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FIVE CENTS elsewhere.

WEEKLY No. 25

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THE NEW ARRIVALS

QUITE unobtrusively but very definitely there is a new element entering into our Ukrainian American population and organizational life. It is composed of those Ukrainian displaced persons who through the vagaries of fortune—in their case, good fortune—have managed to reach these shores and in most cases are destined to become part of the American scene.

On the whole, they are people who at the outbreak of the recent war lived in their native land—Ukraine. Eventually many of them found themselves in Nazi slave-labor camps. Many of them underwent the horrors, suffering and hardships of what constitutes war, especially the last one.

At its close, they steadfastly refused to return to their homeland. They resisted—even unto death itself in some cases—efforts to force them to return.

The reason for this was and is simple. Much as they love Ukraine, they dare not return to it, because as Ukrainian patriots, as those who desire and strive to see it free and independent, they well know what the Soviet Russian misrulers would do to them if they returned. It would be a matter of ruthless persecution, purges, banishment to forced labor camps, imprisonment, or outright “liquidation.”

Moreover, aside from their pro-free Ukraine and democratic aspirations, the Ukrainian DPs know well, too, from bitter personal experience and knowledge that the Soviet totalitarian rule with its completely callous disregard of the most elementary human rights, is even more vicious and inhuman than Nazi rule was in its heyday.

Such then, in broad outline, is the background of the Ukrainian displaced persons—some of whom, as we have already mentioned, have had the good fortune to emigrate to this land of freedom and opportunity.

It is quite evident, in the light of their background, that the new arrivals on the whole have certain personalities, qualities, views and opinions—which in aggregate eventually may have a certain influence on our Ukrainian American life and conceptions of things.

An Influence or a Collision?

The question is now whether it will be an influence on Ukrainian American life—or a collision with it.

We hope and believe that it will be the former, that the new Ukrainian immigrants—for that is actually what they are—will gradually adjust themselves to the realities of our way of life and contribute their share to its development—which is based on sound American democratic principles and a devotion to the cause of Ukrainian national freedom.

To be sure, the adjustment of the new arrivals to Ukrainian American life is, and will not be for quite some time, an easy matter. This fact is quite evident already now. The matter, however, is too complex in its nature and too far-reaching in its implications to be treated adequately within the confines of this space. Still some of its points can be touched upon here.

There is, for instance, a steadily growing number of complaints from the new arrivals that our Ukrainian American life is not what they think it should be, that it is not Ukrainian enough, that it is rather shallow, that so many of our younger generation do not or care not to use Ukrainian in their speech or in their writing. There is also the complaint from some of them that the Ukrainian Weekly is published not in Ukrainian but in English. There has also been some criticism of the recent outstanding in all respects UYL-NA Rally in New York in not being Ukrainian enough. In fact one of the new arrivals went so far as to criticize young American-born characters taking part in the Kozaks' Reply to the Sultan scene in the Rally Festival because, of all things! in reciting their lines in Ukrainian they used the “Halytsky” (Western Ukrainian) accent and not the Eastern Ukrainian accent!

There has also been a complaint that the “many million dollared” Ukrainian National Association has not made it its business to provide for the transportation of Ukrainian DPs into this country—overlooking the fact that the laws of this country do not allow it, or the further fact that the U.N.A. and its members, through its National Fund, its press and other facilities deserve the chief credit for Ukrainian American progress and aid to Ukrainians abroad, including the DPs themselves.

It is not our purpose to reply to these and similar complaints about Ukrainian American life made by some of our new arrivals (we use the word “some” advisedly). Actually most of these complaints are based on a general misconception of things. Undoubtedly there is much to criticize in Ukrainian American life, but it is not along the lines as mentioned above.

We believe that with the passage of time, our new arrivals will begin to perceive things and values in Ukrainian American life which as yet they cannot see. Some notable exceptions among them recognized them immediately, and as result they are

Ukrainian Woman Sentenced to Death in Poland

An Associated Press dispatch from Warsaw dated June 24, 1947 reported that a Polish military court has condemned to death a Ukrainian woman, Lubomira Bohaczewska, described as “a Ukrainian nationalist leader.”

Bohaczewska was charged with commanding units that fought the Soviet-dominated Polish government and of having contacts with Ukrainian nationalist organizations in Czechoslovakia, the dispatch states.

It is quite obvious here that the units and organizations referred to in the Warsaw dispatch are those of the famous UPA (Ukrainska Povstancha Armiya)—Ukrainian Insurgent Army, a determined guerilla force fighting military units of the Soviets or their satellites and having as its objective the freeing of Ukraine.

The AP dispatch notes that Zynovia Dacko, described as an aid of Lubomira Bohaczewska, was sentenced by the same Polish military court to fifteen years' imprisonment.

From other sources, reports arrive of increased Ukrainian underground activity throughout Ukraine. In this underground movement the youth are playing a leading part, risking and losing their lives in the process. Their devotion to the Ukrainian cause and sacrifices in its behalf constitute one of the most heroic chapters in Ukrainian history.

Those of them who have been caught by the NMHB (new name for the former NKVD, formerly OGPU, formerly Cheka), Soviet secret political police, are usually tortured in a horrible fashion in an attempt to force information out of them, and then are promptly executed.

Red Polish Persecution of Ukrainian Intensified

The persecution, arrests, imprisonments and executions of Ukrainians in Soviet-dominated Poland are steadily increasing, according to reliable reports reaching this country.

Among the latest incidents reported is that which occurred in Cracow. There agents of the Polish UB (secret “security” police, an arm of the Soviet Russian NMHB, for-

merly NKVD) threw a cordon around the local Ukrainian Catholic parish home, occupied by Rev. Hrab, and arrested everyone entering it. Over sixty persons were thus seized during May 12-19.

Those who were Poles, were soon released, but the Ukrainians were imprisoned.

UYL-NA Festival Proceeds Go For Ukrainian Relief

At a meeting of the Metropolitan Area Committee of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, held last Tuesday, June 24, 1947, at the Ukrainian Democratic Club on St. Mark's Place in New York City, it was revealed that the total proceeds of the recent UYL-NA Festival program held in New York, amounting to over nine hundred dollars, will be turned over for Ukrainian relief purposes, specifically for the legal and material aid of the Ukrainian DPs.

Following the discussion on the Rally and its Festival, which were held over the last Memorial Day weekend, discussion was held concerning the possibility of arranging

contributing valuable elements to our organizational life and activity

It is all a question of adjustment. We to them, and they to us. Understanding and tolerance, as well as good faith, are required of both sides.

Ukrainian Labor Congress in France

The Second Congress of the Union of Ukrainian Workers in France took place in Paris early this month, according to the *Ukrainienne en France*, a Ukrainian publication coming out in Paris.

The organization is composed of old and new immigrants in France.

The congress elected Ivan Popovich as president of the Union of Ukrainian Workers in France. Also elected to its executive board were Y. Zablotsky, D. Shtykalo, Dr. Kichun, A. Pasternack, Bryniavsky, Hrushetsky, M. Turin, and Prof. Voliansky.

another Ukrainian cultural program, along the lines of the Festival, presented by N.Y.-N.J. metropolitan area young people of Ukrainian extraction, with proceeds going to aid Ukrainians in Europe.

The meeting was conducted by the chairman of the Metropolitan Area Committee, Mr. Walter Bacad, pictured below.

