



The Ukrainian Weekly
Supplement

№ в З. А. Америки; № Закордоном

Тел. „Свобода“: ВЕрген 4-0237 — Тел. У. Н. Коисы: ВЕрген 4-1016

№ в the United States; № Elsewhere

WEEKLY: No. 20

JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, MONDAY, MAY 17, 1948

VOL. XVI

JOINT SHEVCHENKO LECTURE
SHOWS NEW TREND

Brilliant finale to a series of lectures sponsored by the New York Music and Arts Guild in their first year's activities, was the lecture-musical on "Shevchenko's Poetry in Music" given on Saturday evening, May 8th at the Guild meeting rooms in the Midston House on Madison Avenue, in which the principal speakers were Dr. Luke Myshuha and Stephen Marusevich.

Although the lecture was announced by Julian Jastremsky, president of the Guild as only an introduction to the further study of Shevchenko, it nevertheless showed a new trend in approaching this familiar subject through scientific analysis and research. Stephen Marusevich, young musician who teaches at the Franklin Square City School, and is choral director of the Philadelphia Ukrainian Cathedral Chorus as well as the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of N.Y. & N.J., admitted that the initial research required to prepare his lecture from a musical standpoint gave him a new insight into the study of Shevchenko, as well as a deeper appreciation of the poet's genius as a creative artist.

The Speakers

The ten young professional singers and pianists members of the Guild, who sang compositions illustrating points of Mr. Marusevich's lectures, acquired from him a new knowledge of evaluating music composed to Shevchenko's verse. From Dr. Luke Myshuha, editor of Svoboda, author of several works in Ukrainian and English on Shevchenko, lecturer on that subject at various institutions,

as well as principal speaker for many years at Shevchenko concerts in various states, the young artists received simple advice on the proper interpretation of Shevchenko in music, through knowledge of the background and the meaning of his poetry.

Speaking in the typical bilingual fashion of present day young Americans of Ukrainian descent, Mr. Marusevich showed how the Bard was responsible for regenerating, inspiring and stimulating a new era in Ukrainian folk songs. Pointing out that it was hard to distinguish where folk songs ended and Shevchenko's creations began, the young lecturer declared that there-in shone the master-craftsmanship of a poet who understood his people, their emotions, philosophy and dreams, and for these people created singable verses, reflecting these very moods and thoughts in forms familiar and dear to them. Almost effortlessly, said Mr. Marusevich, the verses of Shevchenko were accepted into the natural store of folk songs.

Dr. Myshuha later gave further illumination to this phenomenon by explaining that Shevchenko was also a singer who was familiar with and often did sing compositions by Verdi, Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, yet knowing his Ukrainian peasants whom he loved, and depended on to carry out their fondest dreams of freedom and human dignity, he deliberately created for them verses in the familiar rhythms of the kolomyjka, the kozachok or the kollada, so that they could easily lend themselves to the rhythms of the existing folk songs and could be sung

FOLK DANCE PROGRAM
AT N. Y. MUSEUM

Ukrainian dances will be shown at the Museum of Natural History 79th Street and Central Park West, New York City on Thursday afternoon, May 20th at 2 P.M., as part of a program of international dances. The presentation called "Folk Dance Fair" is under the direction of Michael Herman and will be performed by a group of dancers from the Community Folk Dance Center. In addition to the dances of many lands, the Ukrainian dances, "Arkan," "Chumak," "Zhuravel" and "Katerina" will be shown. It is interesting to note that the only Ukrainian who will be doing these dances is Michael Herman, the others are people of various other nationality backgrounds. Admission to the Museum is free.

at once, which was exactly what happened.

Mr. Marusevich, who is musical director of the forthcoming Shevchenko Pageant sponsored by the N. Y. Metropolitan Area Committee, gave examples of songs believed to have been composed by Shevchenko himself, to his own verses, as well as examples of his verses sung to old folk songs. Verifications of the Bard's deliberate aim to create poetry for music was the disclosure that he approached composers like Marusevich to set one of his poems to music.

The second half of Mr. Marusevich's lecture dealt with Art Songs composed to Shevchenko's words. He pointed out that the effect of the Kobzar on Ukrainian music is of great significance, since it has inspired some 250 original musical compositions based on Shevchenko's words, a unique benefit. Most inspirational seems to be the poem Haydamaki.

The Soloists

With the knowledge that Shevchenko's verses are the sublime in meaning, in emotion and aesthetic beauty, said Mr. Marusevich, it is only just to seek these corresponding qualities in music composed for it to qualify its worthiness. For evaluating music that properly interprets Shevchenko's poetry, the lecturer asked Stephanie Turash, soprano who has starred in light opera at the Paper Mill Play House to sing V. Zarembo's "I am one,

Town Hall Debut of Ukrainian Chorus
This Saturday

The Ukrainian National Chorus in New York, under the direction of Prof. George Kirichenko, will make its "big-time" debut at the famed New York's music center, Town Hall, this Saturday evening, May 22, 1948, at 8:30.

This will be the first appearance at Town Hall of a single Ukrainian choral group. In the past there were several appearances of a group of choruses under the direc-

tion of the late Prof. Alexander Koshetz, whose original Ukrainian National Chorus coming here from Ukraine in the early 1920's took the music world by storm then. We urge our young people to support Prof. Kirichenko's group's Town Hall debut by attending it, and thereby help it and other choral groups to further such appearances, be it at Town Hall or Carnegie Hall.

NOTICE

The Ukrainian Weekly will not appear next week (May 24). The "Svoboda" will appear in its place then.

The Ensemble

The lecturer could not give much time to discussion of the longer musical forms of compositions like cantatas, symphonic poems and operas, and ended his talk with illustrations of good choral compositions. Sung by an ensemble of members, namely Mary Lesawyer, Mary Bodnar, Stephanie Rygiel, William Chupa, Julian Jastremsky and Stephen Marusevich, the choral works heard were "Learn my Brothers" (Uchitesia), by M. O. Hayvoronsky, "The Testament" by Stetsenko, "Little Shoes" (Cherivchky) by Filaret Kolesa, and Revatsky's "Why have you blackened, O green fields."

Interesting to note was the fact that the performing artists are deep in the subject of Shevchenko, inasmuch as most are appearing in the forthcoming Shevchenko Pageant. Mary Lesawyer will sing the title role in the opera "Katerina." Mary Bodnar will also sing in this opera and will play the part of Glafira in the playlet "Shevchenko at the Reprin's," wherein Stephanie Rygiel also assumes the role of a French princess. Olya Dmytriv is the over-all director of the Pageant.

Dr. Luke Myshuha, who was forced into the field of research on the subject of Shevchenko when he was called upon for many years to speak at countless Shevchenko concerts, has, a result, built up a following of listeners who know that he has never spoken twice on the same phase of this vast subject and has always presented a new facet for consideration and thought. He has continuously sought out the newest and best material extant in his Shevchenko research, including Smal-Stotsky's extensive studies, as well as Soviet-Ukrainian and other sources. At Saturday's lecture, Dr. Myshuha could only "open the door for glimpse" into his great knowledge of the Bard's works, by briefly explaining the meaning and historical background of several poems, such as "Dum", "Why have you blackened, O green fields," "The Lyre player" and a few others.

