



The Ukrainian Weekly

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“Ukrainian Culture Week” in Munich
A Great Success

Great success attended the “Ukrainian Culture Week” program in Munich, Germany, American zone, starting Sunday, April 4 last and held under the joint auspices of the European Mission of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, headed by its representative there, Mr. Roman Smook, former Chicago attorney, and the Central Representative Body of Ukrainian Immigration, the head of which is Dr. Wasyl Mudry.

The purpose of the week-long program was to acquaint Americans and other non-Ukrainians with the cultural achievements of the Ukrainian people and their contributions to world culture.

Principal talks opening the gala affair were delivered by Mr. Smook and Dr. Ivan Mirchuk, the latter president of the Ukrainian Free University in Munich. Their text appears on page two here. Dr. Mudry also spoke.

Sunday, April 4, at 10 A.M., the famed Ukrainian Male Chorus under the direction of Volodymyr Bozhyk electrified the mixed audience with its spirited rendition of Ukrainian songs. The concert was held at the Prinsergarten Theatre.

The official opening was, however, deferred to Monday, April 5. It featured an exhibition of paintings, sculpture and Ukrainian folk art, at the Neue Sammlung, 3 Prinzenregentenstr., which was held through yesterday, April 18; Arts Club of Chicago, a lecture hours: 10 A.M.—5 P.M.

Wednesday evening, April 7, at 5:30 P.M., another highly successful concert was held as part of the “Week of Ukrainian Culture.” It featured a Ukrainian Mixed Choir led by Nestor Horodowenko, and the famed Ukrainian “Bandura” Ensemble, conducted by Hryhoriy Kystay. Some months ago there was an item in the New York press that Hurok, concert manager, was planning to import this group into this country for a concert tour.

The following Friday, at 6 P.M. there was another concert, held at the Sall on the Sophienstr. 6, and featuring Claudia Taranowa, mezzo-soprano, Orest Rusnak, tenor, and Roman Sawytskyj, pianist.

Saturday at 2 P.M., at the Schaubude, Reitmorstr. 7, the Ukrainian Theatre Studio under the direction of Joseph Hirniak presented a dramatization of “The Orgy,” a poem by Lesya Ukrainka.

Sunday was devoted to ballet, at the same address as the above, by a Ukrainian ballet group directed by Primaballerina Valentyna Pereyaslavets.

The culminating number of the program was extended over to last

LECTURE LAUNCHES SPRING PROGRAM OF CHICAGO ARTS CLUB

Serving to launch an active spring program by the Ukrainian Arts Club of Chicago, a lecture of vital interest to all American Ukrainians in that city and surrounding communities will be presented Sunday, April 25, at the Palmer House.

The Palmer House, a widely known Loop hotel, was chosen for the lecture because of its central location, making it easily accessible to persons living in all sections of the widespread Chicago-land area. Also it is hoped that, being held in this very well patronized hostelry, the lecture may attract many persons outside of immediate Ukrainian circles, thus serving to disseminate authentic information on Ukrainian problems.

“Ukraine—the key problem of Europe,” will be the theme of an address given by Dr. Roman Smal Stocky, professor of modern languages at Milwaukee’s Marquette University. The talk, which is to begin at 3:30 P.M., will doubtless clarify much of the obscurity and misinformation surrounding the general picture of Europe today as Dr. Smal Stocky has only recently arrived from there as an Ukrainian displaced person.

In addition to a distinguished academic background, Dr. Smal Stocky was vice-premier and foreign minister of the ill-fated Ukrainian Republic and this experience alone qualifies him as an analyst of Ukraine’s relative status in the current maelstrom plaguing Europe.

This former Warsaw University professor is a noted linguist and, despite his short stay thus far in America, will speak in English, affording many younger Ukrainians an opportunity to benefit from the lecture.

The opening ceremonies were attended by a number of distinguished American civilians and military men, including Murray D. Van Wagoner, who appeared as personal representative of General Lucius Clay, commander of American occupation forces in Europe. Also Lt.-General Harry Y. Collins, commander of the Austrian district of the American zone.

SPRING
Mounds of snow like
Miniature mountains
Dot the landscape
While the sky laughs
In secret joy
At the coming of spring
Already it visions
The clean new grasses
Blossoming forth in beauty
Reflecting the love of God.
THEODOSIA BORESKY

this lecture. Many educators connected with colleges and similar institutions have been invited to hear Dr. Smal Stocky, along with others of influence and prominence in the city of Chicago. The admission fee to this vitally interesting address has been held down to a very nominal seventy-five cents.

As a prologue to this spring schedule, which also calls for a dance early in May, the Ukrainian Arts Club of Chicago was recently identified with a general public observance of the Easter-tide season.