A Veteran's Viewpoint

By DANIEL SLOBODIAN

(Talk delivered at UYL-NA Rally forum session, held in New York City, Hotel New Yorker, Saturday, May 31, 1947)

LOOKING at this assembly of Youth attending this Ukrainian Youth's League of North America Rally, reminds me of an explorer named Ponce de Leon.

You know, if he really had found a fountain of Youth there are a few of us here who could stand a drink or two of that water.

For reasons beyond your control and over my protest I shall speak on a Veteran's Views. I hope to make this as painless as possible for both of us.

While in service we all dreamed of the day we'd return to civilian life. What a Life! No more petty regulations, no strict discipline, get up when you please, go where and when you please, no hikes, no inspections or daily calling downs. The big joke to us was that pulp magazines were flooding the country with some quack psychology that this process of re-adjusting to Civilian Life was going to be a difficult thing to do. The public however was believing the things they read.

Ex. You've probably heard of the worried father who asked Gen'l Eisenhower what he should do about his son who hasn't done a lick of work ever since his return from service. Eisenhower tried to explain that it is necessary to give the boy a little time to get readjusted. Then the father said, "Yes, but he's a veteran from the first World War."

No psychological problems, with very few exceptions was not a serious problem for the Veteran. After all, he was 1A when taken, he was the cream of America, it is unfair to try to make 4F's of all of them.

Here are some real problems of the Veteran.

Employment

The veteran in competition with millions of other veterans found good jobs already taken by the \$65 a week patriots. He got what was left. Seniority in too many cases was a bar. When lay-offs came he was and still is the first to go. The unions, too, by their selfish restrictions kept many vets from learning new trades.

Education

One of the few really good benefits offered the veteran under the G.I. Bill of Rights is the opportunity of going to school at government expense. Statistics, however, show that of all veterans who applied, 1 in 5 was able to take advantage of this. The lucky one vet in 5 who got into a school found \$65 a month for subsistence insufficient. Result was his bank account is taking a beating, small as it is. On the job training has been so exploited by greedy employers that Gen'l Bradley himself has said it constitutes a black-eye to

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the American public in its relations with the veterans. Imagine anyone so low as to hire a veteran for \$15 a week to be an assistant gasoline station attendant and making the government pay the difference from on-the-job training funds.

Many veterans could benefit from this free-education program but are not. Many of you could take some evening courses that would do you good. The trouble is you're too lazy. Under the broad interpretations being taken of this act you can even learn to dance, take up photography, radio, etc.

Before taking up the next topic, I'd like to relate an incident that happened in France. My company was hiking down a road when suddenly all eyes became riveted on three French girls walking toward us. A small but aggressive G.I. decided he would try out some of the French he had learned so he said, "Bon jour Mademoiselles, Comment ca va: Mon Cheri, mon Chou chou, Je vous aime beaucoup..." Hearing this one of the girls turned around and in pretty good English said, "Aw shut up, Shortee". You know I'm sure most G.I.s agree that considering the French versus the American women I'll take the American anytime. Another observation that can be made is the difference in the standards of living of the countries they visited with that of the U. S. Now France along with Great Britain and Germany were considered first class powers. Yet, in these countries the average citizen never saw the comforts enjoyed by the average American. Bicycles or horse drawn carriages are still the main means of transportation, most homes do not have the plumbing, refrigerators, washing machines, etc. that makes for our high standard of living. If it is thus in these first class countries, just imagine how it must have been with the countries from which our parents came from! I'm sure that most veterans who saw other countries, realized what a struggle his parents had to make to come to America and make good. A new appreciation and feeling of respect for our parents is only natural when we consider the many obstacles they had to overcome not made easier with the added burden of not speaking a word of the English language... Say, I'm getting off my subject. One of the first things I noticed on arriving back to U. S. were the houses. Over there we got used to seeing whole towns ruined nearly completely, every town we reached was a wreck. Here in the U. S. every house was standing not one even marred. It looked fine to the vet.

Housing

Until he tried to find one to live in. It is an ironical fact that the same group that had to make so many sacrifices during the war must continue to make more after the war.

Prices

I'm not an economist, nor am I interested in different interested groups' lame excuses. All during the war prices were kept to a reasonable level. Everyone, Industry, Labor, and Distributors, cooperated magnificently in the war effort. The war ends and suddenly everyone gets

greedy. A loud noise by the National Manufacturers Association promises that if rationing and price controls are lifted a temporary increase will shortly be followed by lower prices. Well, we are still waiting for this to happen. Why can't the same cooperation that won the war be had now in peacetime?

Peace

You veterans undoubtedly remember some of the excellent propaganda films we saw in service: The Battle of Britain, The Fight for Poland, Why Russia Fights. These films were good but they oversimplified the case and conveniently left out situations that were politically inopportune or untimely. In the beginning, Finland was hailed by the press as a valiant little nation fighting to preserve its independence against an aggressor. Later when she fought to regain her sovereign territory, she was castigated by the western powers. What she was doing was all right but it was working out to the wrong side. Not being a Communist who can change his line of thinking overnight, this bothered me. Our so-called great Russian ally was being whitewashed in such a fashion as to make it appear like a new born angel descended on earth. Its grabs of Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Ukraine, its crimes against its own citizens, the mass starvations, its purge-killings, its slave labor, all these sins were forgiven. The American press, aided by the Pinks and Left wingers, was even saying Russia is a democracy. To those of us of Ukrainian extraction who knew this Red Fascism for what it is, it was hard to reconcile the American principles under which we were brought up. At this late date we find that in various agreements with the Russians in the interest of opportunism our principles were being forgotten or compromised. Because we allowed compromises on the basic freedoms of man, we now find that though we have won the war we have not yet won the peace. So long as people anywhere on this small earth are denied freedom of speech, worship, freedom from fear and want there can be no lasting peace.

Preparedness

Because there is no peace today, I believe this country should maintain

What They Say

R. T. Haslam, a vice-president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, in a recent pamphlet called "America's Real Resources":

"It is no mere coincidence that our method of doing business has developed in a land devoted to ideals of personal liberty, or that the totalitarian systems of fascism and communism not only restrict or prohibit competitive business, but also restrict or eliminate other liberties. In all history there has not been any important society in which there was freedom of worship and freedom of speech but not economic freedom. Whether economic liberty grows out of political liberty or the other way around, seems beside the point. What is important is that they always exist together."

a military force to insure that we are not caught unprepared a third time. One year's service of every youth reaching 18 would, besides making us prepared at all times for all emergencies, make men out of the boys instead of pampered mother's darlings. It would make for a citizenry aware of its duties and responsibilities toward its government. If Switzerland has had conscription for years and is still the oldest existing democracy, we should make no bones about having preparedness here.

So far I have just scratched the surface on a few problems confronting the veteran. The logical question to follow is "what to do about it?" The public's memory is short. You veterans will soon be, if you are not already, forgotten. So far everything that has been done for you has been done by the public conscience. It's time you started doing something for yourselves. I note a lethargy among you. Snap out of it. "Get-on-the-ball." Get more active in your community life.

There is a lot to do. Let's look at one small example. Look at our Ukrainian National Homes. They serve a fine purpose. They are the center of Ukrainian-American civic and cultural life. Yet, how many of you would bring your outside friends to visit it. Why? Because in most cases they are old, dingy, dank, decrepid looking places. Besides a picture of George Washington and Taras Shevchenko, there is actually no American or Ukrainian culture to see.

