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Ukrainian Division Discussed in British Parliament

AS already mentioned on these pages earlier, during the war the Germans formed a Ukrainian Division composed of young Western Ukrainians who entered it under the illusory impression that by fighting in it they would be helping to free Ukraine. They understood that they would fight only against the Soviets. In time it became clear to them that the Germans intended and did use them as mere cannon fodder. Near the town of Brody, during the Soviet advance, the German high command left the Ukrainian division in a particularly exposed place to cover the retreat of the main German forces. There approximately 18,000 of the Ukrainians perished when the Soviet forces surrounded them.

Remnants and replacements made their way west, many to join UPA—Ukrainian Insurgent Army, fighting then against both the Germans and the Reds. Many other surrendered en masse to the British and Americans, against whom they refused to fight.

After the war they were held in a British war prisoner camp in Rimini, northern Italy. There they won for themselves a high reputation for self-discipline, Ukrainian patriotism, and devotion to democratic principles.

Within recent times they were transferred to Great Britain.

On June 18 last a discussion of their status was held in the House of Commons of the British Parliament.

Following is a verbatim report as it appeared in the Parliament record:—

Mr. Bramall asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs how many Ukrainian personnel of the former S.S. Division, Galizien, are being brought to this country; whether they have been screened to ensure that there are no war criminals among them; whether any demands for the extradition of these men have been made by Allied Governments; and what the status of these men will be in Britain.

Mr. McNeil: Some 8,000 Ukrainians have been brought to this country

from Italy. They were members of the 1st Ukrainian Division of the Wehrmacht. A cross-section of this Division was screened by a Soviet mission in August, 1945, and a further cross-section was screened by the Refugee Screening Commission in February of this year. No war criminals were discovered as a result of these processes. The Soviet Government have requested that the members of this Division be sent to the U.S.S.R., but since the overwhelming majority of the men concerned come from territory incorporated into the Soviet Union after 1st September, 1939, His Majesty's Government have not seen their way to comply with this request. Their status while in this country is the same as that of other prisoners of war.

Mr. Lipson: Can the right hon. Gentleman say whether these men will be employed in this country?

Mr. McNeil: I am confident that they will be.

Mr. Janner: Is my right hon. Friend aware that members of this Division were exceptionally brutal, that they murdered hundreds of people in cold blood? Will he take all the steps necessary to see that none of those who come to this country took part in any of these sadistic and vicious incidents?

Mr. Stokes: Is it not a fact that the Ukrainians loath the Muscovites and hate the Germans, and that what they really want is to be independent of both?

Mr. Janner: May I have an answer to my supplementary?

Mr. McNeil: I can assure my hon. Friend that we have taken the most extensive precautions to see that anyone guilty of crime is so treated, and I have no doubt that there will be further screening processes associated with these men.

Young Ukrainian Stowaway Lands In Philadelphia

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin of June 25th carried a story of a Ukrainian stowaway who was picked up by Philadelphia police when he was seen walking barefooted, undernourished and in ragged clothes, reports Alexander Yaremko of that city.

His name is Paul Dacsuk, age 18½, a displaced person, who boarded a ship in Hamburg thinking it was bound for Argentina where his sister sailed while he was ill. The ship instead landed in New York. He spent

ten days roaming the city streets and once again sneaked aboard a ship which he thought would this time take him to Argentina. The ship docked in Philadelphia where he got off and was picked up by the police.

Youn Dacsuk can't speak English so Major Darmoprav and Alexander Yaremko served as interpreters for the boy at the hearing held by the Immigration authorities on June 27. Major Darmoprav also posted \$500 bail to release the boy until such

Text of Resolution Passed at the UYL-NA Rally Held in New York, May 31-June 1, 1947

We, younger generation Americans of Ukrainian extraction, drawn from various parts of this country, assembled at this New York Metropolitan Area Rally of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, held on this 31st day of May, 1947 at the Hotel New Yorker, New York City, have in the course of our deliberations considered the terrible plight of our kinsmen in their native but Soviet enslaved Ukraine, as well as the plight of the Ukrainian displaced persons outside of Ukraine.

It is our considered and unanimous view and conviction that the plight of the Ukrainians within and on the fringes of the notorious Soviet "iron curtain" is due essentially to the fact that the over forty million Ukrainian people are being denied their rightful national freedom and independence.

Although the Ukrainians suffered the most and contributed immeasurably in the last world conflict to defeat the totalitarian brutal Axis powers, today they find themselves enslaved and oppressed in a most vi-

cious manner by an even more totalitarian and more brutal regime—that of the Moscow dictated Soviet Russia.

A free Ukraine would not only be a just solution of the Ukrainian problem, not only the successful culmination of the centuries-old movement for freedom, but it would also serve as a strong bulwark against Soviet Russian expansionist policies which are endangering world peace and with it our own American national security.

In conclusion, we hail with deep admiration the heroic struggle the Ukrainian underground forces are conducting, with UPA (Ukrainian Insurgent Army) as their spearhead, against the Soviet forces of tyranny which enslave and misrule Ukraine.

Taking all of this into consideration, we unanimously resolve to give our fullest material and moral support to the efforts of our kinsmen over there to win that freedom and democracy to which they are rightfully entitled and which we are so fortunate in having here in this great country of ours.

Those Bad, Bad People

An interesting story about a little clash Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, as chairman of the U.N. Human Rights Committee, had with a Soviet delegate, Leo Medvid, over a petition presented to her by a delegation of Ukrainians, appeared in a recent column of Dorothy Doan of the International News Service.

The story came as a result of a question put to Mrs. Roosevelt from the floor of the annual convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The delegate from Argentine asked Mrs. Roosevelt:

What is your personal opinion of our chance to win Russia over to a common viewpoint?

Mrs. Roosevelt prefaced her answer by saying:

"I have times when I despair and would cheerfully wring my Russian colleagues' necks—and there are times when they would just as cheerfully mine."

Then she illustrated her strategy of "patience and effort" with the following story.

time that arrangements could be completed to take him to Argentina.

Dacsuk made it clear that he does not want to be sent to his native village because it is now under Soviets and he had a taste of Soviet life. The boy also expressed his gratitude for the fine treatment accorded him in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Roosevelt stated a delegation of Ukrainians handed her a petition one day at the United Nations headquarters at Lake Success, that the Soviet delegates did not like.

One of the Soviet delegates, Dr. Leo Medvid, public health officer of Ukraine, saw her talking with the pro-free Ukraine representatives.

He rushed to her with an interpreter, but he was so angry he couldn't wait for the translation, so he blurted out in basic English:

"Those are bad people. You should not have seen them."

Mrs. Roosevelt said:

"You say they are bad people. But they brought a petition to me and I have a responsibility to see them." (Mrs. Roosevelt is chairman of the UN human rights commission now drafting an international bill of rights.)

Dr. Medvid sputtered:

"I will see you later."

Mrs. Roosevelt, later in the day, asked Medvid to meet her in the delegate's lounge, and they had a friendly talk.

"You know, if you want to make a dent in a Russian you ask him for a picture of his children. It's an open sesame."

Although they didn't touch on the issue of the Ukrainians, Mrs. Roosevelt said Medvid was considerably mollified when he left the lounge.