This participation took the form of an exhibition of a time-honored art, one in which Ukrainians have (Concluded on page 3)

On Record

By TED VICTOR

TRIVIA BONGO, BONGO. Evidently tired of treating of the same old trivial topics, Trivia a few weeks ago turned to the field of music? From the very title of the article (Bongo, Bongo, Bongo) it was only too clear that she had turned to the ordinary, uncultivated field of bongo-music. Since “Trivia” is written about trivialities “Bongo, Bongo, Bongo” had every right in the world to be there. However, I feel certain that this bongo, bongo music would be out of place here.

Whenever there is something on record, it is there because it is of some importance. By being on record it will continue to last. It will continue to be known and to be of some consequence. Popular music for all its adolescent appeal and instant popularity is not something that lasts. Of course there are exceptions to every rule, and when there are exceptions here they will appear on record. But as for all the other bongo, bongos, ipai pipi bongos, the mere fact that they make money doesn’t warrant their being on record. Certainly it would be a sad state of affairs if mankind were to judge culture by its dollar value. Besides that, I doubt very much whether Batko Soyuz and our parents would consent to keeping such trivialities on record in the Weekly.

If there were a field of Ukebongomusic then perhaps I would be forced to review and discuss it here. However, since our young American Ukrainians tend to build rather than to tear down our traditional, beautiful folk song, I don’t think I need worry too much about becoming a bongo music critic. As for Trivia, may she continue to trifle with the trivialities of life for they too add something to our existence. What it is I don’t really know but I know Trivia will let me in on the secret some day. Meanwhile I shall endeavor in my own modest manner to write about anything that deserves to be On Record.

So Sorry: In writing about the four members on a Ukrainian basketball team that were Irish, I put down the wrong city. It was Auburn not Syracuse, N. Y. Still I wasn’t entirely wrong, for when Syracuse saw the error they certainly got their Irish up in a hurry.

Trivia - - - - - By Sophia

“ATTENTION, FOLKS!”

“CAN you people roll your R’s?” “Of course we can roll our R’s.” Which person of Ukrainian extraction would admit his inability to do this? After this br-r-rief inter-ruption, the conductor r-r-raised his ar-r-rms again and the chorus sang out exaggeratedly, “R-r-reveh to stohne Dnpr shyr-r-rokly...” Hurrah! We did it!

Some people are perfectionists. Once they get you to accomplish one thing, they keep after you to do more and more. It’s that way with the “powers that be” of the Metropolitan Area Committee Shevchenko Festival, but in this one case it’s justifiable. After all, haven’t we proved we can put on a show that no second generation Ukrainian group can equal? And since this is so, why haven’t people the right to demand that we present a bigger and better Festival this year?

Rehearsal continues. We are shocked that the tenors are audible tonight. Wonderful what the additions of a tenor section can do to a chorus! Then the truth comes out. The tenors have been holding a special rehearsal with a lovely young pianist—female, of course. I wonder why she didn’t ask the girls to her house for this special rehearsal? Oh, well. The men know their parts, and that’s all important. After June 6th (that’s the date of our Shevchenko pageant) we girls can question why she’s partial to men. At the moment, anything to help “the cause” is pardonable.

“All right, girls. Now the ‘Vesnianka.’ With the ‘Vesnianka’ comes a group dance, just a circle of girls holding hands. Some trip over long skirts, others have short ones. (On a rainy day, those with long skirts are called “Miss Slush.”) The gay, feminine, angel-like voices (ahem!) float through the room. The men are so spell-bound that they miss their cue. (Each time they blame this on something else.) Finally the boys

join the girls on the imaginary stage and the four part chorus resounds so that even the conductor is amazed. (Oh, yes—the conductor is with the group all along. Takes patience and fortitude, and sometimes a pair of ear-plugs would help. But, what the heck! There’s still a long way to go before dress rehearsals.)

“Please, folks.” (They always call us “folks.” Couldn’t they just yell out, “Hey, gang!” or something like that?) “Please, folks, try to look happy. This is supposed to be a gay scene.” We’ve put in a full day at work, and at 10 P.M. we kinda feel all in, but we pull a dazzling grin out of nowhere and “Look happy,” as ordered. After all, the director knows more about it than we do, or we’d all be directors. But for that job, an artistic temperament is prerequisite, and unless you were born with one, it’s too expensive to purchase.

Somebody climbs up on a chair. “We’re having some pictures taken of tonight’s rehearsal, folks.” (There’s that word again.) “Try to look natural.” At this command, the women pull out a compact, powder their noses, and touch up their lipstick. The men reach into their pockets for combs, smooth their tresses and straighten their ties. “Look natural,” did he say? Too bad we weren’t told about the pictures sooner. We could have spent hours at home before the mirror preparing to “look natural.”

