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Ukrainian Resistance Groups Escaping To American Zone

According to several dispatches in the New York Times and other newspapers, the American zone of occupation in Austria and Germany is the goal of escaping groups belonging to the Ukrainian resistance movement in Soviet occupied land. Belonging to the famed UPA, Ukrainian Insurgent Army, which first fought against the German invaders and then against both them and the Russian invaders, and now is waging a heroic struggle against the latter, these detachments which are attempting to escape to the American zone evidently have found their positions untenable in the unequal struggle.

As reported on these pages some weeks ago, Soviet Russia together with her two satellites, Poland and Czechoslovakia, recently came to an agreement to join all their available forces to liquidate the Ukrainian liberation movement. A strong protest in this connection was lodged with the Security Council of the United Nations by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, which the New York Times reported quite extensively on July 23 last.

Confronted by this array of forces bent upon their destruction, the UPA-ites are nonetheless reported as fighting valiantly at every possible point. When they withdraw it is to regroup themselves for a further struggle. Those in the westernmost regions are in a particularly precarious position, which in all probability accounts for the fact that some of them have been escaping westward.

Their chief avenue of escape, the New York Times correspondent in Prague reported on September 6, is the wild Tatra mountain range. In an attempt to cross into the Austrian-American zone the Ukrainian resisters push southward and then westward into Moravia. Some of the groups are well supplied with Polish and American money, the Times says.

Clay Urged to Give Asylum to Resisters

Acting on the basis of a New York Times report from Munich dated September 12 and headlined "Ukrainian Resisters Seized With U.S. Aid," (see news story on this page) the Ukrainian Congress Committee sent the following cable dated same date to General Lucius Clay, commander of U. S. occupation forces in the American zone in Germany.

"New York Times reports that on September 11 thirty six Ukrainians belonging to pro-free Ukraine and anti-totalitarian resistance movement in Soviet occupied Uk-

One of their leaders, named Bur-lak, was captured early last month by the Czechoslovak reserve army officers and state police after a long hunt in the Tatra mountains near the town of Urutky, Slavakia.

One of the more spectacular escapes of these Ukrainian "resisters," as the Times calls them in its dispatch from Munich, Germany dated September 11, was that of thirty-six "members of the Ukrainian resistance group who had marched into Bavaria from their home territory" and were seized by German state police aided by American constabulary police, at Passau, American zone, near the Czech border.

The Times reports that all of them wore "Russian uniforms and were completely equipped with machine guns, tommy guns and hand grenades of Russian manufacture." They reported that they had been four weeks en route, utilizing maps as far as Linz, Austria. From that point they made their way westward by the compass.

Their trek, took them through Poland and Austria and across the Czech border to a community called Wildenranna in the Landkreis of Wegscheid. At this point a few of the men visited farmhouses in the vicinity and demanded food. They then retired into the forest near Untergriessbach with their companions.

The Germans of the neighborhood summoned the state police who reconnoitered and found the Ukrainians grouped around campfires, eating and singing folksongs. Considering themselves too inadequate a force to try to capture the band, the German police appealed for help to constabulary headquarters in Passau.

The raid was made successfully during the early morning hours and all members of the expedition were taken into custody and disarmed. They were taken to Passau until orders could be received for their disposition.

raines were seized with help of American constabulary troops at Passau near Czech border which they crossed. They are reported being held for further disposition. The nationally representative Ukrainian Congress Committee of America appeals to you to grant these and other defenders of Ukrainian national liberties and democratic ideals the traditional American right of asylum."

The appeal was signed by Stephen Shumeyko, UCCA president.

UYL-NA RESOLUTION

SUPPORT of America's peace effort and the Ukrainian national liberation movement was the essence of the key-note resolution passed at the Tenth Convention, held in Philadelphia, during the past Labor Day weekend, of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

Presented to the convention by the chairman of the Resolutions Committee, Stephen Shumeyko, the resolution was immediately and unanimously adopted by the assembled delegates.

Its text follows:

"We, younger generation Americans of Ukrainian descent, having convened at this Tenth Convention of Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, as representatives of our respective local organizations, societies and clubs constituting the UYL-NA, do hereby unanimously resolve to redouble our efforts in the advancement of Ukrainian American life ideals, aspirations and activity.

"Specifically, we have in mind mainly our country's world-wide peace effort, which is predicated on the eventual neutralization of those sinister forces which undermine the foundations of peace for the purpose of destroying it. Today those forces are concentrated in one of the most cruel and pernicious ruling systems in world history, that of Soviet Russia, which in every possible respect is even worse than the recently destroyed totalitarian, anti-liberty-democracy Fascist and Nazi systems.

"Like the latter, Soviet Russian Communism is the very antithesis of everything which stands for human progress, and for the basic ideals and principles which God endowed upon mankind. Moreover, the present Moscow-dictated Russian regime constitutes but another chapter in the centuries-old martyrdom of the Ukrainian nation, which is deprived of its inalienable right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, deprived of everything in the cause of which America and other liberty-loving and

democratic countries fought World War I and II.

"If the terrible sacrifices and the huge toll of both wars, and of previous conflicts for the preservation of human values, are to any avail, then surely Ukraine should today be free and independent, surely our fellow Ukrainians over there should have the privilege to live in a free and democratic Ukraine, of their own design and plan, like that of our own United States of America.

"In the light of these incontrovertible facts, we, who are united in the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, do solemnly resolve at this, its Tenth Convention, to dedicate our minds and energies, each in his or her particular best way, to the cause of our country's peace effort, and with it, to the cause of the liberation of Ukraine. Likewise we hail the heroism of our kinsmen in and out of Ukraine engaged in the deadly underground struggle, spearheaded by the fighting UPA (Ukrainian Insurgent Army), to free their native land of foreign rule and oppression.

"In keeping with this resolve of ours, we of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America further pledge ourselves to coordinate our action in this vital task with that of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, the nationally representative body which is devoted to America's winning of world-wide peace and Ukraine's winning of her national freedom.

"Also we pledge ourselves to coordinate our action with that of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, which has as its chief purpose the succor of the Ukrainian victims of the last war.

Urges Action to Stop Russians

Bringing a warning that Americans must act now to stop Russia's surge toward world domination, a Superior (Minn.) State Teachers college history professor prescribed stiff antidotes for Bolshevist expansionism when he addressed Duluth Kiwanians in Hotel Duluth in Duluth on August 13, last, the Duluth Tribune reported on its front page.

Wasil Halich, Ukrainian born instructor of history and world affairs, —also author of the book "Ukrainians in America," published in 1936 by the Chicago University Press— in outlining reasons why he thinks Communist Russia refused to co-operate toward world peace, indicated the U.

S. government should assert itself more strongly with the USSR.

"If I had my way," he asserted, "I'd clean up every Russian special agent in the country in a week, or limit them to the same rights afforded our citizens in Russia."

"Gromyko is stalling at United Nations sessions today because Russia needs time to get ready for us," he warned, adding, "We are at a 'bluffing' stage with Russia, similar to that for which Munich is known."

He said the first step in combatting Russian influence in this country is to keep Communists out of control.

"Don't elect any more fellow travelers to congress," he advised.

The Ukrainian Theatre As Political Factor

By C. H. ANDRUSYSHEN *

(1)

NO nation has owed its preservation to the various forms of its literary art so much as has Ukraine. In the blackest hours of serfdom, persecution, her entire people sought refuge in the songs and poetry which seemed to rise out of their hearts extemporaneously. Kotlyarevsky revealed to them the beauty and melody of the Ukrainian language; Shevchenko inspired it with his prophetic fervor, and Franko made it a medium whereby Shevchenko's idealism might become a reality, flowering in peace, freedom and happiness after centuries of toil and struggle. Without the benefit of the theater, however, their efforts would have been much more difficult and their influence less pronounced. To use a metaphor, Kotlyarevsky plowed the field, Shevchenko sowed it, and Franko harrowed it; but it was the Ukrainian drama which, although humble in itself proved like a soft rain that fell on the literary field of Ukraine to make the seed grow. It was only natural for that theater to have played such an important role, for from its very beginning it was distinguished by its ethnographic aspect. In it the Ukrainian peasant saw his entire existence mirrored, and was therefore drawn to it as to a lodestar. Since it was accessible to more people than were the works of the literary stalwarts, and since it was made of the stuff that could thrive under the most unfavorable conditions, it is no wonder that its lowly condition, made itself felt to potently throughout the entire land.