Lesya Ukrainka's Youthful Years

Freely translated and adapted from Hlib Lazarevsky

By PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

THE absent Drahomaniv did not return to Sofia until October 10. Lesya went to meet them at the train. She felt a sharp stab of pain at her heart when she saw her uncle get down out of the car with great difficulty, supporting himself with a stick in one hand, the other clutching his wife's arm. How lined his face was, how bent his figure, and how grey his hair had become! When he was in his own home again he still continued to feel very unwell. Weeks passed during which he not only could not walk about his study, but could not even stir from his couch. Yet notwithstanding such desperate conditions, with continued spasms of pain at his heart, he ordered a special kind of writing and reading desk to be rigged up beside his couch, which he could use while lying down. As soon as one attack subsided for a time, he wrote in his meticulous script as well as he could. When he was able to speak, for he frequently lost his voice entirely, he dictated to Lesya, who eagerly acted as his secretary. Now and again, when temporarily free from pain, he would get up, paying no heed to the doctors' prohibitions or to the affectionate remonstrances of his family, and, pocketing the medicines prescribed for his ailment, would ride off to lecture at the university. Because of the conditions prevailing at her uncle's, Lesya wrote home again, begging to be allowed to remain for the time being. This was acceded to and Lesya stayed on as a volunteer secretary to her uncle and mentor.

On one occasion she was deeply moved by her uncle's bitter plight. One day while Mykhaylo Petrovych, lying down, was dictating to her, Doctor Ahura, dean of the university, came to visit the sick professor. In the course of the conversation, Doctor Ahura bluntly proposed that Mykhaylo Petrovych accept Bulgarian citizenship. The matter could be acted upon immediately and passed, and thus the professor would protect his wife and family as well as himself. There was a pause, and for the first time, with heartfelt pain and sympathy, Lesya saw this uncle of hers, always so reserved in giving outward expression to his inner feelings, burst into tears instead of replying at once. Lesya afterwards said that then she realized that "it is far more painful to witness another's tears than to weep one's self."

But now in far-away Galician Ukraine, an event took place which greatly cheered and helped the ailing scholar. And Lesya, without her uncle's knowledge, had had much to do with promoting it. In December that year in L'viv, a number of Drahomaniv's friends and supporters organized a public testimonial to

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celebrate the thirtieth anniversary — a jubilee, they called it—of his scientific and literary activity. When Lesya read to him all the greetings, addresses, and testimonials which poured into L'viv for the public gathering and which were afterwards sent on to Sofia, Mykhaylo Petrovych remarked, with a wan smile playing around his large but sunken, languid grey eyes: "This jubilee is likely to be at the same time my funeral service." However, Lesya noticed that when left to himself the wearied warrior for truth and justice read all those loving appreciations and testimonials over and over again to himself.

Then in great profusion the jubilee gifts began to arrive. They came from every province in all Ukraine: sets of valuable books in special bindings, a large portrait in oils of Shevchenko, embroidered Ukrainian scarves and shirts, an album of photographic reproductions of Repin's great paintings, and among other things, a silver paper knife engraved with the inscription: "I'll sharpen up my wits and go in search of truth." By common consent Lesya was the one who took charge of the gifts and under her direction they were arranged in such tasteful and artistic fashion that the Drahomaniv's modest sitting-room was changed almost beyond recognition.

All this could not help but have a favorable effect on the sick man. Indeed, he improved considerably and after the New Year the atmosphere in the home grew calmer and less tense, so much so that sometimes while lying on his couch Mykhaylo Petrovych would ask Lesya to play for him on the piano. He always praised her playing to the skies, and he was especially pleased with her rendition of Tchaikovsky's "Barcarolle," a piece he frequently asked her to play for him.

Lesya continued devotedly to act as her uncle's secretary, wrote a good deal on her own account, and carried on an extensive correspondence with friends in L'viv. Her principal correspondent there was Mykhaylo Pavlyk, a sturdy defender of her uncle's Westernizing and democratic ideas, and Lesya's own personal friend. To him she wrote many a letter concerning the publication of her works in L'viv, and particularly in respect to the arrangements for her uncle's jubilee, with which she had a great deal to do by stimulating interest by writing to everyone she knew. She also wrote cheerful letters home and all in all felt very well physically.

Of course, she also received letters from home and from Lila who was spending the winter months studying in Kiev. Lila wrote vivacious letters telling about her life in the city. At Christmas time, she, together with a large and noisy party went out singing carols in streets. They became so boisterous that their leader, a rather sedate young man, "almost died of fright," beseeching them every moment to be more orderly or the police would surely arrest them. The streets were "terribly slippery," they were continually pushing one another in joke, and she herself gave one of the young men in the party such a nudge that he slipped and fell full length. "We almost died laughing," she said.

Lila also wrote that on New Year's Eve they all gathered at the Staryt-

skys', where Mykola Vytalevych played a great deal of his Ukrainian music, and Lyuda Starytska recited Lesya's poem "Sapho" to his musical accompaniment on the piano so that the New Year came in under the happiest auspices. Again at Shrovetide she was present at a concert and dance for the benefit of poor students. "I was there with the Starytsky girls and practically all the organizers were our own friends. I had partners for all the dances and had a wonderful time." Lesya, perhaps a little wistfully but none the less sincerely, rejoiced that her young sister was enjoying life so fully, although she had been largely forbidden by sickness from engaging in in such happy social pleasures as dances and revelling in the streets at holiday seasons.

However, in the letters Lesya received from home there were frequent hints as to when she might be coming home again to the bosom of her own family. Even Lila wrote that she intended to pay a visit to their uncle as soon as Lesya was back. Then at the end of a long letter, but as though quite casually, Olha Petrivna asked: "Now, when are you planning to come home? I think it's about time you gave it some thought, don't you?" But Petro Antonovych burst into a lyrical vein when he wrote: "The swallow who must have spent the winter with you, my dear Lesya, has already returned and is weaving itself a nest beneath your window and waiting for you. I am longing to see you again and should dearly like to know when to look for you."

Thereupon Lesya at last definitely decided to tear herself away from her uncle and mentor, set the date of her departure for the beginning of June, a year after her arrival to stay only a month, and wrote to Mykhaylo Pavlyk to arrange to meet him and Ivan Franko in L'viv on her homeward journey.

XI

The Master's Passing

June 9, 1895, on a hot Bulgarian morning, Mykhaylo Petrovych, after an interval of absence from his work, rode off again to the university. There he conducted a seminar on the history of the south-western Slavs. During the seminar he occasionally found difficulty in breathing, had several spells of coughing, but otherwise he managed all right and even joked with the students.

Returning home at 11, as always, he first unhooked his old-fashioned silver watch with silver chain, inherited from his grandfather, and hung it on the wall beside the cot in his study. Then, placing the medicines he had carried with him to the university on a small table near at hand, he lay down on the cot. He said he felt rather tired but seemed to be in good spirits, talked cheerfully with Lesya, and said that in the evening he would begin dictating his latest article in order to have it finished before her departure.

In the afternoon after dinner, he took a nap from which he awoke at 5, and complained that he felt rather unwell. Lesya gave him his usual medicine; he smiled his thanks to her, began to cough, tried to raise himself, but clutching at his heart, fell back on the pillow. His breathing became stertorous, his face was contorted with intense pain, and in a few moments he died.

