

СВОБОДА SVOBODA
УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ЩОДЕННИК UKRAINIAN DAILY



Рiк LV. Ч. 138.

Vol. LV. No. 138.

The Ukrainian Weekly
Supplement

ТРИ ЦЕНТИ в Злучених Державах Америки.
П'ЯТЬ ЦЕНТІВ за кордоном Злучених Держав Америки.

Тел. „Свободи“: ВЕrgen 4-0237—4-0807
Тел. У. Н. Союзу: ВЕrgen 4-1016

THREE CENTS in the United States of America
FIVE CENTS elsewhere.

WEEKLY No. 23

JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, MONDAY, JUNE 16, 1947

WEEKLY: VOL. XV

THE GREATEST INJUSTICE

(An excerpt from a talk delivered at the recent N. Y.—UYL-NA Rally)
THE last time I had the privilege of addressing a gathering of this sort, under the auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, was just before Pearl Harbor. To be specific, it was over the Thanksgiving Day weekend in 1941 at a UYL-NA Pittsburgh rally.

Since then a lot of water has flown under the bridge, and with it veritable rivers of blood throughout the world. Since then, too, all of us have matured in more ways than one, not only in years, in experience, but in our views and world outlook as well.

Were it not for the terrible war cost of our maturity, we would be most happy about our attainment of it. But then, perhaps the sacrifices of those of the countless victims of the war, including our kinsmen and those close and dear to us, have not been in vain. Perhaps they have helped to strengthen our character and fire our idealism to the point where today all of us, or at least most of us, of the younger Ukrainian American generation, both its older and younger elements, are no longer content to exist for the sake of mere existence itself, of just leading an easy, comfortable life within the tiny shell of our own personal interests, and remain indifferent to the plight of our less fortunate fellow men.

I want to believe that such is not the case with us. I want to believe that outside our own personal pursuit of life, liberty and happiness, we are also actively interested in a similar pursuit of those who are underprivileged, downtrodden and oppressed.

My belief in this respect is strengthened by my realization of the fact that our very own sense of national self-security forces us to take an interest in the world outside our insular, personal one. For by now, I feel quite certain, we realize that what Abraham Lincoln once said is truer today than ever before, and that is that the world cannot exist half-slave and half-free.

And yet such is exactly the case today. Although we won a glorious victory in the last war over Hitlerism and Fascism, today we find hundreds of millions of people in Europe and Asia enslaved and tortured on the rack of human suffering by an even more brutal totalitarian regime, that of Soviet Russia. What is more, this Kremlin-dictated Red regime, through its aggressive expansionist policies, and through its mad ambition of world conquest, so strongly reminiscent of the days of Hitler, is rapidly endangering world peace and with it our own American national security. If anyone has any doubts on this, consider please the various military preparedness measures our country is taking at present against

the possibility of aggression against it.

And so, as can be seen, whether by natural inclination or by sheer force of necessity, we are compelled today to interest ourselves not only in our own free world and its democratic institutions, but also in the enslaved world on the other side under Soviet Russian domination, particularly in the fate of our Ukrainian kinsmen within and on the fringes of the notorious Russian "Iron Curtain." If we fail to do so, we shall then be shirking our duty as Americans concerned with the peace effort of our country, and also as human beings of conscience.

If there be amongst us anyone who is still blindly isolationist, who still thinks that European problems are of no concern to us, that all we have to do is live here, mind our own business, and turn a deaf ear to the muted cries for help of the Ukrainians and other enslaved people, let him but remember how before the war a lot of our boys and young men felt the same way about it. I recall some of them saying: "European troubles don't interest me. I am an American and interested only in America." Well then, what happened soon afterward? These very same complacent fellows found themselves in two years or so, suddenly plucked, veritably by the nape of their necks, out of their ostrich-like existence, drilled and sweated and thrust into the very maelstrom of fighting in Europe. For what? To help settle some of those very injustices and problems which they had up to then refused to recognize as being of interest to them.

The tragedy of it all, however, is that their heroic fighting and bloody sacrifices settled those injustices and problems only to a limited extent. The sorry fact remains that what is perhaps the greatest injustice in human history—the denial to the Ukrainian nation of its freedom—still exists today.

It is indeed a reflection upon human progress and civilization in general, when a people numbering well over forty million, a people of high culture, great attainments, noble aspirations, and having behind them a centuries-old and most courageous struggle for independence, are nonetheless still deprived of that individual freedom and national independence which is the rightful heritage of human beings.

Partisan Battles in Ukraine Reported

Cholly Knickerbocker, New York Journal American columnist, reported last Tuesday, June 10, that a priest, fugitive from Red Russia, recently arrived here, and told him that there is great unrest there, especially in Ukraine.

The priest, a Catholic, a gaunt, grey-haired man, from Croatia, where he was a professor of Economics at one of the Universities, told Knickerbocker that—

"There is great unrest in Russia, and much dissatisfaction with the regime coming from soldiers who have fought in Europe and who realize the song and dance about the rest of the world being in a horrible mess compared to the Soviet Paradise is nothing but Communist lies. The Government is frantically trying to combat this—but with little success. Those watches and pieces of cloth the Red Army brought back to Russia tell more than all the Government sponsored speeches.

"At present Russia is in the midst of a civil war. Great battles are raging in Ukraine and south of Moscow, where approximately 1,500,000 anti-Communist partisans are fighting against the Red Army. The Soviets are ruthless in stamping out the revolt. They burn villages and deport entire populations like cattle to other parts of Russia... Some 2,500,000 men comprise the dread Soviet secret police. These men are without conscience. They would gladly sacrifice their mothers and sisters for the regime that has elavated them from former bums and criminals to privileged citizens.

"Russia is in no position to fight a war now. But she's preparing like mad. She'll be ready in a few years... The declared enemy is America... They speak openly about it. But all Russians have one common fear—the Atom Bomb!... Against that they are experimenting at tremendous cost to perfect their secret weapon—Bacteriological Warfare!"

Ukrainian Topic at AATSEEL Toronto Meeting

The teaching of Ukrainian, and Ukrainian writers in Canada, were subjects discoursed upon in addresses delivered last Friday, June 13, at the first annual meeting held in Toronto, Canada, of the American Association of Teachers of Slavonic and East European Languages of Canada (AATSEEL of Canada). Croft Chapter House, University College of the University of Toronto, was the meeting place.

The matter of the teaching of Ukrainian was presented to the annual gathering by Professor T. H. Andrusyshen of the University of Saskatchewan. The speaker is a well known authority on languages and has behind him a distinguished scholastic background, including scholarships at Yale and also at Sorbonne in Paris. Some of his fine translations of Ukrainian stories have appeared on these pages.

The subject of Ukrainian writers

in Canada was dwelt upon by Professor Watson Kirkconnel of McMaster University. A leading Canadian scholar and author, and also an outspoken foe of Communism, Prof. Kirkconnel has won fame not only in Canada but in this country as well.

Besides the above mentioned and other addresses, one of the features of the AATSEEL Canadian meeting were the greetings from the AATSEEL of the U. S. A. delivered by Professor A. P. Coleman of Columbia University. Prof. Coleman needs no introduction to Americans of Ukrainian descent. Early in the 1930's he became interested in Ukrainian literature and culture in general and since then has translated that interest into a number of lectures on things Ukrainian and translations of Ukrainian literary works. His "Brief Survey of Ukrainian Literature" should be on the book-shelves of our readers.

