

СВОБОДА SVOBODA

УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ЩОДЕННИК UKRAINIAN DAILY



РІК LV. Ч. 268.

Vol. LV. No. 268.

The Ukrainian Weekly

Supplement

ТРИ ЦЕНТИ в Злучених Державах Америки.

Тел. „Свободи“: BErgen 4-0237—4-0807

THREE CENTS in the United States of America

П'ЯТЬ ЦЕНТІВ за кордоном Злучених Держав Америки.

Тел. У. Н. Союзу: BErgen 4-1016

FIVE CENTS elsewhere.

WEEKLY: No. 43

JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1947

WEEKLY: VOL. XV

Canada Issues Ukrainian-Language Booklets For Newcomers

As already has been reported on these pages, a large proportion of the European displaced persons whom Canada has been absorbing into her population within recent months are Ukrainians. By the middle of 1948 it is estimated that at least 10,000 displaced persons from European camps will have been brought to Canada. Those already here are employed in lumber camps, tailor shops, gold mines, laboratories and hospitals.

Since so many of them are Ukrainians, the Canadian authorities together with voluntary societies are preparing to issue various booklets in the Ukrainian language, as well as others in Polish, designed to teach the newcomers to learn English, help them acquire some facts about Canadian geography, history, government, and also to aid them to become Canadian citizens. For citizenship, according to an Ottawa report, is the dream of all those Ukrainian DPs who "have experienced the horror of unwanted wanderers."

Soon to appear is a booklet in Ukrainian detailing the study of Basic English, prepared for the DPs who are selected for work in Canada. Also ordered to be published is a pamphlet entitled "Facts About Canada" for distribution to prospective settlers.

In addition, the Information Division of the Department of Mines and Resources and the Canadian Association of Adult Education are cooperating to publish a 100-page booklet for widespread circulation to newcomers.

How DPs Are Selected for Work in Canada

The Canadian lumbering industry is absorbing a large percentage of the Ukrainian DPs arriving in Canada. They work in the lumber woods of northern and western Ontario. Their ages range from 19 to 41, with most of them under 35. Practically all have had experience in one type of woods employment or another. The workers must be unmarried.

Before embarking for Canada, the workers are first selected provisionally by officials of the International Refugee Committee. They are then medically examined, usually by DP doctors. If not rejected, they are then passed on to the Canadian immigration teams.

Then follows an interview with immigration authorities, a Canadian security official, and a second medical test. One of the symptoms sought out most carefully in the second examination is any possible trace of tuberculosis.

Rail fares of the men are paid

from Halifax to their destination and deducted from their wages. The deduction will be returned if the man fulfills his contract and remains on the job for a period of ten months. Transportation to Halifax is paid by the International Refugee Organization.

Ukrainian Canadian Committee Aids DP Immigration

The flow of Ukrainian DPs into Canada, it should be noted in this connection, represents to a large measure the indefatigable efforts through various representations and memorandums at Ottawa, extending for a considerable length of time of the Ukrainian Canadian Committee. Delegates of this nationally representative body will attend the Pan-American Ukrainian Conference which opens in New York City tomorrow.

Correspondent Describes UPA-ites

In a recent dispatch, Boston American staff correspondent Austen Lake, describes his meeting with a number of members of the UPA (Ukrainska Povstancha Armiya—Ukrainian Insurgent Army), who in the course of their guerrilla fighting against the Soviets or their satellites had to cross across the Czech border to the American zone, where they are at present interned.

The leader of the group he met, he describes as "Capt. Juri Valko... a talkative tough-faced little man who looks younger than his 26 years. So do most of the other partisans whom I had Valko line up... to get a size-up of their types."

Lake describes them as being youthful, well-fed, and physically conditioned.

Valko told that the Ukrainian insurgents want to fight against the Soviet Russians on the side of the Americans, in the war they expect.

"There was nothing abashed about Valko," Lake notes. "He plainly holds the respect of his fierce-eyed fighters. No doubt! He is their leader!"

Mission to Hawaii

Widely publicized in the press, pictures and all, was the recent flight made by Miss Genevieve Zepko of Akron, a U.N.A. Advisor, to Honolulu as a United Airlines representative, in charge of a 4-year old tot, Ryan Kaeka, who was flown out of Akron to Honolulu to meet his mother there.

Although accustomed to a great deal of flying, Miss Zepko writes to the Weekly that this particular trip

THEY NEED YOUR HELP

UKRAINE and Ukrainians need your moral and material aid. By "you" we mean you young Americans of Ukrainian descent. Now more than ever funds are required to help finance the action in this country which, in the first instance, has its objective the propagation of and support of the Ukrainian cause and those fighting for it, and, in the second instance, extension of relief to the suffering Ukrainian displaced persons.

Thus far the bulk of the burden of the material support of the Ukrainian cause and Ukrainian relief has been borne by the older generation. Now it is up to the younger generation to bear a proportionate share of it.

Both the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, which devotes itself primarily to America's peace effort and to the cause of Ukraine's liberation, and the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, which devotes itself primarily to relief work among the Ukrainian displaced persons and orphans in Europe, both of these nationally representative organizations are sorely in need of more funds to carry on their work.

Relief Committee

As reported on these pages last week, the Relief Committee is now conducting a special drive to raise \$250,000. The recently held Ukrainian Tag Day in Philadelphia was part of the drive. It is worthy of note that besides dropping coins or dollars into the collection containers on that day, Philadelphians of non-Ukrainian stock responded to the Relief Committee advertisements in the local press by mailing substantial contributions to the Relief Committee headquarters. The very first day after the advertisements appeared about fifteen such contributions came in by mail.

The recent agreement with the American Military Authority in Frankfurt and the International Refugee Organization, signed by the Relief Committee's representative in Europe, Attorney Roman Smook of Chicago, calls for a very large ex-

was particularly thrilling. Over the Pacific, she writes, when not taking care of the little boy she spent her time in reading the Weekly.

Little Ryan's father, a Polynesian, was drowned early in the war while attempting to rescue an American seaman in Hawaii. His distraught mother, also a Polynesian, felt at that time, that her boy would get better care in other hands, and entrusted him to a war bride who brought him to Akron. Now through the help of a local welfare society and the United Airlines, he has been returned to his mother.

penditure to aid the Ukrainian orphans and sick there, to equip schools for the re-education of adults, help in the Americanization of those coming here and to seek new lands for the refugees.

Obviously, the funds required by the Relief Committee cannot be raised solely by the older generation. The younger generation has to pitch in and help. In several notable instances it has already done so, but much more is required of it now.

Congress Committee

The same applies to the needs of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America. Its wide scope of work, its delegations to various to United Nations conferences or to other international conferences, including last year's Paris Peace Conference, its publication of the Ukrainian Quarterly magazine, all entail heavy cost. For instance, the publication of a single number of the Quarterly costs well over \$1,500.

Pan American Ukrainian Conference Opens Tomorrow

And now, beginning tomorrow, the Congress Committee is sponsoring the Pan American Ukrainian Conference which has been reported on these pages previously. It is to be held in New York City. Its participants have already arrived. They are delegates, duly elected in their respective countries, representing Americans, Canadians, Brazilians, Argentinians, Paraguayans and Uruguayans of Ukrainian descent. A special observer from Europe is also expected to attend the Conference.

The purpose of the Conference is to create a common Pan American Ukrainian front for the furtherance of America's peace effort, to combat the spread of Communism and Soviet Russian expansionism, and to propagate the ideal of a free and independent Ukraine.

"Natch"—to put it colloquially, the Conference will be a heavy drain on the Congress Committee's resources. Here again help is therefore needed.

Where to Send Your Contributions

Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, P. O. Box 721, Church Street Annex, New York 8, N. Y.

United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, 65 DeLong Bldg., S. E. Cor. 13th and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CHANGING SCENE

By PROF. CLARENCE A. MANNING

IT is a truism to say that human greed, avarice and ambition have combined to bring Europe to its present unhappy state. Yet it may well be argued that human ignorance and the unwillingness of people to adjust their minds to new conditions and possibilities, their insistence upon maintaining an outworn point of view and of failing to realize facts has done almost, if not quite, as much harm during the last years. Ukraine and the Ukrainians have suffered almost equally from both causes.

