me with the fiercest eyes!"

"I hope, my daughter, it is not a sign of misfortune!" his mother wailed. "May God protect him from all harm!"

But the dream proved true. Before long she received a letter informing her that he had been wounded and was in hospital. Then late one night while little Olia slept, they brought him home to her, minus one leg.

"Marusia, my sweet little wife, will you take me back, a cripple?" he cried, when they brought him into the house. "You sent me off to the war strong and well and I have returned weak and unfortunate."

"Marusia, my darling, Marusia!" he burst into tears like a child.

When she saw the change in him and heard his speech, she collapsed. But when they had revived her, she rejoiced over the return of her man, though he was disabled and an invalid.

"Maxim, you are still my most dearly beloved. Let your heart be at peace!" she cried. "Only death could part us!"

There was another emotional scene when they brought in his mother. All this so upset Maxim that the doctors forbade anyone else to visit him, even his little girl, Olia.

"You've got to keep the patient quiet!" they warned, "lest he have a serious relapse!"

Olia was up very early the next morning and questioned her mother. "It seemed to me last night that Daddy came home. Was I only dreaming?"

"What did you dream?"

"It just seemed to me!"

"When will he come home?"

"He is home already."

"Oh! My dear Daddy! Good old Daddy! I'm going to see him!"

"You can't Olia. Your father is ill."

A few days passed and Maxim came to himself again.

"Now he may have visitors," the doctors announced. They also gave permission to bring Olia to him,

But the mother warned her, "Be very good now, Olia, your father is not perfectly well. He has no leg. A shell tore it off while he was in the war."

"My poor, dear Daddy, has no leg," little Olia sympathized thoughtfully, while a bright plan formed itself in her little head, dimpling the little face into a soft smile.

"You will see, Mama, Daddy is going to have a new leg!" she cried joyously.

"Oh yes, he'll have a new leg!" The mother comforted her child and then burst into tears of grief.

"Don't cry, Mama! I'm going to see Daddy!"

"All right! Go ahead."

So she went with the mother following close behind her.

"Daddy, oh Daddy!" She hugged and kissed him. "I felt you were home the night they brought you!"

"My precious baby, Olia!" he cried joyously. "How grateful I am, O God, that you have permitted me to see my child again!"

"Are you very sick, Daddy? Poor Daddy!" she cooed. "You have no leg! But you will have one. Look! See? I will give you this leg."

"Olia, that's your dolly's leg!" he smiled.

"That's O.K. Daddy. Let the dolly be without a leg, I don't mind as long as you have one."

"But isn't it too small?"

"Don't worry! You take it and it will grow bigger on you!"

"Olia, my little sweetheart!" he hugged her. "You have a heart of gold!" and he kissed the curly little head.

You can see Maxim most any day. He has recovered and that which happened to him seems but a dream. It was; it happened; it is past. For a soldier's blood inherited from splendid Ukrainian Kozak forbears has not seeped out of him but still courses through his veins.

He sits in a chair on the veranda of his home fondling and playing with his little Olia to whom he sings a soldier's song, while she exclaims delightedly, "Sing it again, Daddy, sing it again!" hugging and kissing him, and he repeats:

"And so the soldier marches
Forgetting all his woes
Following the drum beats
Across the seas.
Fare well my fatherland.
Weep for me my darling
When I am gone."

IDEOLOGY

(Concluded from page 4)

Ukrainian ideology. Workers and teachers, politicians and lecturers, writers and artists, ministers of the gospels and ministers of health have all found a fuller and a more purposeful life. May the Ukrainian ideology for us too, whatever our provenance, add a new gleam to the truth.

Ottawa, Canada.

(Courtesy "Ukrainian Quarterly")

UKRAINIAN SELF-EDUCATOR

BY

HONORE EWACH, B.A.

PAGES 91—PRICE \$1.00 AT

"SVOBODA"

BOX 346, JERSEY CITY 3, N. J.

Youth and the U.N.A.

JOIN THE U.N.A.

The other day this writer discussed insurance with an agent of a large Eastern insurance company. A part of the conversation was as follows:

"From what you tell me of your organization, the Ukrainian National Association, it seems to be everything that is desirable in the fraternal insurance field. Such a financially sound fraternal benefit society with so many attractive features in benefits and special privileges must receive strong support on the part of the Ukrainian people. By the way, what is the total membership in your association?"