Lesya was suddenly brought face to face with the unspeakable horror of having to stand helplessly beside the bedside of a mortally sick and

beloved friend and mentor, to feel how all hopes can so swiftly diminish, to realize they are vanishing, to experience at last that they are utterly gone, that all is ended, all is over.

And now in the small, modest study, lined with books, piled with manuscripts, portfolios, and trays overflowing with notes and memoranda, on a cheap ordinary iron cot-bed, there lay merely an inert, pitiful form, seemingly smaller than in life, apparently apologetic for the trouble it was causing—a shape of something that only a few moments before had been a warm, living individual, one that thought, felt, thrilled, desired, and suffered...

The youngest daughter Rada was crying hysterically over the cot, Lyda was weeping bitterly in the arms of her husband Shyshmanov, who himself was shedding tears, their little son Mausik, scarcely comprehending what it was all about, was wailing loudly, the servant-maid was sobbing, and without an intermission, the tears in great drops kept gushing from Lesya's eyes. The only one who was not weeping was the dead man's wife Lyudmylla Mykhaylivna. Mechanically she sat down on a chair and, with her beautiful large grey eyes, but still completely tearless, gazed fixedly at that which but a short time ago had been her husband for over thirty years.

What thoughts must have passed thronging through her mind one after another! The time of their first meetings, that unforgettable Hadyache springtime, when her Mysha, still a student, somewhat inscrutable, even a trifle hard, by the sheer force of his will and his passion took her captive and fettered her forever to himself. Those first kisses in the sweet obscurity of the leafy Kupchynsky's orchard, and that golden day when, after having been made man and wife, they walked together out of the dimness of the little church in Kiev into the bright sunshine flooding all about them—Mysha, straight and handsome, in his black frockcoat and white tie. The wonderful first years of life together in Kiev, their first Sabbatical trip abroad into Europe, and again, a renewal of golden years of activity in Kiev after the trip... That joyous reunion in Vienna after he had had to leave the homeland! And then all the years of modest comfort in Geneva notwithstanding the many trials which dog the life of a political exile... And especially these last years in Sofia when at every step she became more and more assured of his unchanging love as she realized with thankful heart that their love was still the same as on the day after their marriage! Their life in exile in foreign lands, despite the miseries it frequently entailed—Why, it had all pure happiness! Why had it all sped so swiftly, taken its flight, vanished? But was it really all over? Was this really true, or only a sort of waking nightmare? No, maybe it was real after all, for there they are carrying Rada out, she's fainted... But see, there's Mysha's old watch on the wall—he wound it up this morning as usual, he hung it on the wall himself... It's still going, I hear it ticking as plain as can be—but Mysha no longer hears it...

And he won't hear it... He's gone... It's all over!

(To be continued)

CULTURAL, SOCIAL AND SPORT ACTIVITY OF YOUNG U. N. A. MEMBERS IS REVIVING. GET IN THE SWIM. JOIN THE U.N.A. NOW

A DISSERVICE TO OUR YOUNGER GENERATION

THE accolade "Well Done!" is not bestowed lightly. Nor is it accepted lightly, without the realization of its significance and obligations. Yet SVOBODA, a conservative and critical paper bestowed this high praise on the participants in the Ukrainian American Youth Rally and Festival held in New York May 30—June 1st by the New York Metropolitan Area Committee associated with the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

The audience witnessing the climaxing Music and Dance Festival, which portrayed three periods in Ukrainian culture, was most enthusiastic. Numbering almost 1500 and mostly of the older generation, most of the audience left, we understand, firmly believing in the theme adopted for the Festival: "Nasha Duma, Nasha Pishnia, ne Vmre, ne Zahyne" (Our Song Our Story, Will not Die nor Perish).

Prof. Paul Ouhlitzky, Mrs. Tatiana Koshetz, Dr. Luke Myshuha, Dr. Longin Cehelsky, Mrs. Michael Hayvoronsky, Prof. Clarence Manning, Prof. Arthur P. Coleman, Prof. Tuhapahsky, several score clerics and one of the "new arrivals," Mr. Anton Dragan, editor, "Went overboard" in their unstinted praise — all finding some vindication, we think, of their tremendous efforts to further Ukrainian culture.

Yet, it was not only a matter of furthering Ukrainian culture. The UYL-NA Rally represented far more. Primarily, it showed that despite the break in Ukrainian American younger generation organized life caused by the World War II,—a break which some pessimists said boded ill for Ukrainian American life—our young people have returned "unto the fold" with greater gusto, energy and initiative than ever before. Moreover, the Rally demonstrated that our younger generation is more than ever aware of the necessity of supporting the Ukrainian liberation movement and of the latter's importance in America's peace effort.

We hope that members of the Ukrainian underground forces, spearheaded by the heroic UPA, who are now fighting for Ukrainian liberties against the Soviets and their satellites, will have read the Svoboda, Ukrainian Weekly accounts of the Rally and its Festival. Perhaps these accounts may give them encouragement in the sense that they will realize that their young blood kinsmen here in this country are behind them.

On the other hand, we do hope that they will not take seriously the sketchy account of the Rally, Festival and Banquet as it appears in the current No. 1 bulletin, titled "Ukraine," published in Ukrainian in Chicago by an organization known as ODWU. It is indeed a most strange report. From beginning to end it is replete with distortions and falsehoods. Good and sound criticism is always good and acceptable as such. But not when it is based on misinformation or maliciousness.

Just by way of one example: The "Ukraine" report says it's too bad that the proceeds from the Festival were not dedicated to some worthy Ukrainian cause. Well, fact no. 1—It was well announced that the Festival proceeds were to go for Ukrainian relief purposes. Fact no. 2:—Proceeds amounting about \$900.00 are being sent to the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee and to the Ukrainian Congress Committee.

With its unintelligent and false

criticism of this Rally, this bulletin has done a grave disservice to the Partisans. What will the young heroes think when they read in the periodical that is supposed to represent them and interpret their cause, that the American youth of Ukrainian extraction, to whom they turn for understanding and support of their cause, held a Rally at which supposedly the most important event was a banquet featuring rehashed speeches not pertaining to the Ukrainian cause and to youth problems in general? They will read the silly criticism that the same artists who appeared at the Festival fostering Ukrainian culture have appeared at cultural affairs all over the country and hence, since the culture does not emanate from the mass, instead of the few, it is dead. They will read that the money spent covering the expense of the Rally could have been given to some worthy cause. (No mention was made of the Relief proceeds). That speeches at the Forum were not in Ukrainian. That youth came to the Rally not to discuss Forum topics, including the Ukrainian independence movement, or their organizational problems but merely to participate in the general theatrical effect of the whole "show". Will young Partisans believe this false picture of Ukrainian American youth?

The above mentioned bulletin has done a grave disservice to Ukrainian American younger generation by gross misrepresentation and false analysis. A true picture would have furthered mutual understanding. First of all, it was American youth participating in the Rally and Festival. American youth who chose their own topics for discussion and their program for presentation, and who will go on choosing them. The affair was a Rally, a sounding board for local trends, needs and ideas of youth. It was not a convention!

