

СВОБОДА SVOBODA

УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ЩОДЕННИК UKRAINIAN DAILY

Рік LV. Ч. 173.

Vol. LV. No. 173.

The Ukrainian Weekly

Supplement

ТРИ ЦЕНТИ в Злучених Державах Америки.
П'ЯТЬ ЦЕНТІВ за кордоном Злучених Держав Америки.Тел. „Свободи“: BERgen 4-0237—4-0807
Тел. У. Н. Союзу: BERgen 4-1016THREE CENTS in the United States of America
FIVE CENTS elsewhere.

WEEKLY: No. 28

JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, MONDAY, JULY 28, 1947

WEEKLY: VOL. XV

Vandenberg and Smith Respond To UCCA Appeal

In response to July 18 telegrams from the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America to help defeat Senate Resolution 137, which is designed to sidetrack Legislation for displaced persons, Senator Vandenberg of Michigan and Senator Smith of New Jersey assured Stephen Shumeyko, UCCA head, of their opposition to the resolution.

The resolution would authorize seven months investigation of immigration practices, and has passed Judiciary and Rules committees.

Text of Senator Smith's telegram and Senator Vandenberg's letter follow:

Text of Sen. Smith's Telegram

Retel Senate Resolution 137 strictly opposed. I have introduced legislation sponsoring Displaced Persons this country. Rest assured my efforts to be helpful.—Alexander Smith, United States Senator.

Text of Vandenberg's Letter

This will reply to your recent telegram.

I fully understand your interest in the problem of Europe's "displaced

persons." Certainly I sympathize with your point of view—as I hope has been demonstrated by my sponsorship of IRO in Congress. I think we must cooperate on a reasonable basis in connection with resettlement. This is part of IRO. But we are advised that action regarding American acceptance of displaced persons is impossible at this present session in the House where the Stratton Bill is held up. Under such circumstances, it is futile for the Senate to attempt to act at this session.

Since this condition exists, my own view is that the Immigration Committees of both the House and Senate should jointly investigate the displaced persons problem on the ground during recess. (This is totally different from S. Resolution 137 which is a general and entirely inadequate investigation of immigration exclusively by a Senate Committee without any reference to displaced persons.) I feel very sure that such a course would lay the basis for effective legislation early in the next session.

Cordially and faithfully,

A. H. Vandenberg.

Candidate For Detroit Council

Miss Mary V. Beck, Detroit attorney of Ukrainian extraction, is at present candidating for a post in the



MARY V. BECK

Detroit City Common Council, a legislative body.

The Wayne County Democrat, daily of Detroit reported in its July 19 number that among those candidates who will run for office in the fall "there is perhaps no new comer who will be more widely supported than Mary V. Beck, Detroit attorney

S. A. Bychinsky

(Obituary)

Rev. Sigmunt Alexander Bychinsky, 68, retired minister who founded Ukrainian Presbyterian churches in Europe, author, and former contributor to the pages of *Svoboda*, died July 10 last at his An Harbor home where he had resided for the past twenty one years.

The deceased was the translator of several book from English into Ukrainian. He was also a compiler of history of the life of John Huss. The "History of the Ukrainians in Canada" was of his authorship. Shortly before his death he had finished a novel dealing with Ukrainian life in Canada, entitled "Cranes on the Wing."

Born December 8, 1880, Rev. By-

(Concluded on page 7)

who filed her petition with the city clerk early in June."

This is not Miss Beck's first venture into politics. In the past two years she has been a candidate for two judicial officers, the Probate Court and the Traffic Court. She is particularly interested in child and family welfare. Eleven years of working with juvenile delinquents taught her that failures in family and community life produce children's difficulties. This has caused her to

U. N. Asked To Study Plot On Ukrainians

Under above head, the New York Times reported the memorandum forwarded on July 22 last to the Security Council of the United Nations by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

The memorandum recommended a UN investigation, similar to the recently conducted one in the Balkans, of the tense situation prevailing among Ukrainians in their native but Soviet ruled or dominated lands, inasmuch as that situation constitutes a menace to peace.

The memorandum also reveals the existence of the recent reliably reported agreement between Soviet Russia, Poland and Czechoslovakia to unite forces to liquidate the Ukrainian underground movement for freedom. Text of Times report follows:—

Text of New York Times Report

The Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, in a memorandum forwarded yesterday to Warren R. Austin, American delegate to the United Nations Security Council, urged a full investigation of "reliable reports" that the Soviet Union, Poland and Czechoslovakia "have entered into a definite international un-

derstanding to liquidate the Ukrainian people."

Stephen Shumeyko of Maplewood, N. J., president of the committee, reported that the Ukrainian underground movement for freedom was spearheaded by the Ukrainian insurgent army and that more than 500,000 Ukrainians had been deported by the Polish Government to eastern Germany. "Even worse conditions prevail," he said, "within Soviet Ukraine, according to reports that manage to filter through despite the iron curtain."

Against Ukrainian resistance, he charged, the Russians and their "puppet states" employ various repressive measures.

"The Ukrainian Congress Committee therefore asks you to present to the Security Council a resolution providing for an international investigation of the situation in the territories inhabited by the Ukrainians," the memorandum said, "and of the measures of repression that are being applied to the population by those Governments which are interested in denying to the Ukrainian people those human rights to which they are entitled."

Heads Sociology and Anthropology Dep't

Stephen W. Mamchur, a columnist of *The Ukrainian Weekly* in the late 1930's, has recently been appointed acting chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Wayne University in Detroit, Michigan.

Dr. Mamchur succeeds Dr. Alfred Mc Lung Lee, the noted public relations expert and propaganda analyst. Wayne University, whose staff, as assistant professor, Dr. Mamchur joined last fall, has 17,000 students, and the Department of Sociology and Anthropology is one of the largest in the institution.

Previously Dr. Mamchur had served for four years with the Department of Justice in Washington, had taught for six years at the Colleges of St. Thomas and St. Catherine in St. Paul, Minnesota, and had held a post with the United States Employment Service. He has also served on the staffs of McGill and Yale Universities where he obtained his M. A. and Ph. D. degrees, respectively. A native of Saskatchewan, Canada, Dr. Mamchur took his B.A. degree at the University of Saskatchewan and did a year's graduate work there.

shift the emphasis of her efforts to the prevention phase of the same problem.

Appointed Math Instructor

John Terleski, secretary of Branch 48 and son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Terleski of 218 6th street, West



JOHN TERLESKI

Easton, Pa., graduated from Lafayette College last month.

Young Terleski's proficiency in his studies is evidenced by the fact that he has already been appointed to serve as instructor of mathematics at Lafayette, beginning next September.

TEXT OF MEMORANDUM FORWARDED TO SECURITY COUNCIL OF UNITED NATIONS BY UKRAINIAN CONGRESS COMMITTEE

July 22, 1947

Hon. Warren R. Austin
American Delegate
Security Council
United Nations
Lake Success, L.I., N.Y.

Dear Sir:

The Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, a nationally representative organization of Americans of Ukrainian descent and of their societies and church parishes throughout the country, notes with gratitude and interest your efforts as Chief American Delegate to the Security Council of the United Nations and the endeavors of the entire council to cast light upon the situation in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, and especially your address before the Security Council in which you urged that the United Nations even use force, if necessary, to protect the borders of Greece from violation by Yugoslavia, Albania and Bulgaria. The Committee also notes with approval the Truman Doctrine which aims at strengthening the democratic nations to the end that they may be able to protect themselves from open and veiled aggression by enemies of democracy and from the infiltration of foreign doctrines and agents to exert pressure upon duly constituted democratic governments as in the case of Hungary.

Ukrainian Situation Explosive In Nature

The Committee feels therefore, that the situation now prevailing among that part of the Ukrainian population who are under the rule of Soviet-dominated Polish Government is likewise a direct menace to the peace of the world and is of such character that it deserves an investigation similar to that recently conducted in the Balkans by the Security Council of the United Nations. Moreover, the menacing situation prevailing there is but an extension of an even more dangerous situation prevailing behind the notorious Iron Curtain, throughout the length and breadth of Ukraine under Soviet rule. Wherever they find themselves under Soviet Russian domination, the Ukrainian people are subjected not only to national, cultural and religious persecution but also to a forcible deprivation of their elementary human rights by their rulers and their satellites. Naturally, as a traditionally liberty loving people they are waging a powerful underground movement for their human and national liberties, headed at present by the UPA, the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, whose exploits have been reported in the American press. Obviously the entire situation is of an explosive nature, a menace to world peace.