Ah, but such is the way with aspiring artists. After all, they must be not only tolerated, but also encouraged. And how, without artists, could we make a success of this June 6th Festival you’ve been reading about? The artists are the ones the public comes to see. Of course, our chorus helps out once in awhile. But then, why should I give the whole show away? You’d enjoy it a lot more if you’d just reserve the date. You’ve heard of “Remember the Alamo” and “Remember Pearl Harbor?” Our

Letters - - - - - by G. H.

THESE letters! Hardly a week passes without a letter from Germany. Written in German to the people in the neighborhood of a high school, they are passed through students to the teacher of German for translation. He should be able to translate them, and as a public servant he does. Indeed the task is easy, for most of them could serve as examples of composition. Rarely comes one from an Austrian Hebrew written in dialect, but that can be figured out.

But the letters from Germany, from the non-Russian Zones, are classics. Elegant handwriting, sometimes typed, beautiful grammatical construction, and words that build sentences of pathos and emotion! They tell of the writer’s poverty resulting from the war, of his destitute children and of their needs. They describe the Christmas holidays without the bare necessities for existence.

Having spent themselves on the ironic present they turn to the happy past—how it used to be before the war. Every writer was a respectable well-to-do citizen, living in a neat house and leading an honest, blissful and contented life. Once the war is mentioned, every writer avows his innocence of war crimes, every one was ignorant of what took place, none of them wanted war. So—how about a food package, or some clothing that is not new? The writer is ashamed to beg, but—the good Lord will repay.

At first, the reading of these letters evoked a feeling of pity and sorrow for the people who wrote them. However, as more and more of them came, each one following the same pattern, a kind of callousness supplanted the former feeling of sympathy. Were these not the same people who made slave-laborers of thousands of Uk-

rainians? Were they not at least partially responsible for the horror camps in which other thousands of various nationalities perished? After all, you might expect that guilty parties would be brazen enough to write such letters.

Then one day an exceptionally nice letter was read to a German class as a variation from the usual recitation. It was a nice practice for the students in the actual use of the language they were learning. When the letter was finished there was a general satisfied feeling in the class for having accomplished something practical. But one little fellow, who seemed to be indifferent toward the whole procedure, decided to take the floor. “My brother” he said, “who was in Germany, says that this is a racket. Our soldiers are selling American addresses to Germans, and the Germans write these letters so that they can get something for nothing.”

That is the story, and the reader may take it for what it is worth. The little fellow was probably right, for on reading the letter over again the opening sentence “I found your address in the newspaper” became significant.

This topic, about the German letter. Very recently a student came with the usual “Can you translate this letter, please?” A glance at the letter produced a shock on me—it was written in Ukrainian! A fourteen-year old girl was thanking “a million times” for the package her family received from an unknown American donor through a charitable organization. “I am writing in Ukrainian because I am Ukrainian,” she said, “but since you cannot read Ukrainian I am writing a separate letter in German.” No complaints, no begging for more gifts. Just a child-like repetition in every other line: “Dearest Marguerite.” Irka (Irene) Bodnar, from a DP camp in Baden, asks only for a picture of her unknown American friend.

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Taking Possession of Ukrainian Warehouse in Munich



Pictured above is Roman Smook, Chicago attorney, now head of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee Mission in Europe receiving the keys to and with them the possession of the recently acquired UARC Warehouse in Munich, Germany, American occupation zone.

The warehouse is quite well stocked with food supplies and clothing, but the turnover is so rapid that it requires very much more, immediately.

During the month of March, the Relief Committee stocked the warehouse with 300,000 pounds of foodstuffs and clothing, amounting to about \$90,000.00 in value.

To replenish the stock in the warehouse as fast as it is depleted will require large outlays of money, in form of voluntary contribu-

tions from the Ukrainian American people.

We urge each and every young American of Ukrainian descent to send in his donation, and a sizeable one at that, to the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, P. O. Box 1661, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Dire poverty exists over there. We personally have seen such letters as, for example, the other day, from a mother with four tots, all girls, whose father had been executed by the Bolsheviks, and who now are clad in tatters and who exist on a starvation diet. The mother sent a letter here and even had it registered in order to make sure it would reach us. Her appeal to help her children and herself is indeed piteous.

Help her and her children and others like them.

For the Edification of Our Newcomers

As anyone among us, we have established quite a number of contacts lately with the newly-arrived Ukrainians, that is former displaced persons. These contacts have usually been after church or at some Ukrainian community center. Conversations with them are indeed interesting, particularly in the exchange of views, opinions and information. Questions and answers are given left and right.

An arresting feature of such conversations is the type of language spoken by the newly-arrived and that by our older and younger generations. The latter cannot get over their wonder at some of the new words, phrases, and pronunciation used by the former. The newly-arrived, however, cannot get over their wonderment over how the Ukrainian language is being “murdered” by some of us, that is Americans of Ukrainian birth or descent.