Nonetheless certain definite resolutions were passed, reflecting Ukrainian American sentiments in regards Ukrainian American affairs, and ideals. The leading resolutions, it should be noted, dealt with the Ukrainian national movement for independence and hailed the valiant battle for that struggle being conducted by the Ukrainian underground forces, the spearhead of which is the UPA—Ukrainian Insurgent Army.

The Festival became a common meeting ground for Ukrainian American youth from whole N.Y. Metropolitan area, and from other parts of the country, from all walks of life, who found a mutual respect and admiration for Ukrainian music, dance and art and, by displaying its beauties, wished to do their little bit in perpetuating it and winning friends for it. The important thing is that the young people chose of their volition to do this and thus opened whole new fields of interest and activities for themselves and their American friends. What seemed like a lark in the beginning, became a drudging chore in the end, but young people from several cities felt it was worth coming 35 or 40 miles to Festival rehearsals three times a week for months. For some, it was their first participation in a Ukrainian affair. Now they will remain for more. For some, learning Ukrainian words for the plays was hard—now they want to learn to speak the language well and talk is spreading of opening long-needed Ukrainian Cul-

SUMMER READING - - By G. H.

SUMMER heat may not be conducive to reading, but observe the vacationists at any station and nine out of ten of them are carrying a book under the arm. The tenth one most likely has several books packed in the valise. Summer vacation is considered a good time to catch up on reading in spite of tendency to doze off over a book.

Catching up on reading is a good idea and it fits well into the general purpose of a vacation. A mental refresher and a new slant in self-orientation, gained from reading, parallels the physical rest that is expected from a vacation. Here is a chance to improve your mind at leisure and accumulate literary wealth that will serve as a basis for future conversations. It is logical then that due care should be exercised in the choice of books so that most of the benefit would be derived from them.

Unless you have some particular book in mind, you will probably rely for your choice on the Book Review of your favorite Sunday paper, and try to obtain one closest to the best seller. Just why the relative standing of book sales should serve as a guide to a reader is a little difficult to figure out. At best it is only an impression, an advertising quirk, to the effect that certain books are best because more of them are sold within a current week. One feels that the majority of people will have read the best seller, and it is therefore imperative to read it or risk becoming a dud in literary conversation. All of which is probably of great importance to a person who sets great value on a book because of its conversational factor. Nevertheless it seems a silly idea to read a book full of drivel and nonsense for the express purpose of being able to converse about it. Too often the best sellers are just like that.

A book may be good, but it must be advertised in order to sell. And vice versa, books that are not so good sell fast because they are advertised. Some particular feature in

the advertising appeals to the reader and—the sale is made. It may be a book of timely interest, like Kravchenko's I Chose Freedom, that captures the suddenly awakened public, or it may be a story depicting the characteristics of a particular race (East River), which finds many readers among that race and boosts the sales of the book. Again the story may have emotional appeal and catches the fancy of people with inhibited emotions, who find their expression in salacious and vulgar chapters of the story. Even that kind of book or books have ranked as best sellers, and many a poor soul cringed with embarrassment for not having read them when he could just as well have felt proud for not having read them.

There is no use in denying that we draw wrong conclusions from the relative standing of book sales. When sales swell because of some group of buyers the inference, that the book must be good, is deceptive. Authors have their claquers too, like opera stars, and ballyhoo often attracts the buyers. We must be critical of the book critics too, and be more inquiring as to the nature of the book if any god is to come out of our reading.

Above all we must not misplace our embarrassment for the book we have not read. If our faces must get red, let it be because we lack sufficient knowledge of the country we live in. In the next place, let our faces get red because we do not know enough of our own origin. Better than that, let us read up, even a little during the summer vacation, on Ukraine and have no cause to blush for knowing so little of our own people. We, of Ukrainian parentage, are often asked for information about Ukraine, and we should be in the best position to give the correct answers. But are we? So why not catch up on our reading, even of the shortest book about Ukraine that is advertised in the Ukrainian Weekly of Svoboda!

tural Courses. For some, the musical arrangements were unsatisfactory, now they want to make their own modern arrangements. Some had their initial introduction to Ukrainian music and musicals — now they are hungry to produce more. Some were thrilled with the Ukrainian dances—now they want to learn them too. Musical artists were to be approached to perform—why not the best? Give others a chance? Where are they? Concert program—why not use modern compositions for a change? Staging dissatisfied some—why not modernize and streamline Ukrainian theatrical productions in all its phases — costuming, make-up, historical research. The historic background of the Festival acts fascinated some—now the story of Ukrainian history beckons—from the Kozak battles to the present underground struggle.

After the banquet, one speech in particular remained in the minds of the new crop of Rally participants—filled them with pride and inspired them to further interest and activity in Ukrainian American affairs. It was the speech of Dr. Myshuha, relating how American intellectuals felt that Ukrainian culture was a treasure worth devoting a lifetime to revealing to the English-speaking world (Dr. Cundy's eulogy).

Moreover, the Ukrainian cause and

its role to America's peace effort was dwelt upon in the talks of two other speakers at the banquet, Dmytro Halychyn and Stephen Shumeyko.

The important point, we reiterate, is that youth chose all this—and chose, furthermore, to give the proceeds to Ukrainian Relief—it was not forced upon them. We interpret this as being a "healthy instinct" to quote "Ukraine" bulletin's own words in another criticism on the same page. The whole quotation is: "We are certain that a healthy instinct will triumph, because from hate and alienation, only distress will result, which is great enough as it is." Why not further develop this healthy instinct of Ukrainian American youth and let them cooperate with partisans in a sympathetic cause?

Engaged as they are in a serious death-struggle for Ukraine's freedom, even Ukrainian Partisans, we feel certain, will understand and appreciate a sense of humor. They certainly would not censure the Ukrainian American young people for including a topic in their Forum program that involved "kidding" themselves. They surely would sympathize with American youth's prevailing sense of humor in realizing all the glaring defects of the Rally and Festival despite the high praise heaped on them.

MILDRED MILANOWICZ

IN QUEST OF HIS SISTER

(ZA SESTROYU)

(A Story of old Kozak times for Young Folks)

By ANDREW CHAIKIVSKY

(Freely translated by S. S.)

(Continued)

"DYID" Andriy and his son, with their backs to the wall, fought like lions. The pile of the dead and dying Tartars around them rapidly mounted. But the uneven battle could not last long. A lasso fell over the Stephen's shoulders, felling him to the ground. "Dyid" Andriy leaned over his son to help him loosen the rope, when suddenly a Tartar sabre smote his head and cut it in two. The fight was over.

A terrible scream of anguish and horror rent the air as the children perceived that their beloved "dyid" Andriy was dead and their father a captive. Claspng each other tightly, trembling with horror, their eyes tightly shut, they awaited their fate.

The Tartars dismounted off their horses and tied Stephen up. One of them seized the nearly frightened to death Hannah. Pavlush, sobbing with grief and anger, clasped her with all his strength and refused to let go. The Tartar pulled both of them along the ground.

In desperation Pavlush seized the Tartar's hand with his teeth and bit it so hard that the latter hissed with pain. Letting Hannah go he swung his arm and hit Pavlush a terrific blow on the face. Pavlush fell to the ground and lost consciousness. Hannah seized the opportunity to run as fast as she could towards inside the house. Another Tartar jumped forward, seized her by the hair and started to drag her along the ground to his horse.