Youth's Understanding of the Bard

Seeking, as he has done in the past, to solve the younger generation's problems in a simple manner, the lecturer explained to the young artists present that interpreting Shevchenko properly requires heart, soul and sympathy for the Ukrainian people and for the Cause. Shevchenko's works, he said, cannot be dissociated either from the problem of Ukraine in his day, nor from Ukraine's and the world's problem—the problem of human liberty and human dignity. This was the very reason, in

PAUC WRITES CHURCHILL ON
UKRAINIAN SITUATION

The Pan-American Ukrainian Conference secretariat dispatched last Friday, May 14, from its office at 50 Church St., New York, the following message to Mr. Winston Churchill in London:

"Dear Mr. Churchill:

"This is anent your recent Hague address propagating the idea of European unity. The cause of such unity has without doubt been advanced by this, your most recent and most statesmanlike pronouncement on the subject. With it the cause of enduring peace has also been advanced.

"You are indeed to be congratulated on this account. And this we are privileged to do, we of the Pan-American Ukrainian Conference, an organization formed last year in New York at a conference attended by delegates of national representative bodies of American, Canadian, Brazilian, Argentinian, Paraguayan and Uruguayan citizens of Ukrainian descent.

In offering our congratulations, we likewise express our devout hope that in your noble endeavors to help secure European unity and thereby peace, you do not overlook the national plight of the over forty million Ukrainian people in their native land Ukraine, of those who do not rule their government but are despotically ruled by it, and by a foreign and very brutal one at that, namely, that of Soviet Russia.

"Although, unfortunately, no exiled leaders of the Ukrainian people and of their struggle for national freedom were invited to this recent Congress of Europe, we entertain the desire to believe that you, Sir, and others like you, were aware, even without their presence, of the profound and steadily-widening implications involved in the Ukrainian problem.

"It is quite obvious that no people with the historical traditions, the national aspirations and the indomitable spirit that the Ukrainians possess, can allow themselves to be permanently enslaved. The breaking point and its attendant consequences is bound to come sooner or later. And certainly no thoughts of European peace and

unity can be complete without consideration of this latter fact. Here, also, should be considered the fact that as long as Ukraine remains under foreign domination, it will continue to be a pawn of international intrigues and the object of aggressive designs of predatory powers, out to retain or gain its natural riches and strategic values.

"Alas, there is not enough realization of these uncontrollable facts in the higher echelons of European diplomacy. And with it, there is insufficient knowledge of the role Ukraine has played, although a submerged nation, in the political, cultural and economic development of Europe, and of the far greater role it could play were it a sovereign state.

"Likewise underestimated is the steadily growing power of the Ukrainian liberation movement, the spearhead of which is the well-nigh legendary UPA (Ukrainska Povstancha Armiya—Ukrainian Insurgent Army), which during the war fought against the German occupants and since the war and to this very day has been conducting a heroic fight, of a guerrilla nature, against the Soviet occupants of Ukraine.

"Once the Ukrainian liberation movement finally succeeds in gaining its objective, it will thereby not only liberate a people of their national thralldom and enable them to resurrect their Ukrainian National Republic of post-World War I days, but, in a broader sense, it will also deprive Russia of much of its war potential and thus blunt the edge of its aggressive, expansionist policies.

"That of itself will be a great step forward to the European unity, peace and security which all of us so earnestly desire."

The message was signed by the PAUC secretary general, Stephen Shumeyko.

Orchids and...? - - - by G. H.

DETROIT'S Club of Graduates gave a concert, so did Connecticut's Ukrainian Youth Organization. New York's Shevchenko Festival is around the corner. Philadelphia is frequently mentioned in the press for Ukrainian activities, so are several other cities where life seems to be humming and youth is wide awake. Happy are the people who can attend and enjoy these affairs. If they are not happy, it is because they do not know what they would miss if they lived in "the sticks".

They are entitled to this happiness, especially so are the parents who gave their children an education and at the same time instilled in them the love for their own people. We have been witnessing the pay-off of this two-fold parental endorsement in the performances of our young musical directors and artists responsible for the youth activities in several cities. The combination of education and a desire to be of service to Ukrainians is functioning splendidly to the delight of the fortunate people who live in these communities.

It anyone thinks that this is only an idle throwing of bouquets to several young people and that youth activities have been resumed everywhere, let him come to any Ukrainian community in north-eastern Pennsylvania to be disillusioned. Let him see and feel the void in the lives of young people there, and he will return to New York or Philadelphia or to a dozen other cities with new appreciation of the Ukrainian youth in action.

Generally speaking, Ukrainians are the same all over the world. But some are more ambitious than others, and they send their children to higher institutions of

learning. Not only do they send them there, they encourage them in learning from early childhood. Some Ukrainians love their people and overlook their offsprings. Others see nothing good in their fellow countrymen, their conversation at home is limited to knocking ahead a little, and their envy results in no end of gossip. Their children know nothing different but what they hear at home and with that attitude they grow.

Since our communities are made up of many Johns and Marys, all with responsibilities and characters of their own, they determine the quality of their community. A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, says the Good Book. Neither can a selfish and ignorant community bring forth a self-sacrificing leadership. If an exception occurs, he or she is hounded out of the home town soon enough, or wastes his or her life in a futile effort to remake the community, a job akin to running against a stone wall.

Credit, then, to whom credit is due. The parents of our young leaders in music, art and other pursuits, who use their abilities in the service of their people, are to be commended. They find their reward in the successes of their children. Their communities are reaping benefits too, even though it be to the extent of creating a wholesome environment for the growing generation. As to the other type of Ukrainian communities—there is no hope for them, unless the injection of a fresh and healthy DP element works an effect on them. In that case, Lord have mercy on the unfortunate DPs.

the opinion of Dr. Myshuha, in elaborating on a statement made by Mr. Marusevich, for dearth of music compositions by talented Soviet-Ukrainian composers, set to Shevchenko's words.

The study of Shevchenko, said this serious student of his works, can open their eyes of a person to

reference and respect for Ukrainian whole gamut of emotions, of philosophy, and problems on universal level.

A singer, interpreting even a love song, advised Dr. Myshuha, must keep in mind Shevchenko's

(Continued on page 3)

Trivia - - - By Sophia

"FELLOW WORKERS..."

CAN'T keep up with them. "Today we're on strike, tomorrow we're not. But just because we've agreed not to strike for ten days; don't think there's no impending danger. Ha, we may still strike next week." It seems to be the fashion to strike. Every time you pick up a newspaper, you read of another union intending to strike in a week, unless...

Some cases of strikes are justifiable, but quite often those who strike are the ones who have been getting increases, bonuses, and shorter hours all along. There are many workers who might strike, but don't.

