

СВОБОДА SVOBODA

УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ЩОДЕННИК UKRAINIAN DAILY

Рік LV. Ч. 185.

Vol. LV. No. 185.

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. 30

JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 11, 1947

WEEKLY: VOL. XV

Our DP Women Hopefully Seek New and Better Life in England

A high percentage of the thousands of women of European displaced persons arriving in England since last May to take up a new and what they hope will be a happy life, are Ukrainians, according to recent correspondence of Jack Tait of the New York Herald Tribune. Most of them are from Western Ukraine, prior to the war under Polish domination and now under Soviet domination.

They and others, Latvians, Lithuanians, Estonians are being brought in from DP camps in occupied Germany and Austria (excluding the Soviet zone of course) to bolster the British labor force.

Officially they are called European Volunteer Workers.

Some of them are boarded at London's Hans Crescent Hotel, behind Harrod's department store. The once fashionable hotel was taken over by the Americans during the war, and now it is a government hostel, a reception center for all European workers coming to England. The male workers enter at Hull.

The Tribune dispatch in its August 2 number says that when the latest batch of Ukrainian and other DP women arrived at the hostel, they were soon queued up in the dining room at lunch time. The menu was soup, meat pie, potatoes, prunes and custard and tea. The women were subdued. There was no lively hum of female chatter. The business of eating was all-important.

A group of government officials sat at a table to one side and surveyed the heads bent over food.

"We have to watch them pretty carefully or they wrap everything up and take it away for later," one official said. "Especially bread. It's the way they've been living for the last few years."

A Ministry of Labor spokesman explained the routine of bringing the women into the country. "They will stay here two or three days," he said, "while we check them over again and get their papers assembled. Then they will be sent off to various holding centers, where they will remain until placed in some kind of employment.

"Most of them probably will work on farms or in textile plants. That's where we need them most. They have signed an agreement with us to work wherever assigned. Of course, they can refuse. Then they'll be sent back to the same camp in Germany they came from.

Since the program got under way in May 16,000 men and women 18 to 50 years old have been brought in, the official said. About half of these already have been placed in jobs. As

many women as men are coming in. The government has set a target figure of 100,000 European volunteer workers (displaced persons) to be brought in during the first year, but lack of transport and dearth of accommodations for E. V. W.s in England have slowed the program temporarily.

Ukrainian Thanks

Are the E. V. W.s satisfied with their lot once they get to Britain? One of the officials produced a letter. It does not prove that all are contented but indicated that some are. The letter, addressed to the manager of the West Ratting Hostel for E. V. W.s, read:

"Last night, on the first July, 1947, had been took place in cinema building a meeting of all residents of

(Concluded on page 6)

Appointed Rutgers U. Professor

Joseph D. Stett (formerly Stetkewicz)—active before the war in Ukrainian American younger genera-



Prof. Joseph Stett

tion activities, has been promoted to full professorship, with the title of Professor of Metallurgy in the Department of Mechanical Engineering, College of Engineering, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J.

Prof. Stett has been teaching at Rutgers University since 1942, and is now actively engaged in locating and procuring war surplus equipment such as machine tools, furnaces, and industrial equipment and furniture for use by Rutgers University in the expansion program necessitated by the increased student enrollment.

Several months ago Prof. Stett was elected to Tau Beta Pi, national

THE COMING UYL-NA CONVENTION

OVER the coming Labor Day weekend, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 30, 31 and September 1, there will be held at Philadelphia's leading Hotel, The Benjamin Franklin, the 10th convention and congress of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

Of what significance is it?

Simply this. Since its inception in Chicago in the summer of 1933—founded at the First Ukrainian American Youth Congress held there during the Ukrainian Week at the Chicago World's Fair—the UYL-NA has been the most completely youth-initiated, youth-sponsored and youth-conducted national organization in Ukrainian American life.

Accordingly, and on this account alone, the coming convention deserves full support of our younger, American-born generation, including its youth and those who used to be its youth.

Where one or two organizations similar to it have fallen down by the wayside, the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America has been forging ahead. To be sure, it has had its full share of the ups-and-downs—and the recent war drove it into a period of hibernation—today it is again demonstrating that the active element in our younger generation Ukrainian American life is definitely a credit to its American

way of life and to its Ukrainian national and cultural heritage.

Although the UYL-NA is a loosely knit organization, depending for the most part upon the idealism and energy and ambition of those who have constituted it, the league nonetheless has been a spontaneous expression of our young people's natural urge to organize themselves into a single and coordinated unit, dedicated to the self-sufficiency and self-preservation of Ukrainian American life and all that it stands for. Chief among its aims has been service to our young people's country, America, and cultivation and perpetuation of their Ukrainian traditions, including the national movement for independence.

A significant aspect of the UYL-NA existence has been the fact that quite a number of those intimately associated with it today occupy important posts in such adult organizations as the Ukrainian National Association, as well as in the Ukrainian Congress Committee, and the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee. In the U.N.A. the Supreme Auditing Committee as well as the Supreme Advisory Committee contain persons who were or are still active in UYL-NA affairs. Both the Congress and Relief committees are headed by former UYL-NA presidents. This merely demonstrates that the UYL-NA has been a sort of a training school, a proving ground, for young people to take over the adult tasks of our life.

The UYL-NA conventions or congresses or rallies are the highlights of our younger generation activities. The coming one is the first since the last one, held in 1941, before Pearl Harbor. We do urge our various people's clubs and societies to send their delegates—two to a club—to attend the affair.

Guests, young or old or in-between, are likewise urged to attend.

As representatives of their local organizations, they will have an opportunity to meet others of their kind who will gather from all parts of the country and from Canada as well.

Together they will discuss and deliberate upon various major issues and problems confronting the Ukrainian Americans, and formulate policies of a decisive character. At the same time, to be sure, they will have plenty of opportunity to strengthen the bonds of common kinship and comradeship amongst themselves.

honorary engineering society. He is also a member of Sigma Xi, honorary chemical society, American Institute of Chemical Engineers, American Society for Engineering Education. Is now a member of a committee named to study the problem of establishing a chemical engineering department at Rutgers.

Prof. Stett graduated from Columbia University with the degree of BA in 1932, BS in chemical engineering in 1933, Ch.E. in 1934, and Ph.D. in 1939. He taught metallurgy and chemical engineering at Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa. from 1937 to 1941, and was research chemical engineer with the American Zirconium Corp. in Baltimore from 1941 to 1942. He was Assoc. Prof. at Rutgers since 1942. Recently he published an article in Metal Progress describing some research in the field of powder metallurgy of iron.

A brother of Prof. Stett, Roman, is a metallurgical engineer with the Goodyear Company at Akron, Ohio. Their father, the late Joseph Stetkewicz, Sr. was an editor and proof-reader of the Svoboda daily. The mother, Mrs. J. Stetkewicz, and married sister Vera, a pianist, reside at Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.

The young professor is married to the former Mary Muraszko, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Muraszko of Jersey City. Mr. Muraszko is president of the Ukrainian National Association.

Trivia - - - - By Sophia

A Folk Tale Come to Life

IT used to be that as soon as a child of Ukrainian parentage reached the mature age of six, that his father would enroll him at the local Ukrainian school to study the language of his parents. This important event usually started the fireworks in the household, the youngster rebelling at the thought of having to attend two schools—as though one were not enough! Nevertheless, two or three times a week regularly, the child was taken by the ears and led to the Ukrainian school by Mom, and when Mom couldn't make it, the youngster was sent alone. Despite all the admonitions not to play hockey, any child who was normal skipped school once in a while. The theme of this column, however, is not, "The Hardships of Junior's School Days," but rather, "A Folk Tale Come to Life."

All of us who attended these schools read stories (even though we read them word by word, and letter by letter) of Ukrainian peasant and village life, which impressed us as being fairy tales of some imaginary life in some non-existent land. We read of the people, the daily routine, and of their homes, but none of us ever expected to see or experience any of this. Such was my case, which made the experience of seeing all this even more surprising and interesting.

It all happened during a five-week tour of Canada, in the province of Manitoba, to be exact. My traveling companion and I were invited to spend a few days on the farm, and expected no more than plain, ordinary farm country, which we got. On the second day of our visit, however, we heard talk of the existence of an old country farmhouse, so off went the curious New York tourists to see the place. Our obliging hosts drove us to the farmhouse, and as we drove onto the private road leading to the house, nothing was visible but trees. Set in behind the trees, with the bright sun beaming down on it, was a house—a glistening white clay house, complete with thatched roof, just like the houses pictured in the first reader at Ukrainian school! It appeared to be transplanted from the old country into another land where the setting was perfect for it, and just gazing at it for a few minutes made it easy for us to lose ourselves in the atmosphere of it. It didn't seem real to us city slickers, who are seldom amazed at any sight, and the view was a still picture until an old lady stepped out of the doorway to bring it to life.

She greeted us cordially, and we in turn brought our best Ukrainian out of its hiding place to exchange greetings. At first we stuttered and stammered, our tongues being unaccustomed to the language and therefore tripping over it, but after a few minutes, because English seemed so inappropriate in such a setting, it came more naturally to us. (Silently we thanked our parents, whose training made this conversation possible!)