Early Stages Like Those of Western Europe

Its origins and initial development are analogous to similar periods of the European drama:—interludes, moralities, miracle plays with their attendant personifications of abstract ideas and phenomena, and with their endless allegorical conduct. At first, as in all Western Europe, these dramatic pieces were an extension of the liturgy, and illustration of the spiritual values involved in the liturgical drama; and their moralizing biblical and apocryphal characters were invariably Christ, Mary, and the saints, with the fiend playing the villain and and being continually discomfited for the general merriment of the naive and gaping audience.

In time the religious theater left the sacred precincts to become an asset to the schools and academies affiliated with it. There, those pieces continued to preserve their religious character, but they were subjected more and more to the popular needs and requirements. Under that influence they gradually became secularized. The dramatic forms—miracles, moralities, allegories, interludes—re-

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mained, but their elements became less rigid and more prone to allow more an ordinary admixture of profane elements, as is evident in the case of the scholastic (academic) dramas which flourished especially at the time when Poland ruled over that part of Ukraine which lies to the west of the Dnieper.

The scholastic drama was fostered both in the Jesuit colleges scattered throughout Ukraine and in the schools attached to the Orthodox churches.

The former were used as a vehicle for spreading Catholicism as well as Polish political propaganda among the Ukrainians. The Orthodox schools reacted against this manner of political activity. Whereas the "Jesuit" plays were written in Polish with a marked tendency to serve the interests of Poland, the "Orthodox" plays extolled the Kozak movement which stood as a bulwark against the Polish advance. Thus it was that the theater became not only a moralizing and educational medium, but also a political factor in the growth of Ukrainian nationhood.

With the major exception of the "Jesuit" drama, which was written in Polish, the strength of the Ukrainian theater lay in its popular speech. Considered lowly and coarse, and suited only for the humble and ludicrous themes of peasantry, it none the less proved a powerful factor in irrevocably cementing the foundations of the national character of the Ukrainian people. On the strength of the popular speech which it employed, the Ukrainian drama exerted a patriotic pressure on the minds of the receptive multitude long before the advent of Kotlyarevsky and his school.

Drama Begun 1619

The beginning of Ukrainian drama dates back to 1619, in which year two interludes, written in Ukrainian, were presented at a fair in the town of Kaminka-Strumilova. These were given between the acts of a Polish tragedy dealing with the beheading of St. John the Baptist. There had been, to be sure, other Ukrainian interludes written previously, but these two are the first which a historian or a student of Ukrainian literature can find in extant texts. Their documentation, however, is meager, and affords us precious little knowledge about the birth of Ukrainian drama.

Perhaps the most important piece in the seventeenth century was Christ's storming of hell, a fine representation of the miracle category. This play as yet gives no indication of the impending transformation of the theater into the secular order. That evidence is shown, however, in the plays of Danilo Tuptalo (1651-1709) who wrote under the pseudonym of Dmitro Rostovsky. His originality consisted in incorporating the secular scenes of the interludes into the serious drama, and thus intermingling the ludicrous with the serious. That example was followed by Theophan Prokopovich (1680-1741),

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the theoretician of the pseudo-classical trend of Ukrainian drama in his times. This high prelate at court of Peter I was also a successful dramatist, and is now known chiefly as the author of the play about Prince Volodimir of Kiev, which was the first drama in Ukrainian literature the theme of which was not borrowed from the Bible or from the Lives of the Saints, but was based on a historical episode.

The political events of the eighteenth century had great influence on the drama, particularly in effecting its transition to the secular sphere. This current is quite noticeable in the tragi-comedy entitled "The Grace of God, Which Through Bohdan Zinovius Khmel'nitsky, the Renowned Hetman of the Zaporogian Troops, Had Saved Ukraine from the Intoleable Injuries of the Lyakhs" (1728). Three characteristics distinguish this play from those written and presented up to that time: its genuine patriotism, its democratic spirit, and its close approach to the popular speech. The chief *dramatis persona* is the personification of Ukraine itself in all the glory of her strivings for a life of freedom and independence.

The tendency of the Ukrainian playwrights of the eighteenth century, such as G. Konisky and I. Negrashevich, to have their characters employ the speech of the common people, prepared the way for the renaissance of Ukrainian literature at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Their successful attempts to liberate the drama from the spiritual restrictions and gradually to emphasize the satirical element, made it easier for Kotlyarevsky to give fresh impetus to the Ukrainian comedy and melodrama with his *Natalka-Poltavka* (1819).

The development of Ukrainian drama now differs at this point from that of Western Europe by regrettable fact that while in the rest of Europe the academic drama evolved into a serious literary form, in Ukraine it "degenerated" into comedy at the peasant level. Since Ukraine was devoid at that time of nobility and lacking an imperial court, the "noble" drama was not even to be thought of since it had no lofty stratum of society upon which to base itself. The only base was the peasantry. It was for that reason that Ukrainian drama followed, so to say, the rustic trend.

The "Rural" Theater

Being "rural" in character, the Ukrainian theater was inspired by the two vital characteristics of the peasant:—stubbornness and tenacity. It needed both in a high degree, for shortly after the battle of Poltava, Peter I, and later Catherine II, forbade all publication of books in the Ukrainian language, except church and religious tracts. Simultaneously began a persecution of the theater. But even when scholastic plays were discontinued at the Academy of Kiev, no sense of loss was felt, because by the middle of the eighteenth century the scholastic theater was completely outmoded by its secular successor. No amount of repression could destroy the lively, satiric comedy whose possession of the popular imagination was so irrepressible.

Another factor working to save the Ukrainian theater from annihilation in the second half of the eighteenth century was the *Vertep* (Cave), a representation of Christ's nativity in an encased miniature stage surmounted by a star. It was simply a variant of the marionette theater and

could be carried around and displayed especially at Christmas time. Besides the usual angelic, human and animal figures connected with Christ's birth, marionettes representing popular types were added, such as an old man and woman, gypsy, a Pole, a Jew and his wife, the devil himself, and a kozak whose dealings with a female tavernkeeper furnished one of the comical reliefs of the performance. The kozak, to be sure, was the most important character of all in the *Vertep*, since he was presented as the defender of the poor, the protector of the persecuted, a bold and powerful warrior in the struggle for truth, justice and freedom for his people. In view of these added characters, the nativity theme itself became a mere pretext, and its subject matter became secondary to the secular matter which usurped its place of prominence. The setting of the *Vertep* was religious, but the content of its drama was quite worldly, and at times even naturalistic. Often this *Punch and Judy* was extended into a regular play in which real people took the place of the dolls. But in whatever manner it was presented, its satiric verses and dialogues continued to thrive in spite of the strictest prohibition. It was mainly through the process of change which the scholastic drama underwent in the *Vertep* that the secular drama evolved.

The "theater of the serfs" was likewise a secular institution. It was an importation from Russia; and being stagnant, had only an insignificant influence on the free theater. It was maintained by some of the greater landowners for their own entertainment and that of their friends; and in some cases provided for them an easy and cheap means of practicing prostitution.

Natalka Poltavka

Kharkiv was the first Ukrainian city to boast of a permanent theatrical group (1789). Kiev had to wait fourteen years longer for a building to house its theater (1803), and Poltava several years more. The latter center proved the most important in the first half of the nineteenth century, because it was there that Kotlyarevsky, "the father of the Ukrainian literary renaissance," gave the drama a new impetus and direction, chiefly by means of his *Natalka-Poltavka*. This he wrote at the instance of his friends, especially Prince Repnin, in order to destroy the influence of the inane, utterly ridiculous, sentimental and wholly unaesthetic musical comedy, *The Kozak Poetaster*, written by one Shakhovskiy in a macaronic Slavic which could not but jar the ears of the reformers grouped around the Poltava theater. Shakhovskiy's vaudeville was altogether overwhelmed by *Natalka-Poltavka* in which the sentimental influence of the contemporary Italian and French theaters is only slightly less in evidence than in the "Poetaster." Its strength, however, lay in the fact that it was written in the language of the people, except in the case of the one character whose official capacity makes him use a Ukrainian adulterated with Russianisms. The play is profusely interspersed with popular songs and dances, and so falls into the category of an operetta. Kotlyarevsky's second musical comedy was *Moskal Charivnyk* ("The Wonder-Working Moskal"). It is a primitive, ludicrous piece which Vasyl Hohol, Mikola's father, reworked to a greater advantage for the Ukrainian theater, and renamed *Prostak* ("Simpleton").

(To be continued)

Trivia - - - By Sophia

"Amalgamated Altruists, Inc."