Take, for example, the garbage collectors. Now there's a dirty old job, with no prestige attached. Of course, there's always the uniform, but you won't sing it's praises too loudly. Then again, these men can ride a truck on the job. It's not necessary for them to walk all day, like mailmen do. Up to now the salary of the garbage collector has been something like: "forty dollars a week and all you can eat." And do they complain? Do they strike? On the contrary, they say business is always picking up.

Another group which doesn't strike is the farmers. Sometimes the ground isn't as productive as it should be, or the clouds transport the much-needed rain elsewhere. The farmer rises early, puts in a full day in the hot sun, and retires with the chickens in order to get enough rest before the alarm goes off again. His social life is practically nil. He not only has the production end to handle, but also the distribution. There's so much work that I suppose he doesn't have time to strike.

Diamond cutters are still another category you never read about in the newspapers. Chop, chop, chop all day long, making little rocks out of big ones. The merchandiser they handle might be harmful to the eyesight, but you still don't read about any diamond cutters' strike. It's the same old grind all day long, and not a peep out of them.

Window washers (at least those who work in tall buildings) have good reason to demand a raise in wages. Picture yourself perched on the sixty third floor. Wouldn't you ask for an increase just for being up there, even without washing windows? One false move, and the gain is your beneficiary's. But do these boys go on strike? Maybe they don't because a walkout would do them more harm than good. You know what happens to people who walk out on the sixty third floor!

The bartenders are another bunch who are always on the job. At least it seems like always—from breakfast time (in case your orange juice needs a chaser) to the wee morning hours. The bartender has to put up with boisterous drunks, jokers, and all other types of people. He's on his feet all day long, running from pillar to post (or should I say "from bottle to tap?") And still the bartenders' union doesn't strike. Maybe it's because the patrons wouldn't let them do any such thing.

So you see, not everybody goes on strike. There are still people who scrub and toil and never bother anyone, or toot their own horn for a raise. But there is, however, one strike I do want to see, though I may not live even to read about it. That's a strike for longer hours and lower wages.

On Record - - - by Ted Victor

SPRING FEVER

I've got spring fever, and I think it's wonderful! It's not just an ordinary case. Ah no! this is something special. Something that is only acquired by long and careful study. Just so you may learn a bit from these studies, I offer you a few suggestions on how you might go about acquiring this particular type of spring fever.

In the first place you must tear yourself away from the routine things of the day. The change from the barren bleakness of winter to the ingenious capriciousness of spring must be complete. Go out into the country, down to the sea, go anywhere where you may view the enchanting handwork of spring. Go near or go far but be sure to see the delicately colored blossoms, the deep red maple contrasting against a background of green grass and freshly turned earth. If you have a car, travel out to the high hills and give all five of your senses a rare treat. Relax, feast your eyes on the glorious scenery, inhale the blossom scented air, taste the sweetness of the fresh spring breezes, listen to a sym-

phony, which in itself is the very essence of spring, and finally touch the hand of that person which makes this pleasure complete. For to travel alone in spring, as it is in life, is to deprive oneself of half the enjoyment. Discover, remember and discuss these wonders of spring with this rare being that shares your love of beauty. Forget you not, wives, husbands, lovers and acquaintances are many but friends that reflect your own feelings are few and far between. Walk, you then in all places that have been touched by the magic hand of spring. Forget your cares, forget all that would interfere with your pleasure for this day. In the evening look up and see the ships of clouds sailing across the expanses of an inverted, star studded sea. Gaze long at the glittering lights in this majestic spring night and thank God for His gift of life. Then when you have all these things enjoyed, come home and once again try an ordinary, life to live. Sit down at a typewriter, a column perhaps to write and unless I'm completely mistaken, spring fever you'll have, just as I.

Yes, I Was There — "Na Rodinye" Ukrainian Literature — A Mirror of the Common Man

JOURNEY TO THE SUN

By OLEKSIY ANDRIENKO
(Freely translated by S. S.)

(Continued) By C. H. ANDRUSHYSHEN (3)

By SKR

(Continued)

MICHAEL'S and Tetiana's wedding was the occasion for the announcement of the engagement of Marusia and Petro. Toasts were offered them. Then someone proposed that Valentin get married too.

"Let him remain single. Otherwise another fine fellow will be lost."

Nonetheless they began to search for a prospective bride for him. In a short while they decided that Oksana would be the best wife for him. She was a pretty girl. The Germans had shot both her father and mother and burned down their house. Somehow we managed to get Valentin and Oksana to sit down together and tried to get them kiss each other, but Valentin, with a deep blush spreading over his face, bashfully refused.

Finally Oksana took the matter into her own hands.

"Come now," she said, "let's kiss." And quite unceremoniously she embraced him and planted an ardent kiss squarely upon his lips.

"Wasn't so bad, was it?" she exclaimed, a bit breathlessly.

"Hey, let's have some more drinks," someone in the party called out.

But there was no more wine left. The matter was quickly remedied. Some of the fellows went over to the owner of the factory, to Timme himself, and soon returned with a whole barrel of golden fragrant Rhine wine.

Early that morning a car drove to our barrack. On its side side was painted the Red star. A Soviet major emerged from the car. We smiled in amusement when we saw his flashy gold-embossed

shoulder epaulets. They fairly shrieked in their vividness. The visor of his cap was pulled down over his eyes. And then another visitor emerged from the auto, Timme himself, the owner of the factory. He pointed at us and said to the major:

"These are some of my workers."

"They're a fine looking bunch, all right," the major remarked approvingly, and then asked us, "How did this skunk treat you?"

Rather haltingly we replied that we had no special complaint to make against him.

"Well, let it go at that. A German is always a German. Take everything here you can lay hands on. It's all yours. Get ready to go back home. Your land, your comrades are awaiting you. There's plenty of work there to be done, enough for all of you. But have some fun here first, and when you're through assemble in Dresden, from where you'll be repatriated."

Climbing back into his car, the Major drove off. We began to get our belongings in shape, in preparation for our departure for home. Some of us put them into valises, other into knapsacks. All of us had more than we could carry. So we threw everything we could not take with us out of the window, or deliberately destroyed it. Each one donned several shirts, one over the other. The girls did likewise with dresses. For we all feared that somewhere along the route back home we would be stopped and all our possessions would be confiscated, leaving us to get back in the same condition in which we

had to leave to do slave labor in Germany, that is with practically nothing.

There was no method of transportation to Dresden. We had to hike it. Poor Tania cried over the fact that she had to leave behind the sewing machine Michael had gotten for her. Michael did his best to cheer her up. However he finally did manage to dig up from somewhere a little hand-cart. The two of them then had to rack their brains on how they could pack all their belongings into it.

Just before that evening, several Soviet officials arrived. Koval and Michael went over to them. Koval was assigned the task of preparing a list of us and to furnish them with written statements from our former employer that he had worked for him. These statements which Koval obtained were then duly stamped by the Red commissars. Koval now became an important personage in our eyes. Besides the red ribbon on his coat lapel, he now wore also a red band around his sleeve with the letters USSR on it, while his cap bore a glaringly red star. He became very officious. In fact he demanded an auto for himself.