Ukrainian Meeting in Ottawa

Coinciding with President Truman's visit to Ottawa, Canada, a conference of Ukrainian Canadian and Ukrainian American representatives was held there last Wednesday and Thursday June 11 and 12.

Present at the conference were representatives of the Ukrainian Relief Fund, the Ukrainian Canadian Committee, namely, Rev. Dr. Wasyl Kushnir, Yaroslav Arsenich, and Ostap Wasylyshyn. From the U. S. were representatives of the United

Ukrainian American Relief Committee, Dr. Walter Gallan and Bohdan Katamay, and representatives of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America—Dmytro Halychyn and Dr. Luke Myshuha.

The relief committees meeting dealt mainly with aid and the problem of resettlement of Ukrainian DPs. The congress committees meeting dealt with the program of the Pan-American-Ukrainian conference to be held early this autumn in this country.

Why Women Are More Active Than Men in Ukrainian Circles

By HELEN KUPCHYNSKI

(Digest of talk delivered at the Forum Session of the UYL-NA Rally, held over the Memorial Day weekend, May 31-June 1, 1947, in New York)

WHEN I agreed to speak on the subject "Why Women are More Active Than Men in Ukrainian Circles," I was warned to provide myself with a bodyguard just in case there was a violent reaction from the men in the audience. But, being a woman and fearing nothing and nobody—let alone man, I decided to take this chance and voice my opinions.

At first I was asked to give a short speech so a debate could follow. I thought it over and asked, "Why have a debate on a subject which is no longer controversial? Dare any man dispute the statement that women are more active than men in community life? Breaths there a man with soul so dead that he is not aware of what goes on about him?" I doubt if such a man exists. Therefore I shall proceed to point out to you in what ways and why women excel men in this respect.

To begin with, man is deteriorating and is assuming a subordinate position in society whereas woman is growing in prestige and influence. One of the greatest factors contributing to man's decline is his inability to keep pace with woman's mental development. Experiments at John Hopkins University have proven that women can do more mental work than men in a given time and do it more accurately. This can mean but one thing. Man though large and physically powerful, will go the way of the dinosaur, that is, he is doomed to oblivion. Woman's development on the other hand is making atomic progress.

If modern man doesn't snap out of his lethargy he will be relegated to the same position he occupied in Egyptian society in the year, 500 B.C. In the book, "Can Women be Gentlemen," by Atherton, the author shows how women emerged as the ruling sex because of man's lack of interest in community life at that time. In fact woman's power rose to such heights that she transacted all the business of state. She was the merchant and the banker. She pleaded cases before tribunals and won judgements for her clients. In international affairs she negotiated treaties, and in domestic affairs she maintained peace and harmony. Men however, stayed indoors and looked after the home. Men were cooks, chambermaids and nurses. They curled their hair and beards. They were inferior both physically and mentally. They lived indoors, accumulated fat, met with the neighbors, gossiped, indulged in flirtations and became expert in lying.

This then was the fate that befell man in Egyptian times when he refused to assume his obligations to society. So today, if man does not

stir from his fireside, lay down his pipe and take an active interest in his community, he will revert to his Egyptian ancestor.

Not Far-fetched

Don't think this concept is far-fetched. We all realize how women are taking the initiative in community life and how society, especially man, profits from their good works. Today a man commits a crime, heads straight for a well-lighted, cozy little prison cell and spends the next fifteen years of his life playing baseball. And why? Because woman, always solicitous of man's welfare, desires to make his life as comfortable as possible, whatever the circumstances be. Women are also responsible for all the anti-noise crusades thus making it possible for you gentlemen to enjoy a good night's sleep. They have instigated movements to curtail the barking dog, crowing rooster and church chimes. For the benefit of New York residents may I add that due to woman's perseverance, eighty percent of the river whistles were driven out of the waters surrounding Manhattan.

In passing, I would like to mention that women have improved our general standard of living by insisting, through organized groups, that legislation be passed in fields involving child labor, housing and general working conditions. Indeed the virtues and good deeds of women are so numerous and so great as to be immeasurable.

Now we ask ourselves, how has the Ukrainian woman contributed to community life and particularly Ukrainian life. How does she excel the Ukrainian man in this respect? Let us start with Ukrainian organizations. The mere fact that our women outnumber men four to one in every mixed Ukrainian organization is proof in itself that Ukrainian women take a greater interest in Ukrainian affairs. Our women are always planning bazaars and exhibitions at which they display Ukrainian handiwork and embroideries. These affair in turn attract the attention of other peoples and make them aware of a separate and distinct Ukrainian culture. I have yet to see one exhibit planned by our Ukrainian men. You ask, why don't our men display their creative ability along similar lines. The reason is that men are destructive whereas women are creative. The Romans had a saying, "Homo homini lupus," which means, man behaves to his fellow man like a wolf. So you see even the Romans recognized man's vicious tendencies and his wolf-like propensities.

Coming to the problem of relief work we note again that women are more active than men. This is due to the fact that men create all the miseries in the world and it is up to the women to alleviate and repair them. In Ukrainian relief work, it is a known fact that Ukrainian women, individually and through their organizations have taken a very active part in relieving the suffering of Ukrainians throughout the world. Food packages and clothing have reached our Ukrainians in England, Germany, Italy, India, Africa and other parts of the world. Our Women's Auxiliary, one of the largest Ukrainian women's

Trivia - - - By Sophia

SKYSCRAPERS make a lovely sight at sunset, when the sunlight is reflected on their window panes. Tall buildings are also impressive to the out-of-towner, who stands right outside Penn Station and "Ohs" and "Ahs" all the way to Third Avenue. But skyscrapers are not thought of as novel by the city fathers, who consider these structures respon-

guards of the observation tower, who will be reprimanded for his act? Does he have any consideration for the people below, especially in case it's the rush hour? The only way to get the answers to these queries is to find out for yourself, but since it's an ordeal to get up the courage, I guess maybe it's not so bad to spend a long lifetime in ignorance of such facts.

The suicide problem, however, looms ever greater, and warrants the concern of not only city officials, sociologists, and psychologists, but of the population at large. It's our duty to curb this rage, because we may one day be among the passersby below while a drama is being enacted on the 86th floor, and the thought is not too pleasant... is it? You know, public opinion can work wonders, and if groups of citizens petition to their congressmen to abolish skyscrapers, perhaps they may someday be demolished. Our office buildings, instead of being above the ground, as they are today, could prevent suicide and guard against the atomic bomb if complete cities were to move underground. With some fifty subterranean levels, the metropolitan area's twelve million people could be accommodated comfortably, with fresh air pumped into the city at regular intervals. This plan would cost the taxpayers a few extra billions a month, and one day the taxpayer, clad in a barrel, would wend his way over to the Palisades to jump for lack of tall edifices or cliffs in the city.

This plan seems extreme and radical, though, so let's try to find something more conservative which would accomplish the same end. In private apartments and penthouses, there could be no uniform system of prevention, but on observation towers of public buildings, certain measures could be enforced. The guards on the observation floor would have to be extremely watchful, and a penalty could be imposed on each guard who permits a suicide on his beat. The penalty would be for the guard to follow in the footsteps of the suicide and jump after him. This would produce an acute shortage of watchmen, so the only possible solution is a mechanical one—to install a gadget which warns pedestrians to "Look out below;" with a shrill whistle. Thus if everybody follows the rules, including the suicides, the world will be safe for those who love life.