At that moment her mother, Parashka, appeared in the doorway.

Only in her nightgown, her hair cascading over her shoulders in wild disorder, she presented an awesome sight. Her eyes were blood-shot with fury and grief. In one hand she held an ax.

Before the Tartar had a chance to bind her daughter, Parashka threw herself like a wounded lioness upon him and with one stroke of the ax smashed his head. Then jumping in front of her prostrate child, and shielding her with her body, she wielded the ax right and left. Several rash Tartars threw themselves upon her, only to be cut down.

The Tartars usually did not kill Ukrainian women; not because of any humanitarian reasons, however, but because the women brought a good price in the slave market. They therefore strove to capture Parashka alive. One of them approached her from the back and seized her. Another wrested the ax from her hands.

But Parashka did not give up. With fists, tooth and nail she fought the Tartars. They could not down her, particularly when she saw out of the corner of her eye a Tartar carrying off the fainting form of her daughter. With insane-like fury and strength she threw the Tartars off her as fast they approached her and started to struggle after her child.

There was no other alternative. One of the Tartars drew his knife from its sheath and watching his chance suddenly plunged it into Parashka's side, right into her heart. Blood burst out, Parashka groaned once, and toppled over dead.

At that very moment Pavlo opened his eyes, coming back to consciousness. The sight that he beheld froze his blood. Now there was no one to defend, so slowly and painfully he

crawled beyond the house into the high weeds, where he hid. From here he saw an unobstructed view of all what was happening.

By this time there were quite many Ukrainians left who were still defending themselves. Most of them had been either killed or captured and tied up. The Tartars now were chasing after the girls, binding them, and dragging them to a spot near the church. Others were catching the cattle and horses, and plundering the homes of all that could be carried. Pavlush saw how the old priest was dragged out by his beard and his head cut off with one stroke of a sabre right in front of the little old church. His wife, who was straining after him, was also slain, while his daughter was bound and led to the rapidly increasing crowd of captives. A number of Tartars were busying themselves in pulling out the Kozaks wagons, harnessing to them the captured cattle and horses, and filling them up with booty. Laughing gleefully to themselves at all this rich booty they plundered everything they could lay their hands on, and threw the rest into the flames. The church they did not set afire, but ransacked it thoroughly.

Pavlush had more than once, after hearing some of "dyid" Andriy's stories, dreamed of such terrible scenes, and had kept tossing and crying in his sleep until someone had wakened him up. Now, however, no one could waken him. It was real, as real as the throbbing pain in his head where the Tartar had struck him.

Notwithstanding the pain he still had enough wits about him to realize that if he wished to escape captivity he had to flee quickly. Where he could flee to? The best place was the thickets. But to get to them he would have to first run near the "maydan" (square) which was full of Tartars.

How he wished that he could see his sister Hannah, but the crowd of captives was so great now that it was impossible for him to distinguish her among them.

Crouching in the high weeds Pavlush saw by the light of the still burning village were plundering everything that could be carried away, and consigning to the flames the rest. He also saw how the crowd of captives in the "maydan" steadily grew larger, as the Tartars continued to drag in those captured in the fighting, particularly the women and children. The cries and screams of the latter only added further horror to the scene.

Pavlush felt numb, mentally and physically. The shock of seeing his "dyid" Andriy and mother killed and his father and sister made captives was too much for him. Although he felt within him a wild impulse to run away from all this, yet something seemed to root him to the ground. Try as he could he could not find strength to rise and flee. It was like some horrible nightmare.

Just then he perceived that the Tartars were now beginning to search in the high weeds behind the houses, seeking those who perhaps had hidden there. In a few moments fresh outcries were heard, as they fell like hawks upon those hiding, mostly children, and bore them struggling and screaming to the "maydan."

Although in a befogged state Pavlush still managed to realize that if he did not escape immediately it would soon be too late. Already the searchers, clad in their rough coats, with the fur turned outwards, high hay stack-shaped hats, their fierce and repellent faces aflame with the prospect of gaining more captives and booty, were approaching the hiding place of Pavlush nearer and nearer.

Seeing that capture was imminent if he remained there any longer, Pavlush summoned all his strength and threw himself forward, as if to break the invisible chains that held him to the spot, and ran as swiftly as his legs could carry him straight towards the stockade, crouching low and avoiding the spots where the light from the burning buildings might disclose him to the Tartars.

A few moments of fast running, and he reached the weeds growing by the stockade. He paused, breathless, listening intently to hear if his flight had been perceived. Nothing unusual was heard. Ignoring the nettles which burned his face and hands he pushed his way through them until he reached the stockade.

It was work of but a few moments for him to climb to its top. Looking down cautiously from his precarious perch he perceived to his dismay the dim figure of a sentry standing on the other side. He undoubtedly had been placed there for that very reason, to prevent anyone escaping over the wall. Escape this way was impossible.

Slowly Pavlush slid down. He sat down for a moment, thinking of what his next step should be. He had to get out of the village, that was certain. Finally he decided to make his way to the gate. Perhaps there he would find a way of getting outside.

Pushing his way carefully through the weeds, so that his movement would not be seen, he slowly made his way towards the gate. Luckily for him the weeds were higher than his head. Every now and then he strained on his tiptoes and cautiously poked his head above the weeds to see if any immediate danger threatened him. At last he reached the gate.

Parting the weeds carefully he looked through them, and his heart sank. For grouped around the gate was a number of Tartars, some sitting and some standing, acting as guards. Near them stood their saddled horses, tethered to stakes driven into the ground.

Pavlush felt his heart sink within him as he reflected that escape was impossible. Suddenly a fit of desperation seized him. Rather than to remain and be made captive he would make a sudden dash towards one of the horses, seize one, untether him, leap upon him, and be off before the Tartars could recover from their surprise. The plan was mad. There was hardly a chance of success. But desperation knows no bounds. Silently, his heart pounding furiously, Pavlush awaited his chance to leap forward.

Suddenly, from the direction of the "maydan" a fresh uproar was heard. It grew louder and louder, approaching the gate. Intermingled with it could be heard the yells of the Tartars. Evidently something had gone wrong.

Pavlush cautiously peered out towards the direction of the "maydan." He perceived in the distance a herd of stampeding oxen thundering towards him, eyes gleaming, tails streaming behind them, knocking down those who sought to stop them. Evidently they had been frightened by the flames.

Like an avalanche the oxen came on. The Tartars sentries around the

gate jumped to their feet and sought to head them off back into the village. But the oxen did even swerve. Right into the sentries they ran, bowling them over left and right, and then streamed out of the village into the wide steppe, followed by the horses of sentries which had broken loose in their fright.

One horse, however, remained. Although he tugged and reared, yet the stake and rope held, and he could not break loose.

Like a flash of lightning Pavlush realized that here was his golden opportunity of escaping. Regardless of the danger that he might be seen by the oncoming Tartars chasing after the cattle, Pavlush dashed forward from his hiding place towards the horse. It was but a work of a moment for him to quiet the horse, untether him, and clamber into saddle.

The horse, feeling someone upon his back, grew frightened again. A reassuring pat, however, quieted him down. Gathering up the reins in his hand, Pavlush dug his heels hard into the horse's flanks. The horse leaped forward, and galloped out of the village with Pavlush on his back.