Among us there was a woman, who though young had the calm dignity of more advanced years. Because of her general aloofness, we always addressed her by her full name. She came from a city, and like us had been forced into forced labor by the Germans. It was no secret that she was religiously devout, and that she hated the Soviet order. Despite this Koval desired to have her as his secretary.

"You're smart and educated," he told, "I'd like to have you as my personal secretary."

(To be continued)

Marko Vovchok

The cornerstone of Marko Vovchok's entire literary endeavor is the *Institutka* ("The Seminary Graduate") in which is collected and concentrated all that which she had scattered throughout her previous stories. Here too the serfs suffer the injustice of their fortune, but not passively. Like Nastya, Prokip in this story yearns for freedom, come what may. He exchanges his serfdom for hard military service. That service is extremely difficult to bear, and is in no wise easier than the life under the lords, but he is a free man, and that very thought buoyed him up. He is not happy; but he is content. This tendency is an entirely new feature in the Ukrainian literature of the time.

The *Institutka*, being Vovchok's chief work, was dedicated to Shevchenko. And for a good reason: for much of what was expressed in her stories, she gathered or imitated from Shevchenko's poetry, some of which is simply filled with descriptions of human misery and injustice. The poet exerted a great influence on her, and highly appreciated her stories. In a short poem dedicated to her he calls her his daughter; and, in fact, Marko Vovchok did become his successor in the expression of the people's griefs and grievances.

In this connection it must be borne in mind that Shevchenko is in himself a profound mine of ethnographical knowledge. A poet has not yet appeared in world literature whose work presents so vividly and exhaustively the life of his people as does Shevchenko in his exalted poetic chronicle which comprises the entire historical period of the Ukrainian people.

As long as Marko Vovchok depicted only the manners and customs of the common folk in her stories, she was successful; but as soon as she attempted to invest these stories with a psychological element, to bring into them sociological problems with a view to analyzing and solving them, she failed. For to invest the peasants with exalted feelings and make them speak intellectually and learnedly, is to make the stories in which the figure artificial, drawn-out and falsified.

The Subjects She Wrote On
No one more than Marko Vovchok realized the insincerity of

such an effort. For that reason she turned for her material and themes to the treasury of Ukrainian folklore, traditions and historical songs. The subjects she selected from that vast store she broadened and vested with the poetic beauty of her language. Some of these are idyllic in character; others fantastic; still others are known as historical fables. To this category of tales belong her *Karmeluk*, *Nevlinchka* (The Serf), and *Halya*. The central feature of these stories is the evidence that out of misery and sorrow there emerge fighters, heroes who, in order to gain freedom and better fortune for themselves and for their people, employ their physical might mercilessly and unscrupulously—a far cry from the passive serf of the first period of Vovchok's peasant type, or even from the second, where one sees the peasant aspire to freedom and gain it even at the risk of eventual destruction.

Marko Vovchok was also a worthy follower of Ivan Kotlyarevsky, who was the first in Ukrainian literature to condemn the evils of serfdom. The humanitarian trend of her stories derives in part from Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a work which was read extensively in Europe in the middle of the last century.

In many ways she is akin to Kvitka, especially in the ethnographic character of her stories, in the tenderness of her treatment of her themes, in the fragrance of her language, in the aura of sentimentality with which she encompasses her descriptions of folk life, and in her tender types of women. Both the authors are not too inventive in their feminine creations. All their women characters are monotonously uniform and shallow figures with similar characteristics—meek, obedient, humble, naive, honest, prudish, chaste. Practically all the heroines are the acme of these perfections. The two authors differ, however, in their attitude with respect to serfdom: Kvitka does not deal with it in his works; Vovchok, on the other hand, makes serfdom her chief concern. Kvitka is a moralist; Vovchok merely narrates, without any of the former's religious sentimentousness. Kvitka is considered to be the "father of

"Grandfather, what lies beyond that mountain?"

"The wide, wide steppe, my son."

"And beyond that?"

"The grave-mounds—and another mountain."

"And far, far away—beyond the mountains and the steppe—what lies there?"

"Far, far away, beyond the sight of eyes, past the wide steppes and the mountains, my son, are the tall iron pillars that hold up the heavens."

Thus the inquiring mind of the small Taras Shevchenko, feeding on the folk-lore and legend of his birth-place, found fertile ground for imaginative creations.

Writing under the pseudonym, Kobzar Darmohray, we find many of Shevchenko's works written in the Russian language, not because he feared to write in Ukrainian, but because he wanted to show that even a Ukrainian, that dull, plodding serf and slave was capable and had the intelligence to learn. The language of the court, the artist, the singer, the literati was also within the scope and reach of those who sought. But how was this down-trodden serf to realize these facts if he were not shown and taught? And how was Shevchenko to teach his people if he did not first teach himself?

So we find his curiosity, his thirst for knowledge, not the selfish, idle aspiration of an egocentric, but the strong-purposed goal of a man working in the present and planning for the future of his—his people. Every word—every poem—every scrap of prose, held a lesson, hidden in beauty or steeped in ugliness for those with perception to find, to chew, to ponder and mull over, then finally

to discover the deeper meaning hidden under rhyme and meter.

We cannot view the story of the pillars as a pretty little fantasy, light reading or charming entertainment—that would not be Shevchenko. To him, seeking a basis for truth, those pillars were the supports of morality, freedom, the rights of all men as human beings to equality and happiness. This was the heaven, the Utopia, he dreamed of, which he sought in his dying day, but which, as in childhood when he chased a mirage, so in manhood evaded him.

"Journey to the Sun," one of the sketches of the Shevchenko Pageant to be presented by the Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee on Sunday, June 6th, 1948 at the School of Fashion-Design, New York City, was inspired by this story, taken from Shevchenko's memoirs. His boyhood days, spent with his sister Katrya and brother Mykyta, were among the happy recollections he was to have as he sat imprisoned, guarding a precious candle and paper and wiping out present bitter thoughts with memories of the carefree past. The Festival Group is endeavoring to present this chapter as an inspiration to "seek, and ye shall find"—for are we not, as a nation and as individuals, seeking those pillars—that basis—upon which our own Heaven-Paradise-Utopia could rest?

It is not difficult to find allegorical significance in literature. But allegory is written with a purpose, and unless one profits from the story, the allusion is lost. If, in viewing the sketch, one grasps the intent, and pauses, if but for a moment to consider the meaning, one has then truly begun his own "Journey to the Sun."

COMMUNISM EXPOSED

A DIGEST OF COMMUNIST INFILTRATION

(Concluded)

If no other evidence were available, we would be justified in demanding an investigation of these policies and their origin. Actually, there is evidence that in shaping the Potsdam Agreement in Germany, important U.S. Treasury officials were pro-Soviet. Likewise, our traditionally conservative Department of State became infested with Communists and their sympathizers during and after the war.

proposals, based on expert advice:

1. Actual traitors, whether Communist, Fascist or Nazi, should be prosecuted. Such persons in government should be considered as potential traitors and removed from their jobs. Those who sympathize with them or have been consistently deceived by them should not hold "sensitive" positions. By this we mean jobs which determine or influence policy or which involve access to confidential information.