The little old lady (she was under five feet) made supfluous apologies for her appearance, as she had just been in the garden, but her attire fitted in perfectly with the motif. She was dressed in a skirt and blouse, peasant style, with a kerchief covering her head. During the course of the conversation, she divulged to us that she was well past eighty years of age, and looking down at her feet

led us to believe that she had spent most of that time barefooted. She led us into the house, which we couldn't wait to see from the inside, and continued her conversation while we continued to be amazed at the house and its furnishings.

She lived alone, except for three chickens who lived with her in the kitchen. The kitchen, incidentally, was one of the two rooms in the house, and its furnishings consisted of two long benches along the wall, a table, a bed, and an enormous stove which took up a third of the entire room. Examining the stove, we saw how it was possible for the Ukrainian peasants to sleep on the stove ("na pechi") on cold winter nights, whereas before this, it was hard to imagine anyone climbing up on a gas or coal range to accomplish this feat. Passing through a small foyer, which divided the house in two, we entered the other room, and it was plain to see that the kitchen was much more "lived in" than this room. In one corner of the room was a bed, with half a dozen pillows neatly piled on it. This room also contained the traditional benches along the wall, and a table. A trunk was at the foot of the bed, out of which the old lady took her treasures of Ukrainian costumes, embroidery, and other items to show us. Her pride and joy was a pair of leather boots, which were tan trimmed with red and green. When she displayed them, her eyes lit up, and she said they were so beautiful "azh hovoryat do vas!"

In another corner of the room was a wooden cross, which she had prepared for her burial, along with a pillow made of "vasylky," an herb with a delightful fragrance. She said she wanted her head to rest on a fragrant pillow, not an ordinary one made of feathers.

We wanted to stay longer in this "other world" we had found at the old farmhouse, but alas, the element of time brought us back to reality. Going through the foyer on the way out, we were told that the house had no chimney, but that the smoke went directly from the stove, through the foyer, and out of the house through a hole in the thatched roof. I guess that even if the old lady wanted insurance on the house she couldn't buy it!

We took our leave of the house, and toured the farm, taking in the barns with their thatched roofs, and the fields, where horses pulled the old-country style. We were shown the garden, which was all the old lady could manage at her age, and which she described to us with pride in her voice. Some of us took pictures, both moving and still, which we decided we'd like to look at in our old age.

The old lady was not anxious to have us leave, as she seldom had visitors and welcomed the opportunity to converse with people. We bid her adieu, reluctantly got into the car, and departed, her farewell "God bless you!" still in our ears. We turned onto the main road, racing back into the twentieth century, from a dream-like hour in the past.

A SMALL POCKET SIZE DICTIONARY

is quite valuable. We have a few on hand in the English-Ukrainian languages.

Price \$1.75

SVOBODA

81-83 Grand St., Jersey City 3, N.J.

Prophecies - - - - By G. H.

MEMORY is a funny thing, which often plays tricks on us either by its absence at a critical time or by its persistence. Some things we remember without effort, others require a connecting link with related events to be remembered. And it is often said that events occurring in the early life of a person leave a more lasting impression than the happenings at a later age.

To the oldsters the summer of 1914 is immediately associated with the beginning of World War I. But the boys of that era, in my home town, remember the Sunday evenings after vespers, when they played ball on the lot adjoining the church. In fact, all youth activities of that day converged on the church grounds. There was the choir, the chytalnia, and a gymnastic club, and—the empty church lot for playing ball.

The oldsters would stand in groups to watch the children at play, or to discuss the impending events, and the old parish priest would join them. From the world affairs the discussion would turn to the parish and eventually to the activities before their eyes. There was a general satisfaction voiced all around with the prevailing conditions in the parish, especially with the youth passing its leisure time around the church and in the Ukrainian organizations. The old priest agreed with others that all was well in the parish and with youth in particular, but as the discussion approached the end he shook his head in sadness:

"Wait thirty years" he said, "and you will have sermons in English, if you have any people left at all; all will be Americanized, here and all over America."

It was easy to remember that statement, because in the years to come it was to be repeated by others, priests and laymen, and in many different places. But more than thirty years have passed since that prophesy, and the days of doom seem to be as far away as they ever were.

On the once vacant lot stands a parochial school, the old clubs gave way to new ones, fraternal organizations expanded, and activities around the church are limited only by the whims of the pastor. Some of the youngsters dropped out because of intermarriage or because they would not tolerate abuse, but their ranks were filled by others. And the sermon in English is not a threat, but

might prove to be a better method of holding the youth together.

You would think that the prophets of doom might have a change of heart, but far from it. My recent visit took me to a little town in Pennsylvania where a new priest, a recent arrival from Europe, took charge of a Ukrainian parish. I found him in the church yard pouring concrete around the posts intended for a swing. "It is for the children who come to me to Ukrainian school," he explained. A concrete retaining wall with an iron fence along the rear boundary of the church property was also the product of his labor. Heavy boards were piled in the church basement, one from each parishioner, intended for the construction of a new altar. One could see that things were humming in this parish. "I will have the church decorated like a Ukrainian Easter egg" he exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"In more than thirty years the people of this parish never had a priest of their own; with many desertions to the Russian church next door it is a miracle how they survived; they have hearts of gold; but in another thirty years there will be nothing left here, all will be Americanized."

There it was again. Neglected by those in authority, torn by squabbles and by outside propaganda, the parish survived more than thirty years. Why should it fail to survive another generation under an able leadership of self-sacrificing pastor, or even due to the memory of one? Perhaps a little more faith in our own people is what we all need.

Some pin their hopes to a new wave of immigration from Europe to bolster up the morale of American Ukrainians, which may be justified to a limited extent. But our faith should be placed in the American Ukrainian Youth, who are here to stay, who will be the backbone of Ukrainian institutions in America, who will maintain the traditions of their immigrant parents.

Those who have attended the New York Youth rally last May returned to their homes confident that American Ukrainian Youth will carry on. Those who feel shaky about the future ought to visit the Youth Convention in Philadelphia on Labor Day. They will then forget the prophecies of doom, but will pitch in to help the youth along.

On Records - - - - By Ted Victor

FOR the past six weeks your's truly has been attending summer school. Now summer school is a very fine institution for gaining extra credits, receiving the benefits of the G.I. Education Bill, and of course it's a source of learning. However, it does have one major fault. Each student is allowed but two cuts, and that means you can't go anywhere for a vacation or what have you. That is why at the beginning of the term I could not help but feel a little malice toward all those people that were galivanting all over the country. It was not too easy to concentrate on philosophy after reading of "Trivia's" turbulent travels. And so it went, day after day until I thought that there was nothing I could do but resign myself to my fate.

Thank goodness something did finally happen, It not only enabled

me to take some very pleasant trips but also gave me a basis for this article.

It was on a particularly brilliant Monday afternoon. The sun was shining, the sky was blue—for that matter so was I. I had one hour to kill between classes and as usual I started to spend it thinking of what other people were probably doing. When all of a sudden I remembered that one of my friends had brought his portable radio along with him. I rushed off to his car, found it open and so helped myself to the radio. In no time at all I was lying on a bench beneath the branches of a huge oak. I placed the radio on the bench above my head, folded my arms beneath me and lazily gazed at the softly swaying green branches so high above me. It was at this moment that music came to my

Hlynka, M. P., Urges More Ukrainians Be Allowed to Enter Canada

ON Friday, July 11, 1947, Mr. Anthony Hlynka, the well known Ukrainian Canadian member of the House of Commons at Ottawa, delivered an eloquent speech deploring the small number of Ukrainian displaced persons allowed to enter Canada as immigrants and urging an increase of that number by Canadian immigration authorities.

The logic and lucidity of Mr. Hlynka's address entitle it to full reprinting here but space limitations confine us to reprinting just excerpts of it. They are taken from the official report of the Canadian Parliament's debates, forwarded to the Weekly.

MR. ANTHONY HLYNKA (Vegreville): It is regrettable that owing to the government's inadequate immigration policy so many debates have been forced on the house on the subject of immigration. During the last two years I myself have spoken on this subject no fewer than six times and with the present inadequate immigration provisions my conscience would not be clear if I did not say something on this item today...

I understand that only the following persons can be brought into Canada from displaced persons camps.

1. An agriculturist having sufficient means to farm in Canada.
2. An agriculturist entering Canada to farm, when destined to a father, father-in-law, son, son-in-law, brother, brother-in-law, uncle or nephew engaged in agriculture as his principal occupation, who is in a position to receive such immigrant and establish him on a farm.
3. A farm labourer entering Canada to engage in assured farm employment.
4. A person experienced in mining, lumbering or logging, entering Canada to engage in assured employment in any one of such industries.
5. The husband or wife, the son, the daughter, the brother or sister together with husband or wife and unmarried children, if any; the father or mother, the orphan nephew or niece under 21 years of age of any person legally resident in Canada who is in a position to receive

rescue and gave me the impetus for a most interesting and enjoyable trip.