A LOT of people in this world are taken for granted. The population expects these unsung heroes always to be on their toes, ready to fulfill their jobs, and in return offers them nothing—not even thanks. One such group of unsung heroes is the street cleaners and garbage collectors, who rise early in the morning to clear the streets in order that the rest of the people can get to work without wading ankle-deep in debris. The street cleaner reports to his local depot to pick up his implements, consisting of a broom and shovel, along with a garbage can on wheels, and plods his weary way as dawn follows him. His partner in the sanitation department, at this hour, is just about climbing into bed after a long night's work. All through the night he has spent the hours picking up garbage cans, a heavy job for even the strongest of men. He may have found a two carat diamond in among the garbage which would compensate for his labors, but this is highly improbable. And yet, not one person has a good word to put in for these hard workers, unless something goes wrong, at which time everybody and his uncle complains about the inefficiency of the sanitation department.

Among the women, one who is always expected to be at her post is the telephone operator. Should any delay occur in telephone service, the operator is the first to hear of it... the business office is too much trouble to complain to. Our toil-weary operators work during the day for a week, sweating out the night shift, and sometimes are given a split, which means four hours on, four hours off, then four hours on again. And do the operators ever complain? Of course, telephone customers don't complain all the time either. In fact, who ever thinks of the operator unless something goes wrong? It's only at this time that we realize there's someone behind the scenes who is responsible for helping out in a tough spot, and even then we don't have one kind word to say to the young lady who holds the job.

Another unappreciated female is the information clerk in the department stores, who sits all day on a high chair behind some two-by-four boot in the center of the main floor and answers inquiries, some sane, others ridiculous. It's simple enough to direct the customers to the furniture department, but if one patron of the store asks for Fuller's Earth, the next one asks for lady fingers, and still a third for Chinese back scratcher, the information clerk finds it easy to indulge in double talk, and even hold conversations with herself. The hardened clerk, with many years' experience, is able to shed these queries like a duck's back does water, but the newcomer, unless she has fortified her already strong constitution with the gamut of vitamins, finds that at the end of her eight hours she's ready to throw in the towel. Still, the customers complain. Not having explained clearly to the information clerk, they were directed to the wrong department, and return to the booth with a brigade of section managers to assist them in a complaint.

Have you ever seen contractors and builders at work? Certainly you have.

The sidewalk is always cluttered with self-appointed foremen, who like to engineer the job from the sidelines. This sort of work is a pleasure to observe, because it's constructive, but how about the housewrecker, the man who demolishes and razes tenements and other old buildings in order that the builder might build? Nobody gives him more than just a mere passing glance, even though he deserves more. Remember, the next time you walk by such a project, don't give it a mere passing glance. Give it at least two passing glances!

Perhaps the most neglected of all men is the one who holds the position of weatherman, a job that no one envies. When his prediction is correct, not a soul mentions it, but just let him predict southwest breezes instead of southeast, and he is showered under by a barrage of complaints and insults. This apparently doesn't phase him, because you'll find him back at his prediction-making the very next day. Either some people never learn, I suppose, or they get good pay for being the butt of complaints, which, if you can handle it, isn't a bad job.

There must be hundreds of other unappreciated tasks, but except for the type of work they entail, each position tells the same story. The story in this week's column, incidentally, has no moral, and is written at the request of the Amalgamated Altruists of America, Inc., who beseech you to take it easy on our unsung heroes.

On Records - - - By Ted Victor

IT has been my good fortune to travel around this country of ours in recent months. Of course I realize that is not exactly fair or practical for me to form any definite conclusions in regards to our Ukrainian choral music. And yet when I add up all the factors, those which I have discussed with so many people, I must arrive at the following conclusions.

Conclusion No. 1. Ukrainians are a group of singing dynamos. If any of you attended the recent UYL-NA convention, you will understand just what I mean. No matter what the conditions, the time, the place, they sing, sing, and sing. Any one that sings all night must be a dynamo (They did it too, all the guests at the hotel will vouch for that). I am using the convention merely as an example. It is a well known fact, no matter where you go. If a Ukrainian can talk he can sing.

Conclusion No. 2. Despite the abundance of raw material we lack top flight choral groups. We have plenty of mediocre groups and poor groups. Both of these former classes make a few better than average choruses seem outstanding. This was well illustrated in Philadelphia during the convention. The New York New Jersey Chorus, which is just a good group with many shortcomings, stood out as something exceptional in comparison with the other groups present.

Conclusion No. 3. The repertoire of Ukrainian folk music employed by most individuals and groups is too limited. There are hundreds and hundreds of folk songs and yet we seem to be singing the same old ones time and time again. I do not mean to take away credit from these fam-

iliar songs. I would rather emphasize the point, there are many many songs just as good and sometimes better that never get a chance of being performed.

Conclusion No. 4. One of the basic reasons for the relapse of our Ukrainian choral music lies in the laxness in our church choirs. There are too many conductors (dyaks) that are not really qualified to conduct choirs. They make no progress in our secular music. They employ the same old masses time and time again. They have very little in common with their young members, which causes a shortage of singers. Not only don't many of them understand the younger people but they refuse to learn anything new in regards to music itself. They seem to forget that no man is too weak, or too old to learn. We stop learning when we die, not before.

Conclusion No. 5. There are too few young people taking up courses in music seriously. I know that too many of our young people really don't know what can be gained by majoring in music. They don't know that someone must eventually take over the positions of the older directors. They don't know that there are a large number of communities just crying for the services of a good and preferably young choir director. For instance, right here in Akron, Ohio—which I am visiting—there is a group of girls that would give almost anything for a real live breathing director. They sing mass each Sunday without any professional aid whatsoever. This is but one example, I'm certain there are many more.

Conclusion No. 6. When we do get enough good directors. When we do

(Concluded on page 7)

FIVE LYRICS

By PAVLO TYCHYNA

Translated from the Ukrainian by Percival Cundy

A GIRL EMBROIDERING...

A girl embroiders and she weeps —
Why this design?
It seems that life with red and black
Embroiders mine.

In belfry there's a dance of sounds—
Yet each bell weeps.
My path leads now from dahlias, now
To refuse heaps.

Thick mists go soring up and up,
Clouds veil the sky.
Why may I not love space? Because
My eyes aren't dry?

I kiss a rose at eventide —
It brings me grief.
What does life mean to me? Can
Thoughts
Bring to relief?

LOVE MADE ME WEEP...

Love made me weep and lament.
(Clouds o'er the woods like a wall!)
Tears rose between me and thee —
(Marblelike wall...)

Melodies hover above.
(Turn with a smile like a bell!)
Leaves on the altar drift down —
(Vibrating bell...)

Somewhere the snows have come
down.
Clouds o'er the woods like a wall!)
Vanquished are dear enemies —
(Marblelike wall...)

Lonely art thou, lone am I
(Spring—early dawn—cherry tree!)
Blossomless now is thy soul —
(Ah, cherry tree...)

PSALM OF THE IRON AGE

Like dream, the Golden Age swept by,
The Gothic and the Baroque passed.
Now comes the Iron Renaissance,
Whose eye with nonchalance is
glassed.

To us, God or the Fiend's all one —
Both are great generals in their
way!

The church assemblies raised their
brows,
The people's levies fled away,

And o'er the place of sobs and tears,
Like feathers scattered far and
wide...

So shrieked and swooned and dis-
appeared
The gracious verdant eventide.

What's burning there: archives, mu-
seums?

Lay fuel on, let fires rage!
With curses to the heavens shall rise
The new psalm of the Iron Age.

O NATURE, DO NOT HIDE THYSELF!

O Nature, do not hide thyself! To
grief
And longing for the summer do not
yield!

In mists thou fall'st asleep... and
somehow all the winds
Are sweeping, howlin' o'er the field.

Thy tresses now from sorrow and
from gloom
Are stained with yellow—and with
spots of blood!

'Tis certain that thy heart is racked
with pain—
How lovely was thy maidenhood!

For thou wert once as glorious as
a storm!

An thou wert once like night of
St. John's Eve...

Soundlessness and dark. Soundless-
ness and sleep,
Through which a falling star doth
weave.

Ah! there somewhere a star fell,
like a thought.

From thy sad heart it brought a
smile to birth!

But winds begin to howl again...
O weep! O pray!
For Autumn now stalks on the
earth.

GROVES ARE RUSTLING...

Groves are rustling —
And I listen.

Clouds are drifting —
I admire them.
I admire them—and I wonder
Why I feel a gladness
Welling in me.

Bells are humming —
In the distance —
Thoughts go weaving —
O'er the landscape.

O'er the fields and o'er the river,
Soaring up, dipping down
Like a swallow.

I am walking —
All emotion —
Seeking someone —
And I'm singing.

I go singing—I go loving,
By the whispering grasses
Fascinated.

Groves lie dreaming —
By the river.

Heaven's a margin —
Is all golden,
Like pure gold in furnace burning.
And the river quivers
Like faint music.

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)

(11)

"PETRO," he asked, "aren't we going to go after the other Tartars right away. Perhaps we could still find father and Hannah," he added hopefully.