Communications

Communists are not content to have their agents in Washington. In addition they are actively infiltrating every agency for influencing public opinion. This includes radio, motion pictures, newspapers, books, magazines, and research groups. Thus, the Communist press recently complained that some friendly commentators have been removed from the radio. Communist infiltration in Hollywood was proved by the Tenney Committee in California. Reds have infiltrated some large publishing firms. They are trying to obtain a monopoly over all writers through the establishment of an American Authors' Authority which they would control. They hope to deceive public opinion and thus dictate national policy.

The combination of all these efforts produced real success for the Communists. For example, we now admit that our appeasement foreign policy during the years 1945-1946 was a fearful and costly mistake. It gave the Soviets advantages which might ultimately give them world power. Yet this policy was largely a result of the combined pressure of the Communist fronts, together with their agents in labor and government, and their ability to mislead public opinion.

2. Since Communism thrives on deceit, it should be exposed. The Communist Party should be required to publish its membership lists. The Department of Justice should be urged to label more "front" organizations as Communist controlled. When Communists are forced to act in open, American common sense will judge them rightly.
3. No one should join or support any organization or club until he is sure of its sponsorship both locally and nationally.
4. The problem of Communism in the labor movement requires special tactics described in our earlier study. In general, education on the nature of the problem and development of American-minded leaders within the labor movement will help greatly. Such education can be sponsored by unions, churches, schools, and patriotic groups.
5. No nation, even in dire poverty, has ever voted for Communism. Communism is always put over by revolution or intrigue. In spite of this fact, a necessary bulwark against Communist expansion is an effectively functioning free economic system, such as ours. For this reason, efforts should be made to show by education the superiority of our system over Communism and the benefits it holds for the common man.

Counterattack

To fight Communism successfully, we must first be sure as to what it is and how it works. Communism makes traitors of its members. They must be considered as agents of a foreign power. But, apart from spies, they do most of their damage through deceit and trickery. They mislead "innocent liberals" and capture labor and other organizations. On this basis we make the following

These simple, direct proposals should appeal to every American regardless of race, creed or economic status. They are the minimum demands of patriotism. Every citizen should make this a personal struggle. All should strive to become better informed about Communism and to help others to know the truth. Only in this way can we remain free.

Our Government and some others have made a beginning in

Letters to the Editor

Weekly Format

Editor of The Ukrainian Weekly—As one who has been reading the Weekly appreciatively for so many years, I would like to compliment it on its new format. Large and unwieldy though it may be to handle, still it really appears to me as being better in format than the previous tabloid-sized one. Some of my friends disagree with me here, saying that the tabloid-size Weekly looked better, but I'm sticking to my guns.

Oh, yes, before I forget it, I want to toss a couple of bouquets. The Weekly is read by me and my otherwise dissident friends from the proverbial cover to cover. More power to it. And it's a great help to me in learning about my Ukrainian nationality and problems.

J. O. Irvington, N. J.

Vets

Dear Editor: I'm a vet of the last war. Up to now I've kept away from joining any of our local Ukrainian American veterans organizations. Why? Because I didn't see any particular sense in them. Maybe that was because I was just tired of the long hitch I had in service and wanted to become just another d. civilian, and relax.

But now I feel differently. The way things are shaping up in this world, the Ukrainian cause could stand some help from some national Ukrainian American veterans organization, in one way or another. That's why I'm looking forward to the coming first convention of Ukrainian American veterans to be held this coming Memorial Day weekend. I'm going to be there. I hope lots others like myself will be there. Maybe we can all get together and set up a real national Ukrainian American Legion.

VET.

The old Irish lady was told by the doctor that she had gangrene. "Well," said she, with the resignation of God's will typical of her race, "thank God for the color any way."

exposing and eliminating Communist influence, but if the people fail to continue to keep up the pressure these beginnings will not be enough. It is up to you!

"Only A Little Bit Lower Than The Angels"

It isn't often you'll find a group of approximately one hundred people, from different areas of the country, of varying ages, religious and scholastic backgrounds, uniting into a solid unit with a minimum of dissension, and with but one thought in mind: To aid their less fortunate fellow-men. If they can do this, overcoming prejudice and internal strife, then they are "only a little bit lower than the angels."

Difficult as it may be to believe, such a group has been formed in the Greater New York Area, the New York Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee. In this group you will find no Catholic, Protestant, or Orthodox member. You will find no doctor, truckdriver, stenographer, Phi Beta Kappa, mechanic, artist or lawyer. But you will find Ukrainian Americans and Ukrainians, submerging their identity as individuals, working toward the common goal of helping those less blessed than they. They acknowledge, in the words of Alexander Pope, that:

"In faith and hope the world will disagree
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end."

It is not necessary to tell them how urgent is the need for food, clothing and shelter for the forgotten man, the Ukrainian Displaced Person, who is looking to America, barely lifting trembling hands and pain-scarred eyes, as if heavenward, whispering "Mercy," "Help." How could they, possessing all the

(Continued on page 3)

Dear Homemaker . . . by P. D.

Meat, even the less tender cuts, is still a high priced item and the wise homemaker will learn the grades of meat and how to cook them. The grade is as important as the cut. A low grade of a so-called tender cut (such as a T-bone steak) may not be completely tender.

Let's take a look at the grades of beef and their distinguishing features. U. S. Choice meat has thick covering of white or creamy white fat and the lean is well-marbled (intermixture of fat and lean in the meat). U. S. Good has less fat covering, less marbling and the lean is pale to deep red. U. S. Commercial has thin covering of slightly yellow fat, very little marbling, and the lean is light to dark red. U. S. Utility has thin yellow or bluish-gray fat, practically no marbling and the lean is light to very dark red.

The lower grades of meat, especially Utility, are less tender and require moist heat cooking. This may mean that liquid (water, tomato juice, vinegar, etc.) is added or it may merely mean that the meat is covered to hold in its own liquid.

If you buy T-Bone or Porterhouse steaks, be sure you know your grades or ask what grade it is. These steaks are composed of three muscles which vary in tenderness. In Choice or Good steaks all three parts will be tender and the steaks may be broiled. But if you get Commercial or Utility grade, you will find that the three muscles of the steak differ so much in tenderness. It is then wise to separate and prepare them in different ways. The tenderloin, the most tender part, may be broiled. The loin, a larger muscle, will need moist heat. It may be made into a Swiss steak. The flank or tails of the steak may be ground coarsely for meat patties or loaf. The bones may be used for soup stock or broth.

If you buy a few of these less tender grades of steaks, at one time you will have enough meat for several days of appetizing and interesting meals. That ever present question "What am I going to serve?" can be quieted with satisfaction and need not bother you for several days. Besides, you will notice more extra change in your purse and a little extra time to catch up on those doings for which

Dear Homemaker . . . by P. D.

you couldn't find time.