It is only necessary to think what would have been the conditions in eastern Europe, had the victorious Allies in the fall of 1918 definitely set themselves to carry out the ideas of President Wilson on self-determination and had tried to carry out the ideal of aiding the common man in all the countries that had sprung to life after the fall of the Russian monarchy as well as the collapse of Austria-Hungary. It would have required but a small portion of the money and assistance needed by the Marshall plan to have contained communism and to have helped the struggling democracies to their feet. It would have saved the millions of lives that were sacrificed in political famines, the frightful wreckage of homes, and the incalculable costs of World War II and the ensuing chaos.

It was not done, for even the enlightened thinkers who realized the changes that were needed in Austria-Hungary could not conceive of the fact that within the Russian Empire were living nationalities ranging from the forty millions of Ukrainians to the smaller groups, all of which were eager to taste of the new life that was promised after the war. As a result, precious months and years were wasted and one after another the new republics were swallowed up by the military and political advance of Communism. The efforts to effect a new union of the severed territories of the old Empire without a tsar merely resulted in the triumph of a new despotism which was more demanding, more oppressive than the old had ever been.

So much for the past of thirty years ago. The Nazi attack upon the Soviet Union merely called out in the mind of the democratic nations a desire to use their resources against the common enemy. It was obligingly forgotten that the war had been opened by the alliance of the Nazis and the Communists and that the latter had profited by the deal to annex Western Ukraine and the Baltic states. In the height of this enthusiasm for a new ally the ideals of the Atlantic Charter and of the Four Freedoms were thrown to the winds and it was regarded as unpatriotic and harmful to question the motives of Marshall Stalin in any way. The

"SVOBODA" (UKRAINIAN DAILY)

FOUNDED 1893

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

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

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

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

tendencies reached their high water mark at Yalta, where the Western powers yielded to nearly all of Stalin's demands with the excuse that he and they were in agreement on the fundamental rights of humanity.

Even before that time there were already dark rumors that much was not well, in Eastern Europe. There were tales that not all the guerillas fighting the Nazis were loyal adherents of the Soviets and that many of them represented the old liberty-loving groups that were struggling against both Soviet tyranny and Nazi theories of race superiority. Now and then such stories appeared in the foreign language press of America but the leading newspapers carefully avoided their reproduction, lest it dampen the ardor for the newly achieved unity among the great Allies.

It was only when the results of this policy had become evident, when the iron curtain was descending over Europe, and the Soviet government itself cynically announced the liquidation of some of its own republics because of their disloyalty, that the eyes of the Western world were slowly and slightly opened to the new Frankenstein that had been created in Europe. Haltingly and hesitantly at first the papers began to publish tales of Soviet savagery and to mention the groups of "bandits" that were operating on the territory of the Communist-dominated governments that Stalin had been allowed to set up. Even then the Soviets were allowed to introduce into the United Nations a Russian-dominated Ukraine and White Ruthenia, even though it seemed too crass to present as free nations the Soviet Republics of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, from which the native population was being removed by force and violence and doomed to inevitable destruction in the far north and in Siberia.

Appeasement did not work. Step by step the Communists strengthened their authority in all the puppet governments that they had been allowed to erect. The democratic leaders were murdered, sometimes with and oftener without a trial, or were deported or escaped into exile. Step by step the high hopes with which the United Nations was welcomed as a sign of the new world order were shattered and as Western Europe trembled before the iron curtain, the monotonous vote of the Communist-controlled states doomed every plan of reconstruction and advance.

Yet at the same time, it became more and more evident that there was a formidable opposition even within the iron curtain. It became impossible to maintain the pretext that it was only bandits and outlaws who were opposing the Soviet demands. It was soon clear that those men and women who preferred to die as free men rather than to die as slaves were putting up a heroic struggle, that there was an underground of Ukrainians and Balts who were still resisting, and it became more than clear why the displaced persons were willing to die rather than return to their homes and be marched on to Siberia and death.

The United States and all of Western Europe want peace and the fear of a new war is growing and spreading its dark shadows over a wider and wider area, as the statesmen at Lake Success engage in vain attempts to check the vituperations and the threats of the Soviet spokesmen. The Soviet veto or a threat of a

Soviet boycott renders useless all the deliberations, as one congress and meeting after another winds out its weary existence.

Sooner or later the democracies will have to pass to the offensive. They will have to speak out clearly and firmly and put on the record what they know too well, that the peoples like the Ukrainians and many others are held by force within the graveyard of peoples, the U.S.S.R., that the Russian hand-picked delegations do not represent the peoples for whom they claim to speak and that true representatives of these peoples must be heard in their own behalf. It will not be enough to exert influence to bring into the United Nations such countries as Eire which have been blackballed by the Soviet Union in the Security Council. They will have to raise the question of all those groups which struggled at Versailles against the ignorance of statesmen in their efforts to secure recognition and to receive those rights that have long been the property of Christian Europe.

We can only hope that a second World War and years of chaos have brought home to public opinion the realization that freedom is one and indivisible for the world, that there can be one world, only if it is a free world, and that it is only on the basis of a free world that mankind can be brought to agree in peace.

It is a gloomy picture but it is not a discouraging one. Now more than ever before the Ukrainians abroad and the Americans of Ukrainian descent and sympathies have it in their power to affect public opinion. They have the chance to prove the justice of their cause. But to do it, they must solidify their ranks and find their allies among all those groups that are likewise suffering within the iron curtain.

It is not enough for the exiled representatives of the pre-war governments to form a narrow alliance and to ignore those peoples who from 1919 to 1941 were forced to give up their liberties. It is high time for all the leaders of those nations who have suffered at the hands of Communism, whatever the date of their being overwhelmed, to come together and to lay aside their animosities and join against the common peril.

In such a grouping, Ukraine and the Ukrainians will play an important role. At home it has been Ukrainian action for thirty years that has been the most important opposition to the Soviets. The Ukrainian people have suffered more than any other people from Soviet rule and their opposition has not yet been broken. It is the Ukrainian troops that seem to be playing the most striking role in the new turmoil between the iron curtain. It is detachments of the Ukrainian forces that are making their way into the American zone in Germany and revealing something of their experiences.

The next months will bring all this out with increasing force. No one can foresee exactly what shape events will take in even the immediate future, but now is the time to intensify attempts to bring home to the nations of the Western world the real significance of Ukraine. It must be done in every way that is effective. Then we can hope that in the final settlement of World War II we can see a correction of the mistakes of 1918 and welcome to the United Nations the democratic and honestly elected representatives of a free and democratic Ukraine.

Boasting - by G. H.

AS the banquets go, there is nothing unusual about them. The same routine of dining and listening to monotonous speeches, followed by dancing and drinking—sometimes to excess—that is the generally accepted idea of a banquet in the mind of an average guest.

This cannot be said of the banquet tendered by the Youth of U.N.A. in Wilkes-Barre last month. Although the standard pattern was followed pretty closely, the affair was refined, dignified and sober. At the same time there was fun for all who came to enjoy themselves. The shower of praises, coming from Ukrainians and from strangers, can only emphasize the significance of this occasion as it affects the good name of the Ukrainian population in this region. For there were two other banquets in the same hotel and at the same time, but the U.N.A. Affair was judged the nicest by the impartial outsiders.

To the younger generation of Ukrainians the banquet was a revelation. Many of them had never attended a banquet, and if they did, it was not one that brought together the best element of Ukrainians in the region. As a result of this experience their estimate of their own nationality took a decisive turn for the better. They are now clamoring for a repetition of this performance and are anxious to be included in the inner circle.

The older generation was taken by surprise also. There was the attendance, which was assuring of financial success, and the conduct of the young people was exemplary. One could not wish for more. But more there was. When it was announced that this small-town social function will bring for the refugee orphans a sum of three hundred dollars, there was a genuine admiration among the older folks. Even the cause of the poor orphans gained in popularity in the most unexpected quarters.