What particularly puzzles them is what might aptly be called the “Americanization” of the Ukrainian language in our daily speech. Until they learn the English language well, they say, they will never be able to understand some of the “Americanized” Ukrainian. Of course they are right. Some of the Ukrainian words and phrases we use in our daily speech are indeed wonders to behold, or, rather, to hear. And yet, the same is true of other foreign languages used in this country.

We recall a survey of the foreign-language press made about eight years ago by the Fortune magazine, wherein an allusion was made to the strange and wonderful things some foreign-language editors do with words. Indeed, according to it, to a newly arrived Yugoslav, many columns of his immigrant paper would have to be translated; they are phrased either in a hair-raising version of native grammar or in pidgin Yugoslav, which might as well be Chinese. Fairly intelligible are coinages (such as koman (come on), oralt (all right), or noser (no sir)). But they are nothing compared to phrases like ronati za mera (run for mayor). A Scandinavian writes pa fikkele for “particular,” and a German belen for “buy.” Very good German-American is “Ich habe einen Kold gekeschit (I have caught cold). But the language most hospitable to English is Yiddish-American. Die boys haben a good time is said to be perfect Yiddish-American. In a word, no English word is refused admittance to any immigrant language, provided it can stand the treatment.

In the case of Ukrainian, the influence of English on Ukrainian has to say the least, borne some striking and amusing results. This is not evident, of course, in reading a newspaper such as the “Svoboda,” where there is a minimum of Anglicized words, while those that do appear in it usually have good journalistic and linguistic reasons behind them. It is in the field of spoken Ukrainian in this country, however, that the influence of English is most apparent.

The Ukrainian in America, makes copious use of English loan-words, as they are called. Some of them are the names of things with which he was unfamiliar at home, and others are words that he must use in his daily traffic with Americans. Usually he tries to bring these loans into harmony with the Ukrainian inflectional system. For instance, he forces most nouns to take on grammatical gender. Those that he feels to be feminine he outfits with the Ukrainian feminine ending, -a, e.g. dresska (dress), vinda (window) halla (hall) grocernia (grocery store), strita (street). Some nouns are felt to be plural and therefore are outfitted with plural endings. Thus “furniture” becomes fornlchi, which is equivalent to “pieces of furniture,” plnatsy is a Ukrainian adaptation of “peanuts,” and shusy of “shoes.”

As for adjectives, they must be recast also to denote by their ending the number and gender. For this reason the Ukrainian does not use many English adjectives, as they are not easy to change in this manner. But he had adopted the following: faytersky (of fighting character), homersky (bum-like), gangstersky (gangster-like), hosyusky or hosivsky (bossing).

Diminutives are formed by adding -chyk or -syk, e.g. boysyk (a little boy), and augmentatives by adding -usche, e.g. boysysche (a big boy). Abstract nouns are made by adding -stva, as in farmerstvo (farming) and plomberstvo (plumbing). He also makes infinitives denoting finish or iterative action, as z’ostuvaty (to have busted), pokuvaty (to fix completely) and jompuvaty (to be jumping).

Usually where a Ukrainian adopts an American word and then uses that word in a phrase which reminds him of some standard American phrase, the whole phrase rushes into his speech. Thus, having adopted “train,” he cannot refuse the phrases, “to get a train,” or “to catch a train,” and so he translates them into braty tren, zloyty tren, which to a person versed in Ukrainian can mean only to get hold of a train, and to overtake a train, respectively.

Yes, I Was There — "Na Rodinye"

By OLEKSIY ANDRIENKO
(Translated by S. S.)

I AM twenty three years old. For the past four years I have been living under a stigma, one which is beyond my comprehension, namely, that I am a—

"Traitor to the Fatherland." Within the circle of my family, which probably still dwells somewhere far away on the banks of the Buh river, no one among them dares to even mention my name out loud. As the evening shadows fall and my family there gathers around the table, for supper, not even my dear mother, I am sure, dares to say with a sigh: "I wonder how our Hryts is getting along?" My poor son is no doubt worrying about us." No one, neither my sisters nor friends have the right to ever think about me. My name is inscribed in some horror-laden books of record. As a result no one close and dear to me will ever be above suspicion of the authorities. For my sisters the road to education is forever barred, while my dad expects that any day he will be summoned to and interrogated concerning his son, that is if he has not already been summoned by now.

Here, beyond the frontiers of my native land, my life is that of a cornered beast. Cold eyes scan us refugees and sharp ears pick up bits of conversation or introductions. They are out to uncover who we are and wherefrom, and then to inform the repatriation officials that I am neither Oleksiy nor Andrienko, but Hrytz from the village Strizhivka, on the winding Buh. Numberless commissions, which require me to fill out the self-same forms each month, try to trip me up on even the most insignificant detail, just so that they could put the brand on me and hand me over to those hangmen in their red-braided caps.