As you undoubtedly know, the

"SVOBODA" (UKRAINIAN DAILY)

FOUNDED 1893

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

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Post Office of Jersey City, N. J. on March 30, 1911 under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

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

population of Western Ukraine, whose core lies in Eastern Galicia, formally declared their independence upon the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian regime in 1918 and established the Republic of Western Ukraine. A short time later they joined with the Ukrainian National Republic, which came into being upon the collapse of the Tsarist Russian regime. After this republic, embracing most of Ukrainian ethnographic territories, was overthrown by the Soviet forces, Western Ukraine was seized by Poland. Subsequently this occupation was approved by the Council of Ambassadors with the proviso that the Ukrainian population receive special rights of autonomy, but these were never granted. The population made repeated protests to the League of Nations without result. Nonetheless they did not give up their belief in their right to independence and asserted it on many occasions in various ways.

Similarly, Carpatho-Ukraine, which was included in the Republic of Czechoslovakia, was constantly refused the autonomy which it was promised at its union with that country and was organized as merely a province of Podkarpatska Rus.

In 1939, all sections of Western Ukraine were involved in World War II. The territory that had been under Polish rule was largely incorporated, as a result of the Nazi-Soviet alliance then, in the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic. In 1941, it was occupied by the Nazis. Just prior to that, there was an abortive attempt to set up an independent Western Ukrainian republic. After the Nazi retreat, Western Ukraine was reoccupied in part by the Soviet Army. The territory that had been under Czechoslovak rule declared its independence in 1939 but the Nazis handed it over to Hungary and then in 1944 the Czechoslovak Government gave it to the Ukrainian Soviet Republic.

The Ukrainian people did not remain passive during the World War and under their changes of masters. They sought in every way to recover their national independence and they fought bravely and steadily against all the invaders of their native land in the hope that the victory of the democracies would restore to them those democratic liberties that were promised to all peoples by the Atlantic Charter and the principles of the United Nations and that had always formed part of the Ukrainian national ideals. The spearhead of these striving for liberty was and is the UPA, Ukrainian Insurgent Army, which during the war fought against both the Nazi and Soviet invaders and at present against the latter and their satellites, including Polish troops and constabulary. Through the UPA and through other organized units and organizations, the Ukrainians have maintained their struggle for liberty which is still continuing against overwhelming odds.

For months this bloody and heroic struggle for liberty and democracy by the Ukrainian patriots was denied by the representatives of those countries which have been occupying Ukrainian soil and oppressing the Ukrainian people. It was only when the magnitude of the struggle became manifest to the world outside the Iron Curtain that it was deemed advisable to denounce publicly these

Ukrainian patriots as mere bandits. Even this proved an unsatisfactory solution, in view of the continued operations of the Ukrainian forces. Now hardly a day passes without some report in the American press of the execution of Ukrainian leaders by the Soviets and their puppets.

Press Reports

May we be permitted to cite but a few of the more recent reports? On June 19, 1947, the New York Times in a dispatch from Warsaw reported the execution of seventeen members of Ukrainian nationalist forces accused of attempting to overthrow the Government by force. They were charged with having made armed attacks on military outposts in southeastern Poland.

On June 24, 1947, the New York Sun reported from Warsaw that a Polish military court had condemned to death Lubomira Bohaczewska, a Ukrainian nationalist leader, on charges of commanding units that fought the Government and of having contact with Ukrainian organizations in Czecho-Slovakia.

In June 30, 1947, the New York Times published a dispatch from Warsaw that the Polish Government announced that 406 Ukrainian Nationalists had been killed in a drive by the Polish Internal Security Corps to rid southeastern Poland of anti-Government underground bands.

The Polish Government under Soviet domination is also endeavoring to destroy its Ukrainian population by deporting thousands to those portions of Eastern Germany which have been placed under Polish control pending the completion of the Peace Treaties, so that they will be separated from rest of the Ukrainian population and may be separated from their native villages and their families and friends. Over 500,000 have been thus moved and the program is assuming even larger proportions.

Conditions Even Worse in Soviet Ukraine

Even worse conditions prevail within Soviet Ukraine, according to reports that manage to filter through despite the Iron Curtain. Aside from the notorious purges, executions and persecutions of Ukrainian patriots, millions of Ukrainians have been deported by the Soviet authorities to Siberian wastes and elsewhere to work in forced labor camps. Moreover, there is much religious persecution there. Thus the traditional Ukrainian Catholic Church of Western Ukraine has been forcibly incorporated into the Russian Orthodox Church whose head in Moscow is but a puppet of the Soviet regime and uses the church as an instrument of the state. In the process of the forced annexation of the Ukrainian Church by the Soviets, hundreds of priests were executed or died in prison, including the Ukrainian bishops themselves.

Naturally the Ukrainians resist with might and main. Against this resistance the Soviets and their puppet states employ various special repressive measures. They also use guile. Thus within the past year Moscow even offered an amnesty and good treatment to the embattled members of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army if they would surrender themselves, which offer was naturally rejected.

A Shocking Agreement

Finally, apparently as a last resort, within recent times the Soviet Union, Poland and Czechoslovakia have entered into a definite international understanding to liquidate the Ukrainian patriots with their desire for and belief in liberty and democracy. Reliable reports prove the existence of this understanding.

Such an action of three allied powers against a population whose only crime is a desire for its own independent and democratic government, is so contrary to the high principles of the United Nations that it cannot fail to take cognizance of it.

The Ukrainian Congress Committee therefore asks you to present to the Security Council a resolution providing for an international investigation of the situation in the territories inhabited by the Ukrainians and of the measures of repression that are being applied to the population by those Governments which are interested in denying to the Ukrainian people those human rights to which they are entitled.

It can be readily foreseen that these Governments will counter with the argument that there is no Ukrainian national movement, even though they are announcing themselves that they are executing and destroying the leaders as well as the rank and file of this movement. Such an argument only emphasizes the danger that the present situation offers to the establishment of a real, permanent, and just peace, for the Ukrainian people at every moment during the last thousand years have, whenever they had the power, proclaimed their independence and tried to make it effective.

At the present time when the United Nations is endeavoring to provide a peace in which all human beings can enjoy the Four Freedoms and the United States of America is exerting its influence to secure harmony and prosperity throughout the world, it is useless to argue that the Ukrainians should be denied even these rights of autonomy that were suggested for them by the famous Wilson's principle of national self-determination. During the very week when this process of extermination is being announced in Europe, we have seen the Government of the United States extending its good efforts to facilitate the coming into being of the Indonesian Republic to aid in the quieting of the Pacific area. Only recently United States has recognized the independence of the Republic of the Philippine Islands in response to the wishes of the population, who had not previously been represented at international gatherings as an independent nation.

If there is to be one peaceful and prosperous world, there cannot be tolerated the existence of areas where the population is being systematically oppressed and decimated. It is still more grave an offence against civilization when three powers unite for the sole purpose of suppressing by joint effort a race which they have seized and divided among themselves.

Urges Investigation of Ukrainian Situation

That is why, Sir, the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America is taking this opportunity to request you to urge an investigation by the Security Council of the situation prevailing among the Ukrainians in their native but enslaved territories, and of the measures that are being taken against the Ukrainian liberation movement, which is only an-

Diagnosis - - - By G. H.

CURRENT religious publications are quoting widely the warning voiced by Dr. Alexis Carrel, the top ranking medical scientist of our day. His warning is that the youth of America is getting soft and flabby from the lack of discipline, hardships, and self-denial. The following paragraph gives an unflattering picture of the youth mentality as gauged by Dr. Carrel:

"Everything has been too easy for most of us. All life has aspired to the condition of an English week-end, a Thursday-to-Monday holiday of minimum effort and maximum pleasure. Amusement has been our national cry; 'a good time' our chief concern. The perfect life, as viewed by the average youth or adult is a round of ease or entertainment, of motion pictures, radio programs and parties. This indolent and undisciplined way of life has sapped our individual vigor, imperiled our democratic form of government. Our race pitifully needs new supplies of discipline, morality and intelligence."