The humorous aftermath following the banquet was found in the local Sunday papers, where it was reported that "the banquet was attended by more than two hundred orphans." Figuratively speaking, they were orphans in a social sense. For although their fathers had founded the parish forty years ago, the children did not have a place where to meet even for purposes such as charity.

If there is too much boasting in writing about the Wilkes-Barre banquet, there surely is no exaggeration. The banquet was instrumental in lifting the morale of the local Ukrainian population, which was at a very low ebb. It definitely put new life into young and old and awakened them to renewed activity. It contributed to the good name of Ukrainians in the community.

But there is so much to be done. To begin with the local Ukrainian youth—it is ripe for any agency that will bring them together and hold them together by means of wholesome activities. There is a demand for choral singing, Ukrainian folk dancing and sport activities. There is need of a Ukrainian veterans post. There is need of participation in civic affairs of the city. The long and the short of it is, that the Ukrainians need an organized life in the community. If the banquet of youth of U.N.A. has started things on the way to improvement, then this boasting is justified indeed.

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

BLOOD

By ARKADY LYUBCHENKO

Translated by C.H.A.

ON a wintry night, softly and stealthily the wolves moved towards the edge of a large forest-filled ravine.

They were sinking deep in the snow, for only a while ago the snow-storm had ceased, and all around them there lay a thick, frothy foam. They waded slowly, their bodies swaying gently on their slender legs.

Their backs, necks and snouts were strainingly drawn out, their ears were pricked up, and all their movements were eagerly directed forward. And from a distance it appeared that they were not wading, but sailing out of the forest jungle.

On the edge of the ravine, where the abruptly turned wall of the forest ended, and where a long patch of bushes stood out boldly, the wolves halted.

And they seemed to have disappeared, having concealed themselves in the shadows of the bushes.

Only one, which was careful, sedate, and cautiously planting his paws, made a few steps to last bush which stood out a little to the side. From here, from this last shelter, one's eye could better survey the wooded ravine.

Then the foremost wolf crouched and plunged his eyes into space.

An extraordinary silence followed. Behind the wolves there rose the high solid wall of the forest; in front of them lay quite a large, twisted ravine. This ravine, which was completely filled with snow squeezed from both sides by the walls of the forest, appeared to have been seized between two shaggy paws of a gigantic and silent beast. If this unknown beast moved this or that paw ever so slightly, or if it lessened the pressure of the one or of the other, a small sound at least would have been released from under those shaggy and clawed paws.

The wolf longed so much to hear a sound of any kind. So much that he involuntarily moved his paw.

And really, a tiny crunching sound was heard:—at the wolf's touch the twig on the bush moved, and from the twig the snow fluttered down. The wolf's ears shuddered and he sharpened his hearing.

And again silence followed. It was night, an intensely cold night. In the distant height the thickly studded stars twinkled brightly; while below, the snow, fired by the frosty cold, glowed white unalterably and intolerably. And just as indifferently, as if it were bewitched, lay the ravine, soundless, sensitive in its very stillness. And just as solid and taciturn stood the forest all around, disquieting in its rigidity.

This deathly lull continually accompanied the wolves on every step. It seemed as if everything around had stopped dead before the horrible cold. And it seemed as if under this sky there was not a thing alive, except that utterly weary pack.

True enough, at times a slight rustle was suddenly heard somewhere, or a short cracking sound reechoed, and these seemed especially clear in the middle of the night. The wolves, each one of them, stirred their ears, strained their snouts as far forward as they could, raised them upwards, and fitfully, cravingly sniffed the air. But immediately they became convinced that it was a deception: the whisper was the sigh of a large tract of snow, the cracking sound was gently emitted by a moaning branch

as it relieved itself of the unnecessary snowy burden.

Again, as formerly, silence followed.

While the wolves were eager to hear sounds. The wolves craved vital, disturbing sounds. That particular rustle which immediately stops one's breath. That enigmatic rustle which by its approach snatches the entire being into a sweet and dreadful captivity. That stealthy rustle which reveals the presence of a living creature. That pulpitating rustle which causes the mouth to water and the tongue to lick the gums. That rustle which smells of blood.

The wolves were hungry.

The night passed and the day dawned many a time, and yet, in spite of their utmost efforts, they could not find food anywhere.

Shaggy, lean-ribbed, piteously stooped, as if embodying misfortune itself, or ravenously attentive, like rapacity itself, seized by the torments of hunger, they dragged themselves, one after the other, humbly and inseparably among these intricate brakes, snowdrifts and forest labyrinths.

At times they would accidentally return to the place which they had left but a short while ago. Thus involuntarily they would strike upon it several times. They circled about confused, as if stupefied. And realizing that nothing edible could appear in the places which they had already passed through, in savage anger they bared their teeth at the leader; while he, baring his teeth likewise, moved in another direction.

The more did hunger gnaw them, the greater did their gurgling ire become. It was during the day especially that it revealed itself, when the expectation of finding a prey was less, and when they paused to rest in secluded spots. During the day it often happened that they grouped themselves under the shelter of the brushwood and, coiling themselves, and pressing closely together, they warmed each other. For some time at least the cold would leave them. Each lay, wherever he fell, with his nose buried in his fur; and it often happened that the odor of the warmed fur began to recall to them thrilling, ravishing, so passionately warm, and so passionately desired odors. At such times, under the curtain of closed eyelids, in partial drowsiness, there came to them more thickly and more clearly the visions which brought them memories and dreams—of the warm and still palpitating flesh, of the warm and still somewhat bitter blood.

These visions were so powerful, and so realistically did the blood smell, that their breathing quickened and their nostrils dilated passionately. They fancied savage coursings, swift pursuits, the tantalizing nearness of the prey, the ticklish joy of devouring continually—to such a degree did they fancy this that they shuddered and softly groaned in their feverish drowsings. Upon awakening, some looked around stupidly, timidly, embittered, and only later, after having sensed reality and licked their snouts, they began to gaze sternly and to be filled with ferocity.

It was precisely at such moments that they felt a painful sucking in their bellies, as if unbearably sharp claws were oppressing and lacerating the entrails; and their looks at such moments would become ill-boding.

Trivia

By Sophia

IN any story you may read, you find a protagonist; that is, a hero or heroine who must overcome some obstacle or find a solution for some pressing problem. Whether it be in short stories, in novels, or in non-fiction books, the plot always contains some person who is called upon to straighten out the story.

The so called "slick" magazines, for example, are usually the ones which publish short stories, or sometimes "noventtes." These may be "cute," they may be romantic, or they may be of the cowboys-and-Indians variety, just brimming with action. In the "cute" story, the protagonist is either a teen-ager, or a child with a knack for solving problems too difficult for adults. The teen-ager, (probably a girl,) is confronted with the problem of acquiring for a beau the school football hero,

most popular boy, and the school's

They would be seized by a ripping wrath against that unseen, inseparable, importunate beast which continually lacerated their entrails with its claws. That senseless wrath against their own passionate and crazy dreamings. That uncontrollable wrath against what appeared to them to be the calm, very calm, white, day, against that mocking, cautious and, as it appeared to them, hopeless day—a wolfish wrath against everything surrounding them.

But when the day slowly withdrew into the unknown, and when the soft-pawed evening, step by step, stealthily began to take its place, the wolves felt relief. Gradually, stoopingly, the twilight evening, approaching from behind the trees brought with it something conspiratorial. The evening was always gloomily alert and cunningly secretive. In its wake it brought an even greater gloom, the concentrated gloom of the night and of mysteriousness. And from this very source came their relief. In this the wolves found consolation, because in it they found hope.

The evening brought with it new life. The surrounding objects cast off their unbearable uniformity, assumed new forms and meaning. Shadows, large and small, in crowds, gathered cautiously, soundlessly from everywhere, as if numerous beasts were advancing upon the forest. But the recently formed outlines changed, and everything was becoming almost mobile—whether it was a stump, a bush, or even a tiny shoot.