One hears of some sort of Yalta or Potsdam agreements. According to them I'm supposed to be seized and turned over to the Reds. Today the whole world is talking about freedom, about democracy, about the destruction of the remnants of fascism. Yet I seem to be behind the eight ball despite it all. Even the Germans themselves throw in my face the epithet—"fascist" or "hitlerite." It would appear that a free world, democracy, the welfare of mankind is endangered by—me, just a plain person, a former kolhosp worker from Strizhivka. Yes indeed, en-

dangered by me are hundreds, thousands, nay hundreds of thousands of my namesakes in Strizhivka, Kamiany Luh, Alexandrivka, Babyny Luh, Poltava, Riazan, and other such villages. . .

It all started in the Spring of 1943. As always the Buh overflowed its banks and its waters lapped the hilly grounds of my village. One evening we, fellows and girls, were sitting at the edge of the river, intent upon the sight of it flowing by so fast and eating away at the banks near the home of the widow Paraska, whose garden boasted the biggest sunflowers in the village. The battle lines had moved eastward, but there was no peace or quiet for us. The hinterlands in the east were a scene of stubborn fighting with the Germans, and we, the young folks, whispered among ourselves as to what to do to free ourselves of the German yoke. It was quite late that evening before we broke up and departed for homes and sleep.

But our slumbers were soon and rudely interrupted by the roar of motors, hoarse shouts of German soldiers, and the barking of dogs. The Germans rapped upon windows and ordered everyone out, from the youngest to the oldest. We were told to assemble in the village square. At dawn we were lined up and an officer separated the young and able-bodied among us from the rest. He did this merely by pointing with his finger, and immediately that person was led aside by the soldiers. We were then herded into trucks and taken to the station. Here we boarded trains and soon we were off, moving westward, to Germany. Such then was the manner in which I was forced to leave on that unlucky Spring day my fatherland.

My reward for it all was that I was branded as a "traitor to the fatherland," my family was left in a state of constant trepidation, and today I am constantly hounded by scores of Soviet agents.

I do not care to describe the details of my life during the two years I was a German slave. I worked in a paint factory in Scharan, near Dresden. There were 120 of us, people from the East. People? No, not people but "Ost-länders." Rounded up without any warning, we left our homes without practically anything. That which we wore soon wore out, so

that we looked like beggars: In our rags, in our tattered shoes, we were indeed quite a fearsome sight to behold, even for the Germans, when each morning we made our way to the factory, our elbows rubbing against one another, and the same when we returned that evening to our barracks.

The German burgher, accustomed to think as he was told by those over him, even by the lowly *gefretter* (corporal), not to mention the *Fuehrer* himself, and having heard so much about the *Untermensch* of the East, upon seeing before him such terrible examples of the human beings before him, embraced wholeheartedly the theory that the German race is composed of *ubermensch* (supermen).

It is no wonder that at the sight of these emaciated, hungry-looking swollen-eyed people from the Soviet prisonhouse, standing at some railway station waiting to be taken to their next destination, the average burgher would be startled and exclaim the time-honored "Mein Gott!"

And now, what was the general attitude toward us on the part of the Germans, whose victorious banners were unfurled all over then. To put it simply, we were slaves, under constant surveillance of the police, factory employees, party activists, in fact of the entire German people. The slightest sign of disobedience meant for one the concentration camp. Endless labor and the barracks—that was the sum and total of our daily existence. Our diet was sufficient to keep us alive and yet designed to foster among us an inferiority complex, that we were not capable of much. For this sort of life, for this slavery on a foreign strand, I and hundreds of thousands like myself were branded back in our native land as "traitors to the fatherland."

To be sure, at that time neither I nor my friends like myself knew of this, and refused to believe it when we heard of it.

"They're all lying," said Sashko Koval, "It's just German propaganda. All propaganda lies. That is why it's propaganda."

We agreed with him. "After all, why should they call us 'traitors.' We were forced to leave. We live here like animals. Here they don't even regard us as human beings, but make us wear, sewn into our clothing, dog-like tags reading "Oest." (To be continued)

Youth and the U.N.A. ORGANIZATIONAL MEETINGS

During the past several years the Svoboda had printed a number of advertisements and reports of "Ukrainian National Association organizational meetings." A series of such meetings have been held during recent months, and others will follow in the near future; they are an important part of the current U.N.A. membership campaign.

A U.N.A. organizational meeting requires much preliminary work. Usually the person initiating the affair must contact all the officers of all the U.N.A. branches in the area (and sometimes the "area" includes an entire State). He attempts to solicit the help of all other interested parties. He must also arrange for speakers for the affair. . . well-known men who are familiar with the facts concerning the U.N.A.—usually members of the U.N.A. Supreme Assembly. He must be certain of the presence of at least one good U.N.A. organizer. . . a man who can be expected to produce results. Last, but not least, he must publicize the affair to such an extent that the interest of non-members, as well as members, will be aroused; after the meeting he must write reports for the Svoboda so that others may see what has been accomplished.