But danger was not yet past. Although it was dark outside yet the white shirt which Pavlush wore made him a clear mark against the dark background. This white shirt was his undoing, for a Tartar sentry standing outside the gate perceived him. Yelling the alarm to his approaching comrades the Tartar leaped upon his own horse and sped after him, the others following. The chase was on.

On through the night Pavlush sped across the steppe. Behind him streamed the pursuit, yelling for him to stop. The faint moonlight was of sufficient light to show him where he was going, but there was always the possibility that the horse might step into a hole bringing disaster and perhaps death to both. The rapid pounding of the horse's hoofs was only equaled by the pounding of Pavlush's heart.

Gradually the distance between the pursued and the pursuers lengthened. Pavlush's horse was the faster. Seeing this the Tartars drew their bows and began to shoot after Pavlush.

The hiss of the arrows as they streaked past Pavlush and the horse only served to frighten the horse to greater efforts. The ground fairly flew beneath them. Pavlush was obliged to lean over the horse's neck and grip hold of the mane to prevent himself from falling, particularly since his legs were too short to reach the stirrups. The wind whistled in his ears, while the entire earth and sky seemed blurred into one jerking, heaving vista.

Pavlush now began to feel that escape was certain, barring accidents, for the sounds of pursuit grew fainter and fainter. Just as he was about to congratulate himself, he felt a sudden pain in his shoulder, as if someone had slashed him with a knife. Reaching back he felt an arrow hanging, its barbed head caught in his sleeveless "zhupan," something warm flowed down his spine, frightening him for the moment. He knew it was blood, and only hoped that the wound was not serious. But he felt cheered that he had managed to escape, for now there was no sound of the pursuers. He slowed his horse down a trifle, giving him a chance to recover a bit from his exertions.

Night began to lighten into early dawn, when Pavlush reached the Samara River. He felt tempted to

(Continued on page 6)

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

(Continued)

(3)

MANUFACTURING:

Only such persons as follow the so-called "processing" occupations, that is occupations in which they are directly engaged in the process of manufacture or repair, are included in the group "Manufacturing", and all persons following such occupations are classified in this group, irrespective of whether they are employed by manufacturing firms or by mining, construction, transportation, etc., companies at the time of the taking of the census.

13,148 or 11.54% of the population of Ukrainian origin reported as gainfully occupied is in manufacturing, in the following occupations:

	Male	Female	Total
Owners, managers	121	—	121
Foremen	103	9	112
Inspectors—chemicals	3	—	3
Inspectors and gaugers—metal	88	27	115
Inspectors, graders—wood	28	1	29
Bakers	305	16	321
Blacksmiths, forgemen	495	—	495
Bleachers, dyers—textiles	21	1	22
Boiler firemen	151	—	151
Boilermakers, platters, riveters	281	30	311
Bookbinders	5	8	13
Boot and shoes repairers	630	3	633
Butchers and meat cutters	461	9	470
Cabinet and furniture makers	82	—	82
Coopers	13	—	13
Dressmakers and sewers, not in factory	1	114	115
Electrical appliance repairmen	41	—	41
Engravers and Lithographers	15	1	16
Filers and grinders	164	5	169
Fitters and assemblers—metal	265	23	288
Furnacemen—metal	296	—	296
Furriers	137	54	191
Heat treaters and annealers	14	—	14
Jewellers and watchmakers	53	3	56
Machinists—metal	525	—	525
Mechanics and repairmen, not elsewhere specified	1,181	2	1,183
Millers—flour and grain	59	—	59
Milliners— not in factory	—	1	1
Loom fixers	1	—	1
Millwrights	47	—	47
Moulders, coremakers, casters	465	7	472
Paper makers	34	—	34
Patternmakers	10	1	11
Photographers	35	3	38
Polishers and buffers—metal	66	7	73
Power station operators	6	—	6
Printers	105	6	111
Rolling Mill operators, not elsewhere specified	30	—	30
Sawyers—wood	133	—	133
Sheet metal workers, tinsmiths	217	2	219
Spinners, twisters—textiles	27	39	66
Stationary enginemen	319	—	319
Stonecutters and dressers	16	—	16
Tailors	330	38	368
Toolmakers, die cutters	73	—	73
Upholsterers	67	3	70
Weavers—textiles	13	18	31
Welders and flame cutters	326	8	334
Wood turners, planers, etc.	37	2	39

OTHER OCCUPATIONS IN MANUFACTURING:

Chemical products	110	9	119
Clothing and textile products	355	1,077	1,432
Food products	311	129	440
Leather products	259	80	339
Liquor and beverages	80	2	82
Metal products	1,326	126	1,452
Non-Metallie mineral products	95	11	106
Printing and photography	10	8	18
Rubber products	74	40	114
Tobacco products	7	69	76
Wood and paper products	409	54	463
Other products	117	54	171
Total	11,048	2,100	13,148

73.9% of the above men and women gainfully occupied in manufacturing are in Manitoba and Ontario, 57.54% are mechanics, repairmen, metal machinists, blacksmiths, forgemen, butchers, meat cutters, moulders, coremakers, casters, boot and shoemakers, or are employed in clothing, textile, metal, food, wood and paper products.

CONSTRUCTION:

This heading includes those persons who are following construction trades regardless of the industries in which they are employed.

A total of 202,848 men and women of all Canadians are reported

Youth and the U.N.A.

JOIN THE U.N.A.!

On January 23, 1943, Nicholas Blaszetzky, a member of Branch 167 of the Ukrainian National Association, located in Toledo, Ohio, made the following statements in The Ukrainian Weekly:

"I joined the U.N.A. because it represents something very big and worthwhile. Among other things the U.N.A. binds the descendants of a once great nation into a compact group, a group that can do much more than any single person. So strong and influential has the U.N.A. become that it is now recognized as the very basis of Ukrainian-American life.

"The U.N.A., through its fraternal system of subordinate self-governing lodges or branches, offers its members the opportunity of fraternalizing and becoming acquainted with each other. The occasional affairs sponsored by U.N.A. branches, such as plays, concerts, and summer picnics, keep the interest of the members centered in the branch and go a long way toward fostering the proper fraternal spirit so essential to an organization such as the U.N.A.

"A member who is in good standing and who has a knowledge of the Ukrainian language may be chosen by the members of his branch to represent that branch as a delegate to the quadrennial conventions of the U.N.A., which are usually held in leading American cities. A delegate has fine opportunities to learn at first hand what the other U.N.A. branches have done to promote and improve themselves, and he will see for himself how the U.N.A. convention affects the organization, for changes of by-laws and new ideas are adopted and approved at the convention and these have an important bearing on the future of the institution. He will acquire a sense of responsibility toward the U.N.A. because he will help frame, improve and pass the new by-laws and ideas; he will also be instrumental in the election of new U.N.A. officers, and he himself has the opportunity to win a position. He is bound to get ideas which will improve his own branch, which will please the members and earn him recognition as a delegate who is aware of his obligations and responsibilities. If he wins such recognition he may be elected delegate again when the next convention date nears.