How much of this applies to Ukrainian American youth can be judged by the conditions in our immediate surroundings. Our parents did not have an easy life; it was hard work from morning till night and day after day. Entertainments were few and far between. Some became moderately wealthy, some remained always in need, depending on their ability, ambition, and the way of living.

But the underlying principle that guided our parents has been to make life easier for their children. If they were frugal to the extent of parsimony, the object was to send their children to school or at least to provide a home for them. A boy or a girl, starting out today on the first job hunt, may never experience the same feeling that moved their parents on their first search for work. Whether he gets the job or not, modern youth has a home to return to, then start hunting again without fear of facing hunger in case he fails. Our parents were not so protected against failure, and they had to take whatever was offered: hard work, small wages, unpleasant conditions.

Because the parents had it tough, many of them took pity on their children and pampered them, a natural reaction in any society. Instead of inculcating in their children the virtues of work, thrift and moderation, which they had learned by hard knocks, they let things slide until the children were too old to learn. The result is that we need not look far to find many of our youngsters whose chief concern in life is a "good time."

The repercussions of this attitude of our young people are also felt by the institutions that were founded by the older generation. The fears

other way of saying against the Ukrainian people in the region where they have lived for over a thousand years.

The Ukrainian Congress Committee of America believes that it is acting in this matter in accordance with the ideals and interests of the United States and of the United Nations and it earnestly hopes that you will see your way clear to present such a resolution to the Security Council.

UKRAINIAN CONGRESS

COMMITTEE OF AMERICA

Stephen Shumeyko, President

that there will be no one to take them over are not entirely groundless. One cannot fail to notice the present state of inactivity in our communities, and one wonders if the war is really to blame for the lack of ambition in our young people. The older generation is concerned with the fate of their institutions because taking them over by the youngsters may mean the liquidation of these institutions.

As stated at the outset, the diagnosis of modern youth has been made by Dr. Alexis Carrel, who also gives his remedy to the situation, to wit:

"To combat dangers from within and without, the race must enormously strengthen itself. If there is to be any regeneration of our people, it must take place in the small laboratories of our private lives. We must realize, with all the intensity we can command, that refashioning our own character is not only the most satisfying and rewarding preoccupation of man, but is also the most important contribution we can make to society. We must reconstruct ourselves on the three planes of conduct, physical, mental, moral; otherwise there will be a lack of balance and the salt will lose its savor. The instrument which man must employ in this harmonious reconstruction of himself is discipline."

But enough for the wayward youth; it was not intended to criticize

On Records - - - By Ted Victor

THESE hot summer days send thousands of people scurrying to the nearest seaside resort for relief. While they swim, sleep and sun themselves little thought is given to the seeming endless expanse of water and sky before them. It is only in the evening, after the body has exhausted itself that the mind begins to wonder about this huge, fluid monster that is forever gnawing ravenously away at this earth of ours.

It wonders about the perpetual waves that roll in to shore. How they hump themselves as high as possible and then are neatly tripped to go sprawling out on the sand of the beach. It wonders about the voluptuously rising swells out there beyond the surf. Why they stilled into broad expanses of glittering glass? Why do they rise to mountainous heights of green and white churning water to smash everything in their path? It wonders about the colors that meet the eyes. Deep emerald green, foaming white, rich blue green and the black nocturne of flowing velvet after the sun has tucked away its last beaming ray.

Just as these modern tourists wonder, so have composers of all generations wondered about the ocean. They have composed songs, suites, and symphonies about and to it. True not all of this music is recorded, in fact quite a bit of it is not played at all. And yet I know it would be interesting to hear all of them. For instance: Anton Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony." This has always intrigued me for it is the only symphony in seven movements. One for each of the seven seas. However since this is a record column I should stay in my own back yard.

The following recordings on the whole I recommend for your summer

Trivia - - - - - By Sophia

"The Trials of Traveling Trivia"

(Continued)

GETTING a lower berth on the Toronto-Winnipeg train is easy... if you make your reservations a few weeks in advance. However, if you give only a day's notice, you can't expect to be accommodated at once, so you settle for an upper berth until a last-minute cancellation brings the glad tidings that you are now the proud possessor of a lower.

In Canada, there are classes of travel, as in Europe, and the tourist class, or peasant class, is the way we two girls traveled. Since we were going peasant class, we wrapped ourselves in shawls and kerchiefs, gathered up our bundles, and left our adobe hacienda in Toronto. We

all Ukrainian American youth because of those who are deserving of criticism. Fortunately we have our share of youth that is of better type. The Youth Convention, to be held in Philadelphia, is only one month away, and the spotlight will be turned on those who are engineering this project and on the participants as well. Yes, they will be there for a "good time," but the good time they get will be due to the pleasure obtainable from creative effort. For they are the builders of the future Ukrainian institutions in America. Good luck to them!

arrived at the station shortly before midnight, and had little time for goodbyes and warning to "Take care of yourselves!" before we boarded the train. Quietly we slunk in, following the porter, so as not to awaken the sleeping travelers already on the train. The porter showed us to the one berth both of us were sharing (real peasant class!) and as soon as we climbed in, our girlish giggles were audible throughout the entire car. Everytime we moved an inch we got bruised, and at the rate we accumulated the bruises one would think we were collectors of them. At long last, after overcoming the difficulty of getting used to such crowded quarters, we leaned back and let the train roll us from side to side, to afford us a few loud laughs before we dozed off. All this while the man in upper twelve (right above us) coughed and cleared his throat, and after an hour we held a conference and decided that was his way of telling us to shut up. Finally, we slept.

When we awakened, the train was at stand still, and upon consulting our timetable, we discovered we were in Sudbury, Ontario—the nickel center of the world. Peasants that we were, we expected to find the streets lined with nickels, but the natives informed us that farther into town we could find this sight. The citizens of Sudbury decided it was not feasible to pave the station with nickels. Of course, we were let down, but it was nothing that a hearty breakfast couldn't fix.

For fear that we two girls might get bored with each other before the trip came to an end, we started conversation with the friendly people on the train, particularly one family of five girls, the oldest being seven years old, who were proficient in the French language. Afraid that they might grow up without a knowledge of English, we decided to teach them our language, and were amazed to discover that they spoke English as fluently as French. We were shocked into silence, and even considered teaching them Ukrainian, but decided against it because we didn't know where to begin.

Most of our trip consisted of sleeping and eating at every opportunity, which we did between laughs. The scenery through central Canada is beautiful, and when we found ourselves a clean window we'd view it. Riding along the north shore of Lake Superior, we saw logs piled high as mountains, and spent hours on mathematical calculations wondering how the log hills got so high without the use of machinery. Giving up the sights, the eighth wonder of the world, we again relaxed, this time to learn baby talk from the toddlers on the train.

Again night fell with a thud, and as many of the passengers had left the train during the day, the noise and laughter that night didn't annoy anyone. We awoke the next morning in Kenora, Ontario's last outpost before Winnipeg. The morning hours dragged by, as they usually do just before your reach your destination. We gathered up our baggage, looking like a unit of Ringling Bros., Barnum, and Bailey, and ambled (new word for "tripped") down the train steps. Alighting on the station platform, it was difficult to believe we had been away for a whole year. Winnipeg, here we are again!

listening without any reservations. Technically they are good and the prices are in the popular vein. Just which one you will like best I cannot say but I can say that all will be of interest to you.

La Mer (The Sea) by Debussy. Performed by Boston Symphony Orchestra. Conductor Doussevitzky. Victor No. DM-643.

Oceanides by Sibelius, performed by Adrian Boult and the B.B.C. Orchestra. Victor No. M-311.

Sea Murmurs, performed by Heifetz. Victor No. 1645.

The Sea by MacDowell, played by the composer. Victor No. 4017.

Sea Chanty for harp and strings by White, conductor Ormandy. Columbia No. XM-259.

Sea Chanties by the Yale Glee Club. Columbia No. C-79.

UKRAINIAN RECORD OF WEEK

Letter from Europe, performed by Zukovsky with orchestra. Columbia No. 27082-F.

This is one of the old comic records made by Zukovsky. On the whole it is quite amusing for it does bring to light some of the more awkward misunderstandings between Ukrainian and English. If you want to give the old folks a laugh, get hold of this record.