In my own home town of Elizabeth (N.J.) the boys returned from service, looked the place over and said, "Holy smokes, the way it was when we left is the same way it is now that we're back. Even the same dirt is on the floor." These boys did something, however. At the next yearly meeting they elected a few youths in as officers, and demanded that the home be renovated. Today, though there are still some improvements that can be realized, Elizabeth is proud of its Home.

This is a small example of what can be done when men of action get together. These conventions and rallies have a fine purpose in exchanging ideas and finding out what is happening in other communities, but it is in your home town where all real action starts. Get active in your own community. Stop Talking and Do Something!

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On Records - - By Ted Victor

OFTEN I have been asked by people whether I really own all of the records I review in this column. Much to my sorrow I must reply in the negative. However, I must admit that it really doesn't matter too much. For after all, there are always the record shops where one may hear one's favorite recordings. But as in many other things there is an art to buying and listening to records. Too many people fail to utilize the facilities at their disposal at their local record dealers. Too often they go into the store, buy either a single record or a large amount and then walk out. Or else they spend some two or more hours listening to the records they know they are going to buy that same day. If you are in either of the above categories then by all means read and heed the following words.

A trip to the record shop requires preparation just as most things do in this life of our. About an hour spent with the record catalogues or possibly a consolidated listing such as the "Recordaid" previously to your excursion down town will heighten your listening pleasure no end. It is perfectly understandable that there are some selections that are very much in your favor at this time. If they are records, however, that you can possibly hear over the radio or at a friend's house, then by all means don't bother with them. Rather I suggest that you study your catalogs carefully and pick out records that you know will be unusual and interesting for you. After all, not many people possess a collection of records such as your record dealer. After you have picked out the records you really want to hear, choose a few more that you know will be hard to get. (Victor Black Seal Classical Records are usually not in stock). Put these at the very beginning of your list and remember these few points. Pick a slow day for your shopping. Make the dealer search for all the records you know he doesn't have first. In a very nice way make him realize that you are very fussy about your music. Ask the price of some expensive items which you know you can't afford to buy. After that meekly and imploringly ask him if it would be possible for you to hear a few of the recordings. And remember, never give them to him too soon. Rather I suggest that you ask him to hold them aside so that you may make up your mind at leisure. A few questions concerning his health and family, strategically inserted, also help.

If you have followed instructions closely you may find yourself listening to some unusual records, perhaps such as I have listed below. I bought two of them. How many are you going to have?

Echo Song of DeLassus performed by the Augustana Choir. Victor No. 1971.

Estrellita (Little Star) by Ponce performed by Nina Koshetz. Victor No. 4040.

Thunderinn and Wonderinn in Deep River, performed by Ezio Pinza (basso). Columbia No. 1738-D.

Tritsch-Tratsch Polka. Johann Strauss performed by Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra. Victor 11-9188.

Fantasy Impromptu by Chopin

Peg O' My Heart by Eisher-Bryan, performed by the Harmonicats with Rhythm Accompaniment. Victrolacoustic No. U-578.

Mosquito Dance by White performed by Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra. Victor No. 4319.

Perpetual Motion, J. Strauss, performed by Mengelberg and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam.

Cossack Dance, by Straus. Columbia No. 9076-M.

Jota Navarra by Sarasate, performed by Ossy Renardy. Columbia No. 69621-D.

Lost Chord;

Autumn Sea, performed by the Associated Glee Clubs. Columbia No. 7354-M.

UKRAINIAN RECORD OF THE WEEK

Exchange of Notes Between Turkish Sultan and the Zaporozhian Kozaks performed by the Don Cossack Chorus. Conductor Jaroff. Columbia No. 749-M.

This is another one of the flashy but ever interesting Don Cossack numbers. There a number of folk-songs here that the arranger Shvedoff has used in order to present

Independence Day - - By G. H.

THE conversation with a Ukrainian ex-GI, seemed to put him into a solemn, meditative mood. He spoke in a slow monotone as if to himself, as if he were reluctantly exposing his innermost feelings which lay hidden in his bosom.

"I have seen my buddies killed outright, and worse than that—I have seen them monstrously mangled, with a pleading look and hopeless despair written on their faces. I have been nicked too, and suffered hardships and privation. But the only time my eyes filled with tears was on the eve of a drive when a strain of our national anthem reached my ears. In that moment I felt a certain pride in being an American—a strange kind of pride, one which made me bow my head with a whisper 'Thy Will be done'. At the same time I hoped that my part in the war would repay the debt of my folks to America for the home they found here."

some of sort of interpretation of that famous painting by Repin. Listen to it and judge for yourself.

I am sure that the above statement expresses the sentiment of many other veterans. "God's Country" was the name applied to America by our men in service on foreign soil. God's Country it is to many thousands all over the world, who dare not return to their native land. It has been God's Country to us, fortunate Ukrainians, who immigrated or were born here, and a thought of gratitude would be in order on the anniversary date of America's Independence.

Ukrainian immigration to America is comparatively recent. Ukrainians cannot boast of their ancestors participating in the Revolutionary War, or of having any part in making the United States a land of liberty and freedom. But they did contribute their share of blood and sweat toward preserving this country free, and that is all that matters. The question may never come up in any form, but the Ukrainians and their descendants in America will always know that their debt of gratitude has been paid by the sons of immigrants in the last two world wars. And knowing this, they will retain the self-confidence that will keep on par with other nationality groups.

Wars come and go and are soon forgotten, for wars alone do not make a country. Creative genius made this nation the greatest in the world, and the Ukrainians did their share in the mines and steel mills to make the country what it is. Call it the product of American labor, if you wish, but let us not forget that the American labor contained many nationalities, among them the Ukrainians too. They have all contributed something to make America great, although their contribution lost its identity in the process of transformation to something distinctly American.

Not all efforts of nationality groups lose their identity however, and some of their accomplishments serve as an index to their influence on the American way of life. Their organizations and institutions, whether religious, humanitarian or commercial, indicate the cultural level attained by a nationality. Although these are identified with a nationality group, nevertheless they are American institutions for they operate through their people for the general good of America.

If we were asked what the Ukrainians in America had accomplished, our attention would immediately turn to the institutions created by Ukrainians. We would point to the U.N.A. as an example, which unites 15% of all Ukrainians in America, and we would not mention the unorganized 85%. We would point to our churches, schools, and newspapers. For these would serve as an index to our progress in the country where progress is unlimited. These would show how we appreciate the freedom of enterprise that we find in America.

The usual Fourth of July theme deals with the freedom won by the colonists in America and with the freedom's blessings to the living generations. The blessings of freedom in America are enjoyed by the Ukrainian Americans too. They must not bury it like the biblical talent, but earn that freedom by constant efforts, organized efforts, toward making America a better place to live in.

Trivia - - - By Sophia

NOW'S the season that people start spending their days at the beach, if not every nice day, then Saturdays and Sundays. It's true that some people exist that don't like the beach, as there are some kids who don't chew bubble gum, but neither is in the majority, as witness the Coney Island crowds on a hot day in July. There are usually more people on the beach than those that are left in the other five boroughs. Sure, everybody enjoys the beach, even though there's seldom anything new that happens.

