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Shevchenko Pageant Marks Flowering
of Ukrainian American Youth

Proudly, happily, the 80-odd young singers of the New York Metropolitan area surged to the footlights of the School of Fashion Design's immense stage in a brilliant array of the Ukrainian national costume, and in a full-throated swell that beat at the hearts of their 1500 listeners they sang the "Ukraine, my Beloved" chorus from the Shevchenko-Arkas opera "Katerina," climaxed their second successful Spring Festival given Sunday, June 6th by the New York Metropolitan Area Committee and titled "Shevchenko Pageant."

The excerpt of the opera "Katerina" was the high-light of a four-part program which set a new high in program-planning and marked a revolutionary departure from a century-old style of Shevchenko celebrations. Continuing the custom inaugurated at last year's Festival, of presenting a program of individual acts that formed an integrated artistic whole, this year's Festival Committee, headed by Olya Dmytriv of Jer-

se City, presented scenes exemplifying various phases of Taras Shevchenko's life and his teachings.

The resulting Shevchenko Pageant, of necessity, held a sober tone, yet so impressed were its young participants with their Shevchenko heritage, of the sound ideals of freedom, truth, justice and human dignity, which proved after all to be American ideals too, that they attracted some of the finest young Ukrainian American artists into their ranks to assure its proper interpretation and perpetuation. Considering this fact and the added fact that all performed gratis, the proceeds going to the United Ukrainian American Relief then truly, Sunday's performance saw the flowering of Ukrainian youth in America.

as announced in the program, represented the salon of the Reppins, gathering place of the foremost artists, singers and musicians of the day, where Shevchenko is an honored guest and is completely at ease in this cultured assemblage as he reads excerpts from his newest poems. In a glamorous setting of an aristocratic Ukrainian home of 1840, Shevchenko talks with his dear friend Princess Barbara Reppin, who was later instrumental in freeing him from exile, he is shown talking with Seletsky, foremost producer of his day, who talks of producing Shevchenko's opera "Mazepa," he is charmed by Princess Kekuatova, spoiled darling of society, whose portrait he has come

to paint, and which later proves to be one of his best works; he discusses politics with Count Kapnist and Prince Reppin, who served Napoleon in Saxony, and who took part in the battle of Austerlitz; he talks with Princess Glarifa Psolivna, whom he inspires to write poetry and whose sketches of him still exist.

"Shevchenko at the Home of Prince Reppin," written with excellent intent and knowledge of Shevchenko lore, made unusual demands on the artists of its actors. The role of Princess Barbara, played by Stephanya Nogga, won plaudits and admiration for her, for her fine stage presence, her sparkling personality, the obvious understanding and sympathy she gave to the role, and her excellent portrayal of one of Shevchenko's loves. Her sister, Mary Bonar, already known for her serene demeanor on the stage either as an actress or concert soloist, proved an excellent choice to play the Princess Glarifa. The role of Princess Kekuatova, whose portrait Shevchenko came to paint,



STEPHEN MARUSEVICH
musical director



OLYA DMYTRIV
director

stage. Proper, if erratic lighting and good scenery contributed to the fine esthetic quality of the dream sequence, wherein the three angels were acted by Stephanie Zborowski, Olga Masakowska and Jean Kozik.



MARY POLYNYAK-LESAWYER
as Katerina

was played by Stephanie Rygiel. Prince Reppin, as played by Walter Barnetsky, and the Young Prince, his son, as played by Theodor Shumeyko, were roles easily handled. James Gaboda in the role of Count Kapnist, had opportunity to use excellent French, and his flair for showing fine manners. William Chupa in the role of Seletsky gave promise of developing fine histrionic ability. Joseph Trush, remembered for his fine eloquence in reciting poetry, portrayed an enlightened and sensitive footman. The leading role, of Shevchenko, played by the newly arrived to these shores Alexander Bisyk, was a charming surprise. Unexpectedly underplaying his role, and helped by make-up created by Feodor Braznick, which was uncannily like the familiar portraits of young poet, Mr. Bisyk portrayed a soft-spoken, poised Shevchenko, an intellectual using flawless Ukrainian, a man accustomed to the admiration and plaudits of his cultured friends. A plausible Shevchenko, at that particular time of his life.

Seeing a Shevchenko, who created some of the world's best poetry, come all alive, was a moving experience for many in the audience, and one not to be forgotten in a long time.



JOHN FLIS
dance director

The Prologue, in which, under Stephen Marusevich's sensitive direction, a 50-voiced choir sang Shevchenko's "Last Will," established a familiar bridge from which to view the first act, "Journey to the Sun." Young John Gutter, son of Samuel and Anna Gutter of Jersey City and representing the newest generation in America to master Ukrainian in playing the part of six-year-old Shevchenko, lent credence to the enactment of a scene from the Bard's young life, wherein his early understanding and deep desire of a free homeland leads him to a childish dream of asking this wish from the angels who guard "the golden pillars that hold up the sun." The grandfather who inspired the real Shevchenko with tales of Ukraine's past glory and who, in this act, tells

Contrasts - - - by G. H.