"No, 'bratcheku'," replied his older brother, "it's too late now. And, besides, our 'sotnek' Nedolya knows what is best to do, and it will have to be just as he wants. So don't fret, wait until tomorrow. Onysko told me that the Tartar encampment is very large, and burdened as they will be with wagons, oxen, and such, they will not be able to go very far before we catch up with them. So go to sleep now, and take a good rest. Tomorrow we shall go after the Tartars."

This consoled Pavlush. Much as he would have liked to have gone after the Tartars now, he perceived the wisdom of what his brother said, and decided the best thing to do just then would be to go sleep. Hobbling his horse, he went over to Petro, who was already lying on the ground with his cloak over him, and curled up beside him. Soon the even breathing of the two showed that they were sound asleep.

A quiet stillness crept over the camp, as the Kozaks fell asleep. The campfires slowly died down. Nothing disturbed the vast silence of the steppe now, save for the occasional call of the sentries passing on the outskirts of the camp, and once or twice the cry of some wild animal in the distance. High above, the moon shone brightly, bathing the sleeping and the dead in an eerie light.

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Burial of Slain Comrades

The sun was just peeping over the horizon when the Kozak camp came too life.

After saying their prayers and partaking of a bit of food, the Kozaks fell to the task of burying their comrades who had fallen in battle. The grave had been ready since last night.

Every Kozak who had lost his comrade now bade farewell to him. Nedolya stepped forward, and in a low voice recited a short prayer over the dead. Just as the sun appeared over the horizon in its full glory, the Kozaks began to lower their dead, as carefully as a mother would place her baby into the cradle, into the one common grave. The head of each dead Kozak was covered with a red 'ketayka,' a silken kerchief. His weapons were then placed alongside of him. When all had been laid carefully in their places, the Kozaks crossed themselves, and began to throw clods of earth into the grave. Then with improvised shovels the grave was filled. Even after it was level, the Kozaks kept shoveling, until over the grave a high mound arose—the "mohela," so common a sight in Ukraine.

None of the Tartar dead were buried. Their corpses were left for the wolves and the vultures.

For quite a while after, sadness reigned over the camp, for although the Kozak losses were not very great, nevertheless such was the spirit of comradeship among them that they felt very keenly the loss of even the few.

Gradually the spirits of the Kozaks lightened. They began to take stock of the spoils they had gained

from the Tartars. It was considerable too, many gold "chervintsi" and silver "talari"; weapons, many of them richly inlaid and embossed; and over a hundred head of horses.

Save for the Tartar captive and guide who was still in Semen's custody, there were no other Tartars prisoners, for the Kozaks did not believe in encumbering themselves with any, except where the Tartar could divulge some important information or could bring a fine ransom.

Helpless' Captive Freed

Everywhere Semen the Helpless went, the Tartar captive he had captured before the battle, perforce had to follow, since he was tied to a rope held by Semen. The rope was already causing bloody weals to appear on his wrists, when Nedolya perceived his plight.

"Semen," he cried in an exasperated voice, "what are you leading him around for. Let him go, will you! You won't be able to sell him at the bazaar, for you know that we don't trade in slaves or captives."

A bit sheepishly Helpless untied the captive. After all, he thought to himself, there is no use of holding on to this Tartar, he won't bring any ransom like the other one will. So he set the Tartar free.

The Tartar finding himself free, rubbed his wrists to restore circulation of his blood, and then threw himself ravenously upon scraps of food left by the Kozaks from their morning meal. One could see that he was happy as a lark, and his eyes shone with thanks for being let free.

"I would like to stay with you all the time," he finally ventured to say to Nedolya, who understood the Tartar tongue.

"Go ahead, stay with us if you want," the other replied. "But first you have to forsake your Mahomet and accept Christianity," he warned.

"I will, right now," responded the Tartar. "There is but one God anyway."

"Boys!" called Nedolya to the Kozaks. "Give this Tartar back his horse and weapons."

The Tartar now grew happy beyond words. He had never expected such marvelous luck. He ran to the herd of horses grazing nearby and found his own horse. Putting his arms around his horse's neck he began to pet him. The horse quickly recognized his master, for he whinnied shrilly and rubbed his head against the Tartar's shoulder, as of to say how glad to see him again. Just then Helpless came by. Seeing the Tartar by the horse, he sprang over to him and made move to push him away.

"Whoa! Let that horse alone! He is mine!" he cried, angrily.

The Tartar held on, refusing to let go, glaring at Helpless.

"Peace!" roared Nedolya to Helpless, from where he was standing. "Let the Tartar keep his horse, and you can take two Tartar horses for that one."

Semen, mollified, drew back.

By this time the Kozaks had completed their tasks, and were standing impatiently around, waiting for the command that would set them off after the remaining Tartars. The command was not long in coming.

"Mount and Forward!" commanded

Nedolya. "Straight for the Tartar camp!"

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Those Whom the Tartars Had Captured

And now let us return to those inhabitants of Spasivka who had been captured by the Tartars during the latter's night attack upon the village.

Footsore and weary from the long forced tramp across the steppe, they lay, bound, on the grass in the center of the Tartar encampment. Guards paced around them, keeping a careful watch to prevent any possible break for freedom.

Many of the captives were dozing, others just sitting around, when the Tartar sentries dashed into camp with the news that a Kozak force was approaching. In a second the camp was seething with activity. Tartars rushed past them on all sides, hurrying to their horses, to mount and spur to the edge of camp, there to await the anticipated attack. Others harnessed horses and oxen to the wagons, pulled down the tents, getting ready for a quick getaway, if one was found to be necessary.

Hope leaped high in the hearts of the captives, when they heard the rattle of musketry fire. Where they were, in the center of a number of wagons, they could not see the puny force under Triska charge against the much larger forces of the Tartars, and then suddenly wheel and flee in order to escape the Tartar flanking movement which would have caught them like rats in a trap. But this hope for deliverance was shortlived, for the exultant yells of the Tartars told them plainly that the Kozak attack had failed. The captives did not know that Triska was luring the Tartars into a trap prepared by Nedolya's Kozaks, for which strategem Triska and several others were to pay with their lives. Black despair descended upon them, as the sounds of the fighting gradually receded into the distance.

Listlessly the captives submitted to the re-grouping of themselves by the Tartars. Girls and children were placed in one group. These were the more valued captives, since they brought a higher price at the slave market. The older women and the men were then placed into a separate group. They were also valuable, depending upon their age and strength, but not as much as the former. The least valuable of them all were tied to the saddles. Their lot was worst of all, for they had to keep up with the horses or be killed.

Among the captives was Stepan Sudak, father of young Pavlush. Hatless, barefooted, hand bound in front of him, he lay on the grass.

A Tartar approached, bearing a full of dried crusts of bread. He threw them to the captives like to some cattle. Stepan together with others fell ravenously upon this bread, for they had eaten nothing since last night.

Stepan could not keep his thoughts from continually dwelling upon his family. He did not know what had happened to his wife and children, whether they were dead or alive, or perhaps captured. Death would be much better for them, he thought to himself, than captivity, for he well knew of the horrors of the latter.

Munching his dried bread he continually tugged at his bonds. But to no avail, for they were too strong for him. Finally he decided that the only way to free himself would be to untie the knot. Glancing carefully around he saw the guard nearest him

being engaged at that time in conversation with another Tartar. Holding the dry crust of bread in his hands he raised them until they were close to his teeth. Then making a pretence of chewing on the bread he started to tug on the knot with his teeth. It was exceedingly tiresome labor, for the knot was tied very tightly. Nevertheless he persisted, even though his jaws began to ache. Several times the guard glanced over in his direction, but seeing him apparently having trouble in munching on his bread, paid no further attention to him. Stepan was beginning to despair of untying the knot, when suddenly he felt it loosen. Exultantly he tugged at the knot, and in a moment it was completely untied. Rubbing his wrists to restore the circulation, he carefully looked around once more to see if anyone was looking. No one was, except the captive lying nearest to him, who had seen the entire performance, and who now was watching his next move with bated breath. Stepan motioned to him to keep quiet. The other nodded. Stepan then carefully pulled a knife he had hidden in his trousers, for the Tartars had not made a very thorough search of the captives. Stealthily he passed the knife to the one lying nearest him. The latter cut his bonds, and passed the knife to another captive. The latter did the same, and so on down the line. In a few moments a large group of the prisoners were free. The next question was what to do next. Should they suddenly rise, overpower their guards, and make a dash for the thickets bordering the nearby river before the other Tartars would realize what had happened or should they bide their time? The former, although a desperate plan, seemed more feasible, for if they waited the Tartars might discover that they were unbound.