Want to try a refreshing appetizer? Mint tea served in grapefruit or fruit cocktail makes a deliciously different and decorative appetizer.

Are you bemoaning your fate because you can't stroll in a garden of your own and pick a fresh bouquet of flowers for your table as some other people can? Why not try making your table colorful and attractive with centerpieces of fruit or vegetables—and eat them as part of the meal. Try this salad centerpiece on a low bowl or tray: Creamy celery hearts, white or yellow turnip cubes, yellow carrot sticks and curls, pale green cucumber wheels, radish roses, and white cauliflower-ets.

You couldn't wash dishes very well without a dishpan, nor would you get along too well without hot water and soap. Well, you can get along without a tray . . . but why try? You know you do dishes three times a day, usually, 265 days a year and that adds up to a lot of times. Then figure out how many trips from the table to the sink you make each time you do dishes—quite a number, isn't it? Well, that's where the tray comes in. Why not try taking the tray right to the table, stack and scrape the dishes on the tray and then make your trip to the sink. And carry leftovers to the counter or refrigerator on a tray, too. You may not be able to do it all in one trip, but you'll make fewer than if you didn't use a tray. And if you save even one trip each time, you'll save yourself a lot of walking in a year.

(Concluded on Page 3)

"SVOBODA" (UKRAINIAN DAILY)
FOUNDED 1893
Ukrainian newspaper published daily except Sundays and holidays by the Ukrainian National Association, Inc., 81-83 Grand St., Jersey City 3, N. J.
Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Post Office of Jersey City, N. J. on March 10, 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.

A RADIO INTERVIEW ON UKRAINE

(Continued) Nan.—Is wheat the only agricultural product she produces? Nan.—My goodness, no. There are cotton, hemp, flax, potatoes, sugar beets, tobacco and, also, cattle—all these are produced in quantities for the development of the food and the textile industries. Mrs. D.—Do the Ukrainians look like the Russians? Mrs. D.—The Russian is not a tall man. The Ukrainians are tall, long-limbed, and broad-shouldered. As a rule they are dark-haired and dark-eyed, and have broad faces, bright complexions and straight noses. Of course, there has been a certain amount of mixture of races so you will find light and medium coloring also. Nan.—Don't they speak Russian? Mrs. D.—Certainly they do, but I suppose that under Russia they must also speak Russian. Nan.—Tell us something about the cities of the Ukraine. Mrs. D.—Kiev is old capital of the Ukraine. Legend has it that Kiev was founded in the year 864 by three brothers. It is built on the hilly bluffs of the right bank of the River Dnieper. Nan.—Isn't that strange. A city is generally built on both banks of such an important river. Mrs. D.—In spring the river rises and submerges the left bank and the lower parts of the right bank. This must be the reason Kiev was built up on the hills. Kiev is a city that has been fought over many times through the centuries and very much of it has been destroyed and rebuilt time and time again. Of the Old Town there remains the Golden Gate, which is a ruin of the 11th century ramparts and bastions. The gate was built in 1037 but only the side walls now remain. The cathedral of St. Sophia is also in this part of the city. This cathedral is the oldest in all Russia and has also been rebuilt many, many times. In fact, its original form is quite lost and only a few of its 19 domes date back to medieval times. Its golden cupola is visible for miles across the steppe. The interior of the cathedral has the most beautiful 11th century frescoes and mosaics. During the invasions in the 17th century they were covered with whitewash and they were rediscovered in 1842. Nan.—There are a lot of cathedrals and churches in Kiev, aren't there? Mrs. D.—Yes, there are very many churches and monasteries. There's St. Andrew's built on the spot where it is said the apostle stood and declared a great city would rise there. There's the Decanal Church where the foundations of the Grand Dukes were discovered in the churchyard. And the Andreas Church, situated right on the edge of a cliff overlooking the river. On another hill is the church of Three Saints, built on the site of the ancient temple of the pagan god Perun. Then there's the monastery of Lavra which is a very sacred spot. Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims visited there annually before the revolution. Its caves and catacombs, where the

CLASSICAL MUSIC

A chance of gaining knowledge in any field, should never be passed up—as this particular branch of education generally is. Instead, any opportunity presented one, should be welcomed, and viewed with an open mind, tolerant attitude and a willingness to learn. For whatever one learns, one will gain by in enriching one's personality—sounding it out more fully, thus enabling an individual a far more interesting life. Entering the realm of music, one will find it a vast storehouse of culture of many lands. Besides being educational, it is a wonderful form of expression for one's emotions. It is food for the soul, uplifting one spiritually and intellectually to glorious heights, making life more beautiful, more meaningful and more endurable. Such will be the individual's reward, if the treasure chest of classical music is once opened, liked and pursued. MYROSLAVA.

awakens from its winter sleep, the people of Ukraine prepare for the greatest of holidays—the resurrection of Christ: Easter. Music plays a large part in the lives of the Ukrainians, and the songs written in observance of Easter are especially beautiful. The most important of these is a refrain sung during every church service. Christ is risen from the dead, and with his death has overcome death. And to those in the grave he has given life. The entire congregation joins in this holy song. The melody rises from their hearts and tears brim their eyes as the full meaning of Easter is realized. We have a portion of this refrain to play for you, which was recorded in Lviv, Ukraine, before the war by a male chorus. (Chorus record played).

In contrast to the serious choral music are the many countless Ukrainian folk songs. Every occasion, every season, every celebration has its own group of folk songs. Characteristic of Easter is the Halivka which is sung only after the church services when the young folks gather on the church lawn to make merry.

We have now an example of a Halivka. In this recording, the boy tries vainly to get a girl named Halya to dance with him. But her reply is typical of girls everywhere. "I haven't a thing to wear!" (Chorus recording).

Several Ukrainian Easter songs were then explained and sung by Mrs. Liba Terpak.

Nan.—And now I want to talk about the hand arts of the Ukraine. By the way, I am the New Jersey Chairman of the International Federation of Hand Arts. We want to encourage women to do all kinds of hand skills, such as knitting, crocheting, weaving, embroidery, spinning, painting, and any hand culture at all. Doing hand arts of this kind is not alone a wonderful pastime, it is often very profitable—and more than that, it relieves nerve tension. Keep your hands busy and you'll keep your mind from worrying.

Nan.—Now, Mrs. Dobriansky, how about the women of the Ukraine and these hand arts?

Mrs. D.—Ukrainian women have done hand arts of this kind all through the ages. They spin and weave their own fabrics, sew them into garments, embroider and crochet the designs and decorations for them. They work in pottery, inlaid woodwork, carving and the world famous pysanka.

Nan.—What is the pysanka? Mrs. D.—The Easter eggs—and most timely right now with Easter coming tomorrow.

Nan.—Yes, I want to know all about the Easter eggs. How did this start? Mrs. D.—It is one of the most colorful springtime traditions among any of the European peoples. Its origin is lost in antiquity. Long ago the tradition of exchanging the beautifully colored eggs at the beginning of spring was firmly established.