Sophie Demydchuk

sible for starting a new rage: suicide.

Don't get wrong, now. It's not as though people don't commit suicide when there are no tall buildings around, it's just that cities without skyscrapers show a lower incidence of suicide than the others. There are numerous other ways and means of doing away with oneself, such as the gaspipe method, the stiletto, the noose made out of a bedsheet, etc., but for various and sundry reasons, many choose the skyscraper exit from from this world. Maybe they like to get a last glance at the world from a high spot, or perhaps it's the primeval urge to leap simian-fashion (which means "like a monkey"), but at any rate, they still jump from roofs.

Everybody's got his own reasons for doing it; one protagonist in the act may be a frustrated Romeo, and another may go nuts over winning the Irish sweepstakes. A third may be caught red-handed at embezzling the company funds, and still a fourth may be suffering from amnesia. Some leave notes behind them, and others leave only mysteries for the tabloid readers to follow day by day. After all, the scandal searchers must have something to dote on, and a suicide will do if there's no murder readily available, even if the details aren't quite so gory.

No one will ever know what a suicide thinks of before he takes the fatal step (or steps, as in the case of jumpers.) Does he think of the

organizations, has done a marvelous job in this field.

Robinson Crusoe

How can we expect any cooperation from our Ukrainian men when they are so busy breaking down and criticizing existing Ukrainian institutions. They have no time for constructive work. Let us review their efforts to build a Ukrainian National Home in New York City. First they elected a small committee of one thousand to formulate plans for financing the enterprise. No sooner did the committee convene, then quarrels and misunderstandings arose over trifles. These men realized the hopelessness of their attempts and so transferred the responsibility to a smaller committee of five hundred. This smaller committee accomplished still less than its predecessors. By the process of elimination, each succeeding committee shrank in size and

finally ended up being a committee of one. This survivor, or rather this Ukrainian Robinson Crusoe, patiently awaits the day when he can shift the responsibility to Ukrainian women.

No doubt the gentlemen in the audience are asking why aren't the women doing something about it now. My answer is, at the present time our Ukrainian women are busily engaged in relief work and other humanitarian activities. As soon as the pressure of the work lets up we can look forward to great happenings.

In conclusion, my advice to the men in this audience is, less criticism and more participation. Don't break down our Ukrainian organizations but direct your energies to building bigger and better organizations. And don't procrastinate! The Ukrainian woman knowing the Ukrainian man's tendency to postpone action indefinitely, steps in and does today what the Ukrainian man would do tomorrow.

"SVOBODA" (UKRAINIAN DAILY)

FOUNDED 1893

Ukrainian newspaper published daily except Sundays, and holidays by the Ukrainian National Association, Inc. at 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City 3, N. J.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Post Office of Jersey City, N. J. on March 30, 1911 under the Act of March 8, 1879.

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for Section 1103 of the Act of October 3, 1917 authorized July 31, 1918.

Classified Advertising Department, 597-7th Ave., New York 18, N. Y. BRyant 9-0582.

On Records - - - By Ted Victor

BORIS GODOUNOFF

by Modest Moussorgsky

IT is difficult to convey by the use of words the tremendous wealth of drama, music and beauty found in this opera by Moussorgsky. All you need do is listen to some recordings of this opera and you will understand all of which I am attempting to explain here. If you have not heard any of the excerpts from this opera then you may have cause to wonder at my unbounded enthusiasm for this particular work. Here are but a few distinguishing



Theodore V. Shumeyko

features concerning Boris Godounoff. It is one of the finest vehicles for the bass voice in all opera. It was the first opera to employ the chorus as a leading character. Where other composers used the chorus merely as fill-in for the soloists, Moussorgsky gave the mass of people with Boris the lead. Therefore the choral music alone would the average Ukrainian music love to enjoy this opera.

However, before going any further, I must mention the name of Chaliapin in connection with this opera. It was he who really created the role of Boris. To this day there has been no one to compete with his inimitable portrayal of Boris. True, there have been some excellent recordings of late by such artists as Kipnis and Pinza, but they in no way

compare with Chaliapin. In order to judge for yourself I suggest you listen to the following records as soon as possible.

Death of Boris, Soloist Chaliapin. Victor No. 15177.

This is the finest version of this famous scene. It was recorded during an actual performance in London. In order to really appreciate it I suggest you first listen to the very modern version sung by Kipnis. Kipnis is superb and he has the benefit of modern recording but the sheer artistry of Chaliapin overwhelms everything.

The Clock Scene, Soloist Chaliapin. Victor No. 14517.

Boris has hallucinations during this scene. He goes through the agonies of suspicion, pain, contempt and haunting fear because of the weight of circumstance piling up against his own mind.

Boris Godounoff, Soloists Alexander Kipnis, Ilya Tamarin. Victor Symphony Orchestra conducted by Berezowsky; Chorus conducted by Robert Shaw.

Victor Album No. DM-1000.

This album contains an abridged version of the opera and even if you do buy the Chaliapin recordings, I strongly recommend buying this one also. The chorus here is excellent, especially in the opening chorus and during the "Death Scene." The duets are really something, quite unusual from the ordinary type of duets most people are used to. The price is around five dollars. There is also an excellent synopsis of the entire opera in the album.

UKRAINIAN RECORD OF THE WEEK

Hopak, by Moussorgsky, performed by Columbia Broadcasting Symphony conducted by Howard Barlow. Columbia No. 71464-D.

You have heard Snihur, Kornienko, and Humeniuk perform this very popular Ukrainian dance. Listen to Howard Barlow and the CBS Symphony. You should notice a difference. If you don't I suggest a trip to the nearest ear doctor.

enjoy life is to aim at being likeable—a reasonable human being.

We cannot even imagine perfect husbands and wives who never for instance would quarrel. We can only conceive of reasonable husbands, wives and sweethearts who quarrel reasonably and then—patch up reasonably. That man or woman is reasonable only, who suspects that perhaps he is wrong—and is therefore always right.

There is nothing in this world that would stop us enjoying the life in its true simplicity, if we could only forget the various forms of moral distemper, spitefulness, hatred and social exhibitionism and, also, the general muddle-headedness, but instead develop the spirit of kindness, reasonableness and simplicity.

The individual human mind is often cherishing and charming in its forgetfulness, in its irrationalities and in its inconsistencies. Just imagine for a moment, a world in which every one is perfect and perfectly enjoying life. There would then be no literature—because there would be no human aspirations or weaknesses. If there were no sorrow—we would not know the value of happiness.

Canteen - - - - - By G. H.

THE town that I have in mind, but shall not name, started an experiment with a canteen three years ago. The canteen is still going strong, proving that it is needed and that it is properly operated.

Of course, many other towns have canteens, and the idea is no longer a novel one. Once in a while we read about them in connection with juvenile problems, which makes us think of the idea as being a corrective measure to an existing evil.

Whatever the purposes of this can-



Gregory Herman

teen are, it has the approbation of the young and the old. The teenage high school boys and girls flock to it every Friday and Saturday evening, filling it to capacity. On these two nights in the canteen they find a pleasant environment, congenial association and inexpensive entertainment.

For the money contributed by various civic organizations the canteen acquired the use of a suite of rooms in the local YWCA. Juke-box and a variety of records provide music for dancing, supplemented by a regular orchestra once a month. There are tables for ping-pong, billiards and cards, and even shuffleboard. Refreshments are served at a "coke" stand at current prices. In other words, the canteen is a veritable recreation club, open to members two evenings every week except during the two summer months.