Such meetings usually result in the enrollment of numerous new members into the U.N.A. branches participating in the affair. The organizer plays an important part in this work. Before, during, and after the meeting he contacts as many of the persons present as time permits. From them he obtains "leads" and the names and addresses of prospective members. For a week or so after the meeting he is busy calling at the addresses of these prospects; if possible, he is accompanied by an officer of the U.N.A. branch which recommended the prospect. Sometimes the organizer is in one area a long time because he has a long list of prospective members to visit. It is hard work to make these numerous calls and talk to many people. . . but the successful organizer is not easily discouraged and completes his canvass of the area to the last address on the list.

U.N.A. organizational meetings play an important part in the membership campaign. We urge our readers to attend these meetings whenever they are held in their regions. If the reader is already a U.N.A. member he should attend, if only to become acquainted with the persons present, and to learn the facts regarding his organization; if possible, he should have a list of prospective members for the organizer. If the reader is not a U.N.A. member he should attend for the reasons already mentioned. . . and for the purpose of joining this truly great Ukrainian fraternal benefit society—the Ukrainian National Association.

THE PEN PAL CLUB
In previous columns, after publishing the descriptions, names and addresses of our first three Pen Pal Club members. . . all girls and all from New York State—we asked for letters from young people in States other than New York. Lo and behold! We have a letter. . . not from a State, but from a Province! We welcome our first Canadian member to the club. . . Miss Anna Fedynchuk, 145 Seaton St., Toronto, Ontario—who writes as follows:

"I would like to belong to The Pen Pal Club. I am a member of the Ukrainian National Association [Branch 432] in Canada. I hope I can hear from boys and girls from different parts of the country both in the United States and in Canada. I am about five feet five inches tall with dark hair and brown eyes; my complexion is dark also. The ages I like to have my Pen Pals from is about 16 to 19."

There you are, readers. . . a Pen Pal living in Canada. We imagine Anna will receive lots of letters.

power. Their decision to help the Ukrainians liberate themselves from the Red Russian tentacles would be a paramount contribution to world peace and individual freedom.

Talks Opening Recent "Week of Ukrainian Culture" Program in Munich

Talk by ROMAN SMOOK, European representative of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee of America

It gives me great honor to greet you in the name of the United Ukrainian American Committee, a charitable organization composed of many thousands of American citizens of Ukrainian descent, and in the name of the Ukrainian Canadian Relief Fund which is composed of Canadian citizens of Ukrainian extraction.

About six months ago these organizations were permitted to come into war-torn Europe to give aid to the Ukrainian war victims. We, on the other side of the Atlantic ocean, had very little information as to true facts of living conditions of these unfortunate people. None of us comprehended as to what depth of human misery could a totalitarian regime, such as the deceased Nazi regime, and we hope will soon be deceased Communist regime, bring upon its subjects in such a short time.

Upon my arrival in Germany I have discovered that in spite of the fact that the war hostilities have ceased almost three years ago, still there are in Germany and Austria 150,000 Ukrainian displaced Persons and Refugees who are innocent victims of both Nazi and Bolshevik tyranny.

I have found that those victims will not return to their native land as long as it remains under the heel of the Bolshevik oppressors. These victims have decided to seek a new fatherland where they would be permitted to lead a normal life, worship their God and reap the benefits of true democracy. Therefore, in order to show to the governments of the prospective fatherlands the true value, the skill and the amount of human resources these war victims still possess, we have arranged this exhibit.

The objects on exhibit are the product of the hands of Ukrainian Displaced Persons. They represent but a fraction of the great Ukrainian Culture. The value of these creations do not rest only in the items on display. A great moral is concealed behind the modest achievements shown in the exhibition and there lies its significance. The persons, whose work a visitor might see in these halls, is not ordinarily an average person who is living under normal conditions and within a normal social environment—his mind is imbued with the memory of the time when he was taken by force from his home, his family, his shop and in the 20th Century had to endure the fate of an ancient slave.

Walking through these halls of Art Exhibition you will also notice that the propounder of the system of government which rules by terror, starvation, banishment and execution, has overlooked one very important fact—that his victim takes with him the God-given gifts, such as, knowledge and skill. The tyrants have overlooked one very important fact—that neither their

predecessors nor successors will ever be able to shackle the indomitable and creative spirit of mankind.

In the name of the organizations which I represent, I wish to thank the heads of our Military Government, International Refugee Organization, Military and State Personnel and the Director and Management of Neue Sammlung for making this exhibition possible.