Nan.—It is symbolic of spring, of course. Mrs. D.—The egg is the symbol of new life and end of creation and spring is certainly the time for rebirth.

Nan.—Do the designs on the eggs have any meaning or theme? Mrs. D.—The original designs were, of course, very simple. The inspiration for them naturally stemmed from the rural and agricultural theme. These original designs have developed over the years and certain signs now have descriptive names such as wheat, the cathedral, the hoe, rake, rain, tear and sunray—to mention some of them. And the designs also have meaning.

Nan.—What are some of the meanings? Mrs. D.—The symbol for the sun, which is a circle with lines for rays coming out from its circumference, means "Good Fortune." The deer symbol means "wealth, prosperity." The fir tree means "Eternal youth, glowing health." The chicken symbol means fulfillment of wish, and so on.

Nan.—It is like a sign language. Mrs. D.—Yes it certainly is. The writers in the Ukraine are very long and there is little that can be done outside during the long evenings. So, the women and the girls spend much time decorating

Youth and the U.N.A.

BRANCH 171 SOCIAL ITEMS

Walter Michaelson, attorney at law, recently announced his association with Anthony A. Cicchione in the general practice of law with offices located at 400 Harrison Ave., Harrison, N. J. His wife, Olga, is an employee of the U.N.A. and is a member of U.N.A. Branch 171.

On May 5th Mary and Paul Haurus of Rutherford, N. J., became the parents of a baby boy who was named Peter Paul. Mrs. Haurus is a former employee of the Ukrainian National Association, and is a former president of U. N. A. Branch 171 of Jersey City, N. J. Mr. Haurus had served with the U. S. Armed Forces in the South Pacific. Peter Paul is their first child.

On May 8th Ann Marie Hrabar of Jersey City became the bride of Theodore Mykytko of Miami, Fla. Mrs. Mykytko is a member of U. N. A. Branch 171 and her husband is a member of Branch 170 of Jersey City. The bride's father, John Hrabar, is secretary of Branch 170. The couple will make their home in Miami.

THE PEN PAL CLUB

"Seeing the Pen Pal Club begin-

ning in 'The Ukrainian Weekly,' I would like very much to have some pen pals," writes Miss Olga Pochumursky, 5 Winter St., Hartford 5, Conn. "I am 18 years old and have dark blonde hair and blue-gray eyes, and am 5 feet 3 inches tall. I have not gone to school since I was 14 years old because I got very sick and now I cannot walk. Because of this handicap I lost all of my friends. I cannot and do not work, but at home I do some embroidery. My interests are various. I simply adore classical music and like to read either Ukrainian or American books."

Olga is the 19th member of the Pen Pal Club and we sincerely hope that she receives many letters.

The club now has 7 girls and 12 boys as members. Let's have more letters for publication! Interested readers will see your letter in this column and will write to you. The purpose of the club is to acquaint young U.N.A. members with each other, so send in your letter as soon as possible. All communications pertaining to the Pen Pal Club should be addressed to Theodore Lutwinak, c/o U.N.A., P. O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N.J.

Vet News Roundup

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I am a World War II veteran and have been totally disabled for a few months. At the end of my sixth month of total disability, will I have to continue paying my National Service Life Insurance premiums or is a waiver granted automatically?

A. No automatic waiver or premiums is ever granted. A veteran must be totally disabled for six months before he may apply for a waiver of premium. You are entitled to file a claim for refund of those premiums you paid from the date on which the waiver became effective.

Q. Who is entitled to the compensation or pension check received prior to the death of a veteran?

A. The check or checks received prior to the veteran's death become a part of his estate.

Q. I am a World War I veteran and would like to know if I can get a guaranteed loan under the provisions of the G-I Bill?

A. No. Benefits of the G-I Bill, Public Law 346, are for World War II veterans only.

Q. What is the largest amount I can borrow under the provisions of the G-I Bill and still have the loan guaranteed?

A. There is no limit to the amount which can be borrowed under the G-I Bill. The limitation by law is on the amount of the government guaranty and not on the amount of the loan.

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eggs for the coming Easter time.

Nan.—We have one of these eggs right here in the studio. I wish you could see it. It is perfectly beautiful. It looks like some exotic egg-shaped ornament. Its decoration is so beautiful, it gives one the impression that it is covered with jewels. Yes, here are some of the symbols, (ad lib on egg).

Mrs. D.—The Easter eggs are commonly exchanged by the Ukrainian people as they greet each other during the Easter celebration. Following the Resurrection Service and after the food and eggs have been blessed, the people gather outside the church and exchange Easter eggs as tokens of friendship. The traditional phrase "Khrystos Voskres," which means "Christ is risen" accompanies the gift. The response is "Voistinu Voskres," which means "He is risen, indeed." But the gift an egg by a girl to a young man has a special meaning.

Nan.—What is that special meaning? Mrs. D.—It is her special way of telling him that she would like to march down the aisle with him.

Nan.—In other words, she wants him to marry her. Well, every Easter is a bit of a Leap Year in Ukraine, eh?

Mrs. D.—Yes, I suppose you might call it that. The young men who think they have been slighted by not having received any, or enough, eggs, take a special delight on Easter Monday, in sprinkling the girls with water or sometimes even ducking them.

Nan.—Do the Ukrainians in this country follow these customs? Mrs. D.—You are holding an American-made Ukrainian egg in your hand now. This tradition of making and giving eggs has been proudly retained by Ukrainians who have come to make their homes in America. They are happy to contribute this ancient art to the evolving culture of this country.

Nan.—Yes, every country has contributed its share to the culture of America, and this is a very delightful and beautiful contribution.

"RISE, MY SLEEPING BEAUTY, UKRAINE"

You sleep beneath golden fields of grain And dream of days when life knew your fame. Kozaks riding—splendid timing Peasants singing—gayly ringing Children's laughter—dancing faster This was your people, Ukraine, your name!

oh Rise, My Sleeping Beauty, Ukraine For o'er the horizon is light Radiant in freedoms' might The hope of everlasting peace. We wait, let slumber cease. Rise, My Sleepy Beauty, Ukraine!!! SANDY Connecticut

UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

(Continued from page 2)

the Ukrainian novel" in general, while Vovchok is the pioneer in the social novel. In the suppleness and melodiousness of the language, and in the poetry of her simple tableaux she surpasses Kvitka, and is second only to Shevchenko, in that respect.

Writers, who find in Common Man the Bearer of Ukrainian National Tradition

Panteleymon Kullish (1819-1897), a poet, novelist, journalist, historian, ethnographer, and public man, prided himself to be the successor to Shevchenko. It was through his personal care that the stories of Marko Vovchok were printed, as were the works of many another Ukrainian author. Facilities for this were easily available in the printing press which Kullish owned and operated in St. Petersburg. There he also published the periodical Osnova ("Foundation") which introduced to the Ukrainian public a goodly number of beginning writers. Kullish himself was interested in the manners and customs of the village people, and was an ardent collector of the historical songs and dumsy, which he often transformed and published. He translated the Bible and Shakespeare. One of his greatest works was "The Notes on Southern Rus'" an ethnographical work on Ukraine. Of great importance also is his historical novel Chorna Rada ("The Dark Council") which he wrote under the influence of Sir Walter Scott. In his shorter stories Kullish sought to imitate the manner of Kvitka, whose influence is much in evidence in such folk stories as Orlysa and Divochke Sertse ("A Maiden's Heart").