"The U.N.A. has 47,000 members," the writer answered, "and is the largest Ukrainian fraternal order in America, being over fifty years old."

"Very commendable. How many Ukrainians and American-born Ukrainians are there in the United States?"

"There are about 750,000," the writer replied.

"Three quarters of a million? And you say your organization has 47,000 members after fifty years of doing business? Well! That's a different story... and not a very good one. Do you realize that your organization has less than ten per cent of its people organized? You U.N.A. people have a long way to go... a very long way to go," the agent finished.

And he is right. We do have a long way to go. There are at least 700,000 of our people in this country who are NOT members of the U.N.A. Are you one of these non-members? If so, learn about the U. N. A. Write for information. Only by knowing the facts regarding the U.N.A. can you appreciate its many attractive features, its low rates for insurance, and its numerous advantages of membership. Learn about the U.N.A., and then join the Ukrainian fraternal benefit society that has been dedicated to the interests of the Ukrainian people for more than half a century. Write for information while this is fresh in your mind. The address of U.N.A. is 83 Grand St., Jersey City 3, N. J.

★

NEWS ITEMS WANTED

Many young U.N.A. members are still serving in the U. S. Armed Forces. We would greatly appreciate news items concerning these members for publication in this column. When submitting such news items, give the number of the U. N. A. branch of which the serviceman is a member.

Officers of U.N.A. branches are urged to submit reports concerning thus members, as readers of the Ukrainian Weekly are interested in the progress and accomplishments of Ukrainian-American servicemen.

News items and reports regarding U.N.A. members should be sent directly to the U.N.A.

Blessed is the man who is too busy to worry in the daytime, and too tired to lie awake at night... Hick Town: One where, if you see a girl dining with a man old enough to be her father, he is... OPA was trying to save us from paying too much for something we couldn't get... Offhand, we'd say it's strange how Solomon ever managed to fall asleep with the thousand or so things he had on his mind... There's only one difference between learning to drive a car and learning to play golf. When you learn to play golf, you don't hit anything.

Ukrainian Refugee Relief Drive Supported by John Hodiak, Screen Star

To aid Ukrainian refugees and war orphans, John Hodiak, handsome Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen actor and one of the most popular leading men on the screen today, who is an American of Ukrainian descent, is supporting a countrywide relief drive sponsored by the League of Americans of Ukrainian Descent of Chicago. Mr. Hodiak will make a guest appearance at a Benefit Concert for Ukrainian Refugees and War Orphans on Saturday evening, May 10th, at the Civic Opera House in Chicago. The drive is further supported by the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, and all Americans of Ukrainian descent, including various religious denominations, organizations, and businessmen. The concert program includes, in addition to John Hodiak, Donna Grescoe, violinist, Mary Polynack, soprano, Alexander Kulpak, basso, and other well-known Ukrainian artists of music and song, all whom are contributing their services.

Relief funds are sought in this drive for more than 300,000 Ukrainian refugees and war orphans in temporary refuge throughout Germany, Italy, England, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland and other countries. The plight of these people daily grows more critical especially in view of the issuance of a warning on April 14th by General Lucius D. Clay, U. S. Military Governor for Germany to all displaced persons in Germany that the army will no longer provide for them. These people must now choose either to return home, where penal servitude or death awaits them, or remain in Germany and face starvation.

Other immediate problems which confronts these unfortunate people are a strong resentment in Germany and Italy displayed against Ukrainians because of the important part they played in fighting the enemy during the recent war, and the loss of UNRRA protection due to its liquidation.

The aim of these displaced persons is to emigrate to any country which will allow them entrance and permit them to pursue a life free of political and religious oppression. Many of these people during World War II were forced into Germany slave labor; others fought for the Allies. The freedom enjoyed by Americans was won with their help. These people should receive the support of all right-thinking Americans if only for humanitarian reasons.

The Ukrainians always have been a strongly democratic people, striving for the principles of liberty, justice and equality of all nationalities. To preserve her independence throughout the centuries Ukraine has struggled with other countries who coveted her inherent riches. The country, predominantly agricultural, was known prior to World War II as the "bread basket of Europe," and ranked third in world production of wheat, rye, barley and sugar betts. Additional wealth lies in vast natural resources of iron, copper, mercury, manganese, coal, salt, oil.