To the Ukrainian artists and the Committee who arranged this exhibition I wish to state that they have proven to the world that no terror nor hardship could kill their creative spirit and their desire to take their proper place in true democratic and civilized world.

Talk by DR. IWAN MIRCCHUK, President of the Ukrainian Free University of Munich

The role of the Ukraine, in the province of culture, throughout the history of Eastern Europe may be briefly symbolized. This fertile and rich country, unfortunately, was the corridor through which the hordes of Asiatic nomads rushed westwards from time immemorial ruining whatever was in their way like a whirlwind. As a consequence of her geographical position, the Ukraine, a paradise for a farming population, known for some centuries before the birth of Christ as the "granary" of Europe of these days, had constantly to provide new armies so as not to be crushed by the hoves of the plundering horsemen. These two circumstances, the wealth of the country and the necessity of fighting constantly against Asia, for this frontier territory of Europe, essentially determined the subsequent fate of the people who had always to keep eyes and sword directed toward the East. At its back was the Western World, on which it leaned for support, in which its roots were imbedded and where it forged its weapons. Robbed for long of its political independence, Ukrainians have been permitted to express their particular aims in the domain of culture. These aims culminated in the idea of the historical mission of these people.

Fate had thus decided it. The Ukrainians had been given the thankless mission, from the very beginning, of being a buffer between East and West, in fact, of being a faithful and staunch champion of an enlightened ideology, as well as propagating nearly all cultural currents that had arisen in Europe.

All the manifestations of the Ukrainian soul shown during the Week of Ukrainian Culture, the paintings and sculptures of our exhibition, the musical and dramatic performances, the national dances, all express definite western tendencies. If these products of Ukrainian culture do not entirely reflect the achievements of our native country, they give evidence of our endeavour to participate in world-wide cultural currents and to contribute, according to our limited facilities, to the renaissance of the moral life of our continent.

A Message to Our Vets

Dear Friend and Veteran:
Your most important date on the Calendar for 1948 is the Memorial Day week-end, May 29, 30, 31, 1948 at the Penn Sheraton Hotel, 39th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

This being the First National Ukrainian American Veteran Convention, we know that your attendance will be a Must on your part, as through your participation you will be an instrumental factor in the formulation of the following:

1. Name of the organization, 2. Purposes of the organization, 3. Membership (definition of), 4. By-Laws.
- In other words your voiced opinions will determine the advancement of this Organization nationally.
- Veteran organizations desiring to be represented at the Convention will be obligated to remit Ten Dollars (\$10) for post registration fees, which will entitle them to send four (4) delegates for the first twenty-five (25) members and one (1) additional delegate for each fifteen (15) members or fraction thereof.

For your convenience and economy we have available complete books of tickets for the following functions—Welcome Dance, Banquet, Semi-Formal Dance, and registration fee for delegates or guests. Price of complete book is ten dollars (\$10).

Your co-operation will be appreciated if you will indicate to the Reservation Chairman the requested information.

1. Date of arrival, 2. Number of

PYSANKY

(Condensed)

The Surma Book & Music Co., pleasantly situated on East 7th Street, N. Y. C., is at the moment holding its annual sale of pysanky, which are brilliantly dyed hen's eggs that Ukrainian girls make a pretty practice of presenting to their boy friends on Easter Sunday morning. This year the Ukrainians won't be celebrating theirs until May 2nd.

Mr. Surtmach emigrated from the Ukraine in 1911. He specializes in Ukrainian sheet music, records, and magazines, and has been doing a brisk seasoned business in pysanky since 1922. He sells around two thousand of them every year, at prices ranging from fifty-nine cents to two dollars and a half. The price depends on the intricacy and coloring of the designs, which have the richness and variety of egg-sized Oriental rugs, if you can imagine such a thing. We looked over a hundred or so gay pysanky in the course of a recent visit to Surtmach's shop and weren't surprised to learn that Ukrainian girls spend many a long winter night dyeing a single egg. In the old country, the tradition is that if a young man is dissatisfied with the pysanka (singular of pysanky) that his sweetheart has given him, or if the heartless creature has failed to give him a pysanka at all, then on the following day he is entitled to duck her in a pond. At any rate, that was the tradition. Mr. Surtmach has heard that it has been petering out of late years and that this sensible ducking procedure has now, alas, given way to a mere dousing with a bucket of water.