Sunday morning, when it's sunny and warm, finds the family scurrying about in preparation for a big day at the shore. Inevitably there are box lunches to be packed, blankets to be found, and the portable radio to be repaired, all within a short half hour. Sometimes these details take a little longer than expected, and the gang can consider itself lucky if they jump into the old Ford and start out before noon. On their merry way they go, getting stuck in heavy traffic and complaining about it for the next hour, but finally, along with the other hundreds of cars, they sight sand... as well as water. Voila! Here at last! You can almost hear the old jalopy heave a sigh of relief as each person tumbles out of the car.

The gang moves forward, bag and baggage, looking for a likely spot with every advantage they can possibly conceive, and eventually drop themselves and their bundles in the only place they find with a few feet of space. Good enough. We won't be here all day, anyhow, they feel. Little do they know that the beach is to become more crowded yet, and that they're fortunate to find a place where the sun reaches. This is still the beginning of the outing, and since the mercury is hitting 90, everybody's anxious to get in the swim, so you always find somebody in the bunch who has been invited along for the express purpose of sitting with the belongings while everyone else is in the water.

As the hours pass, the crowd gets around to the usual beach routine of eating, sun bathing, leap frog, a poker game, and calisthenics. There's always someone in the bunch who gets a severe case of sunburn after falling asleep in the sun, and there are always a few jokers who insist on dunking you in the cool, clear surf about an hour before it's time to leave, which means that you shiver for a whole hour. Right before leaving the beach, somebody remembers there are a half dozen sandwiches which have been in hiding, and the party sits down to regain some of the energy lost during the day.

After all this, the area is checked to see if there are any wallets, watches or mink coats left around, and after ascertaining that all such valuables are in the car, the crowd once again climbs into the rested Ford, exhausted from playing too hard. For some reason or other, there is always less room in the car when going home, or at least that's the way it seems. Once on the road, some member of the party will start to sing, and the rest of the tired bunch makes a feeble attempt at joining in, but this soon dies out due to lack of spirit and ambition. Everyone is exhausted, and the driver tries his best to keep his eyes open. Such is the penalty for going to the beach, and as fatigue asserts itself, everyone swears he's had enough of the beach... at least until next Sunday.

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

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

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(Continued)

(9)

AFTER what she considered a proper time had elapsed, Lysaveta appeared in the doorway with an abrupt: "Well, what now?"

With a special kind of gesture, a mixture of dignity and contempt, Yelysaveta Ivanivna pointed in silence to the cat which was comfortably reposing on one of the armchairs. Lysaveta, remaining in the doorway, with what was probably a fictitious calmness but with what was intended to be biting sarcasm, simply said: "Oh, was that all you called me to see?" then turned round and went out.

At this all the Kosaches exploded in gleeful laughter. Yelysaveta Ivanivna was so taken aback, that she didn't even insist any further on the removal of "Lysaveta's cat," which merely blinked its green eyes and redoubled its purring as though to emphasize its perfect neutrality in the whale passage of arms.

Lesya also found a good deal of amusement in the Hadyache chief of police, Petrenko, who did nothing else but try to track down suspicious persons in the place. Often he would stride about the town all evening until the small hours of the night, peering at everybody he saw. He was always greatly displeased when any of his acquaintance greeted him. "Did you have to recognize me?" he would say on such occasions. Lesya thought her grandmother was perfectly right when she said; "Yes, indeed, my dear. It would take more than one Gogol to do justice to these parts of ours."

Generally speaking, the young Kosaches led a life somewhat out of the usual for them—all the time meeting new people, spending many an evening rowing on the Psiol. One they frequently met with was a former school companion and sincere friend of Uncle Mykhaylo's, Mykola Vasylovykh Kovalevsky with a head like an apostle's. In company with this old man with the crystal-clear soul the Kosach girls felt as though they were with one of their own age. They often visited his home and played in the garden with his daughter Halya, with whom Lesya struck up a great friendship.

Swiftly the golden days and starry nights of June in Hadyache passed, and then, first by carriage to Pisk. Thence by railway to Kremenchuk, across the ferry to another railway line to Mykolayev. Here Lesya and Lila took the steamer to Odessa where they were to be present at the wedding of Margarita Komarova. After a short stay the sisters returned to Kolodyazhne.

And now there occurred an event of thrilling interest to all the family, but particularly to Lesya. It had long been speculated upon but now it was suddenly a reality. Mysha, his sister's dear companion, who seemed so recently a boy but who now wore moustaches and beard, giving him a strong resemblance to Uncle Mykhaylo, announced to his parents his intention of making Shura Sudovshchikova his wife. Shura was a splendid girl. She had grown up with the young Kosaches like one of the family. It was settled that the wedding should take place in Kiev in September, that Lesya should be present amongst the principal guests, and so the usual hectic time of preparations began. After all this was over Lesya's mind went back to her plans for going abroad.

She wrote to her uncle that probably in a year's time she might be seeing him. "People say: 'See Naples and die.' Well, I say the same to you, but instead of Naples, I mean Sofia." Meanwhile a family council at Kolodyazhne had decided to send Lesya and Lila to Kiev for the winter for further study in order "to scale the rocky heights of Parnassus." Olha Petrivna preceded them to Kiev, chose suitable rooms for her twenty-two-year-old Lesya and sixteen-year-old Lila, and saw them comfortably settled before she went home again.

With a good deal of zeal Lila began to study French, German, and all the rest, while Lesya, together with her bosom friend, Lyuda Starytska, took up her long-cherished dream, the subject so constantly urged by Uncle Mykhaylo—a thorough study of English. Their teacher was an Englishwoman, a certain Mrs. Kopykina, who notwithstanding her one hundred-per-cent name, could hardly speak a word of Russian. "O for the time when I can read Shakespeare in the original!" cried Lesya enthusiastically.

Lesya led a most active life in Kiev this winter. Besides studying English, she read a great deal, painted, and played. She took part in a small literary group called the "Pleiad," writing brochures for the masses on Ukrainian history and other educational topics. She helped Lila in her endeavors to "scale the rocky heights of Parnassus." The sisters did not even go home for the Christmas holidays. They took three days off for holiday arranging with the Starytskys, parties, dances, theatre and concerts, and then went back to work again. When engaged in creative work on stories of poems, Lesya worked feverishly, sometimes staying at her desk until 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning.

Knowing how much it interested him, she described in her letters to her uncle the life in Kiev as she saw it. "One great trouble with us here," she wrote, "is that many people think that merely speaking Ukrainian in public intercourse is sufficient to entitle them to be called patriots, workers for the national cause, persons of real convictions. Of course it is only right and proper to talk in Ukrainian but you ought to hear how they do sometimes talk it! In a word—it's terrible!" In another place she wrote: "There are no longer many of your old friends left in Kiev, but still there are some. I see them fairly often and there are some that I am very pleased to call my friends also. Others of your former friends are no longer worth of the name. Among our younger generation they are treated with courtesy, but I find it hard to talk to them. But," she added with youthful fire, "let those who are hostile to you bark all they like; there are others here who will take all the bite out of them." She closed these frequent letters of hers from Kiev with the assurance that her love was active rather than passive, and that she would soon prove it by deeds.

However, all this active life had a baneful effect on Lesya's frail physique: her indefatigable work at desk, easel, and piano, the constant walking about the streets of Kiev, all put a great strain upon her affected ankle. She was also burdened by bad news coming from Uncle Mykhaylo. He was

seriously sick again, had lost his voice for several weeks by which he was prevented from lecturing. He would probably have to retire from his post at the university, and then how would they live?