In the crowding of the shadows, in the mysterious mobility, there appeared a hospitable shelter to satisfy all: for some it was a haven of safety, for others—the most artful ambush.

As soon as the evening set in, between the wolves and all that surrounded them a connection began to form, and a natural compact to take shape. Through their profound sensitivity they understood miraculously keenly all that surrounding life, and divined and differentiated wonderfully the least rustlings and stirrings.

Hunger, while weakening their bodies, intensified their avidity, sharpened, made keener their senses. They knew how to pretend dead faint to such a degree that they were not even conscious of themselves, were transformed into a single, taut nerve, and were afraid that their hearts were beating too loud, that those beats were heard in the forest.

(To be continued)

handsomest student all wrapped in one. Why is it that the teen-age Don Juan has all the favorable qualities, while the "other fellow" in the story (the one who is infatuated with our heroine) is invariably a perfect example of the short-fat-dull combination? Couldn't there be one time when the girl had no preference for the good looking athlete, the all-around boy? But that would break tradition and establish a writer's precedent. This, of course, is not advisable, because readers are partial to attractive people, even though they may have awkward adolescents of their own.

The romantic type of short involves a young working girl, who has come to the big city to meet the man of her dreams, and if that is impossible, at least she'll have a career. Little does she know that she has left the quiet, healthful farm for the sweatshop. Somehow or other, these girls manage to get apartments and telephones as soon as they arrive, while those who have waited for years are all but sleeping in the park. The man our heroine meets is either a young business man, or else a lazy lout whom she encounters while strolling. She sets the latter straight, of course, (frustrated authors like to think of love as a cure-all,) gets him a good position and helps him regain his self-respect. What is most amazing is that these ordinary, everyday characters manage to contrive such clever conversation! The author must have sat up night after night dreaming up the witty repartee, and here we are expected to believe that our characters are so quick witted that they speak these intricate speeches without stopping to think about them. True, these are some who may be thus gifted, but when you have six characters in the story, and each one is more clever than the next, why... where on earth do such characters congregate?

In stories of the cowboys-and-Indians variety, there are two kinds of protagonists. One is the hardened cowboy, who has the best horse in the whole West, the best aim, is the fastest on the draw, and all in all is the most versatile man that ever lived. He gets himself into all kinds of trouble, and has to kill a few dozen people in order for justice to triumph. (It invariably does, you know.) His reward is often a kiss from the heroine, who has a rich father and offers our hero half the ranch if he will stay and marry her. However, Dead-Eye Dick prefers horses to wimmin, so he and Pinto amble on, supposedly to the next town. You assume, of course, that trouble lurks behind every bush, but Dick certainly can take care of himself!

The other type of hero in Westerns is not a cowboy. (No, he's not a horse either!) You can usually find him in Civil War stories. He's the young boy who has left home to fight for his side, and is considered a weakling by the other soldiers. In the end, you can always trust the author to make a hero of him by crediting him with some feat that the entire regiment couldn't accomplish. The sympathetic reader roots for the underdog, probably because he identifies the struggling young hero with himself.

So it seems that anyone can write these stories, since their plots are repeated, each time with different details. Why not get your typewriter, sit down, and become an author?

The Basic Traits of the Ukrainian People

By PROF. IVAN MIRTCHUK

(To be concluded)

THE Ukrainian view of the world is based very definitely on idealism. The actions and resolutions of the Ukrainian are based not objective reality as it confronts us, but on an ideal "reality" which contains many elements derived from imagination and fancy. Ukrainian history offers us many examples of this. I quote only two prominent instances. Kostomarov, the Ukrainian historian, inspired by Messianic ideas, wrote a gospel of the Ukrainian people, proclaiming its destiny as a leader in the history of mankind. The aim of this work was to bring new strength to the oppressed nation and to give new content to its life which was founded on a very sad reality; it soared so high in the clouds of idealising speculation, and was so oblivious of actual facts, that it was scarcely possible to establish a connection between it and real life. While it may be maintained that a people cannot be solely guided by conditions of life here and now, that it cannot do without ideals, that on the contrary, development and progress are impossible without any inciting aim, even if it is beyond human grasp—nevertheless its efforts to rise must spring from its actual surroundings and not from the fantastic realm of the imagination.

Franko, in spite of the sad experience of his own life suffering, is also an idealist who believes in man, in his innate goodness, his love of beauty and moral conduct. All the characters in his books, even the worst of them, often display good traits, or at least traces of a positive attitude to life which suffice to keep the chances of improvement open. It is more than obvious that these characters are not bad by nature, but that they have degenerated under the influence of untoward circumstances. Some critics assert that it was only this belief in an idealized humanity, in the possibility of progress, that gave Franko the moral courage to ment, and to work like one possessed ment, and to work like possessed one for the welfare of his people and its culture.

The Ukrainian tendency to idealize is also expressed in the relations to the weaker sex which generally enjoys a position of superiority in Ukrainian society. In literature, too, the Ukrainian woman appears in such an idealized and spiritualized form that even her faults, her foibles, do not detract from her spiritual value, but serve rather to enhance her charm and attractiveness.

The sense for actual reality is almost completely hidden by the enthusiasm of the soul for the world of the imagination, for the ideal 19th century drama contains a goodly company of women with a positive attitude to life—national heroines like Marusya Bohuslavka, lovable girls, good and faithful to boredom, like Natalie of Poltava, unhappy victims of male seduction, like Shevchenko's Katerina and finally prophetesses with an air of tragedy like the Ukrainian Cassandra. We must not forget that, except for the last named, these old-fashioned plays are still popular with the Ukrainian public and are performed even today, times without number, with great success throughout Ukraine, in the towns as well as in the remotest villages.

Western systems of thought have always been founded on the personal

consciousness of the individual. Beginning with Plato in ancient Greece, philosophical speculation has always started from individual consciousness, as the only evident reality which is disputed by no one, a process which is still more evident in modern philosophy from Descartes on. Fichte's system is based on the philosophy of the ego which elsewhere appears in philosophy as a complete entity, independent of all other features, a sovereign being, which, in the intellectual world, is usually the final foundation of a concrete reality.

Here the Ukrainians in contrast to the Russians, are decidedly western in outlook. Though they have not produced any philosophic systems of their own based on the ego as the fundamental principle, or as the foundation of further speculation, nevertheless their whole intellectual life, their ethical standards and legal code, and still more their actual conduct, are all based on the individual; and to restrict the rights of the individual even in the interests of the community, is always resented as an encroachment on the freedom of the will.

The Ukrainian's individualism is most evident in his attitude to the social order, to the principle of the place of the community in society. He repudiates all forms of communal life which call for strict discipline and absolute obedience, without thinking that such a repudiation may be disastrous for the security of general interests and even, in the long run, for the personal advantage of the individual. His individualism as a social principle regards the individual as an end in himself, while the community is merely the sum or union of the individuals and as such, is only the means of guaranteeing the welfare of the individual. According to this national viewpoint, society, in the Ukrainian "hromada," is a voluntary union of individuals who, for the moment, are willing to work together for common aims, but who reserve the right to leave the union or even to attack it with every means in their power if they find that it is threatening their personal freedom or when personal interest is greater than the interest of the community. We find a historical example of this attitude in the well-known military organization of the Zaporozhian Kozaks, who regarded themselves as independent and free citizens, and only acknowledged their duty towards the community in so far as they considered it essential to the security and welfare of all.

In the history of Ukraine there are only too many cases where an exaggerated individualism prevented the formation of tradition as a supreme factor in building up the state, and where the historical existence of the entire people was at the mercy of conflicting forces which, in the absence of all desire to cooperate, were of necessity detrimental to the future of the state.