Maybe the traditional Russian symbol should be changed from a bear to a pig... Mr. Truman now stands up when someone asks from the stage: "Is there a doctrine in the house?"... Geography lesson for today: The continental United States is a large body of land surrounded by palms—extended in the hope of a soft touch.

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)

Among Friends

AFTER ascertaining that Pavlush was soundly asleep, Semen the Helpless arose quietly, so as not to disturb him, and went over to the campfire, where the pot was boiling. He stirred the "kasha" and threw into it a good sized chunk of fat.

Seeing Pavlush's horse grazing nearby he reminded himself that it would be best to tether him lest he run away. The horse shied at his approach, but a few softly spoken words quieted him down, and Semen was able to tether him near his own horse. Then untying the cinches of the saddle he pulled it off. Lowering it to the ground he noticed with surprise that it was quite heavy, much more so than the ordinary Tartar saddle. As he dropped it on the ground a jingle was heard. "Aha," muttered Semen to himself, "there must be something in it." Examining it more closely, Semen whistled in surprise. For tucked away in it was a veritable little fortune of gold "chervintsi" and dollars.

Deciding to examine the find more closely when the boy woke up, Semen picked up the heavy saddle and carried it over to where the boy slept, where he covered it with a blanket. Then turning to the fire he unhooked the pot of the already cooked "kasha" and placed it on the ground. He was just about to put the fire out, when a sudden whinny of his horse interrupted him. He sprang to his feet, and listened intently. A sound like that of horses was heard. Perhaps the Tartars had trailed the boy and now were about to attack? But as the sound of the horses' hoofs grew louder he noticed that it came not from the direction from which the boy had come, but from the opposite side. He heaved a sigh of relief, for he realized that it was probably his expected friends arriving. Nevertheless he held his musket in readiness. A slight knoll prevented his seeing them, as yet.

More Kozaks

The first of the horsemen appeared over the rise. Yes, they were his Kozak friends.

"Poohoo! Poohoo!" several of them called out, imitating the owl.

But Semen did not reply, lest he wake up the boy.

"Is that you Semen? Why don't you reply?" one of them called, with a trace of exasperation in his voice. Meanwhile the others had appeared over the rise, riding with the ease peculiar to Kozaks, their lances set in their stirrups, muskets across the saddle, sabres and pistols set in their wide belts. A more formidable and daring looking troop of fighters could hardly be imagined.

Semen ran towards them, motioning them to quiet down.

"Less noise brothers, less noise! Or you'll wake the child!"

"Oho! And where did you get the child from?" one of them queried laughingly. "What have you been up to?"

"Now stop fooling," Semen replied. "This morning this boy arrived on a spent horse. He had escaped from a village which had been massacred and destroyed by Tartars. He was half dead himself. Before I could find out anything more about him and the village he fell asleep. Wait till he has rested well, then we'll wake him up."

"Have you got anything to eat," several voices sang out in unison.

"I did cook a bit," worried Semen, looking around him, "but I had cooked only for five. And unless I miss my guess, there is more than fifty of you."

"You guessed it. You'll be an Ottoman yet," replied one of the Kozaks. "There is fifty of us. On our way here we met another band under the command of Ostap Triska—do you know him?—and we united."

"Of course I know him. Where is he?"

"How are you Semen!" Triska replied, sliding off his horse. He was a well set up man of middle age, with deep thoughtful eyes, and incredible courage in battle. "Don't you worry about the eats. We'll cook what we need ourselves."

"Have you ridden all night?" asked Semen.

"Yes, since sunset."

The Kozaks looked at the sun. It had already risen high. All around them the dew laden grass and flowers was steaming. It promised to be a very hot day.

By this time all the Kozaks had dismounted stiffly off their horses. After unsaddling them and tethering them to stakes driven in the ground, they proceeded to make a large fire. At each end of it they drove into the ground a large forked stick. Then they laid a lance across these sticks, from which they hung their pots filled with water and "kasha."

A number of the Kozaks, curious to see the boy, cautiously approached the sleeping Pavlush. Among them was an ancient Kozak named "dyid" Panas.

"Dyid" Panas was over 80 years of age, and although it certainly was high time for him to spend the rest of his days in home secure shelter, he, as he expressed, "did not give in to age," but roved with the Kozaks on all their marches and expeditions, playing on his "bandura" and cheering up all with whom he came in contact. He joined one band after another, and was welcome everywhere. True, he could not wield a sabre with the best of them any longer, but he was a wonderful crackshot with the musket or pistol, and gave a good account of himself in battle. In addition he knew how to heal wounds, and in those days that was certainly an accomplishment, and for that reason he was received with open arms by any band of roving Kozaks he chose to join. "Dyid" Panas had campaigned everywhere, in Crimea, Poland, Turkey, Wallachia. Many a tight position he had been in, when escape from serious wound or even death seemed impossible, and yet he always managed to escape without even a scratch. For that reason he was regarded with quite a bit of awe throughout the Ukraine. In spite of his venerable age, he dressed his hair in a youthful style, shaving it and leaving but a tuft on the top which he braided. His moustaches were so long that they reached down to his chest.

"Did you wash the wound?" inquired "dyid" Panas of Semen.

"Yes, I washed it with water and applied some leaves to it."

"That's no good. Wash all wounds with whiskey, for water is often unclean... But we shall see when he wakes up."

"So you say that Spasivka has been burned?" one of the Kozaks asked Semen.

"Well it looks like it," replied Semen. "This morning I saw a great glare in the west. The little chap told me that it had been burned down by the Tartars; but the rest I could not find out as he soon fell asleep."

Petro Scrutinizes Sleeping Pavlush

The Kozak who had asked a question, a trifle younger than the others, with black flashing eyes, seemed to be worried over something. He knelt down by the sleeping Pavlush and scrutinized him intently.

"Why, what's the matter," someone asked curiously.

"Eh, don't bother me. I'm from Spasivka myself. I left my mother and father there." Then turning to Semen he asked, "What's this boy's name?"

"I don't know," replied Semen. "I did not get a chance to ask him."

The Kozak continued to sit by the sleeping boy, regarding him closely, as if seeking to place him. Just then "dyid" Panas approached.

"Stop that Kozak!" he said. "Looking at him like that is no good. You may unknowingly bewitch him. Best let him alone. See, the hot sun is shining now right on his face. That's no good. We will have to rig up some sort of a shade for him."

"Dyid" Panas went into the nearby thickets, cut himself two stakes, and stuck these stakes into the ground, over which he hung his coat. In this manner Pavlush was protected from the hot rays of the sun.

"Have you any children of your own?" asked the Kozak who had been asking questions about Pavlush of "dyid" Panas.

"Why do you ask?" the latter queried in turn.

"Well, because you take such good care of this boy."

"Well isn't he some Kozak's son. Who knows what this boy may grow up to be some day."

"But did you ever have children of your own?"

"What matters if I did. Now that I haven't, I am glad to take care of those not my own."

"Say, why don't you two stop chattering," someone from the group sprawled around on the ground called out. "Who's business is that if somebody has children or not. It would be much better for us to have some fun while we are here. Come on, let's dance, for who knows what tomorrow will bring."

"Now listen comrade," Semen said in very exasperated tones, "don't talk so loudly, for you'll wake up the boy."

"What the devil is that boy to us," replied the other, his voice rising in anger. He was a newcomer to this particular troop, distinguishing himself chiefly thus far by his short temper and ability to execute the most difficult dance steps.

"Dyid" Panas approached them from his horse, carrying with him his "bandura." He sat down calmly among them, and struck a few preliminary thrangs on the strings. The others crowded around him, to hear all the better. Panas struck a chord, and then launched into a long Kozak "duma."

"Dyid" Panas Sings a "Duma"

All were quiet save the hothead who wanted to dance. Refusing to sit down he capered around the grass, now leaping high into the air, now doing the "presyidi," and occasional-

ly spitting through his teeth...

But he did not dare to break up the singing. Finally tiring of dancing by himself he went off and lay down on the grass...

All was quiet. The "duma" was long in itself, but the way Panas sang it was even longer. All was quiet. Even the birds in the vicinity seemed stilled. The voice of the singer, now low, now quavering on the higher notes, sang of the woes as well as of the happy moments of a Kozak who had gone to wars. An occasional deep sigh from among the listeners eloquently testified that the singer had touched a responsive chord in someone. Some of the younger Kozaks' eyes grew misty as they recalled their home, their loved ones, their friends, and perhaps even a sweetheart. And knows whether they would ever see them all again...