That is what the canteen gives, now let us see what it takes. A member of the canteen pays one dollar a year, and that is all. Members pay for refreshments, of course, and a nickel for any table game played, but not for dancing. There is no expense for hired help because

the mothers of the members of the members volunteer their services and act as chaperons as well. Membership in the canteen costs very little indeed.

So much for the operation of the canteen, and by this time the reader may be asking how does it concern us, Ukrainian Americans. Isn't the canteen intended for all boys and girls in the community, including the Ukrainian youngsters? So it is, to be sure, and we would expect them to patronize the canteen and mingle there with others. But on closer inquiry it was discovered that only one Ukrainian is taking advantage of the canteen, and that is in a community which includes more than five hundred Ukrainian families.

Something is wrong somewhere. If our boys and girls do not patronize a good thing, then they must be having their fun elsewhere, where the environment may not be as desirable, and where their mothers might feel out of place. If they shy away from the town's canteen, and if the local Ukrainian institutions do not provide any entertainment, then our youngsters are spending their time and money in places that might best be left unmentioned.

Yes, the canteen should concern us to the extent that we ought to copy a good thing for our own good. Our boys and girls may not feel at home in the town canteen and so they stay away from it. But they should be given a chance to try their own.

There is, for instance, a parochial hall that would make an ideal place for canteen. Most of the time it is standing idle, bringing in only sporadic income when it is occasionally used for a dance or for a wedding party. Local Ukrainian organizations would not strain their resources by contributing to the maintenance of a canteen, but they would profit from the increased activity of Ukrainian youth. Our mothers, too, would do no less for their children than other mothers are doing, and the Mothers Club would certainly find a worth while cause to support it by giving its services to the running of a Ukrainian Canteen.

Our boys and girls have returned from the New York Youth Rally in an exalted state of mind, full of enthusiasm and eagerness to do things at home. The canteen idea is offered for their consideration. They cannot do it alone, but with persistence and determination they can convince their elders of the merits of this project in order to push it through with their help.

There would be no upsetting passions and worst of all—all the excitement

of life would be gone—there would be no surprises and the life would become meaningless, sordid and cold.

THE STORY of the UKRAINE

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European Languages
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Published by

Philosophical Library—New York

PRICE \$3.75

SVOBODA BOOKSTORE

P. O. Box 346, Jersey City 3, N. J.

The human fallibilities constitute the every essence of the color of life. If we would live under the regime of perfectionism, there would be no Republicans or Democrats. There would be no taste in life. The human weaknesses and simplicities are the very essence of the taste of life and not a perfection.

Perfectionism is equal to greediness, and no civilization could be called complete with its' greediness, not until it will make a conscious return to simplicities, kindness and reasonableness which in the long run constitute the primary essentials of life, happiness and the importance of our life.

J. E.

The Dumy

Lyrical Chronicle of Ukraine

By PROF. C. H. ANDRUSYSHEN, M. A., Ph. D.

(Concluded)

(2)

IN all similar dumy it is the mother's tears (sometimes curses) and not the Turkish bullets that bring a Kozak low. And it is likewise her tears that save him from the depths of misfortune. The sacredness of filial love is all powerful: preserved, it heals and delivers; neglected, it dooms and destroys. With such strict morality and such rigid conception of duty towards one's parents, is it any wonder that the Ukrainian family has remained throughout the centuries a solid mainstay of national life?

The Tatar inroads and the resulting suffering of the people produced a reaction, the watchword of which was: "Let us all rise as one man in defence of our Christian faith!" The movement assumed the proportions and significance of a crusade; and all who could bear arms considered it their sacred duty and cast aside exalted honor to take part in the expeditions. The movement may also be compared to the chivalrous period of Western Europe, where knightly honor required the paladins to redress wrongs, succor the weak, and free the persecuted and the captives. That was indeed the chivalrous period of Ukrainian history, devoid, however, of the anemic platonic feeling. Here, too, there were "fair damsels" to be freed, but in the main the movement developed not out of a vague ideal, but of sheer necessity. It was gory; the dumy and historical songs simply reek with blood and tears, and the exploits related in them are somewhat as improbable as those in the don quixotish romances of the western nations; but the daring deeds of the Kozaks, although extremely fantastic, are still not beyond the point of credibility, as are on the other hand many episodes of the Spanish *El Cid* or the French Roland, in which the very sport of carnage predominates the purpose that brings it about. The purpose behind the Ukrainian epic is not to cultivate the "pale" love or to enhance the worship of *domnei*, but to fight for the preservation of Christianity and its faithful.

The passion that spurred both the young and the old to take up arms against the Turk is plastically reproduced in many a dumy; and in them one often notes that extreme zeal turns into a rashness that eventually destroys the very end it intends to serve. In several dumy there are strong intimations that moderation is to be preferred to heedlessness, that self-protection is the best policy, and that cool reasoning is more important than juvenile cocksureness.

Heroism

Incomparable heroism and stern sacrifice are concentrated in these historical songs. The greatest of these is that in which are related the exploits and death of Bayda, whom some identify with Dmitro Vishnevetsky, the founder of the Zaporozhian Sich. As the song begins Bayda is rashly making merry in Byzantium itself: the sultan offers him daughter in marriage if he will accept Mohammedanism and consent to rule over the entire Ukraine under the sultan; but the Kozak-knight scorns the prospective bride and curses Islam; whereas the enraged sultan causes him to be hooked by

the ribs and suspended from gibbet. Hanging thus three days and three nights, Bayda finally, with the strength that yet remains in him, snatches a bow and three arrows from a Turk and with a supreme effort kills the sultan's family, thus demonstrating that one must, as long as life remains, war against the enemies of one's faith and people.

This fantastic account conforms with the oral legend evolved around the turbulent figure of Vishnevetsky, whose heart, it is related, the Turks ate in order to gain some of the qualities of courage that enlivened that mighty warrior. It is impossible to say where in this instance the fact begins and the fiction ends; but the deeds of Vishnevetsky against the Turks are historical enough. It was he who organized the Kozaks against the enemy of Christianity and blazed the trail to the land of the Turk for hetman Sahaydachny and others to follow.

Two Categories

The dumy cycle may be divided into two categories:—Firstly, the songs of the captives with their tearful passivity; and those in which one sees a reaction develop into a general crusade of delivery. The second group is that which revolves about hetman Khmelnytsky and, later, relates the inner divisions of the Kozak military organization with the resultant decay and disintegration.

These categories took rise out of the fertile soil of Kozakdom and flourished luxuriously, nourished by the sun of glory that attended these bloody exploits. In all these the Kozaks were the inheritors of the knightly, romantic tradition which reached its acme of lyricism and warlike spirit in the *Slovo o Polku Ihoreve* ("The Tale of Ihor's Campaign") which, although the product of the twelfth century, is nevertheless the greatest dumy in existence.

In the flame of grief and pain is forged the character of an individual as well as that of a nation. In the Turkish raids and in the sufferings of the captives one must seek the rise of lusty and hardy men who are fired into an organized effort to withstand and eventually destroy the enemy. Hence the rise of the Zaporozhian Sich, and out of it—such glowing types as Prince Dmytro Vishnevetsky, the every embodiment of disinterested love for his native land and its people.