It was truly remarkable. Where other people had to prepare for days and days I merely had to lie down and turn on the radio. While they spent money for tickets, clothes and luggage I merely spent a penny for the battery power. Whereas their bodies became tired and worn, mine became more rested and my mind more at ease. Now I know that there are some of you that may doubt that which I am writing. Believe me, I am being perfectly honest with you. The mind is a remarkable instrument. Provide the correct stimulus and you go beyond the petty desires of the body. And so it was that I first heard the strains of Mendelssohn's "A Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage. Victor No. 11452." As you can see the title alone provides the impetus, and

"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 at 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 by Post Office Department, 597-7th Ave., New York 13, N. Y. BRYANT 9-0532.

and care for such relatives. The term "orphan" used in this clause means a child bereaved of both parents.

6. A person entering Canada for the purpose of marriage to legal resident thereof, provided that the prospective husband is able to maintain his intended wife.

The arguments used by the [Canadian] immigration authorities are that there are no transportation facilities available. All who have had cases referred to them by their constituents and people in other parts of Canada know that very few immigrants can qualify under the present regulations. It seems to me the time has come when we should change the controls and permit a number of intellectuals to come in.

The government seems to be afraid of people with brains; all they are interested in is people with muscle. If muscle is all we want, we can bring in a bunch of horses, but of course horses would not pay taxes and they could not vote and that would be a disadvantage. If we are interested only in physical strength and not in individuals as such, then the government should bring in horses. I know a gentleman in Sudbury who is well off financially. He has two or three cousins in displaced person camps in Europe and he wants to bring them to Canada... He is willing to provide any guarantee the government wants in order to permit him to bring these people in. What is the answer? "We

the music I know will guide you on your mental journey. Remember this is but one composition. There are many more that I know will appeal to you.

On some hot day while you are staying at home try to listen to some of the music I have listed below and see if you don't really enjoy yourself. And while your travelling friends will need music such as Paganini's *Perpetual Motion*, Victor No. 15547, they may relax with any of the following.

Adventures of a Perambulator by J. A. Carpenter performed by Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony. Victor No. M-238.

American in Paris by Gershwin performed by Rodzinski and the New York Philharmonic, Columbia No. X-246.

Music Of The Spheres by Joseph Strauss, performed by the Vienna Waltz Orchestra, Victor No. 36300.

Forest Murmurs by Wagner performed by Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony, Columbia No. 11985-D.

Fingal's Cave Overture by Mendelssohn, performed by Beechem and the London Philharmonic, Columbia No. 69400-D.

Flying Dutchman Overture by Wagner performed by the Beechem and London Philharmonic, Columbia No. X-107.

A Walk Through Paradise Gardens by Delius performed by Beechem and the Royal Philharmonic, Columbia No. 67474.

Recent Reviews of Manning's "History of Ukraine"

"Denver Post," Denver, Colorado, July 6, 1947

Not one of us knows enough about the diminishing world we live in—diminishing geographically but enlarging historically with each new day of its age. What, for instance, do we know of the Ukraine, the steppes of European Russia, spreading from the Black sea nearly to the Baltic and from the Carpathian mountains to the Don river?

If you know as little as this reviewer—until his horizons were widened by Clarence A. Manning—it is little indeed. And yet the Ukraine (Manning prefers to say simply "Ukraine," giving it the status of a nation and a people rather than a section of another nation) is as

are sorry, but your cousins are, first, a newspaper man and not a farmer and therefore he does not qualify and, second, a lawyer..."

I have in the neighborhood of 2,000 applications from people all over Canada for assistance to bring in relatives. These people cannot qualify because one happens to be a newspaper man, another happens to be a lawyer, a third happens to be an engineer and so on. Most of these intellectuals are willing to work on farms; that is what they want to do when they arrive here. They do not want to pursue their professions which they followed before the war because many of them at least have not a sufficiently good command of the English language. Surely, Mr. Chairman, if these men want to come in, and they are with us in every sense and are the best material we can get, we should let them come in.

I have always pleaded for displaced persons and refugees regardless of their racial origin, but I wish to place on the record a special plea for sympathetic consideration for persons of Ukrainian origin. On checking over a table which was presented by Mr. Jolliffe, the director of immigration, on Wednesday, April 30, 1947, I find that among those admitted to Canada—these are European, not British immigrants—there were 216 Czechoslovakians, 844 Germans, 627 Poles, 28 Roumanians, 23 Russians, and so on down the list, but only one Ukrainian. I should like the minister to tell me why this discrimination existed. Is it because they feel the people of Ukrainian origin have not stood by them well enough in the past? I must say that they did. People of Ukrainian origin have supported the party in power today more than any other party in Canada, and yet this is the consideration they get—only one Ukrainian admitted in the twelve months of 1946.

MR. MITCHELL: Would not most of the Poles be Ukrainians?

MR. HLYNKA: A few of them were, but the minister could probably count on the fingers of his two hands all the Ukrainians who came to this country in 1946. I know practically every one of them...

MR. MITCHELL: That is only in the United States zone, not the British.

MR. HLYNKA: That is true, but travelling in Europe I found the situation was similar in all the zones, British and French, except the Soviet zone, about which we know less.

I should like to draw the attention of the committee to a few figures in

(Continued on page 7)

truly a geographic unit as our mid-west, and considerably more homogeneous.

In fact, it is similarly constituted, being the granary of Europe, the European equivalent of our midwestern plains and rolling blackland, the land that bears our Henry Wallaces and our Robert Rutherford McCormicks and our LaFollettes and our individualistic, freedom-loving farmers as well.

Manning makes it clear that it is a similarly disparate quality of the population which has made the Ukraine prey to power politics. The inference is clear that the fate of the independent Ukrainian farmers and their culture under the Soviet is the same which our midwestern farmers would face under Fascism or Communism—or any other other form of government except American democracy.

It is obvious, too, that Manning is no admirer of what Soviet Russia has done to the Ukraine.

Do you know about the Kievan Rus? Are you familiar with the Kozak (Cossack to us) Host? Do St. Volodymyr, Taras Shevchenko, the revolt of Mazepa, Bohdan Khmelnytsky, the satirical epic of Ivan Kotlyarevsky mean anything to you? Are you aware how the Bolsheviks defeated the intention of the Ukrainian National Republic which adopted a declaration of complete independence in 1918?

The reviewer knew nothing of these names either until he read Manning's book. They have meaning to us in America.

The United States Quarterly Book List

The history of the Ukraine is traced in this book from Rurik's accession in 862 A. D. to the present union of all Ukrainian areas under the Ukrainian Soviet Socialistic Republic. Although this Republic has been accepted as one of the United Nations, the author believes that "the Ukrainian spirit is not yet free but it has proved itself imperishable in the past and it will continue to remain so in the future."

With this general thesis, the history of the Ukraine and the Ukrainian people is set forth in twenty-seven chapters, the first eleven of which bring the story to the nineteenth century. In this account three main points are emphasized: the development, culture, and glory of the Kievan state to the twelfth century under rulers such as Volodymyr (Vladimir) and Yaroslav; the shift of power from the Ukrainian Kiev to the military rule of Moscow and the adoption of Polish customs and language by the Ukrainian nobles; and the Kozak (Cossack) independent rule developed in the Ukraine. The last half of the book describes in considerable detail the growth and significance of Ukrainian nationalism in modern times. Following a pattern similar to such movements in other European areas, folklore and songs, history, literature, and the arts have been studied and popularized, and great efforts made to spread the use of the Ukrainian language. The last chapters portray the Ukrainian existence within the USSR, repeating most of the better-known incidents but including many important details generally overlooked.

(The book may be purchased at Svoboda Bookstore, \$3.75.)

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)

The Saddle

SEEING that the Tartar had at last decided to talk, "dyid" Panas motioned to the Kozak holding the red-hot poker that his services were no longer needed. The others crowded around.

"It was like this," began the Tartar. "There were about five hundred of us. Our leader was the famous Mustafa-aha, son of Ibriham, the Khan's Grand Vizier. We came to Ukraine in search of plunder and captives. We attacked Spasivka during the night. What happened after the attack I do not know for I was outside the stockade, doing guard duty. And during the attack I went in pursuit after a boy who had escaped."

"You chased all night after a mere boy?" inquired one of the Kozaks curiously.

"It was the order of our leader that no one was to escape."

"How is it that you picked out Spasivka for your attack?" asked Petro Sudak.

"We had heard for a long time how wealthy that town was," replied the Tartar.

"Tell me," broke in Triska, the Kozak leader, "were many of you killed by the Spasivka inhabitants?"

"I do not know," answered the Tartar. "Most of the time I was outside the stockade."

Triska remained thoughtfully silent for a few moments. The others seeing that their leader was evidently up to some plan remained silent also. Then slowly a smile spread over his face. He was about to say something...

"Allah! Allah!" an overpowering roar went up on all sides of them. The Kozaks jumped to their feet and reached for their weapons.

They looked around... and what did they see?—Kozaks!... About a hundred of them!

"Ha-ha-ha!" a tremendous roar of laughter from newcomers went up on all sides.