The sorrowful strains of the "bandura" throbbed on and on...

A few of the older Kozaks, sleepy from the lack of sleep the previous night, dozed off...

Finally the song came to an end. "Dyid" Panas struck one deep chord. Its echoes rolled and rerolled, growing fainter and fainter...

All arose, stretching, their spirits subdued, still under the spell of the "duma."

Meanwhile the "kasha" had cooked. Its appetizing smell revived their spirits. All began to eat.

"Dyid" Panas felt happy. For here he had by his singing and playing avoided what seemed like the beginning of a good quarrel. He looked around to see what that hothead who had wanted to dance so much was doing. And there he was, lying flat on his back, his mouth widely agape, snoring so stentoriously that even the birds in the vicinity stilled in wonder. "Dyid" Panas smiled to himself.

"Where the devil does he get the ambition to dance," he asked. "Here he was travelling all night, now he's snoring like thunder, and still he wants to dance!"

"Huh, don't you know him. Why, that man will even dance on top of a grave," another replied. "Once, I remember, while we were on a march we stopped at a certain place for the night. He was placed on guard. Everyone was so tired that he fell asleep as soon as he lay down. And do you know what this fellow did? Practically all night long he danced on the wide moonlit steppe, while the others slept."

A Regular Whirlwind

All laughed, one of them added: "Yes, he can dance. But he can also lead the Tartars a merry dance too. You should see him in battle. A regular whirlwind I tell you."

"Come now, Petro, tell us something," one of the Kozaks turned to the one who had seemed to be so interested in Pavlush.

"I can't because I'm eating," Petro replied.

"What's the matter? Can't you eat 'kasha' and talk at the same time?"

"Not if I want to keep my 'kasha,'" Petro replied laughingly. The others joined in the laughter.

"Well, all right," one of the Kozaks said. "We promise not to steal your 'kasha' away from you while you tell us some story or riddle."

Petro thought for a minute. "All right, my dear little brothers," he replied at length, smiling a trifle sardonically, "tell me this:—Why is the 'kasha' you are eating hot?"

(Continued on page 7)

MARKO VOVCHOK

By PERCIVAL CUNDY*

"WHAT Shevchenko is for Ukrainian poetry, that is, a model of form and content for others to follow, Marko Vovchok is for Ukrainian narrative prose, although of course the talents of the two writers cannot be put in ambivalent comparison."* The appearance of the first volume of *Tales of the Common People* (Narodni Opovidannya) in 1857 by a hitherto unknown writer created a furore in literary circles in Russia. When the book came out under the editorship of Kulish, he prefaced it with a foreword in which he placed the author in the same category with Shevchenko and Kvitka. "The great merit of these *Tales*," he wrote, "consist in the fact that they describe our people as they actually are, not as we see them from the outside, but as they mutually look upon themselves... Such stories as these by Marko Vovchok (God grant there may be more of them!) will in time become fundamental in our national literature."

The Mysterious Element

There is an element of the mysterious running all through the life and literary work of Marko Vovchok, pseudonym of Mariya Markovych, wife of Opanas Markovych, a member of the Brotherhood of Sts. Cyril and Methodius, to which Shevchenko and Kulish had also belonged when it was condemned in 1847.

In the preface quoted above, Kulish tells how the first of the *Tales* came to him. In the magazine he was then publishing, he had printed a request for ethnographic material for further volumes of his *Notes on Southern Russia*. "Some one," he wrote, "signing himself Marko Vovchok, sent me a MS comprising two short narratives. I glanced at them and thinking them to be a stenographic report of oral tales in the vernacular, laid them aside. A couple of weeks passed before I took them up again and began to read carefully. I could hardly believe my eyes; I had in my hands a faultless artistic production, lucid, full of freshness. I wrote the author asking how they came to be written. The reply came that the writer had lived a great deal among the peasantry, although not of the same social class, was greatly interested in studying them, and loved their society very much. The stories were fruit of what the writer had seen and heard among them..." Continued Kulish, "The author was evidently engaged in ethnographic study, but by his deep penetration into the souls of the personages he described, his perception of beauty in nature, and the harmony of the language in which he clothed his work, was manifestly a poet in ethnography."

When the *Tales* came to Shevchenko's attention, he was enthralled by them. He soon had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the author when Mariya Markovych and her husband came to St. Petersburg on a visit. It was to her, as a memorial of the day he met her first, that he dedicated the lines which begin:

"Not long ago, beyond the Urals far,
I wandered lonely, and to God I prayed
That our beloved cause might not
be lost,

* Courtesy "Ukrainian Quarterly"
* Serhiy Yefremov, "Survey of the Ukrainian Literature."

(1)
That our speech should not die out
for aye—
God heard that prayer, and unto us
has sent
A tender prophetess to speak for
us—
One who unveils the cruel, heartless
deeds
Of men insatiable..."

The great Kobzar adopted her as his "literary daughter and hereditary successor" in the field of Ukrainian literature. It was at this time, in the course of a conversation Shevchenko had with Turgenev that the novelist enquired what authors he should read in order to gain familiarity with the Little-Russian dialect. (The word "Ukrainian" was taboo in Russia then). Shevchenko burst out enthusiastically: "There is only one who has a mastery of our language: Marko Vovchok!" This led to a personal acquaintance by Turgenev with Shevchenko's "literary daughter," and as a result, in 1859, the first volume of the *Tales* appeared in Russian, translated by Turgenev himself. A year later what is considered to be the most characteristic of Marko Vovchok's stories, *The Aristocrat* (Instytutka), also appeared in Turgenev's Russian translation two years before it was published in the original Ukrainian. Her popularity was great but also lasting. Before me as I write lies a copy of *Marusya* (also called "The Kozak's Daughter"). It was printed in Zhovkva, 1938, and bears on the title page "Tenth Edition." What is more the editor, T. Kostruba, says in a foreword: "This story is a most popular book in Europe. Translated into German and Italian." A bibliography of her works shows that in addition to the languages already mentioned, her stories have appeared in Serbian, Croat, Polish and Czech. In English, a few of them, translated by the present writer and others, have appeared in recent years in the pages of the "Ukrainian Weekly."

Ukrainian Harriet Beecher Stowe

The publication of the *Tales* created an impression comparable to that made by Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, although from a literary and artistic point of view there is no comparison between the two women writers. Marko Vovchok's work has remained, as Kulish prophesied it would, "fundamental in our national (Ukrainian) literature." Seventy years later, Yefremov said what amounts to the same thing in other terms. Critics made a search for parallels in the work of both, talked learnedly about "influences" of the American on the Ukrainian authoress. However, it does not seem that Marko Vovchok was acquainted with *Uncle Tom's Cabin* when she was writing the first series of her stories. What the two women had in common was a burning indignation against human bondage of any sort and a profound sympathy with the enslaved and downtrodden, one with the Negro in America, the other with the serf in Russia. "Even the ox under the yoke will bellow; why then should a Christian soul suffer all kinds of abuse and indignity and not cry out," says one of Marko Vovchok's characters. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work was a powerful piece of literary propaganda for the times in which it was written, while Marko Vovchok's *Tales* remain a living classic. Her work bears the stamp of native originality in form and content, coupled with the power

Youth and the U.N.A.

MATERIAL WANTED

This column made its first appearance more than nine years ago, and has successfully served its purpose to date. News concerning Ukrainian National Association youth branches and their activities was extensively reported through this medium. Information and up-to-the-minute developments were publicized for the benefit of members and non-members alike. The doing of U.N.A. members were reported faithfully. At one time there was so much material coming in that we had to have our columns prepared weeks in advance. No U.N.A. news items were rejected, for the purpose of this column has been to print such news.

But material is not coming now in such large quantities as in days gone by. As a matter of fact, the past several weeks saw not one letter, item or article from any youth branch or club. Surely there must be a reason for this. Since the majority of the youth branches are active, however, the obvious conclusion seems to be that lately no one has thought of sending in news.