Thus it appears that there is an intertwining between the two categories of the dumy. The second (the Khmelnytsky epos) rises out of the first (the captive epos) and both merge into a solid whole, depicting in song the vicissitudes of fortune of a hero's gens, whose common ideal solidifies scattered individual sportive efforts into a general military endeavor and by a strict discipline makes them conscious of their common purpose. And that purpose is:—"Let us all rise as one man to defend our Christian faith... thereby to gain knightly glory..." This refrain recurs time and time again in the dumy, for it is the main motive of the general uprising of the masses. And in that defence of the faith the glory resplendently and reveals the entire people whom one defends: and out

of that discovery one gains the idea of that people's distinct ethnical existence.

The Kozak expeditions against the Turks consolidated that military organization into a mighty instrument against any power seeking to encroach upon the rights of the people. The threat from the south having been stemmed, the Poles, who at that time had overrun eastern Ukraine, sought to assert their mastery over the people by driving them out of their lands and possessions. The peasants who had always looked upon the Kozaks as their protectors, sought their aid against this new danger which threatened them with the loss of their liberties and with the resultant serfdom.

By that time the Kozak organization had become "a state within the state." It sided with the peasantry in the struggle with the Polish nobility and land-owning class. The reaction became greater when the Poles attempted to convert the Orthodox faith to Catholicism. It was then that the protest exploded into an armed warfare. Under hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky the Zaporozhians became the defenders of the political, economic and religious freedom of the Ukrainians. The entire population whose liberties were threatened "turned Kozak," including the Ukrainian nobility. And the cry:—"Let us all rise as one man to defend our Christian faith," used formerly against the Turks, was now turned against the Poles in the defence of national and social freedom of the Ukrainian people.

It was only natural that in the Ukrainian-Polish war that followed a new cycle of songs should take rise, and the popular Muse should exert itself in idealizing both the leader and his followers in their struggle with the common enemy.

Khmelnytsky

In the dumy about Khmelnytsky and Barabash, the former is represented as a crafty hero who by fair means or foul outwits his opponents in order to gain his end. This dumy reminds one of the "Kishka" episode in the "Captive" cycle, with Barabash assuming a role similar to that of Buturlak in that he advises the hetman to gain peace by coming to terms with the enemy. The hetman, however, tricks him and gets possession of secret letters of the Polish king, and according to these he is able to plan his strategy and so gain an upper hand over the Poles.

Khmelnytsky is represented in the dumy of this period as a mighty stalwart who heeds no obstacle. He is somewhat like Charlemagne, as presented in the Frankish epos, brooking no opposition and allowing his foolhardy foes to beard him in his den only at the risk of their lives. And so Khmelnytsky is not only idolized but assumes the proportions of a universal savior of the Christian people as a whole, as is evidenced in the dumy which relates his expedition against Moldavia.

The apotheosis of the hero was however short-lived. It waned soon after the Peace of Bila Tserkov which Khmelnytsky was forced to conclude with the Poles. On the basis of that treaty the number of free Kozaks was limited to twenty thousand; the rest were required to return to their native regions and to the serfdom from which they had fled, hoping that the great hetman would abolish it. Khmelnytsky, however, was constrained to comply with that stipulation at the insistence of the Tatar khan who had an understanding with

the Poles; and in order to keep his promise, he mercilessly crushed several armed protests of the Kozaks against the Polish landlords. As a result of this great betrayal of the cause by Khmelnytsky, the popular ire rose to the degree of utter hatred towards him, and the people soon began to vent their ire against the hetman in words like these:

"May the first bullet not miss
That Khmelnytsky,
And may the second find its way
Into his very heart."

From that time on Khmelnytsky saw that he needed allies against the Poles, and sought them. He tried to force the ruler of Moldavia, Vassil Lupul, into an alliance, but the latter foresaw Polish revenge and refused. As a result the hetman attacked Moldavia and forced Lupul to accept his conditions. This incident is idealized in the dumy "The March on Moldavia," where Khmelnytsky appears in all his amazing doughtiness. His deeds are extolled, and his motives are as yet not questioned. They are, however, questioned in the dumy in which is related the "Rebellion after the Peace of Bilatserkov," which begins with a query. "Was it right, our hetman Khmelnytsky, to make peace with the Poles, with the noble lords at Bilatserkov?" Later, this question expands into a more insistent protest:

"Our lord, hetman Khmelnytsky,
Zinovious, our Sire from Chihirin,
Why have you caused our anger to
rise against you?
Why have you given us over to such
servitude?
In nothing have we now liberty:
The Poles, the noble lords, have de-
prived us of our keys
And have become masters in our
households."

And yet, regardless of the great "betrayal," the people, even as they upbraid Khmelnytsky, still do not lose hope in him, so great has his moral stature become in their fancy. Popular opinion of him is so intensely favorable that it even seeks to excuse him for his faults, and makes it appear that the treaty which he concluded with Tsar Alexis of Russia at Pereyaslav in 1654, which effected a political union of Ukraine and Russia, was prompted by the desire of the people themselves.

Holota and Duky

The period following that treaty is one of the division and disintegration of the Kozak organization. By that time there appeared in the Kozak ranks a wealthy class of landowners, especially among the officers; while the private Kozaks either had to return to the serfdom, from which they had fled, or remain landless and destitute. Hence the enmity between the two classes: the Kozak *holota* (the "wretched") and the wealthy *duky*. The latter not only fail to help their less fortunate fellow-Kozaks but deliberately seek to deprive them of the precious little they do have.

This economic situation is clearly reflected in the dumy about "Handzha Andiber," a representative of the landless class; he was, perhaps, as Hrushevsky suggests, hetman Bryukhovetsky himself, who, also, led a rebellion of the *holota* against the landowners. The subject matter of this dumy is naive: a ragged Kozak, Handzha, enters a tavern in which *duky* are making merry. They ask the tavernkeeper to drive him out, but in spite of her efforts he refuses

(Concluded on page 6)

Lesya Ukrainka's Youthful Years

Freely translated and adapted from Hlib Lazarevsky
By PERCIVAL GUNDY

(Continued)

VII

Impressions of Europe

"DEAR Uncle: It's going to be hard on me in those tiresome Viennese hospitals—a real Purgatory. I'm sure they won't allow me to write. It is also going to be a considerable grief to me not to hear any music, and, of course, I won't be able to play myself. I often think I should have made a better musician that a poetess, but what is one to do when 'Nature has played such a nasty joke' on one? Anyway, I shall be very glad to see Europe and you too, I hope. For a long time I have wanted to see and talk with you face to face, to ask you a lot of questions, both for myself and for others . . .

"Can you tell me of any books about how to write down folk songs? Do you by any chance know of any good new collections of French and German folk songs? Have you seen the new Russian periodicals, 'Living Antiquity,' and 'European Review?' Do you know of any translations of ancient Hindu hymns? . . .

"I have lots of work, but two troubles. First, because of my physical condition, I cannot sit long at my desk. Second, for some reason, the pieces I sent to 'Down' in L'viv don't get into print.