Triska's Kozaks laughed sheepishly in return. The joke was on them, but the joke was not so very humorous in their opinion. They had really thought for the moment that they had been surrounded by an overwhelming force of Tartars.

The newcomers parted, and from their midst rode "sotnyk" Andriy Nedolya, their leader. Reining his feet Turkish horse, he placed both hands on hips and gave vent to a loud guffaw of derision.

"What kind of Kozaks are you?" he asked. "You've bunched yourselves like a herd of sheep. In a few moments you all could have been wiped off the face of the earth. Where are your sentries, your watch?"

"What the devil do we want a watch in broad daylight," retorted Triska, a bit nettled. "We aren't blind."

"Of course you are," replied Nedolya, "and not only blind but deaf as well. Here we rode up to your very camp without being seen. You Kozaks? Tch-foo!" He spat in disgust. "You would make better herds-men or traders, but not Kozaks!"

Triska reddened in anger at this insult.

"You shut up!" he cried, clapping

his hand to his sabre. "You're not our leader. Go back from whence you came. And may the devil accompany you!"

At these words Nedolya slid off his horse. Hitching his shoulders in an odd fashion he slowly approached Triska. The latter stood his ground, glowering, his hand on his sabre hilt.

"I think I like this place," slowly drawled out Nedolya, "and I think we shall remain here. And if that does not suit you," he added significantly, "you know what you can do."

"We'll see!" roared Triska, furiously, all restraint gone. Like a flash he drew out his sabre. The other jumped back to better draw his sabre.

At this moment, when death seemed inevitable for one or both of the opponents, "dyid" Panas sprang in between them.

"Just a minute!" he cried. "This has gone far enough. Are you children, or are you Kozaks? Put up your sabres! Here the enemy is practically on our neck and you two quarrel over nothing. You, Nedolya, welcome to our camp! And you, Triska, hide your sabre for someone else. I know you both. You're both all right, and I won't permit you to fight. You'll have to cut me down before I do," he vowed determinedly.

The two would-be combatants cooled off at the sensible words of "dyid" Panas. For a moment they looked at each other from beneath their brows, and then slowly their faces cleared.

"There, you don't have to get sore so quickly," said Nedolya to Triska, giving him his hand. The other took it. They shook hands. "Dyid" Panas heaved a sigh of relief.

"Very good," he said, smiling to both. "Where were you coming from?" he inquired turning to Nedolya.

"But what's happened here," countered the latter, looking around and spying the bound Tartar.

Panas recounted all that had befallen.

"Why, here is our chance to catch the Tartars," exclaimed Nedolya. "We have work on our hands, but first we must rest our horses a bit." Then turning to Triska he inquired, "What is your name brother?"

"I am Ostap Triska, the leader of this band."

"Good!" beamed Nedolya. He reached in his saddle bag and drew out a small bottle and small tumbler. "Here, let us have a drink together for friendship's sake."

Both downed their drinks in a gulp, smacking their lips. Nedolya then passed the bottle to "dyid" Panas, who also gulped one down.

"Brother Kozaks! Join my band, under my leadership!" Nedolya called to all.

"No need of talking about that," said "dyid" Panas. "We have to unite anyway! Let there be one leader, for a house having two housekeepers always remains unswept. I know 'sotnek' Nedolya very well. I say he is a good Kozak."

"Let it be him then," cried the others, "so long as he can lead us well."

The Kozaks who had come with Nedolya led their horses to the stream,

and after they had drunk their fill, tethered them in the nearby bit of pasture.

Nedolya, taking Triska and "dyid" Panas with him, went to a nearby tree to talk over their plans.

Meanwhile the Kozaks began to amuse themselves with the Tartar.

The Tartar begged them to give him something to eat, as he had not eaten anything since yesterday. They untied his hands, gave him a little brandy and also a bowl of "kasha." The Tartar after drinking the brandy fell with avidity to the food. Now he felt cheered, and began to talk on his own volition. Several of the Kozaks who understood the Tartar tongue translated his remarks to the others.

"Would you show me the boy after whom I had gone in pursuit?" the Tartar asked.

The others, seeing no harm in this simple request, called Pavlush over. The latter approached hesitantly, and then stopped. After last night all Tartars seemed to be some manner of terrible creatures.

"Come, come lad," one of the Kozaks encouraged the boy. "There is nothing to be afraid of. He is a human being, just like anyone of us."

The Tartar did not say anything, but waved his hand good naturedly toward Pavlush to come over.

"You see, son," another Kozak spoke up, "such is war. You capture him and you are his master. If he captures you, he is your master."

Pavlush now lost some of his fear. He began to examine the Tartar captive more closely. Yes indeed, he thought to himself, this Tartar looks like a human being. But how terrible the Tartars looked last night. Nothing could stop them then. And now, here was one of them, trussed up, so helpless...

Pavlush gathered courage and approached the other closer.

"Did I scare you last night?" inquired the Tartar, smiling.

These words were translated into Ukrainian for Pavlush.

"Why you devil," boldly replied Pavlush, "you shot an arrow into my shoulder."

The Tartar laughed.

"Well, you see," he explained, "this is war." And then he asked curiously,

"Where is your horse?"

"Grazing over there."

"And your saddle?"

"Over there too."

"Well, suppose you give me your saddle and I'll give you mine. We'll exchange and be friends..."

This conversation was conducted by means of an interpreter. Pavlush hearing the last could not understand and did not know what to do. He had heard of friendship pacts between Kozaks where each one gave the other something, but with a Tartar?

"Go ahead, exchange with him," someone counselled the boy.

"Sure, go ahead," added another.

Make UYL-NA Convention Hotel Reservations

Now is the time to make your hotel reservations for the Labor Day Weekend Convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, which is to be held in Philadelphia, Pa.

Write directly to the Reservations Department, Benjamin Franklin Hotel, Ninth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

All business sessions and the grand Banquet and Ball will take place at the hotel during this three day national convention, covering August 30, 31 and September 1, 1947.

The Benjamin Franklin Hotel has 1200 modern rooms to house all delegates and guests in uniform comfort under one roof.

Prevailing hotel rates are as follows: Single room \$4.50, \$5.00, and \$6.00 per day; Double room with double bed, 6.50, \$7.00 and \$8.00 per day; Double room with twin beds \$7.50, \$8.00 and \$10.00 per day; Suites of Living room, Twin bed room and Bath \$14.00 and \$15.00 per day; Cot place in room is \$2.50 per day.

The Philadelphia Convention Committee of the UYL-NA urges you to make your hotel reservations now by writing directly to the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, Ninth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

All indications lead us to believe that this will be the largest and most successful convention that the League ever held. Plan to be with us in Philadelphia on that memorable Labor Day Weekend.

ANNE HLADCHUK, Secretary,
Public Relations, UYL-NA
1722 W. Bristol Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Perhaps he may help you find your sister."

When it came to finding his sister Pavlush was ready to do anything. He would even exchange himself to get her back.

He assented. The Tartar eagerly gave him his hand to bind the garrain and seemed quite overjoyed.

Pavlush went over to his horse, the one he had stolen from the Tartars in his dash for liberty, took off the saddle, and started carrying it back. He was stopped by Semen the Helpless who inquired of him what he was doing. Pavlush explained. Semen took him by the hand and accompanied him over to the Tartar.

"Do you want to exchange your saddle for the saddle the boy is carrying," he asked of the Tartar, eyeing him closely.

"I have exchanged it already," replied the other.

"No, you don't," replied Semen smiling sardonically. "This saddle the boy is carrying is mine. I captured you and therefore the saddle belongs to me."

The Tartar gave him a furious look of sudden anger.

"Listen brothers," Semen turned to the others, "the saddle really belongs to the boy, but—do you know why the Tartar wants the boy's saddle?"

Everyone eyed him wonderingly.

"It's because the saddle is full of golden and silver coins, hidden in it," exclaimed Semen triumphantly, enjoying the discomforture of the Tartar.

(To be continued)

A HISTORY OF UKRAINE

by
MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY
Published for
THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
by
THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
(\$4.00)
31-83 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

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

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

(Continued)

(7)

RURAL URBAN POPULATION:

The distribution of Ukrainian rural and urban population as compared with the total population is as follows:

British Columbia:

	Ukrainian		British Columbia	
	Population	Percentage	Population	Percentage
Urban	3,177	42.01	443,394	54.21
Rural	4,386	57.99	374,467	45.79
Total	7,563	100.00	817,861	100.00

Alberta:

	Ukrainian		Alberta	
	Population	Percentage	Population	Percentage
Urban	13,398	18.64	306,586	38.51
Rural	58,470	81.36	489,583	61.49
Total	71,868	100.00	796,169	100.00

Saskatchewan:

	Ukrainian		Saskatchewan	
	Population	Percentage	Population	Percentage
Urban	14,751	18.49	295,146	32.94
Rural	65,026	81.51	600,846	67.06
Total	79,777	100.00	895,992	100.00

Manitoba:

	Ukrainian		Manitoba	
	Population	Percentage	Population	Percentage
Urban	30,925	34.45	321,873	44.11
Rural	58,837	65.55	407,871	55.89
Total	89,762	100.00	729,744	100.00

Ontario:

	Ukrainian		Ontario	
	Population	Percentage	Population	Percentage
Urban	33,635	69.84	2,338,633	61.74
Rural	14,523	30.16	1,449,022	38.26
Total	48,158	100.00	3,787,655	100.00

Quebec:

	Ukrainian		Quebec	
	Population	Percentage	Population	Percentage
Urban	7,481	93.44	2,109,684	63.32
Rural	525	6.56	1,222,198	36.68
Total	8,006	100.00	3,331,882	100.00

MARITIME PROVINCES:

There are 735 Ukrainians in the Maritime Provinces—2 in Prince Edward Island, 711 in Nova Scotia, and 22 in New Brunswick; distributed numerically about equally in the following occupations:

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Agriculture | Construction |
| Mining | Transportation |
| Fishing | Trade |
| Logging | Professional Services |
| Manufacturing | Public Services |
| Chemical Products | Personal Service |

YUKON AND NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES:

Yukon and the North-West Territories comprising 60 in all, chiefly in prospecting and mining.