Lesya wrote to him immediately, endeavoring to comfort and encourage him: "You will improve when summer comes, I am sure. You lost your voice twice before and got it back again. Anyone is apt to lose his voice for a time, sick as you have been. You will write, you will publish again; your time has not yet run out by a long, long way."

At Easter the sisters returned to their beloved, green Kolodyazhne. From there Lesya wrote a letter to her uncle in which she definitely declared her intention of visiting Sofia in May. "If you do not object, and if no circumstances arise to prevent it. Only these two reasons, nothing else, can frustrate my purpose, for I am fully determined. Write me as soon as possible. I shall await your reply like the thirsty earth waits for refreshing dew from heaven. It seems to me that poetry must become much better when I have an opportunity of talking it over in detail with you."

On receiving this letter, Mykhaylo Petrovych wrote to his sister. It goes without saying that they would all rejoice at Lesya's coming; but he feared that her stay with them, sick as he was and depressed in consequence, might have a harmful effect on his niece.

In her reply, Olha Petrivna pointed out that "Lesya realizes very well indeed all the physical and moral sufferings you have had to undergo and against which you are still fighting. Fate has dealt hardly with her, too. Because of this you are all the nearer and dearer to her. Receive her as your own dear child, that is all."

X

Life in Bulgaria

Truly, fate at last seemed to smiling on Lesya. She was now considerably stronger. She limped, indeed, but with the aid of cane she was able to walk about freely, even at a fairly good pace. Her long cherished dream of seeing her uncle personally was about to be realized.

Early in June, 1894, Lesya arrived in Sofia to spend a month in her uncle's home. However, as we shall see, her stay was prolonged for over a year. So absorbed was she in the joy of meeting her relatives, that she, usually so punctual in such matters, neglected to write home for nearly a week, not even to report her safe arrival at journey's end. But she did not remain very long in Sofia itself. A month after her arrival,

Mykhaylo Petrovych, whose condition was getting more serious, was compelled to leave for Paris accompanied by his wife in order to get medical advice there. Therefore Lesya, together with the Shyshmanovs, left the city to spend July and August at Vladaya, a charming resort not far away in the wild mountain country which surrounds Sofia almost up to the suburbs of the city.

From here she wrote gaily to her uncle: "Well, here I am, up the tree—or rather, under a tree high up on a mountain. My forest soul is completely satisfied here. My habits have undergone an entire change—I get up early, I can even walk about among the rocks on the mountain side. I saunter about a good deal and view the landscape o'er. Everything here suits me admirably. Vladaya is going to be very beneficial to me." Only thing that troubled her was whether she would be able to see her uncle again before she took her departure for home. She had already got permission from her parents to stay a little longer than originally planned.

She wrote to congratulate her uncle on his thirtieth wedding anniversary (August 29), saying she expected to live to see his golden wedding day. "Soon," she wrote, "people will be celebrating your other anniversaries (his fifty-third birthday and the thirtieth anniversary of the beginning of his scientific and literary activity, both of which fell September 6). Then, I hope, you will see a demonstration of the fact that despite your enemies in Ukraine, there are far more of your sympathizers living there. I know for a certainty that among the younger generation you have far more friends than foes. As to myself, I want to be your disciple, to merit the right to call myself by that name; and even if it falls to my lot to bear a small part of the abuse and recriminations you have had to endure, I shall not grieve a bit. I feel that I shall return to Ukraine much better than when I left it."

In September Lesya and the Shyshmanovs returned to Sofia, and, with her parents' permission she arranged to prolong her stay until October in view of Mykhaylo Petrovych's expected return from Paris. With a good deal of energy she began to study the Bulgarian language. She wrote to her uncle: "I'm getting quite Turkified and Mohammedanized here! I don't know how I could ever leave here without seeing you first. Oh, if you could only get back sooner! I didn't write you a special note of congratulations on your birthday—anyway I can't find words sufficient to tell you how much I love you and how fervently I wish you well. At least, before I leave we shall have about three weeks together, and next year I will send you my little sister Lila to replace me. She is a lovely girl, is Lila, and I expect her to turn out a finer, better person than we older ones. She is very tenacious, and that is what is needed just now."

"It's too bad," she wrote in another place, "that no one ever before talked to me so directly about my work as you have done. The criticism of my friends and relatives was chiefly directed to questions of language, style, etc., but no one felt inclined to or was capable of going to the root of the matter as you... Well, it's not too late to take hold of the stick by the other end; at twenty-three it is still possible to begin all over again."

(To be continued)

TO COMPLETE YOUR LIBRARY COLLECTION

- list the following books:
- A History of Ukraine, by Michael Hrushevsky, published by the Yale University Press in English \$4.00
 - Bohdan, Hetman of Ukraine, by George Vernadsky, published by the Yale University Press, in English \$2.50
 - A Collection of Six Pamphlets on Ukraine: 1) Taras Shevchenko, by Doroshenko, .35¢; 2) Shevchenko and Women, by Dr. L. Myshuha, .35¢; 3) Ukrainian National Movement, by S. Shumeyko, .25¢; 4) Ukraine, an Atlas of its History and Geography, by G. W. Simpson, .50¢; 5) Ukraine and American Democracy, by Dr. L. Myshuha, 15¢; 6) Moses, a poem by Ivan Franko, translated by W. Semenyina, .50¢. All the books are in the English language. Special price for all six books \$1.75
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IN QUEST OF HIS SISTER

(ZA SESTROYU)

(A Story for Young Folks)

By ANDREW CHAIKIVSKY

(Freely translated by S. S.)

(Continued)

Tartar Attack

It was a quiet summery Sunday afternoon in June.

The villagers of Spasivka had just come home from church. Housewives busied themselves in preparing dinners, while the men and boys attended to the feeding of cattle, sheep and horses.

In a few moments a quiet hush fell over the entire village, punctuated by the occasional clatter of dishes and spoons heard through the open windows.

After dinner the male members of the family strolled outside, the older seeking a comfortable and cool spot for a quiet afternoon nap or perhaps a chat with the neighbors, while the younger men, the "parubky," directed their steps, as young men do the world over, towards the center of the village, the "maydan." Meanwhile, the women-folk busied themselves in clearing away the tables.

The afternoon passed away rapidly—too rapidly for those who had dozed off. Soon the sound of church bells pealed over the village, calling all to evening services. All bent their steps towards the little old church. Even before the services had started it was filled to the overflowing, so that the late comers had to content themselves with standing outside.

After the evening services most of the villagers went to the "maydan." There the older folks sat on the abutments surrounding the homes or even on the grass, the children scampered around, getting in every one's way, while the "parubky," with their hats cocked over their ear in a most dashing manner, slowly paraded around, casting their eyes boldly at the groups of laughing and chattering girls.

Slowly the sun began to set. A slight haze settled over the village. The girls taking themselves around the waist or hand in hand began to perform the various evolutions of the Ukrainian dances, to the accompaniment of singing. One by one the "parubky" joined them. Although the scene was quite common one, being witnessed every Sunday during the warm months, yet it never failed to attract a crowd of watchers from among the old folks. The sweet, young voices of the singers rising above the hum of village life added an undescribable charm to the quiet typical evening in Ukraine. Many an older person sighed, the memory hearkening back to younger days. Even the old women joined in the singing, their thin quavering voices standing out distinctly beside the fuller, rounder tones of the younger people.