The structure of Russian society, called the "mir," is diametrically opposed to this; it goes to the other extreme as the intellectual expression of the will of the community which completely absorbs personal independence. The essence and leading principle of the Russian "mir" is the compulsion inherent in the superior agency, as the instrument of

First of November Holiday Address

[The following address was delivered at the "Lystopadove Sviato" in Pittsburgh's Grotto Hall on Sunday, November 2nd.—Editor]

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

The purpose of This Concert

Today and yesterday the Ukrainian Americans throughout the country are celebrating a historically eventful day that took place in Western Ukraine 29 years ago. For it was on November First in 1918 that the political independence of Western Ukraine was proclaimed. That proclamation was made in the historic Ukrainian city of L'viv in the province of Galicia, from where most of Ukrainians in America migrated. I believe that I am safe in saying that the parents of many of the performers here today either witnessed or participated in that struggle for Ukrainian independence.

And, while the Western Ukrainian Republic won its independence from Poland, the larger Eastern Ukraine also won its independence from Russia. These two new-born republics united three months later to form one large and independent nation of forty million Ukrainians! History records, however, that the Bolshevik forces from the north, and Pilsudski's army from the west, reconquered and partitioned Ukraine once again.

Nevertheless, Ukrainians everywhere continue to remember and observe these liberation days, particularly November First—which is dearest to the hearts of the Ukrainians who came to America from Galicia, where the emancipation of Western Ukraine took place. This concert is in memory of this Ukrainian Independence Day, and is dedicated to the fallen heroes who fought so valiantly for freedom and liberty.

Despite the enormous sacrifices and bloodshed of the Ukrainians, their native land still remains today under foreign domination. Under the despotic dictatorship of the sanguinary Kremlin regime, the hapless Ukrainians find themselves slaves of the Soviet government operating from

God's will. All rebellion against this Divine compulsion is a grievous sin which the simple Russian cannot be expected to commit. This view was and is most favorable condition for the birth and development of every form of an absolute regime.

In contrast to Western European thought, it is characteristic for the Russian's view of the world that he definitely respects the personal and always seeks to take his stand on a certain intellectual collectivism. In spite of the zealous efforts of some Russian scholars to explain and water down this quality of the Russian psyche, we must admit the truth of the assertion of the Slavophiles that the Russian spirit is collectivist, in the sense that it detests personal freedom, all kinds of contract conditions and individual property: its preference for collectivistic forms of economy was illustrated in the past by the traditional and typically Russian "Obshtchina." And the collectivistic experiments which have been carried out in the Soviet Union in modern times have shown that the collectivistic measures of the communists met with no important resistance in Russia proper, while the peasants in Ukraine were ready to fight to the death for the principle of property as the foundation of western culture, and, in spite of desperate conditions, actually did so.

(To be concluded)

Moscow.

In the words of the immortal Ukrainian poet Taras Shevchenko, the exploited and freedom-starved Ukrainians all moan a lamentable chorus of—"Our Land, But Not Belonging To Us!" And it is for their own native land and for the four freedoms to which all humanity is entitled, that the Ukrainians are today resisting Russian communism. We read about this resistance under the leadership of the Ukrainian Underground Army From the reports of the Ukrainian Displaced Persons who fled from "Stalin's Paradise" and today, thanks chiefly to America and Britain, are safely retained in various DP Camps throughout Western Europe.

These Ukrainian DPs abhor communism in all its forms and are anxious to settle in North and South America. Some have already been admitted. Many thousands remain abroad. One of those who has come to America will speak to you later (Prof. Andrusiw.—Ed.). But it is those thousands whose future is uncertain that await our help! The proceeds of this concert are to go to aid those Ukrainian DPs.

We had hoped to have U. S. Congressman James G. Fulton with us here this afternoon, but his previous engagement commitments prohibit him from addressing you. Congressman Fulton was sent by President Truman to investigate the DP Camps. And this is the message he asked me to convey to you here this afternoon:

"You can tell them however that I visited many of the Ukrainian Camps and can say that they are all fine and clean camps. The Ukrainians over there are all good and industrious people, with capable camp administrators. I was especially very favorably impressed by the fact that they are a good religious people. Almost everywhere they had a little church. The Ukrainians would be a good contribution to this country."

It is indeed commendable that the Ukrainians around Pittsburgh are perpetuating the observance of the November First national holiday which is the Ukrainian Independence Day, and that the proceeds from this concert are appropriated to help the Ukrainian Displaced Persons abroad.

BUY ALL THE BONDS YOU CAN...
KEEP ALL THE BONDS YOU BUY!

WEEKLY BANTER

A northern fan who never missed a game was visiting in the South, and went to see the initial game of a series between two local teams. At first he was unable to locate the umpire, but finally discovered him sitting in the grandstand among the spectators. Turning to a native he said, "what in the world is the umpire doing in the grandstand?"

"Oh," the native explained, "the spectators used to jump on him for his decisions so much that he figured if the folks in the grandstand could see every play so well, he'd better go up there and do his umpiring."

PROTECT YOUR FUTURE

★★★ with ★★★

U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

Youth and the U.N.A.

Branch 414, New Haven, Conn.

One of the most progressive of the youth branches of the Ukrainian National Association is the Premier Auhustyn Woloshin Society, Branch 414, located in New Haven, Conn. Organized on December 31, 1938—less than nine years ago—this branch today has a total of 172 members.

Branch 414 has cooperated wholeheartedly where the current U.N.A. membership campaign is concerned. Since January 1st of this year Branch 414 has admitted 34 new members, including 24 juvenile members. This has resulted in the branch having more juvenile than adult members—89 juvenile members compared to 83 adult members—an unusual situation, but one which indicates that Branch 414 will have a long and eventful future for it has an abundance of young blood. The current U.N.A. membership campaign is directed in the direction of the young folk, for the organization has many old members and it is necessary to enroll large numbers of young people in order to insure the future of the fraternal benefit society. Branch 414 has set an example other branches should strive to duplicate.

We urge all interested persons in New Haven and vicinity to consider becoming members of U.N.A. Branch 414. Further information may be obtained by contacting the branch secretary, Miss Helen Breziki, 24 Norton St., New Haven 11, Conn. The president of the branch is Miss Eileen Gwotz, and the treasurer is Mrs. Olga De Pascole.

Branch 264, Carnegie, Pa.

The Ukrainian Trident Society, U. N. A. Branch 264, of Carnegie, Pa., was organized on December 31, 1936. At the present time it has 43 juvenile and 78 adult members, a total of 121. It is a typical youth branch, the

members of which take their affiliation with the U.N.A. quite seriously.

Before World War II, the U.N.A. had many youth branches throughout the country. About half of them were either absorbed by older branches or were disbanded. Branch 264, however, continued to function smoothly throughout the war and even made some gains in membership. We congratulate the past and present officers of this youth group for really good work.

Non-members in Carnegie would be making a wise move by joining such an outstanding youth society as Branch 264, and are asked to contact its secretary, Miss Mary Ananevich, 319 Brown Ave., Carnegie, Pa. Other branch officers are Mrs. Irene Shiwarski, president, and Miss Ann Spinda, treasurer.

Branch 343, Rochester, N. Y.

The young women of Rochester have something to be proud of in the Young Ladies Sodality of St. Anne, U.N.A. Branch 343. On February 27th of this year the members of this up-and-coming branch observed its tenth anniversary. Including 13 new members admitted since the first of the year, the sodality today has a total of 115 members of which 22 are children.

Branch 343 is one of the largest young women's groups in the Ukrainian National Association. Its members are quite active in both local and national U.N.A. affairs. It is not an easy matter to hold a branch together and add new members to it throughout the years, regardless of sex. It was an even more difficult task in the case of Branch 343, for it concentrated its efforts on female new members only. Only determination and cooperation is responsible for the group's most impressive showing. Officers and members of other

Concert in Pittsburgh

In accordance with the traditional custom of observing national holidays, the united Ukrainian Orthodox churches from Greater Pittsburgh presented an elaborate concert in Grotto Hall on the North Side in Pittsburgh on Sunday, November Second.

