

# СВОБОДА SVOBODA

## УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ЩОДЕННИК UKRAINIAN DAILY

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### The Ukrainian Weekly

Supplement

ТРИ ЦЕНТИ в Злучених Державах Америки.

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THREE CENTS in the United States of America

П'ЯТЬ ЦЕНТІВ за кордоном Злучених Держав Америки.

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FIVE CENTS elsewhere.

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## THE TENTH UYL-NA CONVENTION

ATTENDED by about six hundred delegates and guests from all over the country and Canada, the 10th Convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America took place over the past Labor Day weekend, August 30-31, September 1, 1947, in Philadelphia, Pa. The convention was the first held since pre-Pearl Harbor days.

It effectively demonstrated that although interrupted by the world war, the younger generation Ukrainian American movement is surging back into its former channels of progress with added force and power and with a definite promise of greater things to come.

The UYL-NA national conclave consisted of three distinct phases, one to each of the three successive days during which it was held, and interspersed with social events.

Saturday, after the usual preliminaries of opening ceremonies and the election of the convention presidium and committees, there was held the Open Forum, featuring keynote speakers followed by a general discussion on problems and issues affecting Ukrainian American younger generation life. This was held at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel. The forum sessions were followed by a national meeting of veterans. The day was brought to a close by a Welcome Dance at the Ukrainian Hill on North Franklin street.

On Sunday, after the convention participants attended the several Ukrainian churches in Philadelphia, the convention devoted itself to a colorful demonstration of certain aspects of the Ukrainian cultural heritage our young possess and of the possibilities it has in becoming a part of their American culture. The leading event of the day here was the Parade of Talent, participated in by several choruses, soloists, folk dance groups, and a symphonette orchestra. This was also at the Ukrainian Hall. In the evening in the Crystal Ballroom of the Franklin Hotel there was the usual banquet and dance, attended by talks and greetings by representatives of various church national organizations.

On Monday, that is on Labor Day itself, the convention devoted itself to the organizational matters of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, including the election of national officers for the coming year, and concluded with the adoption of appropriate resolutions stressing our young people's support of America's peace effort and of the centuries-old movement for liberation of Ukraine.

A particularly arresting, and in fact inspiring feature of the UYL-NA convention was the fact that at both Saturday's forum and Monday's organizational sessions—both of which in the past were usually avoided to some extent by the happy-go-lucky conventioners as being too “dry”—both of them were this time were

very well attended, not only in body but in spirit and action. The talks were carefully listened to and the general discussions were lively and constructive. One may deduce from this fact, among other things, that the war and the present critical international situation have combined to sober up—at least to an appreciable degree—the purely play-boy-or-girl inclinations of some younger people, and awakened them to the realities of what's going on around and about them, and of their duties and responsibilities relative to it.

To be sure, the conventioners enjoyed themselves socially, and with good conduct and manners it should be noted. Social contacts at affairs of this sort are important, inasmuch as they eliminate the hindrances of the vast distances which prevent the potentialities of well established Ukrainian American life from attaining their maximum effect. Moreover they strengthen the feeling of common national origin, kinship and aspirations.

One other part of the convention deserving of more than ordinary commendation was the exhibit of Ukrainian folk and fine arts. Its departure from exhibits of like nature held in the past was that quite a number of objects exhibited were much up to date, products of Ukrainian craftsmanship not of several decades ago, but of modern creators of Ukrainian culture, some of whom have reached these shores within recent times. A distinctly novel portion of the exhibit was that composed of furniture modern in style yet Ukrainian in character. Then, too, the exhibit did not fail to present to the many who visited it the various publications in English on Ukrainian subjects, most of which were published or their publication sponsored by the Ukrainian National Association. To many who saw these books, or the Ukrainian Quarterly published by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, they were no revelation, but to many others they were. We hope that once the conventioners are back once more at home, and once their finances are replenished, they will write in to the Svoboda Bookstore and obtain some of these books.

Before concluding some of these general observations, which will be supplemented in coming issues of this Weekly with others, we call attention to a generally overlooked fact, namely, that that all the delegates

and guests, with a few rare exceptions, paid their own expenses, that is out of their own pockets. And that was not for a “good time, as some would phrase it, especially since for the money expended on travel, hotel and food expenses, they could have a better “good time” back home; rather we believe that in the great majority of cases far higher motives lead them to attend such affairs.

And now, to fill this general picture with a few details—who's who and what's what. Chronologically—

The convention was opened Saturday morning by Michael Elko, chairman of the local Philadelphia committee entrusted with making the necessary technical arrangements of the conclave.

He read greetings from Philly's Mayor Samuel. National anthem singing followed. Rev. Bohdan Oles delivered the Invocation. Rev. J. Sawchuk briefly addressed the gathering. Retiring UYL-NA president Joseph Gurski of Detroit then took over. The following presidium of the convention was elected: Chairman, Miss Anne Chopek of Boston; Peter Kasey of Detroit and Stephen Musiy of Philly, vice-chairmen; Secretaries, Jean Harasym of Toronto and Olga Kachner of Detroit. Press committee: Dave Chmelyk, Michael Elko, Anne Hladchuk. Resolutions: Stephen Shumeyko plus the forum speakers listed below. UYL-NA Reorganizational Committee: John Evanchuk, Sophie Demydchuk, Joseph Lesawyer, M. Zhuk.

Among the greetings delivered were those of the newly arrived in this country Yaroslav Maday, representing Ukrainian Boy Scouts who are in DP camps.

The key-note speeches, which the Weekly is publishing, were as follows: At the Crossroads—by Joseph Lesawyer of New York; Coordination of Young Ukrainian American Canadian Activities—Gloria Surmach of New York; Cultivation of Our Ukrainian Cultural Activities—Mildred Milanowicz of Jersey City; Significance to Our Youth of Our Ukrainian and English Language Press—Gregory Herman of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; They (Ukrainian war victims) Need Our Help!—Eugene Rohach of Philadelphia; Our Positive and Negative Qualities—Theodore Victor Shumeyko of Union, N. J.

Discussion of a lively nature followed, participated in extensively by many in the packed convention hall. It showed that our young people are better informed in things Ukrainian American and have better definite opinions on them than is often supposed.

In the evening, the veterans' session took place. Major Michael Darmopray of Philadelphia conducted the meeting. The women's auxiliary

of the Ukrainian American Veterans Post was represented by Miss Anne Bilyi, a former Wave. Both of them as well as others, including former captain Joseph Lesawyer, spoke on the subject of creating a nation-wide Ukrainian American Legion.

Through the entire day the previously mentioned exhibit was being presented in the rear section of the convention hall. It was under the direction of Miss Mildred Milanowicz, working in conjunction with Miss Maria Chomyn of Fox Chase, Mrs. Maria Pushkar of Philadelphia, and in cooperation with the Soyuz Ukrainok of America headed by Mrs. Helen Lototsky of Scranton, Pa.

The Parade of Talent was held at the Ukrainian Hall. It was filled to its very rafters by an audience enthusiastic of the musical and dance wares offered it by those presenting the program. They appeared in the following order: the Philadelphia Ukrainian String Ensemble, conducted by Philip Dubas; Sophia Oranzak of Northampton, soprano; Kozak Chorus of Philadelphia led by Dr. Stephen Sawchuk; Peter Gorshko, bass, of Frankford; Philadelphia Ukrainian Chorus directed by Theodore Choptiak; Boyan Dancing Group of Detroit led by Stephen Wichar and Michael Obrodnyk; and the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of New York and New Jersey conducted by Stephen Marusevich.