The foregoing figures and comparisons were taken from a painstaking study of the 1941 census. This study was not made for this particular brief. Its preparation was merely a stock-taking venture undertaken by the Ukrainian Canadian Committee and completed in printed form in 1945 with a view to finding what progress the Ukrainians as a group have made, and what position they occupy in the national and economic structure of Canada.

This source of information is available to any person who is interested in ascertaining the true state of affairs, and any person can read the figures, make comparisons, evaluate the result and draw his own conclusions. The logic in figures as a rule is infallible.

On behalf of the Canadian of Ukrainian origin we are happy to stress the fact that: (1) Canada is com-

paratively free of class or race discrimination; (2) Our way of life is founded on plain human decency and regard for individual human rights; (3) We are enjoying more good fellowship, social and political democracy and economic independence than any other country in the world.

In Canada there is that saving quality of family life, good neighbourly responsibility and the value of human life that does not exist in any totalitarian state.

It is because of these conditions and the inherent qualities of our race that the Canadians of Ukrainian descent have found it possible within the last fifty years to become part and parcel of Canada.

Though they form only 2.66% of the total Canadian population, their participation in the industrial life of Canada, especially in basic industries and in the war effort is much higher than their numerical proportion to other races.

War Record

In the Hong Kong expedition, Canadians of Ukrainian descent contributed over ten per cent, and in the Dieppe and Normandy invasions their percentage was higher than their proportion to the population of Canada. This also applies to our general participation in the Canadian armed forces.

It was during the short period of Canada's war effort that Canadians of all racial groups and origins were suddenly elevated in their conception of citizenship, were raised above the petty circle of personal and even family interests to the true width and splendour of national life.

There might be a few small racial groups in Canada which on account of their color, peculiar creed and religion will not completely fuse into Canadian life and will remain in isolation. Canadians of Ukrainian descent, however, are not subject to any impediment on that or any other score and have created no problem in Canada, neither in time of peace nor in time of war. They have shown no division or reservation in their loyalty and responsibility to Canada.

The point we wish to make in our submission is that the Canadians of Ukrainian origin are not of an unknown quality and while in the early stage of our immigration there was room for fear and apprehension because of the lack of information on the part of those who dared the venture of drawing upon the source of immigration from the Ukrainian lands, in view of their accomplishments and record, as we have them, there is no more need for such apprehension at present.

Farming, mining, lumbering, pulp and manufacturing industries and transportation are basic in Canada, and must be maintained, and can only be maintained by those who have the stamina to produce and to create. Production in any industry and in any country will stand only a limited number of middle class or middlemen. Canada can stand a very large number of immigrants that are by their inherent qualities inclined to produce. Middlemen will grow out of the producing class by the natural process. The figures we have submitted show that the Canadians of Ukrainian descent contribute the largest per cent of producers employed in basic industries in comparison with all other racial groups put together forming the population of Canada.

It is in the interest of Canada to maintain a proper balance between rural and urban population and this particular point in selecting new immigrants must be of paramount consideration. Here again we submit that statistics show that the Canadians of Ukrainian descent by their inherent love of land help to maintain that balance. We often see comments in the press that there is a tendency amongst the farming population of Canada to flock into the cities. This problem does not exist insofar as the farming community in Ukrainian settlements is concerned.

Best Agriculturists

Our previous brief fully deals with the achievement of Ukrainians in Canada in the field of agriculture. It is a fact of general recognition that in grain production, stock and poultry raising and generally in intensive and mixed farming they are easily amongst the first. They all perform a very useful function in the industry of truck-gardening and supplying material for canning and sugar-

Youth and the U.N.A.

THE AKRON YOUTH BRANCH

On October 7th, 1947, the Ivan Franko Club, branch 180 of the Ukrainian National Association, will observe its 13th anniversary. It is one of the largest and one of the most active of the thirty-odd U.N.A. youth branches scattered throughout the country. Branch 180 today has a total of 83 members in good standing, as compared with 55 in 1938.

Instrumental in the formation of this young group were men who had been and still are ardent supporters of the ideals and standards of the U.N.A. They are Wasil Pulk, Alex Zepko, Alex Huryn, Mr. Petruha, and Paul Slavich, all members of Akron's Branch 295. Omer E. Malitzky, a former member of the Supreme Auditing Committee of the U.N.A., participated in the formation of Branch 180 by speaking to the young people. The goal of these men was to organize the Ukrainian youth of Akron and bind them into an organization such as the U.N.A.... one that has their interests foremost in mind. Branch 295 not only helped organize the youth group, but also made generous financial contributions to help the branch establish a treasury.

The present officers of the branch are as follows: Genevieve J. Zepko, president; Dorothy Sudomir, vice-president; Olga Zepko, financial secretary; Ann McGowan, recording secretary; Alice Polivka, treasurer. The group is affiliated with the Ukrainian Youths' League of North America and is taking an active part in the organization of the Ohio State Council of Ukrainian Youth Clubs. In February of this year the Ivan Franko Club sponsored a lecture on behalf of the Ukrainian Congress Committee.

Genevieve J. Zepko, president of Branch 180, is a member of the Supreme Advisors Committee of the U.N.A. She was re-elected to the position during the U.N.A. convention held in Pittsburgh in March, 1946. Miss Zepko, who was the branch secretary for many years, is credited with organizing many new members for the U.N.A.

New Branch in Kitchener, Ont.

A new branch of the U.N.A. was formed in Kitchener, Ontario, last month. Walter Hirniak of Toronto, a member of the U.N.A. Supreme Auditing Committee and secretary of Branch 432 of Toronto, the largest U.N.A. branch in Canada, was instrumental in the formation of the new group, which was designated Branch 436. The officers of the new branch are John Szurko, president; John Wegera, financial secretary; and John Pen Pencak, treasurer.

News Items Wanted

Our readers are urged to submit U.N.A. news items for publication directly to the U.N.A., Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J.

T. L.

beet factories. In transportation and maintenance they are amongst the best.

They are not spectacular but predictable and dependable.

They are not wealthy but enjoy a safe measure of economic independence. They live within their means and put their heart into anything they do. They meet their financial obligations.

They are self-reliant and thrifty and at the same time generous and hospitable.

(To be concluded)

MARKO VOVCHOK

By PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Concluded)

(3)

AT the time Mariya wrote, however, give us throughout an impression of serfdom was definitely on its way out as an institution, but the lot of the peasant under free conditions was not much improved. In the most representative of the stories dealing with this phase of peasant life, *Sister* (Sestra), the narrator is a hard-working woman who has been compelled by pity and love to mortgage her labor and give the proceeds to save her unfortunate brother and his family from economic ruin. She, too, finds an ungrateful mistress hard to work for. She says in closing, "O Lord, Lord, it's hard to humor a good-for-nothing person. But I've hired and sold myself, so I must needs work it out, when the year is done, please God, I'll hunt for a decent place. Where there's a will, there's a way."

Mariya possessed a magnetic capacity for attracting the common people to herself, and this was one of her great assets as a writer. She could easily induce them to talk about themselves, their troubles and trials, joys and feelings. It was this that enabled her to penetrate their psychology and to describe them and their life so accurately and movingly. Her attitude toward them was that of a near and dear friend to whom the wretched can freely pour out the burdened heart and relate without reserve the story of the evils inflicted by the upper classes.

In addition, she had the gift of writing a simple, natural prose which revealed the rich treasures inherent in the Ukrainian vernacular. But her great talent lies in the ability to describe the people in the mass, made up as it is of a multitude of indistinct grey existences which form the solid background of human life. Hence her characters appear rather as collective types than fully drawn outstanding personalities. Yet for all that, they are none the less real and living—perhaps even more so, for common life is like that. One may easily forget details, even the names of her characters, but their personalities leave an unforgettable impression on the reader. One reason for this is, as a note appended to some of the stories says, that often they were transcriptions of events that came under the writer's personal observation. In her hands, such fragments of experience became pictures of real life in a frame of artistry.