Purpose of Column

Assuming that this is so, let us once again make clear the main purpose of this column: The U.N.A. has about thirty youth branches in the United States, some large and some small active and some inactive. It was thought that if more space was devoted to U.N.A. matters, the smaller branches would become larger, and the inactive branches would come to life. This column and a U.N.A. sports column made appearances in *The Ukrainian Weekly*, and in both the affairs of U.N.A. branches, clubs, and team were publicized. That this has resulted in bringing new members into the youth branches, and creating new interest among the indifferent members of inactive clubs, is indicated by many letters and articles received by the main office of the U.N.A. during recent years. It can be seen, therefore, that the purpose of this column is to help the youth

branches by publicizing their doings. It is unfortunate that very little material has been submitted recently, for we cannot help those who do not ask for it. It must be remembered that readers of this paper, the majority of whom are U.N.A. members, are anxious to read about the activities of the U.N.A. branches. Non-members who read about such activities naturally become interested and consequently make inquiries. Many new members have been added to the U.N.A. membership lists in this manner. Furthermore, it is to the advantage of the branch to publicize itself, because it will prove to its indifferent members that it is active and thus get them interested enough to attend meeting.

Any kind of U.N.A. news will be accepted for publication. Elections of officers; announcements of games, meetings, dances, parties, and the like; results of such affairs; reports on members who have shown unusual ability in sports or in school... these are but a few of the topics one can write about. Any member of any branch or club may send in such items, and he or she will receive full credit for them when they are published. It is not necessary to use fancy language in the items... just give the facts. Remember, we want to help the member and his club, so please give us the opportunity to do just that. All U.N.A. items intended for publication should be sent directly to the Ukrainian National Association, P. O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J.

It may seem strange that a periodical should go to all this trouble to ask for material from its readers. It usually is the reader who asks the favor. But, so anxious are we to publicize the U.N.A. and the affairs of its branches, that we have decided to ask for volunteer reporters.

We are looking forward to receiving U.N.A. news items and reports in the very near future. Write for *The Ukrainian Weekly*! It is your newspaper!

T. L.

to touch the most sensitive strings in the reader's heart, and through it all there runs a democratic, freedom-loving, humanitarian philosophy of life.

As has been said there is much of the mysterious, unexplained, and conjectural in the life and personality of Mariya Markovych. As far as Ukrainian literature is concerned she was like a meteor, bursting out suddenly with great brilliancy and as swiftly fading away. As there was at first little knowledge of the facts behind the pseudonym and confusion later on, the authorship of the *Tales* was a matter of critical debate for years. The question was: Who in reality is Marko Vovchok? Mariya, or Opanas, or both together.

The fact that Mariya had apparently been brought up solely at Orel in Great Russia, and that she seemed to have resided only five to six years in Ukraine after her marriage to Opanas Markovych, coupled with the fact that her husband was a zealous Ukrainian patriot with a passion for the study of the peasantry and their folklore, gave rise to the assumption that the pseudonym covered the cooperative authorship of husband and wife. This was reinforced by a false statement made by Kulish, according to which Mariya provided the plot and artistic form

and Opanas the verbiage of the *Tales*. The inference was drawn that it must have been impossible for "typical and full-blooded Great Russian" to have acquired the mastery of the language and insight into the life and psychology of the peasantry displayed in the *Tales* in so short a period of residence in Ukraine. Moreover, while there, the Markovych's had lived mostly in cities and very little in the country. On the other hand, it was a fact that Mariya possessed remarkable linguistic gifts. She spoke French like a native without a trace of foreign accent, Polish likewise, Czech admirably, and she could read with ease and discrimination German and English classics in the original languages. With such gifts she could easily in five or six years' residence in Ukraine have attained the mastery of the vernacular she displayed in the *Tales*.

(To be concluded)

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

(Continued)

(5)

RECREATIONAL SERVICE:

A total of 243 persons of Ukrainian origin are engaged in recreational service as follows:

	Male	Female	Total
Owners, managers	142	—	142
Actors, sportsmen	22	5	27
Motion picture projectionists	20	—	20
Ushers	13	8	21
Other recreational occupations	33	—	33
Total	230	13	243

58.43% under this classification are owners and managers.

PERSONAL SERVICE:

There are 3,300 men and 9,221 women of Ukrainian origin rendering personal services in the following occupations:

	Male	Female	Total
Owners, managers—Hotels	105	10	115
Owners, managers—Laundries	11	5	16
Owners, managers—Restaurants	160	42	202
Barbers, hairdressers	423	269	692
Footblacks	19	—	19
Charworkers and cleaners	139	62	201
Cleaners and dyers	92	86	178
Cooks	673	267	940
Domestic servants, not elsewhere stated	357	4,792	5,149
Elevator tenders	37	7	44
Guards and caretakers, not elsewhere stated	194	1	195
Housekeepers, stewards, matrons	25	1,076	1,101
Janitors and sextons	252	18	270
Laundrymen	76	392	468
Lodging housekeepers	70	581	651
Nurses—practical	29	62	91
Waiters and waitresses	497	1,534	2,031
Undertakers	4	—	4
Porters	110	1	111
Other personal occupations	27	16	43
Total	3,300	9,221	12,521

57.34% giving personal service are domestic servants and waitresses. There are 333 owners or managers of hotels, laundries and restaurants, Ontario having the greatest number. Alberta leads in the number of practical nurses.

CLERICAL:

There are 1,796 men and women of Ukrainian origin in clerical occupations, as follows:

	Male	Female	Total
Accountants and auditors	43	4	47
Bookkeepers and cashiers	90	115	205
Office appliance operators	1	11	12
Office clerks	575	214	789
Shipping clerks	320	18	338
Stenographers and typists	22	383	405
Total	1,051	745	1,796

65.48% of those in clerical occupations are in Manitoba and Ontario. Manitoba leads in the number of accountants and auditors and Ontario in the number of bookkeepers; cashiers, office clerks, shipping clerks, stenographers and typists. Alberta leads in the number of office appliance operators.

LABOURERS:

Since the term "labourer," so reported, gives no indication of the type of work performed, it cannot be classified under any of the occupation groups shown in the tables. Even a knowledge of the industry in which they are employed does not supply the necessary information on the type of work performed by a person reported as a labourer, for a labourer in a steel mill, for example, might as well be working in a construction, transport, etc. type of occupation as in a occupation directly concerned with the process of manufacture. There are 9,248 Ukrainians reported as labourers, of which 6,401 are in Manitoba and Ontario.

MAIN OCCUPATIONS:

The occupations in which there are more than 1,000 gainfully occupied in a descending order of numerical strength is as follows:

Farmers and stockraisers (Agriculture)	32,899
Farm labourers (Agriculture)	22,023
Labourers (not in agriculture, fishing, logging or mining)	9,248
Domestic servants (not elsewhere stated under Personal Service)	5,149
Sectionmen and trackmen (Transportation and Communication)	3,902
Miners and millmen (Mining)	2,381
Waiters and waitresses (Personal Service)	2,031
Carpenters (Construction)	2,014
Owners, managers—retail (Trade)	1,982
Lumbermen (Logging)	1,496
Employed in metal products (Manufacturing)	1,452
Employed in clothing and textile products (Manufacturing)	1,432
Salespersons in stores (Trade)	1,404

What They Say

Fleet Admiral F. Halsey, at a meeting of the Reserve Officers of the Naval Reserve in New York:

"Today there are two ideologies in the world, a totalitarian and a democratic form of government. We in this country have fought to establish and to keep democratic form of government. The ideals of the totalitarian and democratic governments are pretty much alike. Both say they are trying to do the best for the people. In a totalitarian government a few people at the top say what is good for the people. In our country, if we don't like what the people at the top are doing we throw them out, not by revolution, but by the good old ballot. Our form of government has enabled the people to rise to the highest possible position in government or business. We are not har-

assed by any gestapo. We do not fear concentration camps and we do not fear purges. I believe there is a common ground on which the two forms of government may meet. The lines will be stabilized, ideas will pass from one ideology to another."

Jennings Randolph, former Representative from West Virginia, speaking in support of a bill to establish a Department of Peace in the President's Cabinet:

"Distance won the first World War for us and production won the second, but nothing will win the third for us or for anybody. There'll be nothing but vanquished nations after that war. If we don't lay down the principles of peace within the next five years, it will be too late. Of all the agencies of this Government, it seems to me a shame there's not one single agency devoted to research in peace."