Despite the size of the banquet hall, the banquet committee had to turn quite a number away. More than 700 attended. Toastmaster was David Chmelyk. The dinner was opened by prayer led by Archbishop of the Ukrainian Orthodox Archbishop Joan Theodorovich, who was also one of the speakers later. Among those who extended their greetings were Joseph Gurski, Ralph Pitman, Philadelphia Treasurer; Major Darmopray.

Among those who delivered talks were: Nicholas Muraszko, president of Ukrainian National Association; Dr. Luke Myshuha, editor of “Svoboda”; Dr. Walter Gallan, executive director of United Ukrainian American Relief Committee; Stephen Shumeyko, president of the Ukrainian Congress Committee; Mrs. Helen Lototsky, president of Soyuz Ukrainok. UYL-NA sport trophies were awarded by the Sports Director Walter Bacad of New York.

Further details concerning all of the previously mentioned events as well as of Monday's session will appear in the succeeding issues here.

On Monday the following UYL-NA officers were elected: President: Daniel Slobodan of Elizabeth; Vice presidents: Peter Kasey and Olga Pastushek; Rec. Sec'y: Sophia Demydchuk; Fin. Sec'y: Theodore Shumeyko; Treasurer: Joseph Lesawyer,

## CULTIVATING AND MODERNIZING OUR UKRAINIAN CULTURE

By MILDRED MILANOWICZ

[Address delivered at the 10th Convention of UYL-NA held over the past Labor Day weekend at Hotel Benjamin Franklin, Philadelphia, Pa.]

YOUR presence here today presages wonderful days ahead for Americans of Ukrainian descent. By your presence here you give open acknowledgement to the fact that one purpose of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, which is to foster and cultivate Ukrainian culture here in America, has your approval, your backing. By your presence you show that Ukrainian culture will be preserved, at least in this free country of ours. Because you, the young people and the older young people of today, are better equipped to carry on the cultural traditions of our forefathers to higher and more brilliant heights. You today represent an age vastly different from the one to which our immigrant fathers and grandfathers belonged from a quarter to a half-century ago. Then, plagued by unfamiliarity with the spoken language of the country, by economic instability, lack of education, technical skill, by poor means of contact, plagued by dissension,—they still showed their good American citizen material, by pitching right in, utilizing their pioneer resourcefulness to build themselves a good life and to preserve their cultural traditions, for themselves and their children. Because of them, today we go to our own churches, our national homes, or club houses, we sing in fine choirs, give concerts, present our dances, plays, exhibits, we read our own newspapers and books, enjoy protection in millionaire fraternal orders, belong to cultural organizations, attend fine educational schools and colleges. We enjoy these things no matter what walk of life we have reached. All of these are the result of the endeavors of our handicapped immigrant fathers.

Now it is your turn to make your mark. With your better education, your technical skills, developed talents, your better economic status, better contacts with sources of information and reference, like newspapers, radio, movies, travel—you have developed a broader outlook on things, have a newer, higher sense of values, you use a finer gauge in measuring things, in short, from you, we can expect wonderful things.

### Simpler Today

It is much simpler for you today. You have a good record back of you, from past achievements established by your parents and even by you. By this time, Americans know Ukraine and Ukrainians fairly well. They are acquainted with our culture from admiring our music and dance performances at several World's Fairs, from listening to concerts over the radio. They know of the high

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standing of our various institutions, such as churches, schools, Leagues and fraternal orders. Statesmen, too, have become acquainted, through the work of our Congress Committee, the Relief Committee, through various publications in English by our cultural committees, about Ukraine's history and her aspirations to freedom. Finally, they could not help but learn of Ukraine from listening to the radio during the past war, when they heard how the First and Second and Third Ukrainian Armies were throwing their weight around the battlefields of Eastern Europe, making it count in the scales of victory for the Allies.

Yes, your job will be much simpler—the odds are all on your side.

But your work in the days ahead won't be easy. You won't mind that, being descended from people who enjoy work and its accomplishments.

Your task now, is to take stock of what you have and go on from there. Right now, circumstances seem to have made this period mark a new beginning. The war, having forced us to curtail most of our Ukrainian cultural activities, has also given us this opportunity to make a new beginning. Some of you already have made that beginning. Some of you, fortunate in belonging to progressive communities, have already taken over the reins in your local clubs, your national homes, your church committees. You are already thinking of your recent successes with youth concerts, dances, new business methods in running your organizations. Most of you came here to have the opportunity to show what your new methods work. Some of you know that you need fresh ideas, methods of improvement, ideas of modernizing.

All of you, I feel sure, although you have been enriched by Ukrainian culture as handed down by our fathers here, feel that it needs more clarification, revitalizing, modernizing. We all seem to have a feeling of staleness in our taste of Ukrainians culture, and some have decided to do something about it. That is good.

So you came here today. Looking at our modest little Ukrainian Art Exhibit, you are no doubt pleased to find that our Ukrainian culture has been developing all the time, up to present. You find that all we need is the opportunity like this, to exchange thoughts and ideas, to find out that we have modern art, modern music, modern folk art in our Ukrainian culture too. Today you can take home books on Ukraine and Ukrainians. You can go home to your clubs, your choirs, your dance groups, your arts clubs and see them through new eyes, detect more easily the changes that can and should be made.

### Learning Ukrainian

But if we are to make plans here to help you put these changes into effect when you go home, we may as well be honest at the outset and admit that we, like our first immigrants, need to overcome a handicap before making these changes and improvements. We too, like our first immigrants, are handicapped by the language problem. Whereas our fathers had to learn English, we, the newest generation of Ukrainian

Americans, must learn Ukrainian. We are forced to do this, because even those who are conversationally familiar with the language, will find, on catching up with our present day culture, that the Ukrainian language has made such great developments in recent years that it is almost unintelligible to us now. The form which we learned in this country seems almost primitive compared to the form used in the present-day publications emanating from European sources.

We shall have to admit too, that too many of our young people do not understand the Ukrainian language at all, which explains their hesitancy or their inability to join our youth activities. It would be a national crime to bar this large group from enjoying their rightful heritage of Ukrainian music, literature and art. True, steps have already been taken to remedy this situation in some localities, but its effects will not be felt for several years yet. In the meantime we have thousand of young Ukrainian Americans of numerous talents and skills who would like to join our ranks in furthering Ukrainian culture, but hesitate to do so because of the language barrier.

Even for those who understand Ukrainian and are eager to use their new talents in developing our arts find, in doing their necessary research work, that the language barrier stops them too—no dictionaries. True too, there will be a good English-Ukrainian dictionary, we hear, but that will not materialize for several years.

You have probably encountered this problem in your own home town, when organizing some Ukrainian cultural activity. Perhaps in producing a Ukrainian operetta, like the one staged in New York last May at the Ukrainian Music and Dance Festival. You have any number of young people with traditionally fine singing voices, ready and willing to sing in the choruses. You have excellent professional soloists from whom to choose for your main roles. Time comes to learn the words. Too many cannot read Ukrainian. The words must be written in phonetics. You need authentic research material for your story. Old books in libraries here on the subject of folk customs of the period you are investigating are written in Ukrainian. There are, of course, Ukrainian intellectuals in the vicinity always willing to help you out with explanations, but they cannot live forever. You need authentic costumes. Research again. In Ukrainian books. All proving that that we need authenticated source material on Ukrainian cultural—in English.

Despite your difficulties, you are pleased to find that hosts of talented young musicians, writers, designers, artists, and even technicians, like electricians, make-up men, costumers, stage-hands,—are all eager to offer their services, giving rise to the certainty that fine productions can be staged by Ukrainians.

Also in the music field—take the simple case of new club whose members are mostly teen-aged Ukrainian Americans. They want to learn Ukrainian songs, to sing for the pure enjoyment of singing. Almost all members cannot read the Ukrainian language and some do not know where to obtain copies of songs. The Youth's League can help establish a center for distributing community folk song books and even choral compositions.