Anatole Svidnitsky's novel Lyuboratsky will be treated more fully in the section in which we shall deal with the Ukrainian novel. At this point suffice it to mention that here the description of the folk manners and customs is complemented by those of the upper stratum of society represented by the students of the seminary and by the family of a clergyman. In that section we shall also discuss the novelists Ivan Nechuy-Livitsky and Panas Mirny whose works at least partly belong to the ethnographic-realistic school.

In the work of Stepan Rudansky (1830-1873) the description of folk life is extended to include the characteristic features of the different ethnic groups living in Ukraine—Russians, Poles, Jews, Gypsies; as well as of the several classes of society—peasants, landowners, clergy. These groups, types and orders Rudansky treats through the prism of his humor. Their lives with all their pettiness and ibilities he transforms into a caricature, yet not farcically enough to make them lose their semblance. In his humorous quatrains Rudansky smiles, laughs, guffaws; but he does so through tears and groans, for he is one of the most tragic of all the figures of Ukrainian literature. His life had been continually black and bleak.

(To be continued)

What They Say

Secretary of Defense James Forrestal, at a dinner held in New York, marking the unification of America's armed forces:

"I have faith in the United Nations over a very long future, but I do not believe that it can give us the political solutions for all the world at once. You don't ask a baby to carry a steel girder the day after he has learned to walk, and neither can you ask such a new untried organization as U.N. to be the crucible in which century old racial and ethnic problems are to be solved. I may be wrong, but I think that the only chance for our success in meeting the problem and in finally re-establishing the political and military balance which are the foundations of peace is to maintain our strength. That means economic strength, military strength and finally spiritual strength."

General Omar Bradley, designate Army Chief of Staff, in an address made during an industry-Army program in Dallas, Texas:

"I do not for a moment believe that the Department of the Army is a sacred institution to be protected by the illusion it can do no wrong. Generals are just plain people — and like anyone else, they are often wrong. Sometimes they are pretentious—like some of the businessmen... During the war mistakes were made—many of them. In an undertaking so tremendous, there were bound to be instances of incompetence, extravagance, abuse and even dishonesty. In all, the War Department made 800,000 contracts, in a program of 120 billions of dollars. Let us remember that human nature doesn't change when you wrap it up in a uniform. The Army — like business — has its sheep and goats. As long as men are covetous and greedy, there will be 'dirty linen to wash' — in the Army and out of it. And as far as I am concerned, the Army's dirty linen will get a public airing."

SHEVCHENKO LECTURES

(Concluded from page 1)

ian women, as the keepers through the centuries of Ukraine's bondage, of the traditions of freedom and liberty.

The lecture-musical ended with refreshments during which lively discussions were carried on.

The Guild Lectures

The Music and Arts Guild, with this Shevchenko study, has completed a year's program of lectures launching serious study of various Ukrainian subjects. The first lecture, by Prof. A. Bernyk of Hunter's College, was on the subject of Ukrainian Music. The following lecture was given by Mr. S. Slobojun on "Composition in Art," leading to the subject of the third lecture held by the eminent Sviatoslav Hordynsky on "Ukrainian Art Today." An introductory lecture on Architecture was next given by Julian Jastremsky, as prelude to a future talk on Ukrainian Architecture. The concluding lecture on "Shevchenko's Words in Music" promised to lead to further talks on this subject.

The series of lectures was planned by the Guild's program committee, whose members are Olga Lepkova, Stephanie Rygiel, Mary Bodnar, Stephanie Turash, Julian Jastremsky, Myron Kushnir, Joseph Smindak.

Officers of the Guild are: president, Julian K. Jastremsky; vice-president, Olya Dmytriw; secretary, Mary Bodnar; treasurer Myron Kushnir.

M.M.

THE STORY of the UKRAINE

By CLARENCE A. MANNING Assistant professor of Eastern European Languages COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY Published by Philosophical Library—New York PRICE \$3.75 SVOBODA BOOKSTORE P. O. Box 346, Jersey City 3, N. J.

WEEKLY BANTER

The film director was addressing the actress. "In this scene, the young man rushes into the room, grabs you, binds you with a rope from head to foot, and then smothers you with kisses."

"Is the young man tall, dark, and handsome?" she asked.

"Yes, why?"

"Then he won't need any rope."

John: Librarian, I want the same book I had yesterday.

Librarian: Did you like it that much?

John: "Nope" said he, "but I wrote a girl's telephone number in it."

As the railroad train was stopping, an old lady, unaccustomed to traveling, hailing the passing conductor, asked:

"Conductor, what door shall I get out by?"

"Either door, ma'am," he graciously answered. "The train stops at both ends."

A farmer in St. Joseph, Missouri ordered a fancy pig from a breeder. When the pig arrived it was so small that the farmer sent it back with this note:

Dear Sir:—From the comparative size of the pig and the bill, I am forced to conclusion that you got them mixed. You should have sent the pig by mail and the bill by express.

What does your husband work at?" one woman asked the other.

"He's an efficiency expert in a big office downtown," replied the other.

"Efficiency expert? What are his duties?"

"It's hard to say exactly," explained the second woman, "but if we women did it, they'd call it nagging."

Trainer: "Well, ol' man, I'm afraid you're licked now."

Boxer (gazing dizzily): "Yes, I guess you're right. I should have got him in the first round when he was alone."

"Will you let me kiss you if I give you a penny?" said the stern old lady as she approached a four-year old boy.

"A penny," said the boy disgustedly, "I get more than that for taking Easter oil."

The nurse beckoned to one of a group of expectant fathers at the hospital and announced, "You have a fine son."

Immediately, another man rushed up and complained, "What's the idea? I was here before he was."

Let's take a look and then ponder thoughtfully and search our hearts to feel the richness of these truths expressed by Patience Strong.

"What can I give today? Out of my heart—what can I give?—What can I give—not get—for only this way can we live—to glorify our Maker Who gives richly to each one—the wonders of the universe, the stars, the trees, the sun?... What can I give? This is a question every man may ask—give of yourself, in kindness and the good unselfish task—in cheery words and happy thoughts, in tolerance and love, and all the unseen gifts that we receive from God above... The world is hungry for these things—so give and give again—the more you give, the more you have—His bounty does not wane—Give love and draw love to yourself—this thing that all men crave—Give what you have, and God will give you back the thing you gave—To keep your treasure is to die—to lose it is to live—The angels keep the records in God's counting-house—so give."

HOMEMAKER

(Concluded from Page 2)