Just at this moment a fresh commotion arose among the Tartars as several Tartars, disheveled and bleeding from wounds dashed into camp on spent horses. They were the remnants of the force that had gone in pursuit after Triska and had fallen into the trap prepared by Nedolya. In a few words the horsemen recounted the disaster that had befallen the others. Wild confusion fell upon the camp as the Tartars scurried about, getting ready to flee before Nedolya's Kozaks would attack the camp. In a few moments wagons were trundling out of the camp, their drivers whipping up the horses to a faster pace.

The Escape

The opportunity was golden for an escape. The captives sprang to their feet like one man and made a dash for the nearby thickets. After them ran others whose hands were still tied. Pandemonium reigned throughout the camp. The Tartars saw their prisoners escaping, but did not attempt to capturing them for fear of encumbering their own flight.

Those who did not manage to escape were now forced to run alongside the Tartar horses. And if they were not fast enough they were beaten brutally over the heads and shoulders with whips, or killed on the spot.

In a few moments nothing remained of the camp. Only the beaten down grass showed that a large camp had been here but a short time ago.

The fleeing Ukrainian prisoners reached the thickets near the river bank. They quickly hid themselves and sat quietly as they could. Everything was all over so sudden that they still could not believe their good fortune. (Continued on page 5)

OUR POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE QUALITIES

By THEODORE V. SHUMEYKO

[Excerpts from an address delivered at the 10th Convention of UYL-NA held over the past Labor Day weekend at Philadelphia, Pa.]

I HAVE been asked to speak at this Forum session of the UYL-NA convention on the subject of what are generally conceded to be our positive qualities and our negative qualities. It is a rather an ambitious undertaking, certainly deserving of immeasurably greater treatment than is possible within the ten or fifteen minutes allotted to my talk. Moreover, it requires a person of much wider experience and observation than I. However, here I am, for the better or for the worse. I'll throw some thoughts, ideas, observations and conclusions at you. Don't duck them. Throw them right back. We ought to have, as a result, a good discussion, which, after all, is the purpose of this forum.

Pats on the Back

First of all, let's start patting ourselves on the back. It's a pleasant feeling, isn't it? However, a word of caution. Let's not dislocate our arms in the process. Just a few pats will be enough, and remember to keep our ego within reasonable bounds.

Back in 1937, a Yale University graduate student, out for her Ph.D., made a thorough study on a national scale of American organizations composed of youth of European descent, and came to the conclusion that in comparison with other ethnic groups the Ukrainian American youth was best organized and most interested in harmonizing their American environment and way of life with their Ukrainian cultural heritage and to produce results distinctly beneficial to both.

That's one pat on the back, and not by ourselves, mind you, but by a non-Ukrainian American. She had in mind our youth league organization, our local numberless societies of various kinds, our choruses, dance groups, folk art exhibits, our youth press, such as the Ukrainian Weekly (which, incidentally, published the report), our conventions and rallies and also our sports events, including the Olympiad that the UYL-NA conducted here in Philly in 1936. She likewise noted the interest manifested in various ways by our younger generation in regards to the terrible plight of our kinsmen in their native but foreign misruled Ukraine.

These observations are not far-fetched. I checked on them quite thoroughly. In the process, what impressed me particularly has been the fact that Ukrainian American younger generation life has been created and conducted by the young people themselves. Take our UYL-NA, for

example. It was initiated entirely by youth and conducted entirely by youth. And here I have in mind the so-called Second Chapter, that is the older and oldest brothers and sisters of the "kid" brothers and sisters like myself.

Consider also, by way of further example, the number of coast-to-coast radio broadcasts of such a group as the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of New York and New Jersey. And then, remember that big 4-hour Ukrainian American youth day program at the N. Y. world's Fair in 1939 under UYL-NA convention auspices which presented Ukrainian youth choruses, dancing groups, fashion shows, etc. to a multitude of people, conservatively estimated at 20,000. Remember? And then, of course, of very recent memory was the UYL-NA Rally Festival in New York City featuring the tableaux in action based on Repin's painting of the famous Reply of the Kozaks to the Sultan, the colorful Vechernitsi, the formal concert—a truly first class achievement in Ukrainian American life, initiated and presented entirely by our young people; and here, I must modestly point out, mostly by us, the "kid" brothers and sisters,—the 3rd chapter.

The Unsung Deeds

Of course, these affairs or events of our youth life which I have mentioned are the spectacular ones. There are hosts of others which are unseen or unsung about, some national, others local in scale. I am sure that all of you have some idea to which I'm referring. Each one of you has been or is presently engaged in some activity or other which takes up considerable time, energy and even money, and money and which in its own fashion helps to weave the fabric of Ukrainian American life. Take, for instance, some of the work some of you people here put into the development of your local branch of a fraternal order. The Akron, O. youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association delegates present here know well what I mean. Or take, by way of another example, how much youth energy, initiative and toil has been put into the till of common Ukrainian American effort and progress by the individual members who have been active on the local Philadelphia UYL-NA Committee. To repeat—unseen, unsung about, unwept over—there are numberless instances of what our younger generation elements have been accomplishing.

And now for our negatives, I

mean our negative qualities. This is really the easy part of my speech. I had some trouble digging up our positive qualities. But as far as the negative ones, well—I didn't have to dig. They came right out and hit me dead center. Here they are. They apply to individuals as well as to groups, in fact they apply to all of us in general. If the shoe fits, by all means take it off and put on another, for we don't want to have a convention of negative representatives. For better or for worse, here goes.

We are inconsistent. How many times have we planned things, promised ourselves and the world, and the minute just a little work had to be done—poof! everything was gone. The people who had been all worked up over one idea or another just disappeared. The club that was organized, made a little money at some dance, had a few other social activities, simply faded away into oblivion. Or what about that area committee or state organization. Every one was interested in that. But after a few months where did all the people go? Most certainly they were not all busy going to school or having dates every-night in the week. No, I believe nine times out of ten such people merely waste away their time. And given the opportunity they will complain about the scarcity of things to do. Or else many will try to join other groups so that they might meet some people with whom they can be friends. Doesn't it seem to silly, to knock oneself out looking for all these things, when they are offered you on a silver platter at your local Ukrainian American youth club. After all, what do we want out of life? Food, companionship, friends and all the other things that we all know so well. The food we have to buy, plus the drinks, but just about everything else that puts a kick into this life of ours can be found at all of our organized societies.

We are often very narrow minded. We really don't realize just how much more we have than other people. We don't see beyond our noses too often when it comes to affairs like this. Certainly a good deal of people come down. But why. Too often they come merely for the good time. They just can't seem to understand that there is just as much fun in having a good discussion, a good argument, or a good hot political fight as there is in bending the elbow or just dancing. And I would venture to say that these latter same people are at this very moment down at the nearest bar holding forums, of their own. After all, if you can't talk if you can't argue why live! I bet they even argue in heaven while down in hell they probably can't say a word. Why? Simply because it's one of the things we like to do and in the lower regions you are not supposed to do the things you like. Perhaps some of us should

get our fill here, for we can never tell???

We are also very narrow minded when it comes down to the point of religion. Too many of us just can't seem to realize that no matter what a man's belief is, he can still lead a Christian-like, normal, enjoyable life with his fellow man.

The Ukrainian Youth's League was founded on that basic principle and I know it will continue along that line. We come down here, Catholic, Orthodox and Protestant. We discuss, we play and we accomplish things without any friction whatsoever. The sooner more of our young people realize that the American way of life eschews religious intolerance the sooner such organizations as this league will really gain in power and size.

We are too clique-minded. I don't know if everyone realizes the fact that one reason why people come to conventions, join, clubs, etc. is to make friends and acquaintances. Boys want to meet girls and vice versa. Instead of a friendly mingling of people from all parts of the country we find New Yorkers talking to the same people they see day after day, Detroiters talking and singing with Detroiters, etc. Or else, if they have attended a previous convention they mingle only with friends they made at them. Give these different people a chance. Be especially kind hearted to the third chapter—such as myself. After all, this is only the beginning for most of us. Let's not have happen that which occurred to Doc Michael Lucek from Toronto. For years he had been attending our conventions but it was not until last Labor Day that the New York bunch actually met him. All of them would not admit that Michael had been coming to all the affairs for, after all, how could they miss such a character (oops) I mean such a fine dentist. Yet they did miss him for he just wasn't in the clique. To prove my point, I dug up an old picture from the 1936 Convention right here in Philly. There was Michael standing just about two to three feet from the people who today count themselves as his best friends. I hope that good doctor forgives me for using him as an example, but I can't stress enough just how important this is. Just remember if he or she has a badge on, if they look like "nashi," talk to them. And girls, if the poor guy looks a bit bashful, give him a little push. Once the icy exterior is broken, I'm sure it will melt fast. In fact I might ask—have you spoken to your neighbor yet? Try it. You may be surprised at the result you get.