### Songs

In established choirs, the feeling for improvement also seems to exist.

We reached a fine high several years ago, when we reached the Koshetz level, but we must now go on from there. Now we need qualified and competent choir directors. We need new songs, new arrangements. We need new programs for our concerts, with concessions made to American listeners by including other than Ukrainian songs. How else can our present choirs prove their natural artistry and musicianship in singing Ukrainian songs, if they do not also offer fine interpretations of songs familiar to Americans? We urgently need concertized arrangements of our Ukrainian songs for our concert singers, our instrumentalists. Why not include music on a higher plane in our programs, like operas, symphonies? It is about time we graduated from the amateur class in our concert programs.

### Literature

Since music has been for centuries, our strongest point in our favor, I have dwelt at length on that subject. But we can go on to literature and state that not enough is known either by us or by the world at large about Ukrainian literature. We need more translations of our stories, our poetry, our plays. Prof. Manning has given us an excellent start with his two books—"Taras Shevchenko" and "Ukrainian Literature." They should spur us not only to read the accepted works of prose and poetry in the original Ukrainian, but to learn the newest writers's and poets' works and help the world know them through translations. We have competent teachers here and abroad who can help us in this respect. Our knowledge should not stop at the smattering we received in our school-days in reading Shevchenko, Franko, Stefanik and a few others. We should read any modern Ukrainian magazine or book on literature and discover for ourselves the sheer beauty in the poetry of Olena Teliha, Olzhech and others of this era.

### Painting and Architecture

As to painting, did you know that a school of Ukrainian painting has developed recently? Modern Ukrainian painters claim that it gives the same feeling of lyricism, of liquid motion and grace and balance that is given by our national folk songs. You find samples of it in the modern art magazines on display here. In this field too, we need study of history and modern developments. We have many competent teachers and exponents of Ukrainian school of painting.

You might even now be considering the building of a new church, a new national home in your community. Why not utilize our heritage of Ukrainian architecture and perhaps start a new trend in style of public buildings here? Decorations too, can be modern Ukrainian, based on the traditional. We have architects among us here who have studied this Ukrainian form and use it.

In sculpturing, here too, we need to go beyond knowledge of the works of Archipenko. You will find that today a Ukrainian sculpture by the name of Muchyn is being hailed by critics as a twentieth century genius. Photos of his works are in many new art magazines.

**Folk Art.** A neglected and abused field. From the examples you see on exhibit you can see for yourself the highly finished form it has taken. You can also see how vast new fields of development are open, using traditional Ukrainian designs, colors, textures, as represented by the modern

## Significance to Our Youth of Our Ukrainian Language and English Language Press and Publications

By GREGORY HERMAN

[Address delivered at the 10th Convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, held over the past Labor Day weekend at Hotel Benjamin Franklin, Philadelphia, Pa.]

OUR American humorist, Will Rogers, frequently employed a phrase "all I know is what I read in the papers," and, as we know, he spoke a mouthful. To know what there is in the papers means to know much, because the newspaper expresses the interests, purposes, ideas and needs of people. There is no other human agency in such constant, intimate and persistent contact with the public as is the newspaper, and its influence is universal, pervading every avenue of life.

People have a passion for news, a curiosity in what is going on near and far. News arouses discussion and discussion stimulates thought. On this argument the journalist bases his claim that dissemination of news is the foundation of civilization and of human progress, because it constantly enlarges the bounds of human knowledge into new activities and new fields.

That is what the press in general means to us. It gives us news and views. It gives us reliable information and develops intelligent opinion. In serving the public it supports public rights and condemns public wrongs. We look to it for principles and ideas, and we expect it to promote and advance public welfare generally.

Our veterans, who were stranded on foreign shores, have an approximate idea how it feels to be without a newspaper. Imagine then our early Ukrainian immigrant stranded in the American community, without the friendship of his countrymen and without a newspaper that he could read. He was deprived of the solace that the American press might offer because of language difficulties. He could not obtain even a handbook to help him in learning the English language. When you hear the present-day immigrant complain of boredom in America, with Ukrainian people and publications within easy reach, think of the forlorn figure presented by our early settler of sixty years ago!

### A Case of Necessity

It was not a mere coincidence but a case of necessity that the Ukrainian press in the United States emerged as a servant to fraternal organizations. To publish a newspaper requires an investment of capital; it also requires a reading public, for without readers the newspaper is worthless. The fraternal organization

was able to furnish both, the capital and the readers by compelling the membership to subscribe to the official organ of the organization. Recurrent attempts to establish an independent press repeatedly failed. The established survivors are still the fraternal organs, and the very few independent publications are passing through a critical phase with their fate in the balance.

Whether this situation is good or evil is an open question, and in any case it was a matter of survival of the fittest. The fact remains that our fraternal publications performed a distinct service for the first generation of Ukrainians in America and continue in serving the second and the third. Aside from the sentimental value of being published in his own language and the freedom to publish grievances against his former oppressors, the Ukrainian press in America kept the reader posted on the events occurring in the old and the new country. It educated him in the ways of living in the new world and in the new environment, and brought him in contact with other widely scattered Ukrainian communities. It inspired him with an ambition for creative organized effort in building new institutions. It guided him along the path of Ukrainian identity and prevented his assimilation with other nationalities. It actually won for him the name "Ukrainian" and enabled him to survive the propaganda of foreign governments that exerted their influence on American soil.

Just as the first generation was unable to make use of any but Ukrainian language publications, so the succeeding generations, born and raised in America, had difficulty with the Ukrainian language; they shied away from it, with few exceptions, and confined themselves to the use of English exclusively. We shall not delve into the causes of this development, which is also experienced by other nationalities in America, but we must recognize its meaning. And the meaning was, that the growth of Ukrainian language publications would stop and gradual liquidation would set in, that the young generation would cut itself adrift from the old, becoming neither Ukrainian nor American but an appendage to other nationalities; and that the accomplishments of the older generation in America would be lost.

furniture displayed here, designed and executed by Mrs. Maria Chomyn. The importance of an exhibit of this sort is better realized with the knowledge that non-Ukrainians seek them out for new ideas, new inspirations. Consequently an exhibitor of Ukrainian folk art must have an intimate knowledge of the origins and sources of the material on display. Since exhibits like this interpret our Ukrainian people to the world, we need to train competent people along these lines, ones who are qualified to advise on, and explain our costumes, our handcraft and our customs.

For spreading our culture among the very young and impressionable, where it is planted forever, there is

the Ukrainian scout movement, part of the World Scouts, which also include the American Scouts. Ukrainian scouts in their homeland and now in the D.P. Camps have produced youth of such high ideals that today these former scouts are willing to sacrifice their lives in the Ukrainian Insurgent Army for their high ideals, for freedom, equality, for a free Ukraine. Our culture, based on these principles always, should find many friends in the growing world, through the Ukrainian Scout movement.

I have only touched on the high spots of things we should do to develop and modernize our Ukrainian culture here in America. How to do it? I think you will find the means.

### The Ukrainian Weekly

The Ukrainian press tried to fill this breach by first giving space for articles in English language, then by printing supplementary pamphlets in English, and finally by publishing a complete English edition such as the Ukrainian Weekly. The success of Ukrainian publications in English may be indicated by the brave attempts of our younger generation in publishing a local paper, as is done in Philadelphia and in other large cities. And a further mark of success is the scholarly publication of the Ukrainian Quarterly, which is a product of the old and the young generations.