A Reward Richly Deserved

"The younger members of the Association are afforded the opportunity to acquaint themselves with the members who came over from the 'old country,' and to learn what these pioneering immigrants have ac-

complished in America. They will discover that the U.N.A. is an accomplishment of these hard-working people from overseas, and that they expect the American-born generation to carry on with the work they started. Where the U.N.A. is concerned the old people hope that their children will not let the organization which represents so much dissolve. They hope that the young people will continue to support and build the U.N.A. after they are gone. It should be the duty and obligation of every Ukrainian-American to see to it that the greatest accomplishment of their elders in this country remains in existence; the continued existence of the U.N.A. will serve as a monument dedicated to the Ukrainian immigrants...a reward they richly deserve.

"Young men, women, and even children may become members of the youth branches of the U.N.A. and fraternalize with the children of the 'old folks.' They have much in common and will attract many additional members as a result of their numerous activities, which may be publicized in The Ukrainian Weekly; this paper is published for them by the generous organization of which they are members.

"I recommend that those who desire to become acquainted with men and women, young and old, of their own nationality, investigate the opportunities offered by the Ukrainian National Association. They should visit the U.N.A. branches nearest to them when the branches are having their regular meetings. Be they 'old folks' branches' or 'young folks' branches," the opportunities are the same. I urge them to attend the meetings and see for themselves."

The above speaks for itself. Mr. Blaszetzky's remarks and observances are as true and timely today as at the time he put them on paper. Here is a U.N.A. member who is well acquainted with the aims and purposes of the U.N.A., and who recommends the organization as a worthwhile project in which all young people should take active interest. His remarks were quoted here simply to illustrate what young U.N.A. members think of the organization.

Join the U.N.A.!

T. L.

The following correction appeared in a small town newspaper:

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

as gainfully occupied in construction, of which 3,303 are of Ukrainian origin, as follows:

Owners, managers	45
Foreman	24
Inspectors	1
Break and stone masons	70
Carpenters	2,014
Electricians and wiremen	105
Painters, decorators, glaziers	560
Plasterer and lathers	93
Plumbers and pipefitters	182
Structural iron workers	41
Other construction occupations	168

Total 3,303

37.1% of those Ukrainian Canadian who are gainfully occupied in construction are in Manitoba and 33.09% are in Ontario. Included in the above are 5 women in Ontario listed under the heading of "Painters, decorators, glaziers." 60.9% of those in the industry are carpenters.

(To be continued)

IN FAVOR OF THE STRATTON BILL

A PARADE of witnesses favoring admission of Displaced Persons have been appearing before the House Sub-Committee on Immigration hearings on H.R. 2910. Letters should now be sent to the following, asking that the Stratton Bill reach the House Floor for immediate Congressional action (as well as to your own congressmen that they contact these Congressional leaders on behalf of H.R. 2910): (1) Joseph Martin (R., Mass.), Speaker of the House; (2) Charles A. Halleck (R., Ind.), House Majority Leader; and (3) Earl C. Michener (R., Mich.), Judiciary Committee Chairman. *Witnesses have included:

General John H. Hilldring, Assistant Secretary of State, and former Director of Civil Affairs Division of War Department which supervised army work with DPs: "Almost 60 percent of the DPs are in the U.S. zone and under U.S. care. I state on the basis of my long experience with DPs that they are made of the stuff of which good American citizens are made. The average displaced person is eager to rebuild his life through hard constructive work and is ready to accept responsibility. Adversity has taught them to be adaptable. They have many basic skills which could be put to good use and they are eager to learn others. ...These displaced Persons came from areas now dominated by the Soviets. They are unwilling and fear to return to those areas because they are opposed to Communist type of economy and government."

Dr. Samuel Merea Cavert, General Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, representing 25 denominations with 142,354 local congregations with a combined membership of over 28 million: "The fate of the displaced persons rests heavily on the Christian conscience. They are displaced because they are lovers of liberty. The Churches have an added reason for being active in behalf of DPs, for a large percentage of them are of our own faith. The Churches are effectively organized to do resettlement when larger numbers of DPs are permitted to enter our country."

Rep. N. M. Mason (Republican, Ill.): "Passage of H.R. 2910 will greatly reduce the cost to us of taking care of these people. In the American occupied zone of Germany, DPs are presently requiring the attention of some 800 U.S. Army officers and men. An estimated 10 percent of the effort of all U.S. troops in the American zone is also devoted to DPs. Approximately 1,400 UNRA personnel and 600 workers of various voluntary agencies also care for DPs."

Justice Owen J. Roberts: "The U.S. has a moral duty to take the lead in giving haven to European refugees. If we are serious in our concern for personal freedom, we must prove it by action. If we let these people go back into concentration camps or be murdered, we shall have reversed our traditional policy of giving asylum to the persecuted. If we make the gesture for DPs, other countries will follow our lead."

Most Rev. William Mulloy, Bishop of Covington, Ky. and President of the Catholic Rural Life Conference, representing 83 bishops, 24,570 priests and 13,372,647 lay-people on subject of displaced persons: "A labor market will be opened in these rural areas for displaced persons, who are predominantly of agricultural background. In many of the small country towns houses will be found

which could be repaired at slight expense and utilized by these people." Bishop Mulloy gave statements from 16 Bishops supporting H.R. 2910 and offering to resettle displaced persons in their areas.

William Green, President of the AFL: "The AFL has consistently maintained its opposition to all sorts of totalitarianism—Communism, Nazism and Fascism. Those who oppose totalitarianism should certainly be sympathetic to the victims of totalitarianism—the displaced persons. How can we hope to promote the ideal of democracy throughout the world if we refuse to offer sanctuary to the refugees from totalitarian oppression... H.R. 2910 will not have any adverse bearing on the American workman. We have studied this bill carefully and certainly would not support it had we been certain it would not interfere with employment here."

Catholic leader Francis Cardinal Spellman is urging support of immediate admission of DPs. He declared in a public statement: "The true purpose of democracy is man's freedom. Yet, two years after V-E Day, there are still nearly one million people... living in exile amidst the desolation of European camps and barracks... I pray... that we do not permit these misery-ridden peoples to be forced against their will to return to countries where, enslaved, their human rights will be denied them... I pray... we open our hearts and doors to these starving peoples and lead the way for all the United Nations to follow."

The National Farmers Union has joined the American Farm Bureau Federation in support of H.R. 2910. The Farmers Union has asked each of its state presidents to notify their congressmen of the Union's approval of admission of displaced persons.

The National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, representing 2,000 clubs with over 118,000 members, is officially backing H.R. 2910 as an "integral part of its support of the I.R.O. and the United Nations."

BACK YOUR FUTURE WITH U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

On Records - - By Ted Victor

WITH the advent of hot, humid summer weather we humans enjoy having things on the lighter side. For instance; we eat lighter, we sleep lighter, we try to make our jobs lighter, and we drink lighter. Well, perhaps I should say our drinks are lighter. And of course we prefer our music on the lighter side. After all, when we finally receive those long awaited two weeks with pay we like to get away from it all. Just what each and every one of you is going to do, I shall not even attempt to guess at. But I do know that no matter where you go, what you do, or what you see, somehow, in some way music will play an important part in making your vacation an enjoyable one.