Just before darkness settled, the herdsmen drove in the cattle from the pasturing grounds. Peals of laughter and shrieks rang out as the lowing cattle, their heads swaying, passed right through the ranks of the dancers, scattering them left and right. The broken ranks quickly reformed, however, and the dancing, singing and laughter continued.

"Dyid" Andriy sat with his neighbor Panas before the latter's home. Pulling on their pipes they talked about the crops.

"I guess we'll have a good crop

this year," said Panas.

"God grant it so," replied Andriy.

"This morning," added Panas, "I went out to the fields, and what a beautiful sight it was to see everything growing so well."

Just then their conversation was interrupted by a small group of boys who were chasing after some girls, crying out after them derisively, "Mosquitoes, hide yourself in the pillows, for the Tartars are coming..."

"Don't call out the devil!"—"dyid" Andriy bellowed.

But the boys did not even pay any attention to him, but kept after the girls. One of them grabbed Hannah by her shoulder, and gave her such a jerk that she fell to the ground. Immediately Pavlo jumped up to him and caught him by his neck.

"How dare you?" he cried angrily, "That's my sister."

The other tore himself out of Pavlo's grasp, and both clinched.

They began to tussle.

Pavlo's opponent was older and stronger. He got a hold around Pavlo's waist and began to squeeze very hard. Both became red as beets as they strove mightily to throw the other down. A crowd immediately formed around the two, and began to hoot and cheer the fighters. It seemed that Pavlo's opponent was too strong for him.

But suddenly Pavlo shifted his hold swiftly, lifted his opponen into the air, and then slammed him down upon the ground.

The other became furious. Lying on the ground he began to punch and kick Pavlo.

"That's enough!" a "parubok" cried, and with one movement broke the two apart. "That's enough of your fighting. You'll both make good Kozaks."

The boys pumped to their feet. "Don't you ever touch her again," Pavlo warned.

"What's the matter with her, is she so delicate that she can't be touched?" the other replied defensively. He had no intention, however, of fighting any more with such an able fighter.

"Pavlushu, come here this instant!" called "dyid" Andriy.

"It's very good to stand up for your sister so, but don't be so pugnacious," he chided him tolerantly. "Come, its time to go home to bed."

The crowd slowly scattered. Once more the songs rose above the village. No one wanted to go to bed, while the night was so enchanting...

The singing and other sounds began slowly to die out. Here and there the bleat of a sheep was heard. From the direction of the steppe could be heard sounds of wild life, stirring now that the sun had set. "Dyid" Andriy having supped with his family, sat for quite some time outside, smoking his pipe. Gazing at the brilliant stars above he wondered what the weather for tomorrow was going to be. The hay had to be cut, and clear weather was needed. Taking his hat off he began to pray quietly.

During the prayer he felt within himself a strange, disquieting feeling arising, a sort of a fear. This strange feeling prompted him to arise and, still continuing his prayers, go to the nearby village gate to see if the guard was awake. The guard, muffled up in his greatcoat, for the

evenings were cool, was pacing before the gate with his musket in hand, and softly singing to himself.

"Are you singing Philemon?" "dyid" Andriy asked from afar. He knew it was dangerous to approach the guard too closely without identifying himself first.

"Not exactly," replied the guard. "I'm trying to keep awake."

"You haven't heard anything, have you?"

"Why of course not. What could I hear?"

"Oh, I don't know," "dyid" Andriy answered, "but for some reason or other I feel rather scary. Perhaps out there," pointing out towards the shadowy darkness beyond the palisade, "some werewolf is prowling."

"Eh, go on! You give me the creeps with your were-wolves. You'd best go to sleep."

"Well then, good night Philemon!"

"Good night."

"Dyid" Andriy began to retrace his steps, continuing his interrupted prayers.

He felt rather ashamed of himself for getting frightened without any reason. He no longer thought of going towards the other gate, but to go straight home.

Just at that moment a bat flew over him and touched him lightly on the head with his wing. Or maybe it was only the wind from the wing that fanned him. Nevertheless "dyid" Andriy jumped violently aside startled.

"My Lord! what's happened to me?", he asked of himself. "Has death looked into my eyes. Why am I afraid? Why, even in the thickest of battle I never knew what it meant to be afraid, and here a bat frightens me... Tchfoo on you!"

He had reached his house by this time. All were asleep. It was very ho inside. "Dyid" did not close the door, but lay on a bench to sleep... All was quiet.

He had just begun to doze off, when suddenly the church bells began to ring. The alarm!

"Dyid" Andriy quickly jumped off the bench, and ran outside. A sudden brilliant flare lit up the night on the other side of the "maydan." Fire!

"Hey! everybody get up, there's a fire in the village!" the "dyid" bellowed, waking up his children and wife.

All ran out into the courtyard. All was noise and tumult. "Dyid" Andriy looked around. The fire had now sprung up in the four corners of the village. The entire village now became as light as day. Flames shot high.

He immediately grasped that this fire was not accidental... The Tartars had attacked!

He jumped back into the house and seized a spear off its rack.

"Stephen! Stephen!" he roared, "take your weapons. The Tartars are here!"

The Capture and Destruction of Spasivka

The village of Spasivka was in an uproar.

Flames of the burning village shooting skyward revealed in their ruddy flickering light a scene of undescribable confusion. Villagers in their night clothes, rudely awakened from their sleep, scurried about, saving as much of their belongings as possible. Others drove the frightened cattle, sheep and horses out of the stables and pens. Horses and cattle mad with pain from burns dashed wildly about, knocking down and trampling all who got in their way.

A brisk wind which had sprung up but a few moments ago served only to intensify the conflagration, carrying sparks from burning buildings on the straw-thatched roofs of the adjoining houses, converting them into huge pillars of roaring flames.

Above the roar of the flames and the toppling of timbers could be heard the wild cries of the animals, screams of children and women, and the hoarse yells of the men.

As yet most of the villagers were unaware of the fact that this great conflagration was caused by the Tartars. Not a sign of them had appeared as yet. But not for long.

"Allah! Allah!"—suddenly a deep roar was heard from outside the village gates. It was so overpoweringly loud and so fierce that it stilled all cries and screams. For awhile nothing could be heard except the crackling of the flames and the crashes of the collapsing homes. Everyone stood riven to the spot, unable to move, stricken dumb by this new, terrible danger.

"To arms! To arms!"—shouted "dyid" Andriy, breaking the spell.

Like a clarion call his powerful voice flew over the burning homes, to be caught up by others. Everyone seized the first available weapon and prepared to defend his life and that of his dear ones.

At this moment there appeared, converging from both sides of the village towards the "maydan," great masses of enemy—the Tartars. They appeared to be like some huge, black and menacing cloud heralding the coming of a terrible storm. Slowly and irresistibly they flowed into the "maydan."

A few shots rang out. But not a break appeared in their ranks, nor did their advance even waver.

Suddenly, a wild command rang out. Their heavily packed ranks broke, and the Tartars with savage cries threw themselves upon the villagers. A fearful carnage ensued. Some of the villagers who were too frightened to defend themselves gave themselves up as captives. The majority, however, prepared to sell their lives dearly. Death was preferable to the horrors of Tartar captivity, particularly for the womenfolk, whom the Tartars prized very highly as captives.

"Dyid" Andriy with his son Stephen took their stand in front of the doorway of their home, spears in hand. Behind them, on the abutment, surrounding the house, sat the frightened children, huddled close to one another, crying. Parashka, Stephen's wife was inside as yet.