In every case the purposes of these publications are the same: to preserve the identity of American Ukrainian youth, to perpetuate Ukrainian culture and traditions, to provide a common meeting ground for all young Americans of Ukrainian extraction, to bring about understanding all peoples of the ideals and aspirations of the Ukrainians. The purposes are the same as those advanced by your League, and we might go a step further and say that because of the identity of purposes you are able to meet today at this convention. You are really carrying out the ideas published in the Ukrainian press, while the originators of these ideas are sitting among you.

If we admit that the Ukrainian press and publications are of great importance to us, then it naturally follows that we ought to show interest in the conduct of that press and in its problems. We know that journalism in America is a profitable business, partly due to efficient management and competent editorial staff, but mostly because of great income brought by advertising and large circulation. The Ukrainian press, on the other had, which has kept our youth aware of its Ukrainian descent, which was instrumental and bringing and holding our youth together, which serves as a forum for our youth,—that press must be subsidized by the old generation because it does not get sufficient support from those whom it serves. Newspapers thrive on readers and subscribers, but the Ukrainian press in America must go begging for donations for the press fund, or enlist churches to help its circulation:

Consider the following figures:—

	per year
Morning and eve paper @ \$2.08	
.....	\$24.96
Sunday papers @ .37x52	19.24
Sat. Eve Post	5.20
Readers Digest	12.00
	\$61.40
Svoboda	\$3.60.

Perhaps you will say: "Why tell us all that? We do support the Uk-

### Found U.N.A. Club

Deciding to put an end to inaction, a group of young members of U.N.A. answered the call from Mr. Gregory Herman, the Supreme Vice-President, and formed a club under the name "YOUTH OF U.N.A."

At the first meeting, held on August 17th, the club elected Michael Horostock president, Julia Konick secretary, Metro Hawley financial secretary, and William Melnyk treasurer.

The club decided to give a banquet and dance on October 25th for the benefit of Ukrainian refugee orphans, and appointed the necessary committees. Luzerne County Judge John J. Aponick and Sheriff Robert Sherrock have been obtained as speakers.

Plans are being prepared for other social events for the coming season and the club would like to come in contact with young U.N.A. members in the neighboring towns.

Julia Konick,  
446 N. Washington St.,  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

rainian press, we do read the Ukrainian publications, or we would not be here today." And you are right. But you know very well that there are many others, who are trying to forget that they are of Ukrainian descent, or who are indifferent to Ukrainian press. They are beyond our reach because they do not read Ukrainian publications in any language. We can reach them only through you. You are therefore the missionaries of that agency which binds our youth together, the Ukrainian press.

Read the newspaper in Ukrainian language; the news may be a day old, but you will get a short, concise and clear account of what happened. It will also help you with the understanding of Ukrainian language, which is no longer to be regarded as a parental obsession, but as a language that is fast gaining in importance.

Read our publications in English language to learn what goes on in other Ukrainian communities, and how the world events affect the Ukrainian people.

Contribute your ideas to your favorite paper; your contribution may be just what the paper needs to make it interesting to others.

Discuss your favorite paper with others, especially with those who do not read any Ukrainian publication.

And finally, should your convention resolve to publish own periodical, as has been done before, support it to the best of your ability, because another publication means a higher cultural level of Ukrainians in America.

Youth always has been able to meet any challenge. You might find your answer in establishing Ukrainian Cultural Courses here in the United States.

### How to Do It

You can count on the generous help in this country of our Ukrainian musicians, composers, writers, teachers and intellectuals who have devoted and sacrificed a whole life-time to the worthiness of preserving and developing Ukrainian culture.

You can depend too, on help from the newest group of Ukrainian immigrants who are eager to bring their specialized and modern knowledge of Ukrainian culture to you. These recent immigrants from D.P.

camps fit in here, because they chose to live only by their old democratic ideals of freedom and equality in this country, rather than return to their enslaved homeland to live under totalitarianism. From them you can expect fine cooperation.

From you, I repeat, we can expect wonderful things. The League, at its coming annual conventions, should be reporting fine things on our future progress in choral competitions, art contests, sports contests, handcraft exhibits. We can expect to hear of more people graduating into positions of importance in America, who will be proud to acknowledge their Ukrainian cultural background.

We can start now.

## THREE LYRICS

By PANTELEYMON KULISH  
Translated by Percival Cundy

EXACTLY a half century ago there died a leading Ukrainian writer, Panteleymon Kulish (1819-1897). He is best known perhaps for his historical novel, "Chorna Rada" (The Black Council) (translated some years ago for the Ukrainian Weekly by its editor Stephen Shumeyko), and a number of novelettes, yet he was really an exceedingly versatile writer in many branches of literature, excelled by few in the variety of topics he treated except by Ivan Franko. He wrote history, centered, however, by the peculiar view he cherished as to the significance of the Kozak element in the course of Ukraine's fateful historic development, criticism, drama, and poetry. Early in his high school days he displayed an astonishing quickness and fertility in composition. He had indeed the "pen of a ready writer"; like Dean Swift of "Gulliver's Travels" he could write copiously on any subject at a moment's notice. His greatest merits, perhaps, lie in the services he rendered in forging Ukrainian into a modern literary medium for use in all departments of expression. He analyzed, described, and codified its grammar and provided it with the orthography now in use in order to mark its independent character and its clear distinction from Russian. He also enriched its literature by his translations: the Bible, classics from many languages, such as Goethe's "Faust" from the German, and ten of Shakespeare's plays and Byron's "Don Juan" from the English, to mention only a few. He was a man of marked individuality and one of his idiosyncrasies was to regard himself as the lineal successor to Shevchenko and heir to the great Kobzar's crown as Ukraine's natural poet-laureate. Literary opinion has conclusively decided that he was not in this respect the equal of Shevchenko by any means, yet none the less admitted that there was in Kulish a true strain of real poetry in Ukrainian, and some of his verse will exist as long as the Ukrainian language is still read and spoken.

\*

TO THE KOBZA<sup>1</sup>

O kobza mine! my comforter most pure!  
Why art thou silent? To me once more sing!  
Give utterance with the voice of sacred truth,  
Our past misfortunes back to memory bring.  
Perhaps some heart unvanquished may be found,  
And throb again, responding the sound,  
As one string touched will wake another string.  
And they who can no words find to reply,  
Let them respond with tears or not at all.  
Ring out thy message in our brothers' ears;  
Grant them no more in sluggish sleep to fall.  
Let faithless ones be left in unbelief;  
Our's put to silence by our grief —  
But all our folk thou shalt together call.  
Ho! all who are in noble pity rich,  
In silence gather in our humble place;

In silence sit down on the benches bare;

In silence mourn our brothers' evil cases!

Outside 'tis dark, no gleam of dawning glows;

From out the North the freezing stormwind blows;

The wolves are howling o'er the steppes' wide space.

O kobza mine! Our only hope art thou...

Until the drowsy land from sleep shall spring,

Until reviving times return again,

In our drear homes still speak and sing!

Still gently sound! Perhaps some burdened heart

May throb and from numbness start,

As one string touched will wake another string.

\*

## ABOUT GREEN GARDENS

About green gardens and sweet-smelling flowers

We used to sing unto the kobza's sound;

Now we are mute, we feel no urge to sing,

We seem as though in sleep eternal bound.

When men shall hear again more songs from us,

An awesome cadence in those songs will lurk,

As in the ominous hooting of the owl

Which screeches o'er a ruin in the murk.

When one his brother wronged or evil wrought —

The kobza 'twas which told the sorry tale;

It sensed the hostile tread of misery

And caused our hearts in sympathy to wail

Some day the time shall come when truth will speak,

And sweep this whole vile fabric clean away.

Until that hour, O kobza, sound thy notes,

And bring still nearer God's great judgement day.