During the middle of the 18th century, Ukraine was conquered by Russian forces. Then followed many years of darkest oppression until 1917, when the Ukrainian National Republic was proclaimed. The principles of democracy were immediately put into practice and all nationalities

within the new Republic were granted cultural autonomy.

In March, 1939, the Ukrainians again demonstrated their deep love of freedom: they were the first people in Europe to resist the Nazis. During World War II, the Ukrainians joined the United Nations struggle against the common enemy and, with Allied help, expelled the Nazis from Ukraine.

No country suffered greater devastation, deprivation, forced mass migration than Ukraine during World War II. Yet despite the blood, sweat and tears spilled in the name of freedom, Ukrainians are still forced to conform unconditionally to dictates from Moscow.

Help our needy Ukrainians now. Contributions are solicited and may be mailed to Roman I. Smook, Chairman Benefit Campaign for Ukrainian Refugees and War Orphans, 2006 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago 22, Illinois.

WEEKLY BANTER

You could tell she was just the type—pretty as a doll and just as dumb—as she floated through the cocktail lounge with a fuzzy poodle under her arm. She seated herself and as the waiter prepared to take her order, baby talked the dog into exasperating the waiter.

Trying to comfort the fidgeting animal (the waiter still waited), she cooed: "There, there, now, Mama's itsy-bitsy baby—nobody's going to hurt 'oo."

The poodle settled after a while and the affectionate girl turned big blue eyes to meet the icy glare of the waiter, who asked courteously but bitinglly:

"Your first dog, madam?"

Definitions: Scandalmonger—A prattle-snake... Inflation—A period when two can live as steep as one... Cocktail—An ice cube with an alcohol rub... Before marriage a man yearns for a woman. After marriage the "Y" is silent... Kids draw poor cards at school—and the deuce is wild at home... Planning your future saves you from regretting your past... Don't waste time chewing the fat. Uncle Sam still needs it!... Get up with a grouch in the morning and you're likely to go from bed to worse... The average doctor knows 25,000 words, says a lexicographer. It's strange there aren't more women physicians... Republicans say they can cut personal income taxes by 20 per cent. Now if they'll just tell us where we can dig up that 80 per cent, we'll be all set.

A salesman was proposing to his best girl. "And sweetheart," he finished, "I'll lay my whole fortune at your feet."

"It isn't a very big fortune," she reminded him.

"I know, dear," he replied, "but it will look awfully big beside your little feet."

He got the girl.

Home is the place where a man can say anything he pleases because no one pays the slightest attention to him... A devoted wife is always anxious to get home to her husband. She is afraid he may be enjoying her absence... Worry will make almost anybody thin except the people who worry because they are fat.

Ukrainian DPs Plead For Help

Since World War II ended, more than 300,000 Ukrainian refugees and war orphans, fearful of returning to their homeland, have found temporary refuge throughout Germany, Italy, England, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, and other countries. Because these people are pro-free Ukraine and continue to reject Communism, they are unable to return to their homeland.

The plight of these refugees and war orphans daily grows more critical due to the following reasons:

Negligible opportunity for earning a livelihood;

Existence of a strong resentment in Germany and Italy against Ukrainians because of the important part they played in fighting the enemy during the recent war;

Recent loss of UNRRA protection due to its liquidation;

Warning issued on April by General Lucius D. Clay, U. S. Military Governor for Germany to all displaced persons in Germany that the army will no longer provide for them.

The aim of these displaced persons is to emigrate to any country which will allow them entrance and permit them to pursue a life free of political and religious oppression. Until these Ukrainian DPs finally emigrate, they urgently need help. Many of them, during World War II, were forced into German slave labor; others fought for the Allies. They helped to win the freedom we enjoy today. We can help them towards their goal by making a contribution.

First generation Americans and Canadians especially, who pause to consider will realize that it is only by the grace of God, a matter of accident of birth, that they are not in the precarious situation of these refugees and war orphans, namely, being forced to choose either to return to their homeland, where penal servitude or death awaits them, or remain in Germany and face starvation.