Some of my friends reproach me, saying that my poetry doesn't reveal any marked tendency; they don't deal with present social conditions and national problems; that all they contain are vivid images with a good sense of form . . . But after all, what is one to do? Maybe my muse has no strong tendency. Or perhaps it may be that I express my ideas of my own . . . Some criticize me for running away from nationalistic subjects; they say I go in for the purely literary and intellectual phases of life. It seems to me that the whole trouble lies in the fact that I have a different conception of the meaning of the words nationality, literature, and intellectualism than my critics appear to have. It does make me sad to see that with us here in Ukraine we do not get away from our perpetual quarreling as to whether we ought to write in the pure vernacular or not, whether Halychyna and Volhynia were always Ukraine or not, whether it is better to write scientific works in Ukrainian or in Russian, and so on . . . Let me hear from you. Keep well and forget about your rheumatism for good. I send you a kiss. Yours, Lesya."

Thus Lesya wrote to her uncle from Kolodyazhe, December 8, 1890. We can easily understand how pleased she was when she received a speedy answer from him with satisfactory replies to all her many questions.

"I see very little off your poetry," he wrote in fond reproof. "But my opinion remains still the same. Your muse is a sensible maid and very youthful as yet. She has seen too little of the world so far to have a large stock of impressions and images. She will have to meet more people. It is too bad you have given up the study of English—the English are really the most sensible people in the world, and you can always learn more from them than from any others. When you have got better in Vienna, take up the study of English again."

(7)

On a frosty evening in January, 1891, Lesya stood on the station platform trying to calm all distracted father and younger sister dissolved in tears. She embraced and kissed them and climbed into the passenger car to Olha Petrivna who nervously endeavored to wave farewell with her handkerchief through the closed and frosted window.

Arrived in Vienna, the somewhat bewildered Ukrainian ladies finally found their way to old friends of Uncle Mykhaylo. The upshot of the consultations was not an operation but the use of a complicated apparatus and a long rest to give nature a chance to heal the internal lesions. This helped considerably and both mother and daughter began to feel less bewildered in Vienna and more at ease in their minds. Lesya was allowed to play again and to receive visits from Ukrainian friends—they sang, disputed, and engaged in cheerful chatter.

European life made a great impression on Lesya. She felt as though she had come into another world, broader, better, freer. She wrote: "I shall feel more burdened than before when I get back into my own country. It makes me feel ashamed to realize how enslaved we are, and what is worse, that we endure our bondage so easily and go to sleep under it. Now that I am awake, I find it hard to bear, it grieves me, it hurts. . . I can no longer live as I have done heretofore; it is so gloomy, sad, and dark all around. We must do something or we'll perish; and even if we are doomed to perish, let us not die while sleeping. . ."

When shall it pass? Shall we die without hope?

Cursed be the hands which sink down helplessly!

How can we live in shameful slavery While shades of death are stealing o'er our eyes . . .

Ukraine, 'tis bitter tears I weep o'er thee!

But at the same time Lesya took a deep interest in political affairs in Galicia, Western Ukraine. It seemed to her that the new Radical party led by Ivan Franko and others would work out to great advantage not only in Galicia, but also for the Ukrainians in the Russian Empire. She thought the ideas of the Radical party ought to stir the dormant Ukrainian spirit in Tsarist bondage and arouse the community to a clear realization of its position. She also thought it too bad that the majority of Ukrainians in the Empire were content to rely on the miserable Russian press and in consequence did not perceive what was really going on amongst their brethren across the border. On this subject she wrote to Uncle Mykhaylo:

"In our little group in Kiev there is a strong current of interest in European democratic ideas; they are studying European languages and literatures. This will have the effect of drawing us away from the exclusive study of Russian literature. For this, our group is chiefly indebted to you, Uncle Mykhaylo. I can assure you that we will always stand shoulder to shoulder with you, notwithstanding all the lies and vilifications we hear in regard to you, some of which come even from a few who call themselves 'Ukrainophiles.' We have already thrown this name

"Ukrainophile" into the discard, and ourselves simply 'Ukrainians,' for such we are, although we are even called deserters for doing so."

Lesya returned home from Vienna at the end of February, and in the summer she went to Eupatoria in the Crimea. Here in the morning when she opened the shutters of her white chamber, the golden sunshine flooded in and enveloped her, she smelt the salty tang of the sea, the odors rising from the mud flats left by the ebb-tide and the hot sandy beaches: she saw the sharp outlines of the acacia trees etched against the azure space of the immensely arching sky. During the day she bathed in the sea and then rested her languid body on the beach, always gazing on the glittering wavelets before her. She preferred to do this rather than to look backwards on the rather arid-looking town with its many villas with pointed minarets seeming as though about to kindle into flame with the heat. In the evening the darkness swooped down with semi-tropical suddenness, the moon soon rose out of the sea, a preternaturally gigantic raddish-yellow disc. Slowly it swam up high, becoming smaller and paler until it was casting a shining pathway across the almost unmoving sea—a pathway like molten silver, a pathway leading to happiness and bliss. . . the silence unbroken save for the languid plashing of velvety wavelets on the beach and the monotone of chirping cicadas on every hand.

All this had a beneficial effect on Lesya. In her soul she felt such an imperious desire for activity and self-expression that it was only her defective organism that held her back from great exploits. The last trace of pessimism evaporated, she began to believe in the value of the trip to Vienna; it seemed to her that fate was beginning to regard her with a more benign eye.

Alas! misfortune again overtook the unfortunate girl. All unexpectedly she was stricken down by a bout of typhoid fever, and hopes of complete recovery were retarded, if not frustrated. After recovering from this, Lesya went to convalesce in Bessarabia, in the ancient French colony near Akkerman. Here, however, she had to endure a good deal of anxious trepidation occasioned by bad news about her uncle who had been seriously ill for some time. He lost his voice completely and was unable to carry on his lectures at the University of Sofia. To add to his troubles, the Russian government thought the time opportune to persecute the Ukrainian patriot by making demands on the Bulgarian government for the immediate extradition of "the political refugee, Mykhaylo Drahomaniv." However, the Bulgarian government was honorable enough to refuse to comply with the demand and surrender the man whom

Canada Urged To Receive Ukrainian DPs

A plea that Ukrainian displaced persons be permitted to enter Canada, buttressed by facts showing that they would prove to be a valuable element in Canadian life and progress, was presented last Thursday, June 12, to the Standing Committee of the Senate of Canada on Immigration and Labour by representatives of the Ukrainian Canadian Committee.

The hearing lasted close to two hours. Details concerning it will appear here in our next issue.

Books Abroad

University of Oklahoma Press
Norman, Oklahoma, U.S.A.

From the Spring 1947 issue

TARAS SHEVCHENKO, "The Poet of the Ukraine." Selected Poems. Translated with an Introduction, by Clarence A. Manning. Jersey City. Ukrainian National Association. 1945. 217 pages.

The Ukrainian serf who became a distinguished painter and the most popular poet of Ukraine deserves more attention than he has ever received in this country. Dr. Manning has done a creditable piece of work, both in his informational introductions and in his translation of Shevchenko's most important poems. He furnishes a rapid sketch of the main trends of Ukrainian literature (whose beginnings, in the vernacular, go back no farther than 150 years); a rather detailed life of the poet; a critical examination of his art; and a paper on that rather difficult question, Shevchenko's religion.

Shevchenko is the most articulate of the victims of Czarism, and his life is a symbol of the thwarted Russian peasantry, and, taken from another angle, of Provincial Russia which was once (was only?) mistreated by the central government. Born a serf, freed because he had talent whereas millions of his countrymen died in serfdom, reduced to a second slavery, that of the army, to punish him for his devotion to the cause of Ukrainian autonomy, prematurely old and ailing because he was brave and generous, his life gives added poignancy to his poems. Mostly simple ballads but done with great skill as well as profound emotion, they are touching even in translation. Dr. Manning has done them rather well. He has not always been able to keep them poetical, but neither have many of the world's most famous translators of verse.—H.K.L.

it had itself invited to come and teach in its capital.