\*

## PRAYER

Almighty One, to thee I pray —

An atom in thy universe...

Who and where are thou? All in vain I strive the mystery to pierce.

For mind of man cannot embrace

The All that thou created hast;

In vain man's winged reason seeks

To penetrate its reaches vast.

Exhausted, it sinks back again

Upon this grain of dust we call

Our universe, which for a space

We feebly try to hold in thrall.

For here is wisdom infinite,

A fathomless, creative might;

Alike above, below, throughout,

Thy countenance sheds forth its light.

O let me not then in despair

Renounce the powers of the mind!

Let not the brilliance of thy light

Thy seeing eye of reason blind!

Let not my soul, tied to the earth,

Sink to the level of the brute,

But, in dependance on thy will,

Be kept both pure and absolute!

1. A species of stringed instrument used by the minstrel or ballad-singer to accompany his songs and declamations.

## The Ukrainian Folk Chorus of New York

In the fall of 1946, a group of Ukrainian-Americans met in New York for the purpose of organizing a new Ukrainian chorus.

They were keenly aware of the urgent need for a choral group independent of any other organization, capable of serving the needs of the Ukrainian community, and of such calibre as to be able to present our music, expertly interpreted, to non-Ukrainian audiences in concert, on the radio, and on records.

The result of the efforts of the organizers was the formation of the Ukrainian Folk Chorus of New York directed by Prof. George Kirichenko which had its first meeting October 24, 1946 and gave its first concert at Washington Irving High School on March 9, 1947. It is interesting to note that this group was able to give a most successful full-length concert only four months and two weeks after its first rehearsal. The audience of 1,300 people was enthusiastic in its acclaim, the Americans among them expressing their delight in glowing terms.

This was the first major step toward the goal envisioned by the organizers; namely, to acquaint non-Ukrainians with the beauty and charm of Ukrainian folk music, and through this medium, to make known to them something of our identity, our culture, and our aspirations.

The 1947-48 season will serve to bring us closer to this goal. The chorus has accepted invitations to appear at several rallies of great importance to the Ukrainians of the Metropolitan area. The principal event of the season, however, will be the concert to be given late in the Spring at the famous Town Hall.

It is rare occasions that our music is brought to non-Ukrainian audiences. As every effort will be made through advertising, radio broadcasts, and personal contacts, to have a good proportion of Americans at this concert, it becomes our responsibility to do our very best to make what may be their first hearing of Ukrainian music a memorable occasion.

Of course, a large chorus is in itself a grand spectacle. The greater the number of singers, the more impressive will be our Town Hall debut. Besides the pleasure to be derived from singing with this congenial group, each person taking part in this event will experience a personal satisfaction and justifiable pride in having done his share in gaining greater recognition for Ukrainian music and winning new friends for the cause of a Free Ukraine.

Anyone interested in becoming a member of the chorus is cordially invited to appear for a simple voice test at the home of Prof. George Kirichenko, 60 St. Marks Place, New York, N. Y., any weekday evening from September 3 to 10.

This first rehearsal of the new season will take place on September 11, at Washington Irving High School, 16th Street and Irving Place, New York.

G. K.

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TARAS SHEVCHENKO,  
Poet of Ukraine  
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## What They Say

President Truman, in a message to Lord Louis Mountbatten, Governor of India:

"We welcome India's new and enhanced status in the world community of sovereign independent nations and reaffirm our confidence that India will take its place at the forefront of the nations of the world in the struggle to fashion a society founded in mutual trust and respect."

Secretary of State George C. Marshall, in a broadcast recorded before he left for Rio de Janeiro:

"Let us as Americans be truly grateful to a bountiful Providence which has blessed us with plenty for ourselves and given us the means of helping others. Let us never forget that all over the world today millions of our fellow men will be praying with desperate appeal. 'Give us this day our daily bread'... we know that the sooner the countries of Europe can get back on their feet, the sooner the need for special relief from the United States will cease. ... We must realize that the United Nations cannot hope to retain even the present level of prosperity in a degenerate world. Americans want a free world. We know that hunger and insecurity are the worst enemies of freedom and democracy. Some of us do not yet realize that democracy is the most demanding of all forms of government in terms of the energy, imagination and public spirit required of the individual."

George Atcheson Jr., McArthur aide, in an article written in the newspaper Yomiuri, just before he left on his fatal flight to the United States:

"We do not have a desire to take from Japan that which she requires for a reasonable peacetime economy or which will enable her to develop democratically and assume appropriate responsibilities in the world order under law. We cannot, of course, forget the past. But it is the future which now most vitally concerns the Allied powers, having homelands and dominions in the Far East. As far as the United States is concerned I may safely say we shall proceed with plans for the future along the lines which will best sustain the fundamental principles of American policy and American home life."

Representative Forest A. Harness, Chairman of the House Subcommittee on Propaganda, in a letter to Secretary of State Marshall, assuring him that the committee has no intention of interfering with the dissemination of 'proper information' on the Marshall Plan:

"However, I do want to say that our entire committee staff has been instructed to keep a close watch on the propaganda of the State Department in favor of the so-called Marshall Plan for the rehabilitation of Europe... We all agree, of course, that the people are entitled to full knowledge of the Government's foreign policy. But we insist, nevertheless, that it is not the duty of the Department of State, nor any other executive agency, to tell the people what they ought to think on these grave matters. That's the essential difference between Government publicity and Government propaganda."

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

BUY ALL THE BONDS YOU CAN...

## 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)

(10)

"Helpless" captures a Tartar Prince

UP to this time Helpless had remained on the outskirts, itching to get into the fighting, and yet prevented from doing so because he had at the end of a rope the Tartar captive whom Triska had entrusted in his care. When his companions were fleeing before the Tartars he had fled with them, driving ahead of him the Tartar horse with the Tartar on it. Even during those dangerous moments he could not help but laugh at the ludicrous sight he must have presented, fleeing for his life, and yet holding on to his captive. The latter, tied on a rope, reminded him so much of a calf being led to slaughter . . . But now, Helpless could no longer hold back from the fighting. Giving his charge to a young Kozak, he threw himself into the battle. It was difficult, however, to approach anywhere near the heart of it, for the Kozaks were massed on all sides. Just then he saw several Tartars break through and head for the steppe. An idea struck his mind.

"This is right along my street," said Semen to himself. He took his lasso off the horn of the saddle.

Another Tartar broke loose, and started to head for the steppe. The lasso swung in the air, and like a snake settled over the fleeing Tartar's shoulders, felling him heavily to the ground.

Helpless drew his sabre, placed it between his teeth, and with both hands took in the slack while getting closer to the prostrate Tartar. Reaching the latter he took the sabre in his hand and calmly and methodically slew him.

"My bullet will go faster and further than your lasso," remarked "dyid" Panas at his side, as with an unerring aim he picked off in the distance a fleeing Tartar.

"But who wants to bother loading a clumsy musket," replied Helpless.

And thus the two, conversing calmly, went about their business of catching stray Tartars.

\* \* \*

Helpless was beginning to weary of the sport of lassoing fleeing Tartars and was about to give it up, when he saw out of the corner of his eye a Tartar dashing away from the fighting.

Something about the Tartar's appearance caused Helpless to give chase. Getting close to him Helpless swung his lasso, and in a second the Tartar was on the ground, while the riderless horse galloped into the steppe. Helpless leaped off his mount and ran up to the prostrate Tartar to put an end to him. The latter raised his hands over his head and cried frantically:

"Don't strike! Don't strike! I am wealthy, and will give you much gold. Don't strike!"

Helpless lowered his sabre. He recognized the Tartar to be some prince of high rank, judging by the rich clothing. Bending over him Helpless tied him up securely, and assisting him to rise led him over to the side.