The Woman's Point of View

The womanly point of view, and by this I do not mean the "feminine," prevails all through the *Tales*. Almost all of them are put into the mouths of women narrators, either that of the principal actor, or rather, sufferer, or that of a friend who witnessed the whole course of the action. They all speak in simple, unvarnished language, such as a woman from the ranks of the common people would naturally use. With them there is no more dissection of character or analysis of motives than is usual in ordinary life. The descriptions of natural surroundings they give in passing are such as would come as a matter of course to one thinking of certain scenes connected with certain experiences. The chief interest is centered on woman and her hard and difficult lot in life, whether bond or free. Men, generally speaking, play a subordinate role. This emphasis on women's life and experience in the *Tales* leaves upon them as a whole the stamp of the womanly in its finest sense. They

of womanly tenderness, mildness, gentleness, and simplicity, except, of course, where the feminine characteristic of shrewishness is introduced. Even here, as it is generally one of the same sex who suffers from it, the womanly characteristic of patience and long-suffering comes out all the stronger by contrast. Markko Vovchok's favorite type is that of a woman, quiet, submissive, kind, and good, who loves generously and self-sacrificingly, and bears without complaint her heavy cross. For this reason the *Tales* are enveloped in an atmosphere of quiet sadness, they breathe an elegaic note of grief over broken lives, feelings abused, and hopes unfulfilled, borne with infinite patience and meekness.

The exact date of Mariya's return to Russia after her husband's death is not known, except that it was sometime in 1867. Toward the end of the 70's she married again, her second husband being a certain Lobach-Zhychenko. She settled in St. Petersburg where she was soon invited to become a regular contributor to a leading Russian journal published there. She wrote a number of stories and novels in Russian during the years that followed. The work of translations into Russian, begun while abroad, was continued on a larger scale. For example, she translated a large number of Jules Verne's novels from the French, as well as many pedagogical works from various languages.

Wrote in Russian Too

What induced her to forsake writing in the Ukrainian language in which she had achieved her first and greatest success? What was it that drew her entirely into the field of purely Russian literary activity?

There are a number of valid reasons. Yefremov suggests that as long as she was in contact with Ukrainian circles she kept up her enthusiasm for work in that language. However, living abroad gradually weakened the ties which bound her to the Ukrainian cause until they finally broke entirely. What contributed to this were: the death of Shevchenko; the failure of the short-lived Ukrainian journal, *Osnova*; the dispersal of the Ukrainian group in St. Petersburg; Valuyev's circular ("There never was, is not now, and never will be a Ukrainian language"); and lastly, the death of her husband and first mentor. To these Domanytsky adds others which, in his opinion, were more cogent. They are: the influence of leading Russian writers; the assurance that she could win no less glory by writing in Russian; and the lure of "insidious metal" as a means of comfortable support for herself and son abroad, which "insidious metal" Russian publishers were able to dispense much more liberally than the single Ukrainian journal *Osnova*, which, anyway, was slowly failing. We know, too, that while abroad, Mariya had maintained close relations with Russians such as Turgenyev, Herzen, Bakunin, and Pisarev. For Herzen's "Bell" she wrote articles, and for Bakunin she translated revolutionary proclamations into Ukrainian.

It is quite understandable then that as a result of such strong influences and unfavorable circumstances, Mariya passed over into the field of purely Russian activity as a writer. However, she never forgot her first love for Ukrainian ethnographic

Personalities in the UYL-NA Philadelphia Convention Committee

The following individuals are guiding the work of the Philadelphia Convention Committee in preparation for the 10th Annual Convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America which will be held at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel during the Labor Day Weekend.

Chairman—Michael Elko, with perpetual cigar in his mouth, protruding at a politician's angle. He continually jumps from one subject to another so that the Committee has to be on its toes to follow him.

Vice Chairman—David Chmelyk, the youthful administrative type and public relations man with a knack of coordinating the work of the various committees by the simple expedient of a smile and a never ending stream of ideas.

Treasurer—John Konchak, forever reading treasurer's reports but in such a clever manner that no one really understands it, but insists that big business does it that way.

Financial Secretary—Anne Sobolowsky, insists that she was railroaded into the job of keeping dry statistics, but performs an excellent piece of work. In her spare time she helps out the public relations committee.

Recording Secretary—Anne Harris, literally flies into the meeting with an armful of notes and reports, not to mention being out of breath. She turns out a terrific amount of work and is the ideal secretary in private industry.

Corresponding Secretary—Alice Wasylenko, always arranging additional meetings at her home to complete the heavy burden of work involved in her job as Chairman of Registration. Her dining room looks like a busy newspaper office, while her mother smiles tolerantly and serves refreshments.

Corresponding Secretary—Sophie Kredensor, keeps a record of the attendance at the meetings and has

study and writing. Between 1880-9 she spent eight years near Bohuslav, during which time she amassed a large number of notes on Ukrainian folklore. Besides this, a number of begun but unfinished works belong to a still later date. A visit to Kiev in 1902 revived her early enthusiasm for creative writing, and on her return home, she completed a couple of legends which were printed in Kiev. She also began a long novel, *Haydamaky*, on which she worked to the very last, spending the last few days of her life in correcting it. The language of these last works, it may be noted, is as limped, fresh, and colorful as that of the *Tales* of 1857. The pity of it is, what might she not have accomplished for Ukrainian literature in the years between, had it not been for the all-embracing, assimilative spirit of Russian Imperialism in the intellectual realm as well as in the political.

She died forty years ago this year, July 28, 1907.

A FINE UKRAINIAN
PRESENT
PROF. MANNING'S
Excellent Book
TARAS SHEVCHENKO,
Poet of Ukraine
Price \$2.50
Svoboda Bookstore

a worried look if she thinks that a member is only on one committee instead of two. Her records reveal all, for she keeps tabs on the work being accomplished.

Committee Chairmen:

Year Book—Anthony Hnyda, methodical type who insists on being pessimistic about the returns on the advertising for the year book. He also argues that the publication should be of the highest quality. It's his printer's instinct.

Banquet and Ball—Ivan Marco, enthusiastic and with a cheerful laugh he tackles his problems one by one. His wife, Marie, who works with the Public Relations Committee, recently arrived from the hospital with their first baby girl—Cheri Lynn.

Parade of Talent—Bohdan Chawluk, he too is inclined to smoke cigars and likes to analyze the deeper and more difficult problems which confront the committee. His correspondence is extending invitations to the various music and dance groups and is ably taken care of by Helen Bugera.

Welcome Dance—Joseph Feddish, quiet and reserved, but he does not let anyone forget that the time is growing short. Every once in a while he formally states that everyone should step on it.

Registration—Alice Wasylenko, says she wishes there were more days in the week.

Public Relations—David Chmelyk, insists that all the credit should go to his Secretary—Anne Anne Hladchuk. She is ably assisted by Marie Marco, Anne Sobolowsky and Mary Hnyda.

Public Relation Committee,

UYL-NA—Phila. Conv. Comm.
DAVID CHMELYK, Chairman
6143 Alma Street,
Phila. 24, Pa.

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

IN BRITAIN

(Concluded from page 1)

your hostel who belong to Ukrainian nationality. All of us accept resolution to be very grateful to English people and English government for they had give for us possibility to come to free country, England. You treat us well and in return of your kindness all of us are promissers reciprocate it obediently.

"Same thanks for all of English officers of our camp. On behalf of 500 Ukrainians, residents of West Rattig camp. Signed: Zhdanivsky."

After lunch this reporter talked with several of the women. They spoke in halting English, which they had picked up in D. P. camps in Germany.

Mrs. Anna Hryniuk and Mrs. Wera Lindegrin, twenty-two and twenty-five, respectively, said they had come to England because they "cannot go back to Russia." Western Ukrainians, neither has heard of her parents since 1943.

After lunch the reporter talked other medical inspection and then lined up to draw their 15 shillings each, given them by the British government. They also got five shillings on the ship coming over, and will receive five shillings a week until they land a job. The money is a gift.

Праця для жінок і мужчин

WANTS ADS
CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT:
BERgen 4-0237 — BRyant 9-0582

ПОТРІБНО ЖЕНЩИН

Чембермейдс, праця вдень, добра платня, 5 день втиж., дуже приємні роб. умови. Голос. у housekeeper, Hotel Edison, 226 W 47 St. N.Y.C.

HLYNKA, M.P.

(Continued from page 3)

the table. Of those repatriated from the end of the war to December 15, 1946, only 2.5 per cent of Estonians were repatriated back to their homeland, which is now controlled by the Soviets; Latvians, 2.6 per cent; Lithuanians, 7 per cent—not even one out of hundred was repatriated. Now I come to Poles. Hon. members will find a footnote in the table which says that of the 116,144 Poles in camp, 51,640 are Polish Ukrainians, which simply means Ukrainians, but the Poles held that territory after the first great war and prior to the second great war. What are the figures there? Remember that the majority of these people called Polish are Ukrainians; 67.3 per cent of them were repatriated by various means, including force. Now I come to Russians, which largely means Ukrainians who were under the Soviet union prior to September 1, 1939. There were 98.1 per cent of them repatriated.