We are too easily influenced. We too often take for granted all that is thrown our way without bothering to determine the truth for ourselves. Just a few weeks ago I attended a meeting of a certain club in New York. They were debating as to whether they should come down here or not. In no time at all they decided not to, for they had heard from here or there, more likely the booth on the right, that the League's officers were drawing salaries, that the Philadelphia Convention Committee was making a killing by taking in all the profits from this affair for itself, and so on. It seems ironic doesn't it? Here the officers lay out their own money, the convention committee gives up time and effort without looking for any reimbursement and yet people accuse them of everything under the sun. I am only citing one example. I know you have

In Quest

(Continued from page 4)

Darkness fell over the earth. Still the Ukrainians sat quietly in their hiding places. A cool breeze swept over the steppe and stirred into ripples the surface of the river. The moon hid behind the clouds, and soon the stars were blotted out also. It looked as if it were going to rain.

One or two of the captives rose to their feet from their cramped positions and carefully looked around. Nothing was seen in the darkness. All was very still, save for the sigh-

ing of the wind in the thickets. Others arose, and soon all were up on their feet stretching themselves. Their dim figures blended into the darkness.

"Not many of us here," one of them said in a low voice to the others.

"Oh, let's not talk about that," said Stepan, "for my heart aches from it all. Not only my wife but both my children are gone. Probably they are in Tartar hands."

"Those wild beasts murdered my dear ones right before my eyes," added another.

"Oh, God! Why must we suffer so?" another groaned in despair.

"Keep quiet, don't groan, for you'll bring more trouble," somebody commanded.

"Say, brothers, help me untie these bonds."

"Who has a knife?"

The knife which Stepan had was quickly produced, and the captives began to cut the bonds of those whose hands were still tied.

"Why don't you be careful! Look, you cut my hand!" somebody cried in pain.

"Well, how do you expect me to cut straight in this darkness?"

"Brothers, what are we going to eat?"

(To be continued)

(Concluded on page 7)

Youth and the U.N.A.

OUR UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

The Ukrainian Weekly will soon enter upon its fifteenth year of service to the Ukrainian American youth. Faithfully, every week for fourteen years, it was delivered to our young people in all parts of the United States and Canada.

That the Weekly has been of service cannot be doubted. Several thousands of pages of worthwhile material about the Ukrainian people, their history, culture and aspirations, much of which required research and painstaking translation, have been published during the years. The Weekly has publicized the activities of numerous youth clubs and leagues. It has proven itself to be an important part of our youth life in that it has treated youth problems thoroughly and in an unbiased manner.

At the time when the Ukrainian Weekly made its initial appearance, October 6, 1933, there were not many Ukrainian American youth clubs or organizations... as a matter of fact there were not too many active young people. Today there are hundreds of youth clubs and organizations and thousands of active young people. Although we do not claim the Weekly is responsible for all this progress and activity, we nevertheless believe that it had much to do with it. One need but glance through back issues of the paper for confirmation of this statement. The growth and development of the Ukrainian youth movement in all its phases can be traced in the Weekly.

The Weekly has benefited not only its readers but its publisher as well. The Ukrainian National Association has made the facts concerning itself generally known, and this publicity has resulted in bringing many new members into the organization. U. N. A. youth branches also received much Weekly space, which helped increase their membership.

The Weekly first appeared as a four-page paper. With the increase in the number of youth branches and youth membership figures, the U.N.A. increased the size of the paper to six pages. Today it can be classified as an eight-page paper, even though one page is usually in the Ukrainian language. It is the only periodical devoted to Ukrainian American youth which has enjoyed uninterrupted publication for many years.

The Weekly is available to U.N.A. members for only \$1 annually... non-members \$2 annually. These rates would be considered as bargains even in pre-war years! The small rates barely pay the cost of printing and circulation in these days of high prices. Readers have the U.N.A. to thank for this. It is just another indication that the U.N.A. has the interests of its members in particular and the youth in general in mind at all times.

In less than a month the Weekly will have its fourteenth birthday. Stop to think about that for a moment... fourteen years. For the youth to maintain a publication for so many years is an accomplishment in itself! We have every reason to be proud of our Ukrainian Weekly.

Let us continue to support our paper with even greater enthusiasm than we have shown in the past. We all like the paper and we all like to receive it every week. Let us contribute to it, help circulate it, and boost it whenever we can.

New U.N.A. Branch in Binghamton, N. Y.

A new branch of the Ukrainian National Association was formed last

THE THIRD DAY OF THE UYL-NA CONVENTION

[Supplementing our last week's report of the 10th convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, held in Philadelphia during the past Labor Day weekend, is the following resume of main events of the third day of the conclave, as submitted to the Weekly by Miss Sophia Demydchuk of Brooklyn, N. Y., newly elected Recording Secretary of the League.]

On Monday September 1, 1947, the business session of the 10th Convention of the UYL-NA was called to order by Peter Kasey of Detroit, co-chairman of the convention sessions.

The reports of the officers of the league were then presented.

President—Joseph Gurski—gave a resumé of the past six years of league activities, mentioning the resignation of several of the officers due to war service, as well as the suspension of the "Trend," official publication of the UYL-NA. He also reviewed the postwar activities of the UYL-NA, including the Rallies in Bridgeport and New York, adding that the success of these Rallies showed that youth gatherings were warranted.

John Evanchuk, financial secretary of the league, submitted a financial report of the league and of the "Trend."

Mr. Joseph Lesawyer, treasurer of the league, stated that the office of treasurer during the war years was handled by the financial secretary.

Mrs. Sophie Kasey of Detroit, the recording secretary, told of the need of new youth in post-war activities. She told of the resumption of publication of the Trend, as well as other league activities.

Walter Bacad of New York, as sports director, gave a resumé of the various sports activities, and tournaments of UYL-NA teams. Even though most teams were disbanded during the war, activities have again begun, including participation of UYL-NA teams in tournaments with teams of other Slav organizations.

These reports were followed by a roll call of the delegates, who numbered 62 and represented 40 member clubs. (Registration of delegates plus guests numbered over 600.)

The reports of the officers were accepted as read by the delegates, and the officers were given a vote of thanks by the assembled group.

The site of the next convention was then discussed, and it was decided to leave the final choice to the new executive board, with various cities placing their bids before November 1, 1947.

Revised Constitution

Mr. Joseph Lesawyer then presented the revised constitution of the UYL-NA, which was similar to the old constitution, but reworded to

month in Binghamton, N. Y. The branch, which admitted ten new members, was named Immaculate Conception Society, U.N.A. Branch 398. Its temporary officers are John Krywokulski, president, and Miss Alice Krywokulski, secretary.

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We welcome material for publication at all times. Contributions may be sent directly to the Ukrainian National Association, P. O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J.

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reduce ambiguities. The changes that were made are the following:

(1) The corresponding secretary shall now be elected by the president, in order that she (or he) might be from the same locality and thus facilitate cooperation.

(2) The president of the UYL-NA cannot hold office for more than two terms.

(3) The executive board has the power, by unanimous vote, to remove a person from office for failure to fulfill his duties. This action may be taken only upon the recommendation of the advisory board.

(4) The Executive Board shall include district leaders, directors and special advisers.

This revised constitution was accepted unanimously by the group.

The Planning Committee for Future Activities then submitted its recommendations. Plans for the future include the establishment of Ukrainian Cultural Courses, expansion of sports activities on a regional and national basis, the establishment of regional organizations within the League, the selection of a site for the permanent headquarters of the UYL-NA, with a paid director, and the creation of a membership committee to launch membership campaigns. It was also recommended that the month of November, 1947, be set aside to raise funds for the Ukrainian Congress Committee.

The report of the Planning Committee was accepted as given.

New Officers

The new officers of the UYL-NA, elected by the delegates, include the following:

President—Daniel Slobodian, Elizabeth, N. J.; Vice Pres.—Olga Pastushak, Chester, Pa.; Vice Pres. Peter Kasey, Detroit, Mich.; Financial Secretary—Theodore V. Shumeyko, Union, N. J.; Treasurer—Joseph Lesawyer, New York, N. Y.; Recording Secretary—Sophia Demydchuk, Brooklyn, N. Y. The Board of Advisers includes Joseph Gurski (Detroit), John Evanchuk (Detroit), John Roberts (New York), Ann Chopek (Boston) and Chester Monastersky (Aliquippa, Pa.)