By this time the battle was practically over. All around lay the dead and wounded. The Kozaks, dismounting off their horses, went about, giving aid to wounded Kozaks and killing off the wounded Tartars. In those days no quarter was given or expected.

It was always a fight to death, for neither side could encumber itself with prisoners unless they were wealthy and would bring ransom. The only exception to this was when the Tartars captured Ukrainians alive in order to sell them in the slave markets.

Nedolya, the Kozak commander rode around, his hand on his hip, directing. He gave orders to a number of Kozaks to catch the Tartar horses that were wandering around nearby.

"Where is Triska?" he suddenly demanded.

"He was the first to go down," someone replied. "He turned back to face alone the entire Tartar force, and by his sacrifice saved the others."

Nedolya's face clouded. He had known Triska but a short time, yet in that brief interval he had perceived in him a splendid character, a brave Kozak. He resolved to find the body of Triska and have it buried fittingly.

"Let's search for him," he commanded. "You, Stephen, Antin, Danilo, come along with me and help me find him." The Kozaks called, mounted their horses, and the group dashed off in the direction where Triska had been seen last.

A few moments of riding brought them to a pile of dead. Most of them were Tartars, with seven Kozaks among them, but Triska was not one of them. This was the small band that had attempted to rush to the succor of Triska and had found itself cut off. The Kozaks continued their search. Finally they perceived in the distance another, but a smaller, mound of dead. Spurring their horses they saw that with but one exception all the sprawled out figure were Tartars, and that the one exception was Triska himself. He was lying face down, his hand clutching his sabre, with its blade broken off.

The Kozaks leaped off their horses. Nedolya made a rapid examination, turning the body over on its back. The head was terribly battered, several ribs and both legs were broken. Nedolya bent over and placed his ear against Triska's chest. He detected a faint beating of the heart. Just then Triska's eyelids flickered open.

A look of recognition appeared in his eyes as he discerned the Kozaks bending over him. His breathing was very faint. His lips moved, as if he wanted to say something.

Nedolya raised Triska's head a trifle and gave him some water to drink. It seemed to revive Triska a bit. He looked gratefully at Nedolya.

"Forgive me, Triska, for sending you into this," Nedolya said, trying to suppress his emotion.

Triska faintly moved his hand, and said, gaspingly, "May God . . . forgive me . . . as . . . I forgive you . . . Pray brothers . . ." and with these last words he gently expired . . .

The Kozak stood around, bowed in grief.

The sun was already setting, its red-tinted shafts lighting up the bloody battlefield, when the little group returned, bearing Triska's body in their midst. Nedolya gave orders to bury it carefully. For high above them vultures were circling, waiting for that moment when the moving figures below them would go away, so that they could swoop down to a gory feast.

Nedolya gave further orders to

search for wounded Kozaks and bury the dead before darkness settled.

Everyone went to work. While a number busied themselves in gathering up the wounded and dead, others began digging a large grave for the Kozak dead. Still others went around the Tartar dead in search of booty. But of all of them "dyid" Panas had the most work to do. With his sleeves rolled up he tirelessly went from one wounded Kozak to another, cleaning and tying up the wounds.

Darkness fell upon the earth. Fires were lit. By their light the work went on uninterrupted. Sentries were posted to prevent any surprise attack from the Tartars who had remained in the Tartar camp on the banks of Samara river.

Nedolya was seated by a camp fire, conferring with several Kozaks, when into the circle of light stepped Semen the Helpless. Nedolya looked up inquiringly.

"'Pane sotnek,' I have a Tartar captive . . ." began Helpless.

"If you mean the one with the broken nose, the one who did guide us, then the devil with him!" interrupted Nedolya. "He is of no use to us now."

"But I promised mercy to him if he led us right. And he did," explained Helpless.

"Then do whatever you want with him," said Nedolya rather impatiently.

"But I have still another captive," persisted Helpless.

"But why the devil are you encumbering yourself with a lot of captives?" exclaimed the exasperated Nedolya.

"You don't understand," replied Helpless. "This second prisoner is some sort of a prince or high official. And he promised ransom too," he added.

"Bring him over here then," ordered Nedolya.

In a moment the Tartar prisoner, young and dressed richly, was led before Nedolya.

"What is your name?" demanded the latter in the Tartar tongue.

"I am Mustapha-Aga, son of Ibrahim, the Khan's Grand Vizier," the captive proudly replied.

"And I tell you," interrupted one of the Kozaks before Nedolya could proceed further, "that you are the son of the very Satan himself, and the Khan is his brother . . ."

"Shut up!" cried the Tartar furiously, stamping his feet in rage at this gross insult. "Don't you dare insult his highness the Khan, for he will wipe you all off the face of this earth."

"And before he does, I'll send you straight to where you belong," replied the angered Kozak, drawing his sword.

"Quiet!" thundered Nedolya to the Kozak. "This is not your captive." Then turning to one of the Kozaks he called—"Tikhone!"

The one called, a young and handsome Kozak, stepped forward.

"As soon as it gets dark take ten Kozaks to help you and take this prisoner to our 'polkovnek' (colonel). Tell him all what happened. And don't forget, mind you, to bow before him and convey our best wishes."

"But what about my share of the ransom," Helpless asked, bewilderedly.

"Don't worry, you'll get it," said Tikhone.

"You, Tikhone, be sure to tell the 'polkovnek' that part of the ransom money belongs to a Kozak named Semen the Helpless. It will be much better this way Semen," he said turning to Semen, "than for you to go around with your prisoner like

a keeper with his pet bear."

"Yes, that's true," slowly replied Semen, his fears of losing some of the ransom quieting down. "Now let me see," he started to count on his fingers. "I would have to lead him around, watch him, feed him . . ."

"Yes, and for your pains he would kill you the first chance he got loose," interposed one of the Kozaks, laughing.

"Well, in that case, farewell Ago!" said Semen. "Bow for me before your father—what the devil is his name; but the devil with him anyway—now don't you get excited, for war is war." Semen bowed mockingly, and added humorously, "I thank the Lord for not letting you fall in hands other than my own."

The Kozaks roared with laughter, holding unto their sides.

"The capturing of this Tartar means more to us than our victory," Nedolya remarked quietly to "dyid" Panas. "The 'polkovnek' gave strict orders to capture a Tartar of high rank. From him he expected to get information regarding the movements of the horde."

\* \* \*

Throughout the entire encounter of the Kozaks with the Tartars, young Pavlush sat on his horse, a bit to the side, out of harm's way. With bated breath and staring eyes he watched the terrible carnage. Soon his fear for the outcome of this battle turned to exultation as he saw the Kozaks shattering the Tartar force. Something stirred within, something begotten in him from a long line of fighting ancestors. His spirit flamed, and only the admonition of his brother kept him from plunging into the fighting. Nevertheless, he could not refrain from drawing closer and closer, so close that he was in danger of being hit by stray bullets. The danger from stray bullets, however, was not very great, for the fighting was mostly of a hand-to-hand character.

He exulted when he saw the last Tartar put out of fighting. No longer did he fear the Tartars. They were not as terrible and invincible as they seemed to be that terrible night when they fell upon the village of Spasivka and massacred most of its populace, taking the rest into captivity. Oh, if only these Kozaks had been around that night, then the things would have been different, he thought. His mother and "dyid" Andriy would still have been alive, and his father and sister would have been also with him now, and not in Tartar captivity. He wondered whether the Kozaks, after defeating the Tartars, would now go in pursuit after the rest of the Tartars left in their encampment by the river. But there was no opportunity of asking anyone, for now that the battle was over the Kozaks were busy in caring for the wounded, digging a grave for the dead, and tending to other tasks. It was not until late in the night, when the Kozaks, tired and weary, were beginning to throw themselves on the ground to sleep, that he ventured to ask this question of his brother Petro.