(To be continued)

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The UYL-NA President's Message

The recent UYL-NA Rally in New York brought up a point which has been recently apparent. There has been increasing criticism from the older generation that the youth does not take an active or serious enough part in the problems which they (the oldsters) consider to be of paramount importance. Problems such as the age old movement for Ukrainian independence, and the most recent problems of Ukrainian War Relief and Congress Committees are specific instances. They feel that we are too interested in other activities, and that our main objective is to have a "good time." This may be true in some cases, but I am sure that there are very few who would feel that way after amount of thought on the subject.

While it is true that one can argue that it is of small interest to us individually, since we have never seen Ukraine and probably never expect to, and that we can never hope to gain financially from engaging in such activity, those arguments are weak and can be easily set aside. Those youths who were called to serve and were active in areas where the effects of cruelty and oppression were visible at first hand, do not need any convincing. To those who did not experience such things first hand, a few facts might help.

The Ukrainians paid a terrific price in World War II. The brunt of the load on the Eastern front was taken by Ukrainians, since the country was the scene of the bitterest fighting as the German armies were advancing and again when they were retreating. What was not destroyed by the actual fighting, was destroyed by the retreating armies to prevent its use by the enemy.

When in danger of being conquered, even Moscow praised the efforts of the Ukrainians and talked about "Ukrainian Armies." However, for their great sacrifice, the Ukrainians were only to suffer more bitterness and disillusionment, since when the war was safely won, Russia embarked on a new program of violence and oppression. The "happy" repatriation of displaced persons was enough to strike terror in their hearts, and talk of Ukrainian independence was dead because appeasement was the order of the day.

It is not only a Ukrainian problem, since there are other nationalities in the United States who have a similar problem. There are also many Americans who have an even less personal reason or interest than those who are of foreign extraction, but they are now battling against the spread of tyranny similar to that which we took up arms against in the last great struggle. They are motivated by higher ideals than thoughts of personal gain. Surely it is true then that those of us who are actually closer to such things through our parents, should feel that these problems are our personal problems and devote some time to solving them.

The only way in which any unified action can be taken is through organizations. The start of organizational life is in the local social, fraternal or other clubs. The next is the banding together of individual local clubs into Federations, Councils, etc. The final step, of course, is a national organization such as the UYL-NA. Successive steps such as those outlined are almost mandatory to build up experience and stature that the older folks are expecting of the younger genera-

Youth and the U.N.A. Pre-Convention Dance a Success

INCREASE YOUR INSURANCE!

Recently we received a letter from a reader of the Weekly who stated that he was interested in becoming a member of the Ukrainian National Association and wanted to know the maximum amount of insurance he could carry with the fraternal benefit society. This is of general interest so, for the information of our readers, we will devote today's column to a discussion of this subject.

The U.N.A. By-Laws provide specific limitations on the amount of insurance a member may carry, depending on the age of the member. As far as young people are concerned however, it will suffice to say that males between 16 and 35 can insure themselves for the maximum amount of insurance, which is \$3,000, and females between 16 and 40 can insure themselves for \$1,500. In addition both groups may apply for the double indemnity clause.

The U.N.A. has had the \$3,000 insurance limitation for a considerable number of years. Strange as it may seem, however, very few insurance certificates for \$3,000 were issued before Pearl Harbor. As a matter of fact the same was true of \$2,500 and \$2,000 certificates. The great majority of the members had \$500 and \$1,000 certificates. This situation is changing. After Pearl Harbor an increase was noted in the number of applications for insurance in excess of \$1,000. The increase continued throughout the war, and today the tendency seems to be in favor of insurance in amounts of \$1,000 or more. Many certificates were issued in the \$2,000, \$2,500 and \$3,000 categories, and applications for insurance in these denominations are being received in greater numbers than ever before. The interesting part of all this is the fact that the majority of the applicants for the high insurance are American-born or Canadian-born young people.

In recent years it was also noted that many young U.N.A. members applied for and received additional insurance certificates. Large numbers of males have the maximum amount of \$3,000 insurance, and many females have the maximum of \$1,500.

There is no doubt that people have become insurance conscious as a result of the GI or National Service Life Insurance program promulgated by the Government. Every service man and woman was insured under an NSLI policy, and the great majority carried the maximum of \$10,000. Upon separation from the service many ex-GIs retained their NSLI insurance. Most converted NSLI policies are in excess of \$1,000. It was only natural that the emphasis

on high insurance should reflect in U.N.A. applications for membership. It is easy to picture a veteran advising his younger brother to "take out a couple of thousand dollars worth" of insurance, because he has come to think of insurance in terms of thousands. The one-time popular \$500 certificate is giving way to the larger amounts. Many holders of \$500 certificates have increased their insurance by taking out additional certificates.

Some U.N.A. members do not know that they are eligible to apply for additional insurance with the U.N.A. They seem to think that, because they are already members, they cannot have additional certificates. The truth of the matter is that a U.N.A. member may carry as much insurance as permitted by the age limitations. We therefore urge all members who are thinking of additional insurance to give first consideration to the U.N.A. A letter to the U.N.A. stating the type and amount of additional insurance desired will bring a prompt reply and complete information. The address of the Ukrainian National Association is P. O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J. The U.N.A. also invites visitors at its Main Office, 81-83 Grand St., Jersey City.

JOSEPH GURSKI,
President, UYL-NA.

Philadelphia's social highlight of May 1947 in Ukrainian circles was the pre-convention dance sponsored by the Philadelphia Convention Committee of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

This dance proved to be a success both socially and financially, and aroused an especially keen interest among the older generation in the activities of the Ukrainian youth. In addition, one of the Philadelphia newspapers carried a three-column picture of the chairman and the six hostesses of the dance committee.

The groundwork has already been prepared for this first post-war convention which will be held over the 1947 Labor Day Weekend at Philadelphia's Benjamin Franklin Hotel. However, newcomers are still invited to join the committee which meets on Monday evenings at the hotel.

The most pressing and important item on the committee's calendar at present is the preparation of the Year Book which will be published to commemorate this national convention. All persons interested in perpetuating the fine traditions and culture of the Ukrainians are urged to cooperate with the Year Book Committee by submitting their names as boosters or giving an advertisement if in business.

For any further information regarding the 1947 Labor Day Weekend Convention, write to the Chairman, Philadelphia Convention Committee UYL-NA c/o the Ukrainian Hall, 847 North Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARIE Z. MARKO,
Public Relations, Philadelphia
Convention Committee UYL-
NA
745 East Penn Street,
Germantown,
Philadelphia 44, Pa.

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VETERAN RECEIVES DEGREE

Walter T. Shymon, son of Mr. Mrs. Stephen Shymon of Jersey City, N.J., received a bachelor of science degree in electrical engineering at the recent commencement exercises of Newark College of Engineering. He is a veteran of 33 months' service in the

THE DUMY

(Concluded from page 4)

to move. Then one of them takes pity on him and asks her to bring the poor wretch some beer. She sends her servant-girl to the cellar, telling her to draw the worst quality there is; but the maid does the opposite. Having had his fill of the potent beverage, Handzha Andiber produces money, and having spent some of it in feasting with the *duky*, reveals himself as hetman. At a given sign his Kozak retinue appears; and then he orders them to flog the *duky*, except the one who bought him beer. At least in song, if not in reality, the common man has the upper hand over his well-to-do oppressor.