What They Say

President Truman in his address at the annual luncheon of The Associated Press at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York:

"We know that the freedom and integrity of the United States are safe only in a world of free peoples living at peace with their neighbors and engaging in free and friendly commerce. Hence, it is our policy to aid the free peoples of the world in their efforts to maintain their freedom. Many of these peoples are confronted with the choice between totalitarianism and democracy. This decision has been forced upon them by the devastation of war which has so impoverished them that they are easy targets for external pressures and alien ideologies... But we can provide the necessary assistance only if we ourselves remain prosperous. And only if we maintain and increase our prosperity can we expect other countries to recognize the full merits of a free economy. We know that our system of private competitive enterprise has produced the highest standards of living the world has ever seen. By steadily raising this standard, we can demonstrate to all other nations the vitality and superiority of a free economy. Our system of private enterprise is now being tested before the world. If we can prove that it is more productive and more stable, more generous and more just than any other economic system, we shall have won the test."

Panchuk

(Concluded from page 3)

the Ukrainian War Relief, and is now president of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee.

There were numbers by a girls a cappella chorus directed by Stephanie Andrusewich; Cymbalists, the Ukrainian National Chorus Dumka, Club Boyan dancers and Nadia Diachun, pianist. Mary Jasinsky wrote a poem in Panchuk's honor.

Alexander Steck was toastmaster. The Ukrainian American Federation of Michigan sponsored the banquet.

New "Care" Cotton Package

Paul Comly French, general manager of CARE, inspects some of the new cotton package includes three dress-length bolts, shirting and other fabric suitable for many uses. There fabric in the CARE cotton package.



for Europe. Offered at the same non-profit price of ten dollars already established for the CARE food, blanket and woolen packages, the C A R E at 50 Broad Street, New York, N Y.

Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER W. DANKO

Myron Lotosky, Star of Bayonne Tech High—All New Jersey State High School Basketball Player

Bayonne's most honored and publicized basketball player, during the past season, was big Myron Lotosky—6'5" pivotman of Bayonne Technical High School. Some of the achievements which Myron garnered during this past season with Bayonne Tech are as follows:

The towering Ukrainian led his mates to the first Tech victories over a rival Bayonne High School court team, the first Tech championship in the Southern Division of the Hudson County Interscholastic Basketball League was the first Technician to win individual scoring honors of the division (in the 26 games Myron played with Tech, he averaged 20.8 markers a game). The first Technician to be chosen on the All County teams, and is the first Technician ever on the select Group III All-State Honor Team, because of his very fine record, Myron was selected to Captain three All-Star Teams in charity-benefit, post season games. As a result, Myron has been awarded many individual honors for his playing ability as well as scholarship offers of higher learning.

Myron, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lotosky, also found time to captain the Bayonne Ukrainian Athletic Club's Basketball Team. Directly due to his efforts, the Ukes won the first half championship of the Ukrainian New Jersey State Basketball League in which Myron tallied 203 points in 10 games. Consequently, the Ukes received an invitation to play in the Club Division of the National Slavonic Tournament in New York City. The Ukes, it should be noted, represented the

Ukrainian Youth League of North America. After eliminating the National Polish and Slovak champs in preliminary rounds, the Ukrainians met the National Carpatho-Russian champs from Binghamton, N. Y., in the final championship game. The Carpathians entered the contest top favorites, because of the fact, that they were undefeated during the regular season in which they played 24 games. In this crucial game, big Myron led the Ukrainian "Cossacks" of Bayonne against the "Katsaps" of Binghamton, N. Y., by scoring 25

points. The Ukes won, 58 to 50.

In conclusion, Myron, a senior in high school, will be graduating this June from Bayonne Tech. It is the most sincere desire and wish of his team-mates and myself, to see big Byron Lotosky playing and bringing credit to his Ukrainian parents by playing on some University Five.

They were proud of their big and belligerent-looking pup. He never failed to warn them whenever a stranger or caller approached the house. "Does he bark?" we politely asked. "No," came the surprising answer, "he always darts under the bed."

We were at our mountain cabin for the opening of the deer season. "What's the weather going to be like tomorrow?" I asked the Old Timer. "Fit for hunting?"

"Don't know, boy," he replied. "Used to be, a man could always judge about the weather. Now the Government has took it over and you can't tell what it will do."

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