Resolutions

The Resolutions Committee, headed by Stephen Shumeyko, then read the resolution of the 10th Convention of the UYL-NA, which is to redouble our efforts in organizing Ukrainian American youth, to help our country's peace effort against the Communist threat, to dedicate our minds and energies to the Ukrainian liberation movement, and to cooperate with the Ukrainian Congress and Relief Committees. An amendment to endorse the bill in the U.S. Congress, number HR 29-10, permitting entry of displaced persons, was proposed by David Chmelyk of Philadelphia. The resolution was accepted by the convention unanimously.

Mr. Daniel Slobodian, as the new president, was called on to say a few words. He thanked the delegation for the confidence placed in him, and promised to do his utmost to fulfill his duties.

The convention was adjourned with the singing of the Ukrainian Anthem, followed by the American anthem.

* * *

The last social of the convention was a farewell gathering at the Ukrainian Hall, where a good time was had by all those present.

What They Say

President Truman, in the statement accompanying his recent review of the federal budget:

"In any analysis of the Federal Budget, we must always keep in mind the fact that about three fourths of our expenditures relate directly to war, the effects of war, or our efforts to prevent a future war. Thus, as finally approved by the Congress, 28 percent of our expenditures for 1948 are for national defense, 20 per cent for our veterans service and benefits, 14 percent for interest on our national debt (which is largely a result of war) and almost 12 percent to support our international programs and activities for world peace. This leaves 26 percent for all other government programs, of which the share of 'general Government' is only 4 percent. From another point of view, 40 percent of the civilian employees of the Government are engaged in national defense activities, 10 percent in the conduct of our veterans' programs and 22 percent in the postal service. This leaves only 28 percent to carry out all other Federal activities. We cannot disregard these facts if we are to reduce our expenditures intelligently and without crippling those public services to which we are by law committed."

Secretary of State Marshall in his address before the Inter-American Defense Conference at Quitandinha, Brazil:

"We have been for years a community of nations, with deep traditions of cooperation and mutual respect. We turn now to the drafting of a treaty to establish a community responsibility, to defend by collective action any member of our regional group that may be the victim of an aggression. This is but one step. Our broad objectives require that we simplify and make clear the exact procedures of pacific settlement whereby such inter-American disputes as may arise can be effectively settled through peaceful means. At Bogota, in January, we shall formulate the treaty designed to give effect to that purpose. This treaty, together with the comprehensive organic pact on the inter-American system we conclude at this conference, will strengthen the principle of collective responsibility and the rule of law in our international affairs. The results of our labor will demonstrate to all the world that peoples and nations who really want peace can have peace by living in an atmosphere of increasing cooperative action and good will."

Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins of the Chicago, in explaining the university's program for study of the uses of atomic energy in medicine and industry:

"The university has made this \$12,000,000 investment in nuclear research without waiting for outside help in the hope that industry and private capital would see the necessity and value of supporting fundamental research neglected during the development of the atomic bomb. The university has committed itself to this program... because we feel that in a society which believes in private enterprise, as opposed to authoritarian control, the responsibility for the development of science rests on those who can afford to pay for it."

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Angus: "Please, teacher, I think I should make a dash after the bills."

Schubert in Boston

A Boston impressario, who felt there was nothing too good for the people of his fair city, once engaged Moriz Rosenthal, pianist and wit, to give a recital.

About a week before the concert he summoned Rosenthal to his office and nervously requested a copy of the pianist's program. Running a finger down the list of selections to be played, the manager finally came to a

composition by Franz Schubert. He frowned.

"Do you think the people will like this number?" he demanded.

Rosenthal considered the question briefly but soberly, and then replied, "Well they should. You know, sir, I don't believe there are five men in Boston who could have written it!"

Noble Reminder

The famous Dr. Tyndall once admitted that the finest inspiration he ever received came from the old gentleman who, for many years, served as his personal attendant.

Every morning, said the great scientist, this ancient retainer would knock upon Tyndall's door and cheerfully announce: "It is near seven o'clock sir. Arise! You have great work to do today."

ON RECORDS
(Concluded from page 3)

get some really good choruses. When our young people join these groups because they know they have something to gain. When each and every church choir in the country becomes as good as, and I hope even better than, the St. George's Choir of New York City. Then yours truly will have something to write about in this "On Record" column.

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QUALITIES
(Concluded from page 5)

your own particular ones. The next time you pass judgement on any organization or what have you, think twice.

I would go on and on with this final portion of my talk but I know that we really don't have the time. I

Домашня Праця

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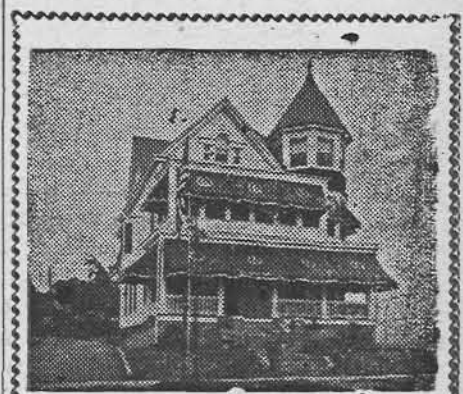
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have tried to keep things in a general vein, which is why that is why I have not mentioned many other negative qualities. If you have some ideas in mind you will be given an opportunity to voice them. And I suggest that besides voicing them you do something about them at your local club or society. After all people that realize their faults are not as bad off as those who do not.



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КУХТА ВАСИЛЬ, син Михайла і Марії, урод. в Королику польським, повіт Сянік, пошукує стрийків ІВАНА, МИКОЛАЯ І ВАСИЛЯ КУХТІВ

усі з Королика польського, повіт Сянік, та ВАСИЛЯ і його брата КУРДИЛА, урод. в Далюжі, повіт Сянік, та їх рідню. Відомість прошу подавати на адресу: Кухта Василь, Bayreuth Leopold Kaserne, і на Sanitary Charitable, Munich Dachauet 9/II, Germany.

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МОЛОДІСТЬ

Ціцерон і Шопенгауер визнали старість за найкращий період у житті людини. На схилі життя пристрасті затихають, людина робиться спокійнішою, вступає в свої права розсудливості, а за нею й життєвий оптимізм. Але тяжко з цим погодитись. Все ж таки найкращим періодом у житті людини залишається юність, хоч у декого з цим періодом і буває пов'язаний песимізм і розчарування. І старість буває гарною лише тоді, коли вона зберігає кращі риси молодості.

Найхарактерніша з цих рис — життєвий ідеалізм.

Напередодні самостійного життя юнак будує плян його. Які піднесені і шляхетні ці пляни нашого типового, незіпсованого юнака. Перед ним відкривається широкий світ як арена його майбутньої діяльності. Мріючи про цю діяльність, юнак уявляє себе лицарем істини, добра і краси, борцем за високі людські ідеали. Такий же чистий, піднесений характер мають і почуття типового юнака, зокрема почуття кохання. Тваринні, фізіологічні моменти в ньому залишаються на останньому пляні. На перший плян виступає радість духовного єднання, взаємне милування з краси, взаємна ідеалізація. Це кохання Ромео і Джульєти, яким милуються самі янголи.

Але не всі зазнають щастя бути юними. Дехто вже в двадцять років — старий. Його опанував життєвий матеріалізм, життя зробило його черствим, а іноді й брутальним; думаючи про майбутнє, він не мріє, а холодно обраховує. У багатьох юність дуже коротка. Проза життя швидко вбиває їх мрії, ідеаліст поступається перед життєвим матеріалі-

мом. Людина стає „обивателем“ або, як дехто каже, „міщанином“. Проте, є люди, що до самої могили залишаються молодими. Юнацькі мрії вони перетворюють у дійсність, але на цьому не зупиняються: вони вічно йдуть вперед і вперед. Їх творчий дух не має спокою, їх не зупиняють невдачі; над ними безсила проза життя.

По-юнацькому чистою залишається в них і любов. Вона не знає зради: це любов до могили. Радощі її інші, ніж в юнацтві, але не менші. Фізіологічні моменти замирають, але тим виразніше виступають моменти духовні. Довгий шлях, пройдений вкупі. Були на ньому поразки й перемоги, що з двох душ зробили єдину цілість. Зморшки на обличчі не закривають краси душі; вони навіть здаються милими, бо нагадують про гідно прожите минуле.

Таку старість мали багато великих людей, як Сократ, Плятон, Ньютон, Скворода, Кант, Спенсер, Дарвін і багато інших. Характеристично, що надхненна праця не тільки не ослаблювала їхніх фізичних і психічних сил, а підтримувала їх. Кант, Дарвін і Спенсер мали слабе здоров'я, але жили довгий вік і до останніх днів життя зберегли ясність думки і працездатність.