(To be continued)

### A HISTORY OF UKRAINE

by MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY

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## Trivia - - - By Sophia

### Peanuts

EVER start eating peanuts, and find that after the first five, that you finish the rest of the peanuts in the dish automatically? This psychological phenomenon is called an adient response, and it happens every day of the year, but people seldom stop to think about it. It not only happens with peanuts, but with many other things.

### Pin-Balls

For example, the pin-ball machine. One person in the crowd collects five pennies from the company around him, trades them in for a nickel, and the fun has begun. At first his score is low, and the observers few. He is calm about the game, because, unless he is experienced, he will expect a fairly low score. About the third game, however, his score increases by a few points, and he intently watches every ball as it humps against the gadget that makes the scoreboard light up. By this time he is caught. Nervousness sets in. Ouch! That ball just missed it by a hair, and in his excitement he tilts the machine, not enough to void the game, but just enough to raise the score 100 points. On goes the game, and dozens of nickels follow the first one, but alas, no returns. On the fifth game, the crowd around the machine increases, but after a few more tries, you find you are left alone, and if you continue playing you'll develop stomach ulcers or some other ailment as a result of the agitation. The smart man quits when he finds he has one nickel left for carfare, but the other kind plays until he discovers he's got to walk home, and swears never to touch the stuff again.

### Card Playing

Another adient response is card playing, especially when there's currency involved, and even if the currency is only pennies. (Ever play gin rummy for an eighth of a cent a point?) The hand starts out with a few people, and a small amount in

the kitty, but gains momentum as the hours pass. Win or lose, you keep playing, hoping to win a few cents back, but the opportunity never comes. Before the other fellow knows it, the next day creeps up on him and he hears the dawn crack. But this crack is nothing to what he can expect when he arrives on the doorstep, slips off his shoes, and tries to enter quietly. The missus will always hear him trying to sneak in as she patiently awaits him, rolling pin in hand. That's the last of poker games for another few months.

### Popcorn

Eating popcorn is another variety of this phenomenon. The attractive looking dish is placed in front of you and you know you shouldn't start, but the popcorn seems to beckon until you give in. It may be soggy, oversalted, or suffer from other faults, but that makes no difference whatsoever. The popcorn gets stuck in your teeth, and you wear out your tongue trying to extricate it, but still you go on. Such endurance! Besides your weak will, there's always someone present who will be good enough to fill up the dish just before you empty it thoroughly. People are wonderful to be so generous. It isn't until your lower jaw drops of over-exertion that you surrender, and let your eyes eat up the rest of the popcorn.

### Back Scratching

When your back itches, and you are not fortunate enough to be the proud possessor of double-jointed arms, you timidly ask the person next to you (if you happen to know him) to be good enough to scratch your back, but you find that the more he scratches it, the more pleasant the feeling becomes, and you ask him to continue the treatment. Before you know it, you have a dent in your back, and the good friend who has done you the favor submits a bill to you for services rendered.

There are so many other types of adient responses too numerous to

## On Records - - - by Ted Victor

SUMMER is about to end even though you may not believe it at the moment. However since it is still hot I think I shall continue with records for summer listening. After all, what else can I do with the local temperature galivanting somewhere in the realm of hellish heat and humidity.

Now that I have "justified" this week's column I may as well settle down and enjoy a couple of new records I picked up last night. Of course, I realize that my pounding of the typewriter isn't the sort of accompaniment they deserve but after all c'est la vie. But—if I didn't have to write today. If I didn't have to sweat in this heat. If it were evening and I were cool and comfortable—here is how I would relax with my music.

First of all I would make the physical portion of me as comfortable as possible. I prefer a couch on which I can spread out in a variety of positions. After all, position is everything in life. Is not music a portion of life? After settling down, the next important step is to make certain that there is a minimum of light and people in the room. Both often interfere with good listening. Perhaps they both bring back reality while the music is trying to take you away from it. To be sure, if you are fortunate in finding someone that is in close harmony with what you enjoy, then by all means take advantage of the rarity. And so after you have the proper setting—here is the type of music that will round out your program of musical relaxation.

mention, but if you'll give them some thought you'll discover many more. However, why be weak enough to submit to these? Show them that you too can be smart, and next time your back itches, don't scratch it, but calmly wait until it subsides... or until you lose your mind.

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

### Ukrainian Dumka;

### Ukrainian Potpourri,

Stinson No. 3043-A

I enjoyed this record quite a bit because of the very fine playing of this large balalaika ensemble. The Ukrainian Dumka may not to be as familiar as the Potpourri but in short time I know you will make it one of your favorites. There is a slight amount of surface scratch which really doesn't bother the listener too much.

### Hopak,

### The Shining Moon,

Stinson No. 3023-A

This is another record by the Kiev Philharmonic Balalaika Ensemble. They play the Hopak rather well. You really can't appreciate it fully because the recording is not what it should be. On the reverse side there is the Shining Moon played by a Lysenko who is soloist with the ensemble.

### OTHER RECORDS

**Dark Night**, tenor with string ensemble, Stinson No. 3032-B

**Classical Symphony** by Prokofieff, performed by the St. Louis Symphony, conductor Golschmann, Victor No. M-942.

**Symphony 101 (The Clock)** by Haydn performed by Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic. Victor No. M-57.

**Manhattan Moonlight** by Alter performed by the Orchestra Reymonde of Paris. Columbia No. 365-M.

The Catholic War Veterans adopted a strong resolution urging admission of 400,000 DPs at their annual convention in Cleveland. Opposition to proposals for admission was attacked as being "un-American, un-Christian, un-neighborly and indecent." A delegate from North Dakota said his state alone "would be willing and happy to take in 400,000 of these displaced persons."

## Youth and the U.N.A.

### Are You Dissatisfied with Your Whole Life Insurance? Then Change to 20-Payment Life or 20-Year Endowment!

Several weeks ago we discussed the fact that many young members of the Ukrainian National Association have been applying for the cash surrender values of their insurance certificates. We stressed the point that the number of cash surrenders was increasing steadily, and that the situation was rapidly becoming a major problem. Now, things have changed for the better... not too much so, but enough to relieve the strain a little; indications are that the applications for cash surrender will become less numerous as the U.N.A. membership campaign gains momentum.

One of the reasons why requests for surrender have decreased recently is because the U.N.A. has been sending special letters to all members making such requests. In these letters the U.N.A. has been sending special letters to all members making such requests. In these letters the U.N.A. pointed out the numerous advantages of membership, the points in favor of the member retaining his insurance, and pertinent facts of

direct interest to the member. We are pleased to report that some of the members changed their minds about taking cash surrender after reading the special letter.

The majority of the members applying for cash surrender are holders of Whole Life (Class W) certificates, on which dues are payable throughout the lifetime of the insured. In its special letter the U.N.A. pointed out to holders of Class W certificates that, if they were dissatisfied with such insurance, they had the privilege of changing from the Whole Life class to either 20-Payment Life (Class P), or 20-Year Endowment (Class E), retaining the original date of insurance. In other words, a member insured in Class W at age 18 in 1940 for \$1000 could change to Class P or Class E for \$1000, and his new insurance certificate will carry the 1940 date and he will continue to pay dues as of age 18. Consequently, instead of paying dues throughout his lifetime in Class W, he need pay only 13 more years in Class P or E. In Class P he ceases to pay dues when the insurance is 20 years old, but remains insured for the rest of his life. In Class E the insurance becomes payable in cash for its full face value

when it is 20 years old. By changing from Class W to Class P or E, therefore, the young members makes a wise move.