The Ukrainian custom of distributing brightly colored eggs is far older than Christianity, having originated as a pagan rite symbolizing the rebirth of the land. Many of the traditional pysanka patterns, executed in five or six colors, feature the eight-pointed Ukrainian star, which is thought to be the symbol of Atar, a sun god. Basic designs vary from one part of the Ukraine to another. In the neighborhood of Hutzul, in the Carpathians, pysanka patterns are built around such symbols as the sun, standing for good fortune; an endless line, standing for eternity; a rooster, standing for fruitfulness; a deer, standing for prosperity; a fir tree, standing for youth and health; and a triangle, standing for such ancient trinities as air,

reservations desired, 3. Name and addresses for whom reservations are to be made, 4. Designate whether Guest or Delegate, 5. Rate of Room or Rooms desired. Single—\$4.50 to \$7.00. Double—\$6.50 to \$9.00. Advance deposits must be made either by money order or check.

We know that you have been eagerly awaiting the Arrival of the First Ukrainian American Veteran Convention. Its success depends upon the participation of each and everyone of us. At the same time we are interested in making your stay in the convention city interesting and harmonious. In order for us, to be able to render the consideration to you which we desire we are requesting that you submit your application for registration and reservation as soon as possible.

This Convention will take place in the History of Ukrainian American Veterans, Ukrainian Youth and all Ukrainian Youth—and all Ukrainians interested in the welfare of our people.

Therefore register early with Chairman Miss Catherine Podhay-Chairman Miss Catherine Podhay-phia, Pa.

(Concluded on page 3)

Importance of A Slogan

Perusing the various magazines and newspapers these days, one instantly becomes aware of the fact, that American national consciousness is being brought to the foreground by patriotic pictures accompanied by printed statements as—"Be a good American" or "I am a good American!" It is not all surprising to see it cropping up at this time, for, in a critical period, it is exactly what a nation needs to arouse it from a lethargic state. We Ukrainians should follow in similar fashion because the stimulating quality it possesses produces good effects.

It not only stirs national consciousness, but as it inspires it induces noble thoughts and spirit which result in a loftier form of patriotism so vital in a crisis. Also, such positive qualities as love, courage, fighting spirit which it instills, can also prove to be most invaluable in a drive towards a goal.

While paying heed to our American patriotic duty, let us not forsake those whose blood flows in our veins. To be loyal to one, yet disloyal to our heritage would not only be wrong, but most unpardonable. It's this type of person that our foremost, beloved and loftiest patriot Shevchenko refers to in his quotation, that one should not desire to be: Чужого научайтесь свого не цурайтесь.

М. УРОСЛАВА.

Nuts and Bolts

It takes thousands of nuts and bolts to hold a car together, but only one nut to scatter it all over the countryside.

UKRAINIANS ARE NOT "RUSSIANS"

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

Because Ukraine has been politically a part of the Soviet Union for almost 30 years, there is a general impression that the Ukrainians are friendly and cooperative with the Russians and that the Ukrainians and the Russians differ very little culturally or ethnologically. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Ukrainians and Russians have been bitter enemies, both in Europe and in America, for centuries, and to call a Ukrainian a "Russian" is to profoundly provoke an enlightened Ukrainian.

The reasons for this attitude and conduct are not only from a character and moral standpoint, but primarily due to a cultural and historic pride. As to personal character and morals, the Ukrainians are definitely superior in every form. And as for their culture and history the Ukrainians have developed a distinct national culture that compares with the best of other nations.

Russian history is not Ukrainian history, and impartial scholars and historians have more than demonstrated the independent origin and development of the Ukrainians as a distinct national entity.

Ukraine has the geographic misfortune of being adjacent to the more powerful and inherently brutal Russians whose Empire had its beginnings in Moscow, and from which point the Russian Empire expanded in all directions. The Ukrainians, traditionally a peaceful and unselfish people, have as a result become victims of the conquering Moscovites, the ruthless Czars and now the totalitarian Red Kremintines.

Only for brief intervals through-

out the last few centuries were the Ukrainians able to free themselves from the paws of the Russian Bear and establish a self-ruling nation. This happened under various Kozak leaders, notably under Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky 300 years ago, and under General Petlura during the First World War. But after each such independence the hapless Ukrainians who inhabit a beautiful and productive land, were reconquered, enslaved and exploited.

Such is the tragic political history of the Ukrainians and it is therefore no wonder that, because the Ukrainians have been a part of the Czarist and Bolshevik Empires so long a time, that the average American assumes that the Ukrainians and Russians are one and the same people, or that there is very little difference between them. To dismiss this erroneous and damaging impression convincingly would involve the preparation of a treatise, for which space does not permit. Reference is therefore made to recent books by Chamberlin and Manning which adequately cover this subject.

To summarize the undisputable facts it should always be remembered that the (1) Ukrainians are a distinct nationality, different from the ruling and adjacent Russians, and that the (2) Ukrainians still yearn to establish a legitimately free and independent sovereign Ukrainian Republic. After 30 years the Russians have failed to subjugate and Sovietize the recalcitrant Ukrainians as attested by the continual resistance movement throughout Ukraine. This cardinal fact is slowly but surely being recognized by men of influence and