Just how it is going to effect you depends more or less upon where you go and what you do. For instance: after a day of swimming and baking in the sun down at the seashore you may find yourself enjoying a few hours of relaxation in the blue of evening listening to the sibilant sobbing of the sea. As you sit relaxed, feet propped upon the boardwalk rail, what could be more beautiful than a duet between the sweet, sounds of the surf and the Minuet from the *Arlesienne Suite No. 2* by Bizet, Columbia No. 68882-D. And then as the sun gradually begins to sink in the horizon sending its last brilliant rays bouncing lightly over the voluptuously rising swells of the ocean what could be more appropriate than *The Autumn Nocturne* by Claude Thornhill, Columbia No. 36435 or *Sumertime* by Duchin, Columbia No. 36079.

If you don't go down to the sea shore then perhaps you may be fortunate enough to join some friends up at the lake. After a day of playing in the sun you may care to go down to the local inn, imbibe a bit and perhaps dance a bit. As you sit before an open window, cool glass in hand, soft, caressing lake breezes playing over your sunburned brow, the haunting strains of *Our Waltz* by David Rose, Victor No. 27853, may cause your fancy to wander. And who knows? If your fancy settles correctly at some future day, there will be two of you to reminisce each time you hear that particular waltz. (And you may find eventually that that "which" you fancied has changed but the music that caused your fancy to wander remains pleasant, sweet and enjoyable.)

So you see, it really doesn't mat-

ter where you go or what you do. Music will always remain an important factor. And if you can't get out and away from it all and must spend your summer at home, then why not treat yourself to something light and cheerful like the *Cowboy Rhapsody* by Morton Gould on Columbia Disks, or *Les Sylphides* by Chopin, performed by the Boston Pops Orchestra for Victor. If you prefer something a bit more lush in musical arranging, then try the *Dancing in the Dark Album* of Morton Gould on Columbia Records or the *Hundred Kisses Ballet* by D'Erlander on Victor Records.

THE JOKE (!) BELOW IS NOT PART OF THE ARTICLE

So You Think You Know Music?

What classical composition does the following situation suggest?

A burlesque queen caught in a drafty corridor.

Answer: *Air on the G String* by Johann Sebastian Bach.

In Quest

(Continued from page 4)

stop here, for he was exhausted, but decided it was better to continue, putting as much distance between himself and what was left of his home town. Accordingly he gave full rein to the horse, and the latter plunged into the water gleefully, lapping up the water before he swam. Pavlush was not afraid that his horse might not be able to get to the other bank, for his "dying" Andriy had often told him that Tartars horses took to water like ducks.

Snorting occasionally the horse steadily plowed through the water, his rider hanging limply on. In a few moments they reached the other bank and clambered ashore. Once on dry land the horse gave himself such a shake that poor Pavlush in his weakened state nearly flew off.

The sun had now already risen. The vast steppe was bathed in the soft morning light, lending enchantment to its limitless expanse. High above the "zhayvoronok" trilled the most beautiful melodies imaginable, heralding the coming of a new day, and new hope. Pavlush felt cheered, and urged his horse onward.

(To be continued)

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Чи є в світі молодиця — Anna's Rosy Cheeks
Взяв би я бандуру — Lover's Serenade
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What They Say

Herbert Hoover, former President of the United States, at Princeton University, in an address in which he described the American system of government as the "right-wing system of freedom":

"...A God-fearing people under the blessing of the right-wing system of freedom have built up quite a plant and equipment on this Continent. It teems with millions of comfortable farms and homes, cattle and hogs. It is equipped with railroads, power plants, factories, highways, automobiles, and death warnings. It is studded with magnificent cities and traffic jams. The terrible reactionaries have filled the land with Legislatures, town councils, a free press, orchestras, bands, radios, juke-boxes and other noises. It has a full complement of stadiums, ball players and college yells. Furthermore, they have sprinkled the country with churches, laboratories, built ten thousand schools and a thousand institutions of higher learning... Possibly another ideology could do better in the next two hundred years. But I suggest we had better continue to suffer the evils of right-wing freedom..."

President Truman, in his address before the Canadian Parliament:

"The example of accord provided by our two countries did not come about merely through the happy circumstances of geography. It is compounded of one part proximity and nine parts good-will and common sense. We had a number of problems but they have all been settled by adjustment, by compromise, and by negotiations inspired by a spirit of mutual respect and a desire for justice on both sides. This is the peaceful way, the sensible way and the fair way to settle problems, whether between two nations that are close neighbors or among many nations widely separated. This way is

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RALLY COMMITTEE HEAD



Walter Bacad

Chairman of the New York Metropolitan Area Committee which conducted the Memorial Day weekend UYL-NA Rally in New York. Mr. Bacad's picture was inadvertently omitted from our last week's report of a recent meeting of the committee.

open to all. We in Canada and the United States are justifiably proud of our joint record, but we claim no monopoly on the formula... One of the most effective contributions which our two countries can make to the United Nations is the patient and diligent effort to apply on a global scale the principles and practices which we have tested with success on this continent."

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, in a statement proposing a bi-partisan advisory council to assess United States resources for foreign aid:

"Current discussion, in and out of official life, is directed toward new foreign programs of large-scale post-war American rehabilitation—as distinguished from direct relief—to prevent social and economic collapse in many parts of the world. It is a good thing that these discussions are under way in the open... But there is a tremendous problem which has not yet been answered. It involves the achievement of conditions for stabilized peace. It involves the indispensable attainment of self-supporting independence for peace-loving peoples. It involves the intelligent self-interest of the United States, which cannot prosper in a broken world. I endorse the importance of facing this problem on an over-all basis instead of dealing with unanticipated crises one by one... But equally I recognize that intelligent American self-interest immediately requires a sound over-all inventory of our own resources to determine the latitudes within which we may consider these foreign needs. This comes first, because if America ever sags, the world's hopes sag with it."

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

BUY ALL THE BONDS YOU CAN...

Social Chit Chat

Dear Daria:—

Since I last saw you I met several people from Philadelphia and asked them if there was anything new on their Social Calendar and their enthusiastic reply had me so excited that I just had to send you a letter and relay some of the news. I just know you'll be as excited as I am as soon as you know the details. First of all I must ask you to reserve the Labor Day weekend for Philadelphia.

You recall the last Ukrainian Youth League of North America convention we attended and the wonderful time we all had, well, they are resuming the convention this year and it will be sponsored by the Philadelphia Group. You can see for yourself why I insisted you reserve this 1947 Labor Day weekend for Philadelphia.

Incidentally the whole affair is to take place in the beautiful Benjamin Franklin Hotel, 9th and Chestnut Streets, where they are also holding the convention committee meetings which I understand are open to the interested Ukrainian Youth. I hope to be able to attend some of the meetings and in that way learn more of the details.

As soon as I hear more of the news I shall write you. Remember me to the crowd and also spread the good news.

Sincerely,

REGINA

WEEKLY BANTER

The Right Light

An ambitious little group of amateur performers were bravely contending with the manifold problems of mounting a tableau bearing the ambitious title of "Noah's Ark."

"Now, how shall we illuminate the ark!" asked one anxious participant. "Oh, that's easy," rejoined a whimsical member. "With flood lights, of course."

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."

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

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS

The Ukrainian Weekly will not be published for next Monday, July 14, 1947. Its next number will appear on July 21.

On July 14 the Svoboda will appear in place of the Weekly.



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