Pavlo for awhile had thought of taking his sister Hannah by the hand and fleeing with her to the garden, and there hiding among the high weeds in an uncultivated corner. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that perhaps it would be safer behind "dyid" Andriy's back. So he remained, quieting the crying Hannah, and trying to hide his own fears at the same time.

A small body of mounted Tartars with their shaggy coats and conical hats, their ordinary ugly features distorted by the lust of battle, dashed up in a swirl of dust. Seeing the small group they charged with wild yells. Like the forked tongue of a serpent two spears flicked out, and two Tartars rolled to the ground. Again the spears flashed, and again two more Tartars rolled off their horses. For a moment repulsed the Tartars retired, reformed their ranks, and charged again upon "dyid" Andriy and Stephen from all sides.

(To be continued)

Text of Brief Submitted by Ukrainian Canadian Committee to Canadian Senate's Standing Committee on Immigration and Labour June, 1947

(Continued)

(2)

OCCUPATIONS:

There are 113,921 Ukrainians, 14 years of age and over, gainfully occupied as follows:

Class of Occupation:	Male	Female	Total
Agriculture	53,849	1,123	54,972
Fishing, Hunting, Trapping	197	1	198
Logging	1,520	—	1,520
Mining and Quarrying	2,904	—	2,904
Manufacturing	11,048	2,100	13,148
Construction	3,298	5	3,303
Transportation and Communication	6,675	47	6,722
Trade	3,508	955	4,463
Finance	104	5	109
Professional Service	1,478	905	2,383
Public Service	192	10	202
Recreational Service	230	13	243
Personal Service	3,300	9,221	12,521
Clerical	1,051	745	1,796
Labourers (not in agriculture, fishing, logging or mining)	9,042	206	9,248
Not stated	166	23	189
All occupations (not including active service)	98,562	15,359	113,921

Of the total Ukrainian population in Canada 37.24% are reported as gainfully occupied as compared to 36.47% of the entire population in Canada. The distribution by provinces and by sex is as follows:

Provinces	Male	Female	Total
British Columbia	2,755	542	3,297
Alberta	21,732	2,494	24,226
Saskatchewan	24,070	2,568	26,638
Manitoba	28,141	5,185	33,326
Ontario	18,603	3,863	22,466
Quebec	3,011	695	3,706
New Brunswick	9	1	10
Nova Scotia	241	11	252
Total	98,562	15,359	113,921

Of the 192,008 Ukrainians reported as not gainfully occupied, 81,581 includes women over 14 years of age and 93,469 children up to 14 years of age. There were 16,228 men reported as 55 years of age or more, most of whom would not be gainfully occupied. Of the total population reported as gainfully occupied 73.90% are in the three Prairie Provinces—a large proportion of which are in agriculture, 19.72% are in Ontario—a large proportion of them being in manufacturing, personal service and labourers.

AGRICULTURE:

54,972 Canadians of Ukrainian origin gainfully occupied are in agriculture, as follows:

Farmers and stockraisers	32,899
Farm foremen	50
Farm labourers	22,023
Total	54,972

48.25% of the Ukrainians reported as gainfully occupied are in agriculture, as compared with 25.83% of all the nationalities in Canada. The distribution by provinces is as follows:

Province	Male	Female	Total
British Columbia	637	22	659
Alberta	16,027	299	16,326
Saskatchewan	18,760	364	19,124
Manitoba	16,168	353	16,521
Ontario	2,092	80	2,172
Quebec	144	5	149
New Brunswick	1	—	1
Nova Scotia	20	—	20
Total	53,849	1,123	54,972

Of those gainfully occupied in agriculture 94.58% are in the three Prairie Provinces, 59.84% are farmers or stock-raisers and 40.15% are farm labourers. There are 835 female farmers and stock-raisers, and 288 farm labourers.

MINING AND QUARRYING:

A total of 71,836 men and women of all Canadians are under this classification, including 2,904 men of Ukrainian origin, as follows:

Owners, managers	10
Foremen	18
Labourers—mines and quarries	460
Miners and millmen	2,381
Oil well drillers	2
Quarries and rock drillers	33
Totals	2,904

73.2% of the population of Ukrainian origin gainfully occupied in

YOUTH and U. N. A. — JOIN IT!

JOIN THE P.N.A.!

A few years ago The Ukrainian Weekly published some articles written by young members of the Ukrainian National Association wherein they answered the question: "How Did You Come to Join the U.N.A.?" The U.N.A. is preparing to launch a membership campaign designed to attract young people, and to boost its membership to the 50,000 mark. We therefore offer some quotations from the articles printed a few years ago, not only because the views expressed by the writers are still timely today, but also because they represent the thoughts of the majority of the U. N. A. members. Many readers of the Ukrainian Weekly are not U.N.A. members, and it is to these readers to whom this column is addressed. We urge them to read what young U.N.A. members wrote about their organization a few years ago, and then take steps to join this worthwhile fraternal benefit society. The time to join is now, when the U.N.A. is striving to attain a membership of 50,000. It's about 3,000 short of its goal, and every young person who becomes a member during the campaign will be contributing his help simply by joining.

John Zwarycz of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., joined the U.N.A. because his father recommended it as a "good, reputable organization." "Back in 1934," wrote John, "Mr. Peter Herman, a U.N.A. pioneer and present secretary of Br. 99, contacted me. He contacted other young men and, in due time, formed the nucleus of a U. N. A. youth youth branch." This branch is known as the Ivan Franko Youth of Wilkes-Barre, U.N.A. Branch 157, and John Zwarych has been its secretary from the time of its formation in September, 1934.

"Highlighting the activities of the branch was its participation in the U.N.A. sports program, in which the entire membership took active interest. Through the cooperation of the branches and members in Wilkes-Barre, the U.N.A. Baseball Team of Branch 157 won the U.N.A. Baseball Championship each year for three years.

"Some long-lasting acquaintances have been made through U.N.A. activity. Through the U.N.A., the Svoboda, and the Ukrainian Weekly, the

younger members of the fraternal order have become strongly unified. This is due in part to the personal contact among U.N.A. members as a result of traveling U.N.A. athletic teams rallies, conventions, and the like, which also resulted in mutual understanding and cooperation among the youth of different cities and towns. More important, all the U.N.A. youth activity did much to promote fraternalism, the principle upon which the organization was founded.

"Youth delegates to U.N.A. conventions experienced much in way of fraternalism. They served on committees ably and intelligently, and received first-hand information on all U.N.A. matters. They cooperated with the older delegates to the latter's gratification and proved themselves worthy of any responsibility thrust upon them in matters concerning the organization. This and more convinced me that the U.N.A. is the ideal institution for young people who desire to work for a really worthwhile cause and a great organization. The U.N.A. offers all the activity that young people want through its branches and newspapers, which is the main reason so many youth have been attracted to it.

"Without doubt the U.N.A. is of great benefit to the youth. It is good to be working with an organization that has the interests of its members foremost in mind at all times."

Mr. Zwarycz has attended two U. N. A. conventions as a delegate of Branch 157. He has always been an active member and there is every reason to believe he is sincere in the statements he made then. In forthcoming columns we will quote the published views of other young people to demonstrate to our readers the fact that the U.N.A. is indeed a worthy organization, one which decidedly deserves the support of every serious-thinking young man and woman of Ukrainian descent.