Featuring the three-hour program was the combined choruses from several communities, directed by alternating conductors—Rev. Holutiak, Rev. Koroleshen and Prof. Lawriw. Delighting the audience were vocal soloists Miss Irene Polansky, Miss Luba Koroleshen, Mrs. Oneshkiw and Mr. John Gos, Ambridge baritone. The Torick brothers captivated the audience with their violin-piano duet.

There were several speakers who explained the significance of this Ukrainian Independence Day, namely: Wasył Shabatara, chairman of the concert; Alexander Yaremko, auditor of the Narodna Pomich; Prof. Andrusiw, a DP artist; Vasile Avramenko, organizer of Ukrainian folk dancing schools; and Rev. Diakiw of McKees Rocks, Pa.

A collection was taken for the Ukrainian Relief Committee which netted close to \$300. Although only about one third of the huge auditorium was filled, a good portion of the audience were of the younger generation, chiefly comprised of the Pittsburgh Youth Rally Committee.

A. Y.

branches should take notice and strive to do as well for their own groups.

The branch secretary, Mrs. Stella Waytowich, 1000 Maple St., Rochester 11, N. Y., will be happy to send additional information to all who may contact her. Other branch officers are Mrs. Marian Locus, president, and Mrs. Anna Baron, treasurer.

T. L.

PHILLY JUNIOR LEAGUE CELEBRATES ANNIVERSARY

On October 7, 1947, the Ukrainian Junior League, Branch 52 celebrated its 10th anniversary with a dinner and dance.

As the guests and members entered the banquet hall, they were greeted with familiar Ukrainian tunes, which were played on the piano by Kay Mucha.

An address of welcome was given by the President, Stephanie Wochok, who then introduced the toastmistress, Julia Letnanchyn. The Invocation was delivered by Rev. Bohdan Olesh.

During the dinner, two of the members, namely, Pearl Bilinsky and Marie Rybachok entertained everyone with Ukrainian music and songs.

Olga Liso, who was cited by the members for her outstanding achievements and contributions to the club was voted the coveted title of "The Woman of the Year". This annual presentation carries with it an orchid and a gift.

A Trident pin of marcasites was given to all persons, who had been members for five years or more of good standing.

Greetings and felicitations were extended by members of the several branches present. Monetary contributions were made by the following: Women's Council (Okruzhna Rada), Branch 41, 42, 46, 47 and St. Mary's Sorority of Chester.

In conjunction with this affair, Mrs. Helen D. Lototsky, President of the Ukrainian Women's League of America presented the Junior Juniors, a newly formed branch of the Women's League with their charter. She also had kind words of encouragement to carry on with their splendid work and go forward in their undertakings.

JOIN THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASS'N DO IT NOW!

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)

FROM the very start, Pavlush planned the method of escape. He knew that without a horse he would never get very far, so he determined that when the moment arrived, he would have a fine horse ready. He therefore exercised the horses every chance he had, in this manner was able to determine which one of them was about the fastest of them all. The one he finally picked was a splendid looking animal, black as pitch, with fine lines, and a fiery spirit. Mustapha himself was accustomed to ride on him. Pavlush fed this steed various little dainties that he managed to steal from the kitchen, and in this manner the horse grew to know Pavlush.

Besides stealing dainties for the horse, Pavlush also stole, bit by bit, supplies and food that would last a long time. This he hid in a hollow tree, not far from where the herd usually grazed. While passing through the courtyard one morning, on his way to the fields, he saw a knife lying on the ground. Evidently it had slipped out of some Tartar's sheath. This he also hid in the tree.

At all times, Pavlush was a model of discipline. He did his work so well, that the overseer himself commended him.

One day, Suleman's son, Mustapha, rode out into the fields. He immediately recognized Pavlush, and called him over.

"Well, how do you like it here?" he asked.

"Fine, very fine," replied Pavlush.

"Has your back healed?"

"Yes," answered Pavlush.

"Have you learned to be obedient?"

"Yes, I have."

Muyo, the overseer, himself admitted that Palo—that's what they called Pavlush now—was a good and obedient boy, and that he did his work very well.

"Well, I am glad to hear that," said Mustapha. Tomorrow I'll have you transferred to serve in the apartments."

"Just as you say," said Pavlush inclining his head. But to himself he said, "You'll sooner see a hapless fox than me."

Mustapha inspected the horse and found everything in order.

Night came. It was very dark with no stars or moon showing. Pavlush determined that this was to be the night of his escape. For, if he waited until tomorrow then his chances of escape would be slimmer than ever. Tonight is the night—he said to himself.

Pavlush extricates himself from a dangerous situation

When all the herdsmen had fallen asleep, Pavlush rose silently and stole over to the hollow tree where he had hidden some supplies for just this occasion. After filling the sack with them, he donned his fur-lined coat, and picking up a saddle, carefully made his way over to the herd of horses.

During the evening he had already tethered the black horse he intended to flee on. Quickly saddling him, Pavlush jumped into saddle, crossed himself, breathed a prayer, and was off.

Because of the intense darkness, Pavlush had to ride carefully and slowly. Every so often a vague shape would loom out of the darkness. This was usually a Tartar tent or hut, which he carefully skirted, so as not to awaken the sleeping inmates. Once he heard horse's hoofs, the sound coming towards him. He stopped, his heart beating rapidly. But it was only a riderless stray horse who had broken loose from his tether.

When dawn broke, Pavlush was quite some distance from Kodzhambaku. There were no Tartar tents or huts in sight. He would have liked to stop to rest for a few moments, but decided to press on, putting as much distance as possible between himself and the town. He knew that his absence by now had been discovered, and that if delayed he might get caught.

Several times he encountered Tartars, who stopped him. Each time

he extricated himself by saying that he was going on a mission for his master.

He was congratulating himself upon this, when he perceived in the distance another Tartar riding towards him. In a few minutes the Tartar, a burly ruffian, reined his horse besides Pavlush.

"Where are you going?" he inquired, roughly.

"My master, Suleman, has sent me on an errand," Pavlush replied boldly.

"He sent you on an errand on his prize horse?" exclaimed incredulously the Tartar, recognizing Suleman's favorite mount.

Pavlush felt his heart sing. Evidently his Tartar was acquainted with Suleman. Before he could say anything further, however, the Tartar, his suspicions now thoroughly aroused, seized Pavlush by the arms and bound them. Then taking Pavlush's horse by the reigns started to lead him back in the direction of Kodzhambaku.

Now he was in for it, bitterly thought Pavlush. Just a few moments ago he was congratulating himself, and now he was being led back to the tender mercies of Mustapha. For a moment a gret sorrow fell upon him, sorrow that he was so young and yet he would have to die now. But what's the use of worrying, he thought, plucking up courage. Such is Kozak fate. If I have to die, then I'll die, that's all.

(To be continued)

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

On October 20, 1947 I read in the Ukrainian Weekly Ted Victor's column, "On Records". As a journalistic endeavor it demands careful scrutiny, because of the latitude the writer permits himself. It is not reporting but editorializing. In its breadth and scope, it takes in a whole ethnic group, and categorically, all choral directors are criticized, and there is an insinuation that there are no choruses worth their salt. All this without a shred of authoritative basis for its criticism.

There is little to find fault with in Ted Victor's opening sentence. For music can mean all things to all people. Nor is there much to find fault with in his difficult search for enjoyment, for consolation, and beauty in Ukrainian Choral music; for music appreciation is a matter of personal temperament and background. It therefore is not unusual that a man who can spend hours talking about music and composers, nevertheless, lacks the necessary equipment to enjoy and find beauty in the modest choral presentation he would criticize. This too is compatible.

Ted Victor asks how long one can talk about choral groups who are supposed to perform these works of art which would be a source of enjoyment, of consolation and of beauty. He also asks can we think of any outstanding group that can warrant an equal amount of discussion, namely hours of talking. The inference of his column is that he could not, and rightly so, for it would have been a Herculean task. It would have entailed an honest effort on his part to fulfill his reportorial duties. It would have demanded that he have a knowledge of and an understanding of his subject, in order to give an unbiased and intelligent criticism; this actually requires years of comparative observation of choral groups, coupled with years of musical education.