I come to Yugoslavia, of whom 79.8 per cent were repatriated; stateless, none; others and unclaimed, 86.4 per cent; Jews, no per cent.

I claim that on the basis of these figures those against whom such tremendous force was applied to repatriate them, the Ukrainians, should be given the preference in admittance to Canada. The reason is that under the Yalta agreement between Britain, the United States and the Soviet union it was agreed that persons who resided in territories held by Soviets prior to September 1, 1939, should be repatriated to the Soviet union without regard to their personal wishes and by force if necessary. That applies chiefly to Ukrainians. Take, for instance, a Ukrainian who is a Ukrainian and not a Russian, and who has never been a communist, but resided in the part of the Ukraine that prior to the war was held by the Soviet union. Perhaps he expressed himself against communism and was imprisoned, or he may just have returned from a prison camp in Siberia and now finds himself in a displaced persons camp. What happens? The British and United States authorities say: We must repatriate you—you must go back to your country. That means death or the concentration camp—nothing else.

(To be continued)

N.Y.-N.J. Softball Tournament

The Greek Catholic softball championships of New York-New Jersey will be staged August 17th at Sokol Camp (just off Route 6), Boonton, N. J., with four leading teams meeting in the one-day tournament, the winner to play in the National Slav Softball Championships at Johnstown, Pa., September 13th and 14th. These tournaments are being sponsored by the Slav Athletic Federation.

St. Mary's - Ukrainian Church Bronx, N. Y., meets St. Peter and Paul's Carpatho-Russian Church of Elizabeth, N. J., while St. Elias Carpatho-Russian Church of Brooklyn takes on St. Mary's Carpatho-Russian Church of New York City. The winner of each game will meet in the third game of the afternoon to decide the championship.

All four teams have been playing as a group all year and were invited on that basis. Plans are under way for 1948 to have leagues in both the Carpatho-Russian and the Ukrainian Greek Catholic groups.

Sokol Camp is owned and operated by the Slovak Gymnastic Union and is a model for other organizations to copy.

All Ukrainians and other groups are invited to join in the festivities on August 17th. Enjoy the excellent facilities and accommodations at this ideal camp. For transportation information, contact either of the four listed churches or write to the Slav Athletic Federation, 605 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.,

Phone PLaza 3-5644.

The Mickey Hamalak Award, emblematic of Greek Catholic softball supremacy in New York and New Jersey, will be presented to the champions. Permanent possession of the award can be gained after a team wins the championship three times. **MICKEY HAMALAK**

RAJCA MEMORIAL

"Home for Services"

WALTER RAJCA,
Funeral Director

Добра, скоро і чесна обслуга
ПРИСТУПНІ ЦИНИ
SERVING ALL NEW JERSEY
TWENTY FOUR HOUR SERVICE

617 BROADWAY
Newark 4, N. J.
HUMBOLDT 3-4817



Lytwyn & Lytwyn

UKRAINIAN
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
801 SPRINGFIELD AVENUE
NEWARK, N. J.
and IRVINGTON, N. J.
ESsex 3-9090

OUR SERVICES ARE AVAILABLE ANYWHERE IN NEW JERSEY



Philadelphia Convention Committee
AND THE
Ukrainian Youth League of North America

Headquarters: BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HOTEL
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

CONVENTION: August 30, 31, & Sept. 1, 1947

Invites You All to be Present!

- FRIDAY 8 to 10 P. M. REGISTRATION**
Mezzanine Floor Ben. Franklin Hotel
9th and Chestnut Street
Phila. Pa.
- SATURDAY 10 A. M. OPENING of CONGRESS SESSION**
1:15 to 2:15 RECESS for LUNCH
2:15 P. M. FORUM SESSIONS
6:00 P. M. VETERAN'S RALLY Ben Franklin Hotel
9:00 P. M. WELCOME DANCE
Ukrainian Hall
847 N. Franklin Street
Philadelphia
(9 blocks north of Hotel)
- SUNDAY 10 A. M. CHURCH**
2 P. M. PARADE OF TALENT
Ukrainian Hall
847 N. Franklin Street
- 6:30 P. M. DINNER-DANCE
Crystal Ballroom
Ben Franklin Hotel
9th and Chestnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa.
- MONDAY 10 A. M. CONGRESS and BUSINESS SESSIONS**
Ben Franklin Hotel
- CONCLUSION FAREWELL GET-TOGETHER**
Ukrainian Hall
847 N. Franklin St.
Phila., Pa.

For registration write to:
Miss ALICE WASYLENKO, Chairlady
Registration Committee
1159 Bridge Street
Phila., 24, Pa.

Write direct to hotel for room reservation

BUY ALL THE BONDS YOU CAN...

REFUGEES ARE PEOPLE

NEWEST BOOK THAT TELLS OF THE PLIGHT OF EUROPE'S DISPLACED PERSONS

— by —

WALTER DUSHNYCK

— and —

WILLIAM J. GIBBONS, S. J.

Price 25 cents per copy

Order now from

"SVOBODA"

83 GRAND STREET,
JERSEY CITY 3, N. J.

Attention Ukrainians of New Jersey & New York

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO A

Ukrainian Day

— sponsored by the —

BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND COMBINED SOCIETIES OF ST. DEMETRIUS
UKRAINIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH OF CARTERET, N. J.

at the **UKRAINIAN PAVILION and PARK**

691 ROOSEVELT AVENUE, CARTERET, N. J.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 10, 1947

Concert by the Church Choirs of Stapleton, N. Y., and Carteret, N. J.

Dancing to the tunes of the OLEY BROTHERS Orchestra.

BEGINNING at 4 P. M.

ADMISSION 50 cents.

ПЕТРО ЯРЕМА

УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ПОГРЕБНИК
Занимається похоровами
В BRONX, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK І ОКОЛИЦЯХ

129 EAST 7th STREET,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Tel.: ORchard 4-2568

Branch Office and Chapel:
707 Prospect Avenue,
(cor. E. 155 St.)
Bronx, N. Y.
Tel.: MELrose 5-6577

ІВАН БУНЬКО

УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ПОГРЕБНИК
заряджує погребамі по ціні тиж-
ниського ян \$150.

ОБСЛУГА НАКРАЩА
JOHN BUNKO

Licensed Undertaker & Embalmer
437 East 5th Street
New York City
Dignified funerals as low as \$180.
Telephone: GRamercy 7-7661.

BUY SAVING BONDS

НЕ ВИДАВАЙТЕ ЗЛАГАТО

Завжди ШАДІТЬ дешо
з вашого забезпечення.
Ми уладжуємо пре-
красний ЦІЛИЙ \$150.00
ПОХОРОН за

У випадку смутку в родині клієнта:

KAIN MORTUARIES, INC.

Найбільший український
погребовий зарядчик
в Америці

S. KANAI KAIN, Pres.
433 STATE STREET,
PERTH AMBOY, N. J.
Phone PE 4-4646

— or —
УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ПОГРЕБНИК
86 ELIZABETH AVENUE,
NEWARK, N. J.
Phone Blgelow 3-6762
ELIZABETH, N. J.
225 WEST JERSEY STREET
Phone: EL 2-3611

Н. Н.

ТЕЛЕФОННА ПРИГОДА

Ось що трапилось через якусь незначну неточність в роботі автофантастичної телефонної станції. Це може пережити кожен з вас. Та хіба вже не було такого, що ви чи не дотягнете до кінця чорне пружке коло, або встромите пальця не попри тієї цифри, яка вам потрібна. І раптом замість добре знайомого, ледь-ледь глухавого, ніжнього голосу, що притягає ваше серце, мов той сяючий маяк, що кличе корабель, — ви чуєте чиєсь чуже, холодне: альо, кого вам треба?...

Ні, ні, мені нікого не треба, лише її, лише її, мою єдину... І ви похлопиво вишаєте трубку, важко сапаєте від раптової тривоги і, сповнені хвилювання, знову набираєте укоханий номер — невже ще раз вам почути той чужий голос! І блискавка, непрохана думка холодним вужем вповзає в серце: а може цей голос звучить з цієї кімнати, де живе вона, її лінка підійти до телефону, вона попросила його?...

Ви рвучко крутите безневинне чорне коло. Що буде? Що буде? І раптом ніжна усмішка, що розквітає на ваших губах, захоплює і незнайомих людей, які зраділи вашому щастю. Ви почули її голос?...

— Товаришу Рибка, — сказав начальник планового відділу, не підводячи очей од власних захоплюючих циркулярів, надрукованих на тонкому рожевому папері, — підіть у розрахунковий відділ і подзвоніть на базу. Вони сказали, чи що? Мені остогидло вчити їх на кожному кроці!...

Молодий плановик, якого лише два місяці звуть Олексієм Микитовичем, а до того він був відомий в широких інститутських колах під іменем Льоші, відчув себе ображеним.

У цій же кімнаті на столі секретарки відділу Клави стояв телефон. Шановний Карпо Павлович міг би наважитись устатити, щоб постійно вигукнути свої оригінальні думки.