Крім праці в імя високих ідеалів, передумовою справжньої молодості є висока моральність. Закони природи й моралі — це Божі закони: одні відповідають другим. Порушуючи моральність, людина руйнує своє тіло і передчасно робиться старою.

Отже, побажання до молоді: цінить свою молодість і прагніть до того, щоб зберегти її до могили.

(У. Т.)

Іван Хмельницький.

Жовтневий подарунок

(Малюнок з життя).

У прокуреній городнім садом сільській зборні зібрано натовп людей. Переважно жінки і підлітки, бо чоловіків давно не було в селі; хто забитий, хто ще в „червоної армії“, хто в УПА, а хто в далекому Сибірі.

Не дивлячись на велике советське свято на обличчях великий піст, люди похмурені і одягнені зовсім не по святочному. Пройшла чутка, що сьогодні голова сільради буде говорити про щось особливе, тому вони прийшли.

У передньому ряді сиділа ще молода дебели дівка Наталка Довбня, вона добре працювала усе літо, скрізь була попереду, — орала й сіяла, збирала жукакузьку, буряни на опалення. Згадала вона слова бригадира:

— Працюй Наталко, настануть святки і добре тебе віддячимо, знамениту премію від советської влади дістанеш.

І от раділо Наталчине серце від тієї згадки, що ж мені дадуть сьогодні? Хочби одяжину яку, бо молоде і пружне тіло випирало в усі дірки старої сукні пошитой з зеленої палаки. Та сукня чесно виносила чотири роки війни.

Нарешті виступив голова сільради Гарасим Макітра.

— Ми знищили ворога, розбили німецький фашизм... але ми мусимо відбудувати зруйноване, не дивлячись на тимчасові труднощі, повинні і працювати по „стахановськи“ для кінцевої перемоги над всесвітнім капіталом. У цьому недалекому останньому

змаганні ми здобудемо перемогу над усякими ворогами і тоді вже нарешті буде дуже добре жити. Тоді дістанете комуністичний рай на землі...

Люди стривожено прислухувались до цієї доповіді.

— Що, невже ще одна війна, — різало його ма...? — почувла Наталка розмови вкютку, — коли б швидше вже оте преміювання... Може й справді розібють увесь світ, тоді буде краще? Біс його зна! Проте, комуністи хай думають, а мені хоч би одну спідничку дали...

Нарешті почалося нагороджування:

— За ударну стаханівську працю і сприводу роковин жовтневої революції колгоспницю Горпину Бубон преміювати — козою!

— Урааааааа!

— Колгоспницю Марину Пукало — поросям!

— Застрільщицю стахановського руху Наталку Довбню преміювати повною збіркою творів Стадіна!...

У Наталки немов щось відірвалося в середині, — от тобі й премія... З кута, що ховався у густому диму і вечірних сутінках хтось вигукнув:

— Так їй сволоті й треба! Хай не випереджується!

Настала павза.

...А Наталка голосно, навзрід заплакала.

ВСТУПАЙТЕ ГРОМАДНО В ЧЛЕНИ У. Н. СОЮЗУ

В. Петренко.

ВТЕЧА

— Со-ба-ка... Ти скажеш призвища революційних друзів, га?

— Я був один! — твердо відповів Гриць.

— Один?!... „Перекладача“! — заревів п'яним голосом агент.

Ніби на рев бика в кабінет слідчого вдерлися два поліціанти з шматками кабелю в руках.

— Здіймай штани! Лягай! — скомандував агент.

Мідні дроти кабелю хижо впилися в шкіру Гриця, вириваючи шматки мяса, облитого кровю. Він до божевілья тиснув зубами уста, затримуючи зойк із груди.

— Мовчати! Ні слова! Добивай гадину! Ось так бий... — і кілька нових ударів ще відчув Гриць, а потім... темрява, і розум перестав працювати. Пробудив Гриця лише холод камерної підлоги. Через ґрати заглядав оксамітний вечір, розносить ледве відчуті пахощі нічної фіялки.

— Ні, так більше не можна... або тікати, або...

Тяжкий скрегіт дверей обірвав думку. На дверях з'явився поліцай.

— Давай! Начальник кличе...

У кабінеті знову погрозовим тоном агент запитав:

— Скажеш?!

— Не діждешся, запроданцю.

Як тобі не соромно...

— Так ти ще агітувати хочеш?

— і мраморний прес скривавив йому чоло.

Пізніше Гриць, блукаючи по камері, навпомацки шукав чогось.

— Нема нічого... На чому ж

повіситись? Хіба на ґратах? — і його руки застигли в корчах на холодних прутах заліза.

— Що? — несамовито запитав себе. — Дош? Це добре, дуже добре... є нагода...

Він підбіг до дверей і почав гуркати.

— Що хочеш? — сонно прогугнявив вартовий.

— До вбиральні.

— Давай!

Гриць прикинувся цілком за немічного і, ледве плентаючись, шов коридором на подвіря поліції.

— Іди скорше! — гримав поліціант. — Не буду ж через тебе мокнути.

Гриць відкрив двері, і в ту ж мить блискавка пронизала ніч з такою швидкістю, як і порив до втечі. Він гримнув дверми і птицею шарпнув у темряву ночі... Де-кілька куль просвітали навздогін.

Благаючи сил у Всевишнього, Гриць стрілою протинав шлях до лісу.

— Ще крапельку сили, ще крихту надії... О Боже, як хочеться жити...

А кулі навздогін свистіли все лютіше. Пшениця шепотіла: „Втечеш, втечеш“. Дуби гомоніли: „До мене“... — Гілля-руки на поміч йому простягли. Ще крок, ще крок, і життя буде врятоване. А вранці калина обняла його і листям зеленим пестила. На честь перемоги життя молодого спів соловейка у лісі дзвенів, дзвенів... Все прокинулось, лише люди, окутані туманом, ще довго спали.

Де ж уславлене піклування?

Після жахливої війни в Україні залишилося дуже багато дітей-сиріт. Як їм допомогти? Хто їх забезпечує? Із сторінок київської комсомольської газети „Молодь України“, ч. 64, за травень 1947 р., довідуємося, як, наприклад, забезпечують дітей-сиріт в Одесі. Виявляється, що дітьми-сиротами, батьки яких полягли на фронті, опікується не держава, а моряки. Та ще й які моряки! Ті, що бувають у закордонних плаваннях.

„Коли сирена сповіщає, — пише газета, — що з далекого плавання повернувся теплоплав „Адмірал Ушаков“, юні одесити біжать у порт“.

Чого ж вони так біжать? Нещасних дітей, звичайно, підго- нить голод.

„Комсомольці і молоді моряки „Адмірала Ушакова“, — пише далі газета, — виділили для сиріт борошно, цукор, жир, пшоно“.

Виявляється, що з теплоплава вручено дочкам загиблого моряка Поступинського, Надії та Олені, 4 кілограми цукру, 20 кг. борошна, 2 пари взуття, панчохи і 15 метрів мануфактури... Скільки ж то доведеться чекати бідним сиротам, поки знов сирена сповістить про повернення пароплава з далекого плавання? А що одержать діти-сироти з тих міст і сіл, де немає портів і куди не доходить живність із-за кордону?

Далі газета пише, що екіпаж другого пароплава „Генерал Черняківський“ відраховує від зарплатні щомісяця для дітей загиблого моряка Лапейка 600 карбованців, а сержант Петро Несторук вніс із своїх заощаджень для забезпечення інших дітей-сиріт 200 карб. і закликає наслідувати його приклад.

Ми розуміємо жертвенність і сердечність українців, але де ж уславлене піклування про людину? М.

Новий метод кінознімань

У Київському Будинку кіно в червні ц. р. був продемонстрований уривок з нового експериментального фільму, знятого способом „оптичних перекидань“. Цей спосіб розроблений художниками братами І. та В. Никитченками, є зовсім новим у техніці кінознімань.

На екрані був показаний оригінальний червонофлотський танець. Актор танцює на кришці і клавішах рояля, а потім — на портсигарі акомпаніатора...

Сучасні прийоми комбінованих трюкових знімань, дуже складні і вимагають багатьох спеціальних технічних пристосувань. Новий спосіб „оптичних перекидань“ дає можливість порівняно

простими методами добитись великого ефекту.

Актор, який діє в спокійній обстановці павільйону, може бути зображений на площині швидко пролітаючого літака або, що він падає з автомобілем у безодню. Актора можна „зменшити“ до будь-якого розміру, показати на руці велетня, посадити верхи на муху, що літає.

Тепер брати Никитченки монтують установку „оптичних перекидань“ в Київській студії художніх кінофільмів. Першим фільмом, в якому застосують цей метод, буде картина „Третій удар“, присвячена розгрому німців у Криму. (РАТАУ).