One can say, without prejudice, that the Ukrainian Choir of St. George, of New York City, is an outstanding choral group which can be a source of enjoyment, of consolation, and of beauty. But to be all these to a listener, our listener must have a love of choral music. A rudimentary knowledge of Ukrainian, of music, and of Ukrainian history would add to his pleasure. For our secular music is often steeped in past glories and never dying hope. Even our religious music is not free of this influence.

The late Prof. Koshetz, the Dean of Ukrainian Choral Music, was present at a concert in 1940, in Town Hall, New York City, at which the Ukrainian Choir of St. George sang. At the conclusion of one of their songs, Prof. Koshetz, rose in his seat shouting "Bravo," clapping his hands, and there were tears in his eyes, and gratitude in his heart. It was a rare privilege to witness this poignant scene. In 1940, Prof. Koshetz, not only applauded publicly, but acclaimed the fine quality of our efforts in the front page of the Svoboda. It is the endorsement of an outstanding authority which prompts the earlier assertion that this choir is one of the finest and it follows that the director is one of the best.

Ted Victor should find the same difficulty, in his appreciation of Koshetz's recordings, that he found with the modest offering of the St. George's Choir, if he lacks the necessary equipment to enjoy choral music. The late Prof. Koshetz attested to the quality of the Choir's efforts in 1940. If efforts of 1945, 1946, and 1947 are

shown to be of comparable quality, we must of necessity conclude that Ted Victor lacks the necessary equipment to appreciate choral music and therefore is not qualified to criticize choral music.

That this choir retained its excellence of performance can be attested to in 1945, when it was invited to sing on the Catholic Hour, an NBC radio broadcast on a national hookup. In 1946, the Choir sang on the Church of the Air, a CBS broadcast on a national hookup. And lastly, the choir was privileged to sing a Ukrainian High Mass in New York's most famous St. Patrick's Cathedral, in the presence of his Eminence, Cardinal Spellman. If one were to judge impartially, this Choir's quality has not diminished.

Why is it so important to impress Americans? Must we force our attentions upon people, or will they find our music for themselves? There is no need to repeat the instances cited above wherein National Radio networks had no difficulty locating our music, in its religious aspects. But our secular music has also been sought after. Not so many years ago a popular song appeared under the title "Yes My Darling Daughter"; there is no doubt in anyone's mind that the melody was borrowed from a Ukrainian Operetta, "Oi Ne, Khody Hrytsu..." This borrowing stamps our music with the quality of the classical greats, from whom many a popular tune is stolen. Our music is not dead; it has just attained sufficient stature to warrant public theft.

One would assume from Ted Victor's statement that there is something ominously backward in the Ukrainians who must resort to the music of years gone by to impress Americans. This is sheer nonsense. All Ukrainian music be it good or bad becomes part of its culture, and only the best of the past survives to the present; but the present is often filled with good and bad which even qualified critics have great difficulty in evaluating. And we can say with perfect assurance that neither the past nor the present music, of any nation, is written to impress people.

There is a greatness in Ukrainian music, both religious and secular. Ted Victor could have benefited by his contact with the late Prof. Koshetz when he was part of a 250 voice chorus in 1940 formed from choruses in the Metropolitan area. For Prof. Koshetz in his rehearsals revealed its greatness and his love for it. Only a man who cannot evaluate his own limitations would venture forth to criticize as Ted Victor has. He says that "progress can be made in music and only a man who knows music can make this progress." These words should be paraphrased to read "intelligent criticism can be made in music and only a man who knows music should make this criticism." Ted Victor should take these words to heart, for it is clearly evident that as he wrote the first phrase beginning with "Progress in music..." it did not occur to him that this was the yardstick by which he could measure his own words. Take these words to your bosom, Ted Victor, imprint them on your soul and some day they may keep you from another such blunder as you have just loosened upon the Ukrainian Weekly.

The field of present day Ukrainian music is not dead as Ted Victor claims; it is not the music that is at fault. It is axiomatic that a man gets out of music as much as he puts into it, and if one approaches it with

On Record - - by Ted Victor

A First Winter's Night

In the greyness of an autumn afternoon, the lashing rains goaded to a fury, by the whirling, whipping wind, drive the few remaining forces of summer into oblivion. The long drawn blasts from the north, herald the coming of the new monarch of the season. Winter, stretches its gaunt frame across the earth and heavens and blots out last sickly ray of daylight. Night falls! A cold, crisp penetrating night, that disperses the forces of clouds and rain. A ruthless, victorious night, that turns the heavens into an expanse of frozen blue steel, studded with myriads of sparkling, scintillating diamonds. A brisk blowing arctic breeze bites at your nose, ears, and cheeks; burrowing itself into the crevices of your coat. As an icy chill spirals down your back, you give a mighty shrug. Your hands form into fists and plunge deep into the recesses of your pockets. Your shoulders, hunch up and draw

together, as you attempt to draw your neck into the protecting folds of your upturned collar. You no longer stroll down the street. Instead, you now pound down the pavement, eyes straight ahead, teeth clamped together, and your mind completely occupied with thoughts of heat and anti-freeze.

Straighten up, little man, and face your first winter's night. Look about you and notice the grotesque beauty of the naked trees against the rays of a raw street light. Watch, as a seeming painted moon travels across a painted sky. Note, the rhythm of your ringing steps, as the steel in your heels strikes the brittle concrete of the walk. Breathe, deeply of the pure invigorating air. Listen, carefully, listen for there is music here. Music from the wind, playing in the trees. Music of children's voices, as they play "kick the can" beneath the street light. Music from a million things, borne on the wings of a crystal clear first winter's night.

neither knowledge nor understanding is it so surprising that one finds it on the dead side?

Mr. Hayvoronsky, a present day composer of Ukrainian music, has the distinction of having his music sung or played at every concert in recent years and his music is not dead. The Choir of St. George was privileged to sing one of his most recent choral composition at our concert Sunday, October 12, 1947. A new and beautiful piece which we have reason to believe was well received by every one present except Ted Victor.

Ted Victor sums up the shortcomings of choral groups and places the brunt of the burden on the directors. This is most unjust. Many choristers who have just completed high school, or are attending college squirm under the yoke of additional tutelage and put up with it only to enjoy the companionship of association. It is this type of chorister who is the bane of a directors existence. A director can sometimes convert such a chorister, but more often he prays fervently that this type of chorister leave voluntarily. For chorus material is scarce, and cannot be discarded however poor it may be. The trouble in the choral groups rises from Ted Victor's own philosophy "If you enjoy singing join as many groups as you possibly can." That is the crux of choral troubles and it is endemic. There are too many such joiners, too many in search of fellowship and too few who earnestly wish to sing. Apply this yardstick to any group and see if it does not sit better than insinuations that present day singers sing badly because they sing the way they are taught. The truth of the matter is, and our present day choral directors will bear this out, that if the singers in the choruses would sing as the directors try to teach them, the directors would have arrived at their Utopia, their dream fulfilled.

Mr. Ted Victor goes on to criticize a concert which the Choir of St. George sang on October 12th. Having established earlier his lack of equipment for critical analysis of choral music, no further comment need be made. At the close of the concert a dozen people confronted the director and expressed their gratitude, among them were men qualified to judge choral music. In their opinion the choir sang well and its enunciation pleased these listeners tremendously. What exactly Ted

Victor means to imply when he says they did not know what they were singing about is largely speculative; one would venture to say that Ted Victor would be hard pressed to explain this. Perhaps he implied that he did not know what the choir was singing. As to the choice of songs one can be assured that in spite of your Ted Victor's taste in music, the songs suited the occasion admirably and were composed by our better known composers, living and dead.

In closing I should like very much to know how voice development, and a repertoire of Ukrainian songs will help break down narrow mindedness, prejudice and intolerance, which Ted Victor claims, is a segment of our heritage and which it is our obligation to do away with.