Since the rate or premium is higher in Class P and E than in Class W, however, the member must pay the difference in dues from the original date of insurance to the time of application for the change, plus interest compounded annually. The U. N. A. permits payments in installments, however, allowing a few months for the debit to be paid in full. The debit on Class E is always higher than on Class P, because Class E insurance is more expensive. For this reason, therefore, we recommend that holders of Class W certificates contemplating a change, consider Class P seriously. Class P dues are only slightly higher than in Class W, and for this reason the change of class debit, even with interest included, is within the means of the member.

It may be asked, why does the U.N.A. charge interest on change of class? Since the new certificate will carry the same date as the old certificate, and the premium is higher in the new class of insurance, interest is charged simply because the U.N.A. is only now receiving dues payable on the insurance from the date of the certificate. The interest makes up for the loss sustained by the organ-

### U. N. A. BRANCH IN NORTH DAKOTA ATTRACTS 20 NEW MEMBERS

The branch of the Ukrainian National Ass'n which is located in Belfield, North Dakota, admitted twenty persons to membership during the month of August.

Dmytro T. Biletzky, a U.N.A. organizer, visited Belfield and arranged meetings which were attended by the town's Ukrainian element. These affairs received publicity in the "Belfield News," local weekly newspaper. Branch 420 is the only U.N.A. branch in North Dakota.

The members of the branch elected a new president in the person of Nick M. Prokop. Mike Obach was elected to the position of branch secretary.

ization in not being able to invest said dues from the original date of the insurance.

Members interested in change of class may write directly to the U. N. A., Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J., for further information, or they may contact their branch officers.

★

We welcome material for publication at all times. Contributions may be sent directly to the Ukrainian National Association.

T. L.

ПРАЦЯ ДЛЯ ЖІНОК І МУЩИН

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## The Cadets Are Flying

Twenty years ago, U. S. Army aviators were pioneering the airways of the world. Today, they are flying rocket-powered aircraft that attain near-supersonic speed. Aviation cadets, the pick of America's young men, now are being taught the fundamentals of the latest aerial developments at Randolph Field, Texas. Fortunate is the man who can qualify for the thorough physical, mental, and practical training at this "West Point of the Air."

Primary cadet training is divided into three parts: 80 hours of flying—study of the effect of controls, of straight and level flying, of torque and climbs and glides, of stalls and spins and landings, of acrobatics; 184 hours of academic training—aircraft engineering, interpretation of weather conditions, navigation, aural and visual code; 269 hours of military training—including drills and ceremonies, inspections, judo, and parachute landings. The basic cadet training program is similarly divided, carrying the student into advanced phases of the same fields.

An advanced class comprising ten officers and ten aviation cadets is pursuing an experimental primary training course in an AT-6 plane. Observation of this group's progress in the study and operation of this type of aircraft may determine the feasibility of organizing accelerated training courses which will shorten the time required to master advanced types of aircraft by as much as 35 hours.

There is an urgent demand for skilled men to pilot these new planes, men who are alert to the opportunities of a thrilling and remunerative career in the air. It is for this purpose that aviation cadets rise with the grey dawn and after a nutritious meal march down the readyroom ramp to receive flying instructions for the day. This is the reason for their intense absorption in classroom study of the atomic bomb, in small group discussions of tricky navigation problems, and in all the intricacies of aircraft mechanics. They realize how highly important to themselves and to their Nation is their application to the theory and practice which goes into the making of an efficient, self-confident pilot.

With such rich preparation, "into the wild blue yonder" fly the aviation cadets of Randolph Field, carving out of the mysterious realms of space satisfying careers for themselves, vital bodies of technical knowledge for the Army Air Forces, and glory and fame for both.

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## Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER W. DANKO

## BOXING:

19 year old Pete Zaduk, Toronto, Canada's Jack Dempsey, continued his sensational slugging streak at Buffalo when he put the skids under Les Flowitt, tough Detroit middleweight in round 8. It was young Pete's third successive K.O. win in the upstate N. Y. area.

Nick Melnick, another Canadian puncher, drew with Joe Harris at Ft. Wayne, Ind.

I understand that Mike Yusko, a cousin of Johnny Lawer, Cleveland middleweight, has fought in the amateur ranks.

A reader from Campbell, O., Walter Melnik, tells us that N. Mistovoch of Youngstown is of Serb-Croatian ancestry and M. Birkovich of Niles is Croatian. These boxers are 2 of the 9 I mentioned in my previous column who had Ukrainian sounding names and could possibly be "Ukes." Some of the others were M. Koballe; N. Kashuba; F. Gromada; J. Melko, etc. I hope to eventually clear up the nationality of these boxers.

## WRESTLING:

John Katan, former Canadian and British heavyweight champ, manages to keep himself quite busy. Teaming up with Bob Wagner, he threw the Sharpe Boys, Mike and Ben, in a doubles match. Then, as a single, Katan won over Tom Collins, drew with Ken Kenneth and Bob Wagner, won and then lost to Kenneth; and drew with Dr. Ed Meske, all in Toronto.

Vanka Zelezniak recently won the World's "Catch-as-catch can" championship at Buenos Aires, S. A.

Johnny Demchuck, another Canadian, recently won the world's junior heavyweight championship at Cincinnati when he defeated Bob Cummings. Johnny followed that win with a victory over Steve Nenoff at Columbus and a win over Gorgeous George at Cincinnati.

Bronko Nagursky, former world's heavyweight champ, recently lost to Ray Steele at St. Louis.

Big George Gordienko, 18 years old and 225 lbs., has been signed to appear in a series of matches in San Francisco by promoter Joe Malcewicz.

CULTURAL, SOCIAL AND SPORT  
ACTIVITY OF YOUNG U. N. A.  
MEMBERS IS REVIVING. GET IN  
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## CHARACTER

There is only really one great possession that a human being can justly be proud and happy over—is his character. Without it, all the wealth and fame in this world piled at his feet would matter as nothing.

Character is something that cannot be bought, begged or borrowed. It must be self-made, self-developed—and self-owned. "Character," someone once wrote, "is not developed from a Statute book."

Government can only help us in distress, protect us against danger, and punish us when we interfere with the right workings of society as a whole. Of course it makes huge blunders along this line at times, because all our Governments are of men, but the intention of government is usually well placed. Government can't make a man a man. Within ourselves we ourselves create the man that we are.

Our self-respect is the keystone to all character. We must not allow some one else to do for us what we are abundantly able to do ourselves. We must not allow our legs, arms, heart and brains to wither from disuse, or from the opulence of others who use their own.

The character of a country is always cued from the character of its individual units. The more people there are who will persist in throwing their responsibilities upon others, the weaker does society as a whole become.

The pioneers greatest and most valuable equipment was his character. The same of our present age is that so many are unwilling to become pioneers within themselves. We learn the value of life by—living it—hot by reading about it.

Character gives substance to our thoughts, and continually enlarges our will to do and to be. People of character magnet the world to them, no matter where they may be. It is pictured upon their faces and shows in their walk, their voices sound it afar. Character is therefore one important asset that may not wither away under fire, feast, or famine. Character creates freedom and Patriotism.

J. H.

Ukraine Grain  
Increased

Moscow newspapers recently reported new and definite indications that the Russian grain harvest this year has exceeded the record-breaking 1940 crop, the United Press cor-

respondent in Moscow reported.

A report from collective farms in Kiev Province, in the heart of Ukraine, stated that 16,625 tons of grain had been delivered by the same date in 1940.

A similar yield—although the figures were not given—was reported from Poltava and Kharkiv Provinces. Together these three provinces cover nearly a third of the Ukraine's 170,000 square miles of rich farmland.



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