Truck Drivers (Transportation and Communication)	1,377
School Teachers (Professional Service)	1,313
Mechanics and repairmen (not elsewhere specified under manufacturing)	1,183
Housekeepers, stewards, matrons (Personal Service)	1,101
Total	92,387

The above includes 81.09% of the gainfully occupied population. 89.48% of the Ukrainians gainfully occupied are "producing the goods." 10.52% are "handling the goods" or are in professional service.

OWNERS AND MANAGERS:

Of the 113,921 reported as gainfully occupied of Ukrainian origin, 35,690 or 31.33% are owners or managers, as follows:

Class of Occupation	Male	Female	Total
Agriculture	32,064	835	32,899
Logging	8	—	8
Mining and Quarrying	10	—	10
Manufacturing	121	—	121
Construction	45	—	45
Transportation and Communication	58	1	59
Trade	1,940	125	2,065
Finance	8	—	8
Recreational Service	142	—	142
Personal Service	276	57	333
Total	34,672	1,018	35,690

The distribution of owners and managers by provinces, divided between agriculture and other classes of occupations, is as follows:

	Agriculture	Other	Total
British Columbia	333	64	397
Alberta	10,309	619	10,928
Saskatchewan	11,672	582	12,254
Manitoba	9,364	819	10,183
Ontario	1,134	534	1,668
Quebec	75	163	238
Nova Scotia	12	10	22
Total	32,899	2,791	35,690

Saskatchewan leads in the total number of owners and managers and in the number of agriculture and recreational services. Manitoba leads in the number in logging, manufacturing, construction, transportation, communication and trade. Ontario leads in the number in personal services. Quebec is the only province that has more owners and managers in other fields than in agriculture. In Quebec there are more in wholesale or retail trades alone than in agriculture.

(To be continued)

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Orders for the new CARE baby packages may be sent to the non-profit, government-approved organization, at 50 Broad Street, New York.

In Quest

(Continued from page 4)

Everyone went into deep thought. Have to careful, thought each one, lest I give a dumb answer. Hmmm... must be some difficult answer if Petro asked it. Hmm... Much scratching of heads.

"Nobody knows?" Petro inquired at length.

"Oh, all right, what's the answer?" came the reluctant answer.

"It's hot because it was over a fire."

"Ovva! As if we didn't know it." They all laughed, however, for having something put over on them.

In the midst of the laughter Pavlush woke up.

(To be continued)

Face powder may catch a man, but it takes baking powder to keep him. ...Praise is the art of raising the eyebrows instead of the roof... To avoid that run down feeling—cross the streets carefully... An optimist is one who figures that when his shoes wear out he will be back on his feet.

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PLANS WILL BE LAID TO FORM A U.N.A. BOWLING LEAGUE IN NORTHERN NEW JERSEY

All of the U.N.A. Lodges in N.J. are requested to attend by sending one delegate or more, if they so desire, to a meeting to be held at the Ukrainian Center, 180 William Street, Newark, N. J. on Wednesday evening, August 13th, 1947, at 8 P.M.

If there are any questions, kindly contact John Romanition, Esq., 786 Broad Street, Newark, N. J. or call at Market 2-8031.

WEEKLY BANTER

Babies: Just a bunch of newly-wets.

"My girl got her nose broken in three places."

"That'll teach her to keep out of those places."

Teacher: "What do you know about nitrates?"

Willie: "Well-er-er they're lots cheaper than day rates."

She shifted her brain into neutral and let her tongue idle in.

There was a Swede who lived practically on the border between Minnesota and Wisconsin. For years he wasn't certain which state he lived in. Finally, he got a surveyor to make a special investigation of the problem.

"You live," decided the surveyor, "in Wisconsin."

The Swede threw his hat into the air with great glee.

"Thank heaven," he cried. "No more of these terrible Minnesota winters."

Late one night a fellow who was alepholically over subscribed was feeling his way around a lamp post muttering: "S'no use, I'm walled in!"

With her hand on the light switch, the little woman interrupted her interminable chatter to inquire, "Is everything shut up for the night, dear?"

From out of the darkness came hubby's reply: "Everything else, dear."

Typographical errors!

"Mrs. Robbins, president of the Women's Club, announced that on Wednesday, June 15, the final meeting will be hell."

At the Ladies' Aid Society meeting many interesting articles were raffled off. Every member had brought something she no longer needed. Many members brought their husbands.

She's the kind of girl who likes to whisper sweet nothing doings into your ear.

A Kentucky colonel was seen always to close his eyes when he too a drink. When someone asked him about the habit, he said: "Suh, the sight of good lickah always makes my mouth watah, suh, and I do not like to dilute my drink, suh."

Boss: "Why don't you lift you pick higher off the ground?"

Laborer: "You hang over my shoulder so much I'm afraid of

BYCHINSKY

(Concluded from page 1)

chinsky studied at the University of Lwiw, and the University of Berlin. He came to this country at the age of 23, and continued his studies at the Western Theological Seminary in Pittsburgh.

After holding several pastorates in this country and in Canada, and acting as editor of the Ukrainian "Morning" paper, the deceased returned to Europe, where he founded several churches of his denomination.

New Jersey Youth Clubs

RESERVE

Sunday, August 17, 1947

FOR STATE CONVENTION

DETAILS NEXT ISSUE.

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Юхим Мартич

Короткозорий Принц

Тепер і не згадати, чим його мозок був заклопотаний у той день, що передував знаменній ночі? Може він був в театрі, і в пам'яті лишилися спогади про пишні декорації, про музику, схожу на водограй, про актрису з довгим золотавим волоссям. А може він довго нудився на якомусь нескінченному засіданні, де кожний промовець починав свій виступ словами: я цілком погоджуюсь з попереднім оратором, але в свою чергу я мушу... І від цієї нудоти він почав мріяти про щось барвисте, мінливе, сяюче... А може в чомусь іншому треба шукати причин дивного сну, який побачив тридцятидвохрічний, короткозорий і неодружений бухгалтер на прізвище Принц. Його звали Хома Степанович Принц, і, маючи цілком пристойне ім'я та по батькові, він часто, протираючи пенсне, скаржився на своє прізвище.

— Якесь дуже несучасне прізвище. Ну, заважало долі додати до нього якесь недовге закінчення, щоб воно було хоча б Принцип — хороше поважне ім'я. Або хоча б змінити дві літери, і він був би Шириц — з таким прізвищем можна зробити наукову кар'єру. Але ці мрії лишилися нездійсненними, він був саме Принц, Хома Степанович Принц, і кожен міг думати, що його батько був королем, а мати королевою, в той час, як в усіх анкетах він писав з мужньою чесністю, що походить з шанованої династії короткозорих бухгалтерів.

Його батько мав справу з рахунками, контокорентами. Його дід теж командував цифрами, і перші слова, які почув у своєму житті новий спадкоємець родового замку Гросбух, були схожі на шепотіння вітру над озером — дебет і кредит.

Чому ж так не пощастило з прізвищем? Чому ж Принц?

Але майте терпіння, і ми скоро можемо підтвердити, що нічого в світі немає випадкового. Коли судилась доля людині носити прізвище Кисіль — значить, не обминути йому цієї страви, виготовленої влітку з вишень, з клюкви взимку. Відомо, що коли людина має прізвище Брехун, то хоча б раз у житті, а все таки вигадає щось неймовірне. І так, в кожному прізвищі, чи то Майбороди, Біловуса, Чуприни, чи то Броварника, Вінника, Бублика або Рибки — одне слово, в усьому можна виявити звязок, аби тільки мати майже закінчену середню освіту і легкий нахил до химерних вигадок.

Отже відомо, що Принц робив того дня, але вночі, тільки він влаштувався під рожевою ковдрою і простягнувши ноги, втомлений од багатьох службових справ, сон запліснув йому очі. Він почав хрипті, свистіти носом і булькати губами, як робив щонаочі, і десь коло другої години побачив неймовірний сон.

Він побачив самого себе на довгій, широкій алеї. Описуючи цю алею, можна було б користуватися словами, властивими щоденному побуту Хоми Степановича, і сказати, що дерева були стрункі, як олівці, а цвірювання птахів нагадувало свист нового пера на високоякісному папері. Але це було б непотрібне літературне штукарство. Дерева, що росли обабіч алеї, були могутні і кремезні. Вони поросли темнозеленим мохом, кожна гілка сама могла б бути деревом, листя було широке, як брилі, і важило, щонайменше півфунта кожне. Треба

було благодати всі вітри землі, щоб вони куняли спокійно в своїх печерах, бо звалиться на голову отакий лист — і матимеш клопіт з лікарями.