It is not voice development nor a repertoire of Ukrainian Songs which is the cure all for narrow mindedness, prejudice and intolerance, but education and knowledge. With these weapons Ted Victor could have written an intelligent analysis of a concert of choral groups and an understanding of the problems of choir directors.

The unfortunate burden which is our heritage is the quickness with which we criticize our neighbor and the slowness with which we praise.

EMILE HUSAR, President
Choir of St. George.

TWO UKRAINIAN JUNIOR LEAGUE MEMBERS VISIT U. N.

Stephanie M. Kredensor and Stephanie Wochok visited the United Nation's site at Lake Success on October 14th, 1947. While there, they were able to attend a session of the Security Council and see the representatives from the various nations and listen to their discussions.

The trip was sponsored by the Philadelphia Federation of Women's Clubs and Allied Organizations, Inc.

A HISTORY OF UKRAINE

by
MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY
Published for
THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
by
THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
(\$4.00)
41-83 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

Elizabeth Sitch Still Leads in Bowling

Meeting again in Carteret, New Jersey, on Sunday, November 9, the U.N.A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.J.-N.Y. Area held the 6th of its series of tournament matches in which all eight member teams took part. Besides the active participants, quite a few rooting spectators were on hand to add to the steadily mounting excitement which prevails at these gatherings, due no doubt, to the closely contested games among some of the leading teams in the League. **THEODORE OHAR.**

	Won	Lost	Per- cent	High Game	Total Pins	Average
1. Sitch, Elizabeth	15	3	.833	914	14140	785.6
2. Jersey City, U.S.C.	13	5	.722	863	12888	716.0
3. "Uke" Vets P.A. Team "A"	10	8	.556	827	13489	749.4
4. Penn Jersey Club, Newark	9	9	.500	882	13831	768.4
5. Irvington C. & S. Club	8	10	.444	785	12664	703.6
6. Br.435 U.N.A., N.Y.	7	11	.389	760	11957	664.3
7. "Uke" Vets P.A. Team "B"	5	13	.278	750	12035	668.6
8. Br. 14 U.N.A. Newark	5	13	.278	740	11946	663.7

Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER W. DANKO

FOOTBALL:

George Sirochman, who played the guard position for Duquesne U. and for the Pitt Steelers and Detroit Lions before entering the Army, is now with the Wilmington Clippers of the A.F.L.

John (Koshoval) Kosh, veteran guard and center of Pittsburgh U., recently injured his foot in a week-day practice session and may be out for the rest of the current football campaign. Kosh, who comes from Donora, Pa., was one of the main stays of the Pitt line along with end Leo Skladany.

Big George Savitsky, who had an operation performed on his leg prior to the season's opening, is having his best year in his fourth and final season at Penn. It looks like the fourth successive campaign with All-American honors for the 256 lb. Savitsky. His team mate, Charley Bednarik, All-American center last year,

is also showing terrific form and experts rate him as being tops at the pivot post. Both Savitsky and Bednarik are the standout performers on the powerful Penn ball club along with back T. Minisi.

Mike Kany of Syracuse, N. Y., writes that Penn State's great guard, Steve Suhey of Cazenovia, N. Y., is a member of St. John the Baptist Ukrainian Catholic Church and is also a member of the Ukrainian American Catholic War Veterans, Post 560, both in Syracuse. Coach Bob Higgins rates Suhey as the best player on his great Penn St. team and also rates Steve as the best guard in the country. (Mighty high praise, eh?)

U.C.L.A. line-coach Ray Richards

singles out Mike Machnov Dimitro, All-American mention last year, as "a guy you can always depend upon. One of the best guards in the West, maybe the country." Mike, whose folks came from Kiev, the capital of Ukraine, hails from Wierton, W. Va. Steve Nikifor, standout guard at Colgate, hails from Valley Stream, L. I.

Frank Pastuck, Cornell's ace pivot

man and Bill Pritula, speedy tackle on the mighty Michigan club, are also rated as being among the best in the nation. These boys are the nucleus around which the 1947 Ukrainian All-American College Football Team will be built. If any readers know of any Ukrainian college players, it would be appreciated very much if same were sent to the writer at: 347 Avenue C, Bayonne, N. J.

PITTSBURGH

ANNOUNCES

American Ukrainian Youth Rally

UNDER AUSPICES OF

UKRAINIAN YOUTH LEAGUE

OF NORTH AMERICA

November 21, 22, 23.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND THESE EVENTS:

NOVEMBER 21—RALLY DANCE 9 P.M.

UKRAINIAN HALL, Cor. ELLA & MUNSON AVE. — McKEES ROCKS, PA.

NOVEMBER 22—REGISTRATION

FORUM (1 P.M.)

BANQUET (6 P.M.)

SEMI-FORMAL DANCE (9 P.M.)

THE ABOVE EVENTS WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE FORT PITT HOTEL PITTSBURGH.

NOVEMBER 23—CONCERT and PROGRAM OF UKRAINIAN FOLK DANCES. (2 P. M., AT UKRAINIAN HALL McKEES ROCKS).

FEATURING

Greater Pittsburgh Ukrainian Chorus

UNDER DIRECTION OF THEODORE KOTULA — AND —

UKRAINIAN DANCERS

UNDER DIRECTION OF NICHOLAS ARSENY

HEADQUARTERS—FORT PITT HOTEL, PITTSBURGH, PA.

PROCEEDS WILL BE USED TO AID UKRAINIAN DISPLACED PERSONS.

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

ІВАН БУНЬКО

УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ПОГРЕБНИК заряджує погребамі по ціні та низькій як \$150.

ОБСЛУГА НАЙКРАЩА JOHN BUNKO

Licensed Undertaker & Embalmer 437 East 5th Street

New York City

Dignified funerals as low as \$100

Telephone: GRamercy 7-7661.



Comfortably air conditioned

Lytwyn & Lytwyn

UKRAINIAN FUNERAL DIRECTORS 801 SPRINGFIELD AVENUE NEWARK, N. J. and IRVINGTON, N. J. Essex 5-5555

OUR SERVICES ARE AVAILABLE ANYWHERE IN NEW JERSEY

НЕ ВИДАВАЙТЕ ЗАБАГАТО

Завжди ЩАДІТЬ дешо з вашого забезпечення.

Ми уладжуємо прекрасний ЦІЛИЙ ПОХОРОН за \$150.00

У випадку смутку в родині клієнта:

KAIN MORTUARIES, INC.

Найбільший український погребовий зарядчик в Америці

S. KANAI KAIN, Pres.

433 STATE STREET,

PERTH AMBOY, N. J.

Phone PE 4-4646

— or —

УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ПОГРЕБНИК

86 ELIZABETH AVENUE,

NEWARK, N. J.

Phone Bigelow 3-6762

ELIZABETH, N. J.

225 WEST JERSEY STREET

Phone: EL. 2-3611

ПЕТРО ЯРЕМА

УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ПОГРЕБНИК

Занимається похоронами

В BRONX, BROOKLYN, NEW

YORK і ОКОЛИЦЯХ

129 EAST 7th STREET,

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Tel.: ORchard 4-2568

Branch Office and Chapel:

707 Prospect Avenue,

(cor. E. 155 St.)

Bronx, N. Y.

Tel.: MEIrose 5-6577

Thanksgiving Eve DANCE

— presented by —

CLUB UKRAINE

sponsored by UKRAINIAN NATIONAL HOME

216 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wednesday Evening, November 26, 1947

DANCING FROM 9 p. m. TO 2 a. m.

Music by JOHNNY KING and his Orchestra.

ADMISSION 75 cents

EIGHTH—ANNIVERSARY DANCE

— sponsored by —

UKRAINIAN CENTER GIRLS OF NEWARK

— to be held at —

UKRAINIAN CENTER, 180 WILLIAM STREET Newark, N. J.

Saturday Evening, November 22, 1947

8:30 P. M. TILL ?

Music by OLEY BROS. ORCHESTRA

ADMISSION incl. Tax and Wardrobe \$1.00