Participate in the membership campaign of the Ukrainian National Association by joining! If you are already a member you can participate in the campaign by getting your friends to join. Let's attain a membership of 50,000 as quickly as possible!

Join the U.N.A.

T. L.

Graduation

On Sunday, June 22nd, 1947, the St. John Ukrainian Catholic School, held its first graduation ceremonies, at the Ukrainian Center, 180 William Street, Newark, N. J.

The program, which began at 2 p. m., presented the Playlet, "Zbitochnyky," in which M. Michinko, O. Tkach, O. Hacanecz and E. Holota, were the players. The young first graders then received their diplomas following which there were Ukrainian dances by youngsters, ranging from the ages of six years up. Among the dance given were Hopak Kolom,

Hony Viter, Kolomeyka. These dances were performed in costume.

There were a number of declamations by C. Strichnewicz P. Metro and V. Ruggiero, and a solo by O. Tkacz. Abbot S. Bachtalowsky, gave the address and distributed the diplomas to the graduates, who were, Mary Bakalar, Mary Machynko, Gloria Mihovich, June Palensar, Anna Paulyshyn, Alice Tkach, William Burbella and Frank Lane.

A crowd of 250 parents and friends attended the graduation.

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this industry is in Alberta and Ontario, 82% are miners and millmen.
(To be continued)

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UYL-NA Labor Day Convention to Feature Parade of Talent

Thirty-five members of the Philadelphia Convention Committee of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, journeyed to New York over the Memorial Day Weekend to attend the highly successful UYL-NA Rally.

Philadelphians were impressed with the two-day proceedings. As a result, they are extending effort to make the three-day Tenth Annual Convention of the UYL-NA over the 1947 Labor Day Weekend a pleasant and memorable occasion.

Arrangements have been made to house all visiting delegates and guests under one roof, the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, located at 9th and Chestnut Streets. Hotel reservations can be made by writing personally to the hotel reservation manager, but do it NOW.

All the business sessions, election of national officers, and the Banquet and Ball on Sunday evening, will take place in the Hotel's famous Crystal Ballroom, which has a capacity of one thousand persons.

A Welcome Dance will be held on Saturday evening at the foremost Ukrainian Hall in Philadelphia which is only eight blocks north of the hotel.

An unusual feature on Sunday afternoon will be the presentation of a "Parade of Talent," which will include male choruses, choral groups of mixed voices, soloists and dance groups. Plans are being formulated to invite critics to judge the various performances and award prizes.

Music and dance groups that are interested in appearing at this "Parade of Talent" should immediately write to Bohdan Chawluk, 764 North 23rd Street, Phila., Pa.

MARIE Z. MARCO,
UYL-NA Philadelphia
Convention
745 East Penn Street
Germantown, Phila., 44, Pa.

Conductor's Choice, No Doubt

The occasion was an amateur musicale. The kind-hearted hostess spied a lonely-looking little man huddled in a corner of the room, and paused to make conversation.

"Tell me," she finally asked, "do you play any musical instrument?"

"Not away from home," the little replied.

"How peculiar," remarked the hostess. "What instrument do you play at home?"

"Second fiddle," the little man replied.

ПОШУКУЮТЬ

Пошукують в дуже важній справі
БАСЬКІ ЦАР, з села Войткова, по-
від Лисько. ГАНЯ ФУКА з села Ве-
ремь, пов. Лисько. Хто би про них
знав, або вони самі, хай пише:

FESKO FUKA
569 Rhoades St., Phoenixville, Pa.

A Challenge

The Ambridge Ukrainian Softball Team challenges any and all Ukrainian softball teams in the Pittsburgh and Cleveland districts.

The Ambridge Ukes are well organized and uniformed and at present are leading the city Softball League which boasts of a very tough schedule. They are anxious to book some of our first class Ukrainian teams such as from Arnold, New Kensington, Ford City, Monessen, Jeannette, McKees Rocks, North Side and South Side Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Lake Wood, Rossford, Youngstown, McKeesport, Alliquippa, Wilmerding, Rankin, Braddock and others.

With the very capable managing of Heinie Hladio, we have compiled a very good record with 10 wins and 1 loss and are rated one of the best in the district. Heinie Hladio himself is considered one of the best all around players and sport in the Western Pennsylvania District. He had quite a few attractive offers to play with others but he preferred his boys to others and under his tutelage and management has molded a fine bunch of boys into a first class team.

We already have sent out one challenge, but received no answers. Do we have to claim the Western Pennsylvania Title without some competition or will you fellows with a little sporting blood awake to our challenge and see that we don't get off that easy.

For games write to Joseph Gelect, 942 Hazel Ave., Ambridge, Pa.

We are always ready and willing to co-operate on a home and home basis and on Sundays are open so come on you sleepy Ukes we want competition. Are we going to get it?

— Gladys Oakley

WEEKLY BANTER

Qualifications

My man doesn't have to be charming,
Attractive or quite debonair...

My man doesn't have to be handsome
And dark or even have hair!

My man doesn't have to have money
Or pass an intelligence test...

Just give me a man who is mine,
All mine... and I'll do the rest!

— Gladys Oakley

A Clarification

Officers of the New Jersey State Basketball League met with its state Sports Director Eugene Wadiak of Carteret, and unanimously agreed to award two trophies in recognition of championship play.

Bayonne's Ukrainian Athletic Club received the regular season's pennant award for their outstanding play. St Nick's Club of Passaic was the special Jamboree Elimination Tourney winner and has received an award symbolic of its victory.

Just prior to the meeting, however, a story by a Passaic writer was sent to the Weekly, and could not be published immediately due to the limitation of space. In the meantime the League made its final decision and, as a result, the Passaic organization claims that it had written to the Weekly to retract their previously submitted article. However, the original story did reach the press and as a result caused the wrath of many Bayonne supporters. After which D. Danko took the League and the Passaic writer to task in a manner which we do not think to be quite sportsmanlike.

Over-All Championship just wasn't in the making, since the time was far beyond basketball playing (i.e. the Easter holidays) and the allowing of the teams to entry national tournaments. Bayonne captured the title in the National Slavonic Tourney in New York.

May this close the books on the

Today's Fantasy

We can't vouch for the authenticity of this tale which comes from Britain.

Two men, photographing big game in Africa, came upon a huge elephant sitting on a jungle trail. One of them whispered: "Let's circle him and photograph him when he gets up."

As they maneuvered about the animal they ran smack into a second elephant sitting with his back to the first. The bolder of the two men walked up to the creature and demanded: "How come you two are sitting back-to-back?"

The elephant surveying the man for a moment, rumbled: "Don't shout so—I really musn't speak; Josephine and I are playing book ends."

— Christian Science Monitor.

HOLD THIS DATE OPEN! ————— HOLD THIS DATE OPEN!

2nd ANNUAL UKRAINIAN YOUTH DAY

sponsored by

UKRAINIAN SOCIAL CLUB OF CARTERET, N. J.

SUNDAY, JULY 20, 1947

at UKRAINIAN PAVILION, ROOSEVELT AVE., CARTERET, N. J.

GAMES — SOFT BALL — CONTEST — DANCING

BASEBALL — U. S. C. OF CHESTER, PA. vs. U. S. C. OF CARTERET, N. J.

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July 1947

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The UKRAINIAN A. C.
of Bayonne, N. J.

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past season with the anticipation that the coming of another one, using all the mistakes of this year as a foundation in promoting good relationship among sports-minded Ukrainians in the future.

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