The Kozak Holota, disillusioned in his dreams of liberty, yet seeks to preserve, even in misery, his tattered dignity by taking the law into his own hands and by meting out deserved punishment in the name of his truth and justice. There were many such *holota* and *netyaha* (ragged) Kozaks roaming about Ukraine, and in them one sees to what a sorry degree the Kozak organization was reduced following the treaty of Pereyaslav—to a mere shadow of those warriors who in the previous century rode on the crests of the waves to shake Byzantium itself. Now the offspring of those knights were being disbanded, and their remnants reduced to the low category of a *holota* wandering from place to place, seeking land and glory, both, in vain. For some time yet even those who belonged to the *holota* continued to be idealized in popular songs, but the *dumy* in which they figure, as that in which is related the "Duel of a Kozak Holota with a Tatar," do not ring sincere. These shine only with the reflected glory of the former productions of the kind, in which the atmosphere and the account of the exploits are genuine and worthy of the song. The Kozak who began his existence as a warrior knight on the battlefield, now ends it in the tavern where he seeks to drown his grief in liquor. He becomes a thoroughly disillusioned man. And his decadence causes the deterioration of the *duma*.

These historical ballads and *dumy* continued to be sung by old blind beggars for yet a century after the disappearance of the Kozak organization, and are still occasionally sung by professional "beggars;" but they no longer have their freshness, because the times which produced them have radically changed. If these songs still retain some of their original flavor, it is because the exploits and the heroes they extol have in the course of time been gilded by an aura of legend. They are still romantically appealing, but they are beautiful only as are the ruins of a temple or a castle of ancient fame; and attractive, as are the remnants of those places in which once were performed deeds of daring and honor that serve to remind future generations of the vitality of their forebears.

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Army. His father is employed by the Svoboda, and all members of the family belong to Branch 286 of the Ukrainian National Association.

T. L.

Canadian Vet to Resume Boxing

Wally Karpinka, Ukrainian by descent, was born in Winnipeg on July 25th, 1920, where he attended public schools, graduating from Lord Selkirk Junior High. In pre-war days he used to travel back and forth across Canada, interesting himself in people and places.

As reported in "Opinion"—formerly Ukrainian Canadian Veterans Association "Newsletter"—when war broke out, Wally was not long in joining the forces. "My life seems to have begun on that day in 1940," he said. Army life gave him an opportunity to meet and work with people, and also a chance to travel and see the world. He found that his particular field was sports.

In 1941, he took part in his first test. The event was the Derbert Camp Track and Field Meet. He carried off a medal for coming first in the Hop, Step, and Jump event. He continued the pursuit of sports, and decided that he'd make boxing his particular forte.

A. Sharek was the man who saw Wally put through the paces. He trained with Al, and today, Al is still his sparring partner and coach at the Y.W.C.A.

The big moment came when Debert Camp had its championship bouts. His application and persistence were to be put to a test. He represented the Royal Winnipeg Rifles, and his contenders were Gnr. McCoy of the Artillery, and then Sgt Smith of the 14th Anti-Tank Battery. He proceeded to punch his way to a technical K.O. over the former, and a 22-second K.O. over the latter. He was declared champion of Debert Camp.

Finally, Wally's turn came to go overseas, in August, 1941. Horsham was his next stop. Here he carried off the Regimental All-round Sports Championship, and won the Shot Put and again the Hop, Step, and Jump events in the 7th Brigade meet.

His progress in sports was parallel with his rise in rank. He became Sector Corporal, Crew Commander, Platoon Sergeant, Flame Thrower Sergeant, and Provost Sergeant. But, "I liked training men for sports most of all." He was responsible for putting out three boxing teams in as many years for the Winnipeg Rifles, and the teams proceeded to make a good name for themselves.

He came up for the Third Division Championship finals. Again he carried off the championship. He was still champion of the Grey Patchers when he received his discharge.

An event to remember in his army life was the landing in Normandy on D-Day, in which he took part. He saw action in France, Belgium and Holland. At the head of his platoon of Flame Throwers, an attack was put in against the Siegfried line. The

Only a Dad

Only a dad, with a tired face,
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little of gold or fame,
To show how well he has played the game,
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him come, and to hear his voice.

Only a dad, with a brood of four,
Out of ten million men or more.
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the whips and the scorns of life,
With never a whimper of pain or hate,
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd
Toiling, striving from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way,
Silent, whatever may come his way,
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad, but he gives his all
To smooth the way for his children small
Doing, with courage stern and grim,
The deeds that his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen,
Only a dad, but the best of men.

Anonymous

result was: two killed and three wounded. Wally was numbered among the latter. He recovered from his wound only in time to see the last bit of action in Germany. He returned to Canada from occupational duty on August 17, 1945, and was discharged in November, 1945.

His future in the civilian field seems secure, concludes "Opinion." He is in training again, and will make a bid for top honors in the professional field. If he reaches the top, it will be in same, quiet, unaffected manner that he completed an outstanding career when in uniform.

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WEEKLY BANTER

The following correction appeared in a small town newspaper:

"Our paper carried a notice last week that Mr. John Doe is a defective on the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. Doe is really a detective on the police force."

The policeman's son was looking for some help with his music lesson.

"How many beats are there to the bar in this piece, Daddy?" he asked.

"That's a fine question to ask a cop," snorted the father. "Ask me how many bars to the beat, and I can tell you!"

He was the final speaker at a banquet. Speakers before him had droned on interminably. The audience was bored almost to tears. The toastmaster announced, "Wilton Lackaye, the famous actor, will give you his address."

Lackay rose and said, "Gentlemen, my address is the Lambs Club, New York." Then he sat down. The applause was tremendous.

An old darky approaching the minister: "Pahson, suh," he said, "Ah wants you all ta pray for me."

"Well, Rastus, what's wrong?"

"Suh, ah's got a floatin' kidney, suh."

"But, Rastus," replied the minister, "I can't pray for physical things like that; I only pray for the spiritual things."

"You all can't pray for a floatin' kidney? Den how come you all prayed last Sunday fo' the loose livahs?"

Did you hear about the man who ordered a radio from a mail house? He sent a telegram reading: "Send radio, if good will forward check." The mail order house replied, "Send Check, if good will forward radio."

"Was your husband badly hurt when he was struck by a car?"

"Yes, he suffered from conclusion of the brain."

"You mean concussion of the brain, don't you?"

"No, sir, I means conclusion. He's dead."

"Richie, you're a pig. You know what a pig is don't you?"

"Sure, Daddy. A pig is a hog's little boy."

Smither was preparing to take a solo jaunt up into the mountains, when Jake, the grizzled old camp guide, stopped him to check up his supplies.

"You gotta map an' a compass?" asked Jake.

"Certainly," replied Smithers.

"Hev you gotta deck of playing keerds?"

"Why no", rejoined Smithers. "What in the heck do I need with a deck of playing cards?"

"It might save your life, son" old Jake replied. "I always carry a pack with me. If you get lost, son, just set down and begin playin' a game of solitaire. Next thing you know some fool will pop up behind you and begin telling you what to do next."

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