Ось він іде здовж алеї і спокійно, не схилоючись, думає: цікаво, куди приведе його цей незнайомий та привабливий шлях? Неквапною ходою робить ще кілька десятків кроків, поворот, ще один поворот — раптом перед ним виник палац.

Ах, Принц, Принц, куди привів тебе легковажний сон!

Знову слід попередити, що цей палац було складено не з гробухів і рахівниць. Важкі, сірі гранітні крила купчилися, мов хмари в негоду. Вікна були вузькі й довгі, мов ті отвори в телефонних автоматах, куди належить кидати срібні десяти копійок. Широкі мармурові сходи вели вгору, і Принц, ступивши на них, одразу помітив, що їх вкриває гладкий шар пороку.

— Е! — сказав Принц сам до себе, — чи не потрапив я до палацу Сплячої Красуні. Почуваю, що доведеться цілуватися!

І бадьорим кроком він побіг нагору, так, як біжать на п'ятий поверх, де розтанувався могутній столичний трест, представники периферії.

Передчуття його не зрадило.

Скоро Принц опинився у просторій залі з скляними стінами. Треба було занарядити щонайменше два вагони скла, щоб збудувати отаку велич. Вздовж стін росли квіти, пишні, вигадливі, оранжерійні. Змалку не відчуваючи смаку до таких рослин, дозволю собі проминути їх опис. До того ж не вони привернули увагу Принцеву. В середині залі, в скляній гроті снала красуня.

Принц хотів наблизитися до неї, та заважали скляні стіни. Але вона безумовно була дуже вродлива. Він напружував свій зір, щоб якомога краще розгледіти її обличчя. Ах! Лягаючи спати, він зняв своє пенсне, як робив щонаочі, і поклав на маленький столик біля ліжка. Далек був у цю хвилину той столик, на якому поруч будильника і цигарниці залишилось пенсне. Як мучився тепер наш короткозорий Принц! Дійсно, чи варто ламати скляну гроту і цілувати Сплячу Красуню, коли вона, можливо, постаріла за цей час? Принц був дуже малим, коли вперше почув про її неактивне існування. Може вона не така вже вродлива і, нарешті, що він знає про її характер? Поцілуєш, розбудиш, а потім? Ні, Принц був обережною людиною і не наважувався на такі легковажні вчинки.

Треба спочатку розгледіти її як слід, обізнатись з характером і нахилами, а вже потім можна будити!

От він і сів коло гроти терпляче чекати, коли сам прокинеться.

Рівно о пів на восьму над його вухом закалатав будильник, він схопився, одягнувся, помився, поснідав і побіг на службу.

Не будемо зараз докладно розповідати, як проминав цей дуже довгий день. Охорона праці, голова місцевому і страхделегати навіть не уявляють, як важко було Принцеві перебути вісім годин. Напевно тільки в кінці виробничого року, під час складання балансу, виявляться наслідки тривоги того дня.

Нарешті вечір, ніч — і він стрибає у ліжку, як пілот з парашутом стрибає з літака, як плавець у море, як юнак у кохання, як диригент у симфонію.

Тепер він у всеозброєнні. Пенсне тремтить на його носі. В руках він затиснув футляра з запасними окулярами.

В. Петренко.

Дві Матері

— Не йди, синку, не роби того. Хіба тобі більше всіх треба? — гримала Ганна на свого сімнадцятирічного Петруся.

— Мамо, ну як ви не розумієте: хіба я кращий від усіх, чи що?... Тепер війна. Не такі люди гинуть, а за що й самі не знають... А ми, мамо, — за Україну. Сядь мені... Вистачить уже, що батько загинув.

— А чого загинув, то ви й зараз не розумієте. Держава, мамо, — це повітря. Нема повітря — людина задихається... Не було у нас держави — мільйонами гинули... А коли ми, мамо, всі разом повстанемо до боротьби, тоді утвориться така грізна сила, як хвиля на морі, що затоплює кораблі.

— Як хвиля?...

— Так, мамо, як хвиля покотиться...

— Вірно, синку, кажеш, вірно...

— Мамо, дай я тебе поцілую не раз, а двічі... Тепер у мене дві матері.

Сльозинки, переганяючи одну одну, покотились по щоках Ганни. Перед очима матері стояв син, ніби копія батька. Петрусь похапцем ховав листівки за пазаху. Тим часом маленька сестричка Катруся, силкуючись, не могла розібратись, в чому справа? Розставивши ніжки і порпаючись пальчиком правої руки в кирпатому носку, вона не зрозуміло дивилася на матір та Петруся.

Вховавши листівки, Петрусь попростував до дверей.

— Синку, а мені?

— Новіщо вони вам, мамо?

— Це вже мое діло.

Петрусь дістав кілька листівок і дав їх матері.

Катрусені рученята також потягнулись назустріч.

Петрусь, а Каті?

— А Каті... ось! — поцілувавши її в пухлячку щічку, сам побіг геть.

Розгортаючи рукавами лози, Петрусь поспішав берегом до сусіднього села. Аж ось і садок Миколи. Він побіг до клуні, тричі свиснув. У ту ж мить назу-

стріч вибігла чиясь постать.

— Микола?

— Так, я!...

— Ось маєш листівки від Микити. Наказав, щоб цієї ночі і були розкидані по всьому селі.

За хвилину Петрусь, не чуючи землі, біг назад додому. В цей час йому хотілося не бігти, а летіти. Летіти над безмежними просторами України назустріч чарівним пісням. І він, ніби підбадьорюючи свій настрій, вигукнув слова любимой пісні: Гей-го! Гей-га!

Окутаний солодкими мріями, він не опам'ятався, як уже був на своєму подвір'ї...

Та перед самими дверима його зупинив галас, що доносився з хати. Мов гострим лезом, різонув крик Катрусі: „Ма-мо!... Дя-дя!...“

Петрусь стиснув у кишені пістоля, миттю ввірвався до кімнати.

Ніби градом силнули слова гестапівця, який допитував матір:

— Загс ду мір, бледер гунд, во німст ду флюгблеттер гер?

Мати стояла мовчки, заціпивши скривавлені уста. На її обличчі також стікала свіжа кров. А Катруся бігала від матері до гестапівця, і кричала: „Ма-мо!... Дя-дя!... Ма-мо!...“

По хаті валився розбитий посуд та пошматовані речі. Декілька гестапівців робили обшук у спальні.

Серце Петруся забилося, як у тихоманці. Запальна молодеча натура більше витримати не змогла.

— За Україну, мамо, — і гестапівська потвора повалилась під ноги матері.

На постріл у двері ввірвався другий гестапівець.

— ...За мою ма-м... — та куля гестапівця попередила його постріл.

На устах Петруся завмерло найтепліше в світі слово — МА-МА. (У.Т.)

Йосип Позичанюк.

ЗЕЛЕНИЙ ШУМ.

Отаман з дубового пня погляда на нових гостей, з під сивої кубанки двома чорними китицями вирвався чуб, груди важко розносять короткий кожушок з чорним комірцем, побілілі пальці затисли в двоє зібганий ремінний нагай. Дикі хлопці ідять його зором. Привели одного уповноваженого і чекають слова страшного месника, що з Сибіру втік. Його синок підбіг до першого окупувача: сіра шинеля й кров'яний орден.

— Дай мені його, батьку! Цей шість неділь сидів у нашому селі, наганом бив матерів, як свої коні розбирали з колгоспу.

Отаман ворухнув куточками вуст. Його кров. Росте колій, зразу за ніж хапається. Не вмів ввічливо говорити зі столичними партійцями.

— Звідки? — зіскочив отаман з пенька.

— Ленінградець.

— Чого прийшов в цю сторону?

— Земля звійот.

— Поетично! — Обернувся до повстанців.

— Уловноважений землі хоче. Нагодуйте його, хлопці!

Ленінградія рвонули, а тихоокеанський матрос уже набирав землі в пелену червоної бурки. Не хотів їсти, церемонився, як дівка, матрос припросив ручкою нагана по зубах: почав ковтати. Земля верталась, не хотіла лізти в його чорну суху горлянку.