Начальник відділу, очевидно, відчувши, що робиться в серці молодого підлеглого, підвів очі і пояснив:

— Наш телефон увесь день не працює, а завгоспові абсолютно байдуже. Дивна людина!

Це справедливе обурення начальства децю заспокоїло Олексія Микитовича, він встав з-за столу і, кинувши на Клаву підкреслено-байдужий погляд, пішов у розрахунковий сектор.

— Дозвольте скористуватись? — спитав він у місцевого феодала. Той безпорадно розвів руками, показавши на свою секретарку, яка щось захоплено виспівувала в телефон.

— Ваша Клава теж така? — зацікавився засмучений конторектний розрахунків.

— Ця хоч розмовляє, а наша й слова не вимовить. У неї перманент не на голові, а всередині, — так само тихо відповів нещодавній Льоша, і вони дружно засміялись.

Нарешті телефон звільнився, і плановик, беручи трубку, сказав, що можна спекти вухо!

Він набрав номер складу і почав готуватися до неприємної розмови.

Жіночий голос озвався: — слухаю!

— Завскладу,*) — коротко сказав молодий плановик.

— Кого? — здивувався жіночий голос. — Ви помилились.

*) Завідуючий складом.

Покладіть трубку і почніть спочатку!

Спасибі за пораду, — сказав плановик мяко, — ви завжди така любязна?

— Не завжди і не з усіма, — з хвилюючою загадковістю відповіла жінка. І голос її прозвучав для колишнього Льоші приємно, він був знайомий, навіть ніби рідний.

І він спитав:

— Отже, мені пощастило?

— Виходить, що так!

Він подумав і сказав:

— А тепер я боюсь покласти трубку.

— Чому?

Я не знаю вашого номера, не знаю куди випадково потрапив, з ким говорив...

— А хіба це так важливо для вас?

Олексій Микитович озирнувся — чи не чуять його творці розрахунків — і сказав неголосно:

— Я докладніше розповім вам увечері... Де ми стринемось?

Жінка засміялась:

— Ні, цього не буде. Я зараз повішу трубку, а вам моя щира порада: ніколи не шукайте швидких і випадкових знайомств. Дуже рідко вони дійсно цікаві!...

І вона повісила трубку.

Збентежений, він почав набирати той самий телефон. Ця жінка зацікавила його своєю рішучою порою, вимовленою мяким, ніжним голосом.

— Суваю, — сказав завбазі.*) Та йому довелося чекати добрих п'ять хвилин, доки молодий плановик зібрався з силами і спитав: ви що сказали там? Нам остогидло вчити вас на кожному кроці!...

Засмучений повертався Льоша з розташуванням рідного табору плановиків. Ба й дуже глянув на Клаву, що цокотіла на рахівниці, і пішов до свого стола.

— Спасибі, — ласкаво глянув на нього начальник відділу, — виходить, що я даремне вас

*) Завідуючий базою.

Легенда про відкриття Нової Зеландії

В національній музеї в Авкляндії (Нова Зеландія) висить образ, що представляє легенду племені маорі, що замешкувало колись острови Тихого океану, а між ними й Нову Зеландію, про відкриття Нової Зеландії. На картині змальовано громаду вихолоджених та до краю стомлених маорі із жінками та дітьми, які висідають із суден. На морі пливають сотні трупів. Над головами пришельців уноситься громада вальдшнепів...

Який зміст цієї легенди? — Первісним осідком племені маорі були або Гавайські, або Самоанські острови. І одні й інші лежать на шляху, що ним відбувають щорічні мандрівки вальдшнепів. Вони пролітають із Нової Зеландії через Австралію і Сундайські острови до Азії, а опісля повертаються через Китай і понад острови Тихого океану.

Острови, на яких жили раніше маорі, давно вже були перелюднені. Населення, не знаючи шляхів до інших земель, було в розпуці. Але мудрі племена пильно стежили за стадом вальдшнепів, що постійно в тій самій дорі року перелітали понад островами, керуючись на захід. Це дало їм підставу надіятись,

СМІХ — ЦЕ ЗДОРОВЛЯ

Випеш, то тільки Бога образиш

Що горілка, — це, пробачте за слово, — свинство, я казав давно. Зокрема ця воєнна, що на три милі заносить буряками, мов баварське поле під весну. Ще, коли б закуса — канічки з ковбасою чи шинкою, або бодай наше звичайне українське сало з часничком, — то спожив би разом на славу Божу та на підсилення християнських німецьких сил. А так — випеш, то тільки Бога образиш та твариною себе зробиш.

А все таки без горілки — свята не свята. Без ковбаси обійдедешся, без свяченого яйця обійдедешся, а без горілки — важкувато. От, і купив Федь Тверезий літрину. Горпина в хаті пряче, а Федь тільки й за нею ходить: — „Уважай, не стовчи пляшчини віником!“ — А дні боронами волочаться, ночі батогами довжаться. А людина німецька — сама тинь і нищета, як це в святому писанні говорить.

Проліз сонливо Живний Четвер і Страшна Пятниця приволоклися. Встав Федь Тверезий зрання, перехрестився, вбив 12 поклонів перед святими образами, піднявся і чує... на виставлення Плащениці йти не годен...

— Йди вже ти сама, Горпино, я покладаюся. Мені щось із жолудком не в порядку.

Пішла Горпина. За вікном калатала калатають, до Великодні ще три дні — нагадують, а в жолудку вже ножами різь. Не вмере ж грішний християнин, негідний, в день святий, коли Христа Спасителя замучили! Всіми силами грішну душу перед вратами адовими рятувати

потурбував. Наш телефон почав працювати...

І побачивши все ще похмуре обличчя молодого, підлеглого, додав, щоб його розважити:

— Клава вже навіть встигла прочитати повчальну лекцію якомусь зальотникові. Хотілося б побачити бідолаху!

І всі засміялись.

треба! От, і розкоркував, най Бог простить, Федь пляшину. Ковтнув раз — полекшало, ковтнув вдруге — мов рукою відняло. Вже хотів був пляшину в куток ставити, коли це саме в двері сусід Петро, — про здоровля запитатися. Звісно ж, не візьмеш тоді пляшки із стола. Ти ж не німець! От, і почали вони запивати оздоровлення в Пятницю Святу, чудесне.

Випили по одному, випили по другому, а там Петро й каже:

— А що, як би ми так змогли вашій Горпині святковій порядки робити!

Видряпався на вікно та давай пастою до зубів шйби чистити. Петро чистить, а Федь тим часом бабку розчиняє: всі яйця в нецки вибив і грисіком та гороховою зупою засипає, щоб крашу краску мала. При тому ж Федь „Благодарний Йосиф“ тягне, а Петро Воскресними Стихирами вторує. Співають і плачуть. А там, коли до „радістю друг друга обіймим“ дійшли, Петро з вікна зліз, решту зубної пасти до бабки висипав, обняв Федя і каже:

— Ми цілуємося, бо ми з тої самої партії!.. Але сказано... „і ненавидячим нас простім все Воскресенієм!“

— Правда, сусіде, — каже Федь. Підіть но за Миколою Тягнибідю, та за Гаврилом Гулькою, та за Климом Підбийносом... і зробимо — гик!.. ко... координацію!..

Як прийшла з церкви Горпина, всі сусіди сиділи над нецками, цілувались, плакали і думали. Кризь розбите вікно вияв вітерець — це Гаврило хотів показати Петрові, де ще шйбка не обмита... Горпиною всі, мов спасенням, зраділи. Досі всі партії заступлені були, бракувало тільки коаліції. А не міг же хлоп за коаліцію бути! Клим Підбийніс пробував уже навіть Горпинину спідницю вдягати, але не влязвся.

Та хіба ж з бабою можна на політичні теми говорити?! Вони до неї: — „Будьте Горпино Прокопівна, нам за коаліцію!“ — А вона — як не стане бути диктатурою, та імперіялізмом. Коли б не двері та не вибите вікно, то дійшло б було може й до актів насилля і терору!

Один тільки Федь залишився, сараче, най Бог святий його помилує!

М. Точило

(Час).

БОРИС ОЛЕКСАНДРІВ

ЛІРИЧНІ АКОРДИ

(3 книги: „На чужих дорогах“..)

I.

Це буде так: вечірні тихі луки... А вдоліні — зелені хвилі, порт. Ось: припадуть до клявіш білі руки І продзвенить розпукою акорд...

Це буде — біль. Закуті громовиці. Пекучий жар у холоді пітьми. І пролетять над морем чорні птаці, Далечину мережачи крильми.

Це буде — жаль. Привабна тайна мрії. Я не зірву повік її тенет! Ось: піднялись, мов крила, темні вії, — І на стіні — знайомий силует.

II.

А може так: забуду все на світі І підійду байдуже до стерня. Яка різниця: Перу, чи Таїті, Соци вони обоє — чужина?

Але невже, звеличений законом Ік володар, у світі буде — жах? А ти живи, поете, Робінзоні! У папуаських тінях лісах

Ні, я пройду і полюс, і екватор, І силу духа звіривши стократ. Я повернусь, як новий конкістадор, Із чужини до батьківських пенат! Зальцбург, 1947.