SLUMMING was once a sport of the upper strata of American society; perhaps in some cities it still is. It meant a visit to the slums out of sheer curiosity or for the purpose of diversion or even for sociological study. The word "slums" has several synonyms or characteristics, such as dives, poverty, vice, etc. A combination of these makes a neighborhood tough and forbidding to an outsider. Hence, slumming implies an adventure into the unknown.

The slums with which we are familiar through reading or observation are being gradually liquidated with the help of civic organizations or philanthropy, or by a betterment in economic conditions. There are, however, slums peculiar to Ukrainian settlements which can be combatted by Ukrainians alone. This type of slums has not been named as yet, but for convenience it may be designated as Ukrainian spiritual slums.

For many of it is not unusual to venture into this type of slums without being aware that we are slumming. We feel that something is lacking in this community or that, but find it difficult to distinguish the shortcomings. We find the people living in reasonable comfort. But they all seem to be interested in their own personal welfare to the exclusion of any joint civic effort or support of a worthy Ukrainian cause. That, in a sense, makes us feel that we are present in a spiritual "dive."

Their poverty lies not in the need of material things, but in the absence of consciousness of their national origin and of the cultural values attributed to their race. They are ignorant of the history and traditions of their own people, and they are devoid of the pride in the accomplishments of

their race simply because they know nothing about it. A recent visit to this kind of community to attend a wedding disclosed a poverty in Ukrainian songs. What is a wedding without singing? But these people forgot the words and the melodies that seemed to linger only faintly in their memories. If this is not a spiritual poverty, call it by any other name, it will not sound healthy.

And then there was vice, not in the usual moral sense, but vice just the same. Again and again they referred to their nationality as "Russian" although they knew it was different. They tried Ukrainian and Russian songs, and though they could get no further than the first stanza of each, they were able to distinguish which was Russian and which was not. The word "Ukrainian" seemed to be too difficult for them to pronounce. "What can you expect," asked a guest in answer to my criticism, "when even in church we are addressed as Rusin-Ukrainet? Translate this into English and see what you get."

It was a relief to sit in a New York auditorium two weeks later and wait for the opening of Taras Shevchenko Pageant. The girl ushers vied with one another with their embroidered costumes, each one different from others, yet each one distinctly Ukrainian. Soon the curtains parted and a riot of colors from the choristers' costumes met the eyes. Here was art that pleased with a thrill. Then came the songs, melodious, in harmony with the colors, captivating the audience. Let artists describe the art. As for me, it was an adventure that Shevchenko probably never experienced. If we could only bring the people from backward communities to the Pageant! Or if we could bring the Pageant to them!

On Record - - by Ted Victor

Now that the crowds have left, the dust has settled down on the stage, and all of the props have been returned to their respective owners, I believe I can well afford to glance back at all that transpired on June 6th at the School of Fashion and Design in New York City.

The Shevchenko Pageant was the second attempt by the Young Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee to produce something worthwhile of our Ukrainian heritage. No doubt there are some fifteen hundred people that will testify to the fact that they succeeded.

Thoughtful and sober were the issues resolved in Part III of the program, which presented a meeting of the Sts. Cyril and Methodius Brotherhood taking place in the home of Bilozersky in Kiev around 1846. Members of the

Not everyone was entirely pleased for it was a different sort of program that covered a wide range of entertainment. Some people wanted more of the dancing, others wanted more singing, while still others preferred more of the dramatic portions of the Pageant. However, I feel certain that all will admit that even though they might not have cared for everything, each and every part of the program was far superior to anything they have ever seen on the Ukrainian stage.

Hardly anyone will ever know the amount of time and effort that went into this production. All of the work was multiplied by the fact that for everyone concerned with the production this was something new and something different. These were not professionals. These people were all amateurs that were trying their best to put on a professional show. Often during the preparatory stages it was a hit or miss proposition but through persevering labor they managed to overcome many of the obstacles. Details often overlooked in regular productions, were strictly adhered to in this one. For instance: All costumes were correct in design and in wear. All props and scenes were as close to the original as possible. The piano used on stage for the Reppin scene was actually 1 hundred years old, etc.

In going into all of this detail and in producing an excellent show, the Young Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee has set a new standard for Shevchenko concerts. From now on whatever concert is given, it will have to stand comparison with this Shevchenko Pageant. This comparison and the gradual improvement of the taste of our public in general should revolutionary (for the times) views, by reading excerpts from his poem "Epistle," listeners heard him make his startlingly accurate and sound prophecy that has withstood all tests of time and all twists of counter-isms: that a Ukrainian, in understanding himself and his own cause, that a man must be a free man in his own free land, will know that his cause is the cause of everyman; that when Ukraine is free, then all enslaved peoples, not only of the Slavic race, but of the world, must also be freed; that Ukraine's cause is now the World's cause.

Editorial

SHEVCHENKO PAGEANT

THE other day someone of our younger generation, who had been persuaded to attend the Shevchenko Pageant given by our young people in New York City a week ago last Sunday, phoned us and said, "You know, it did me good to see such a stage portrayal of Ukrainian life of the past."

"What do you mean?" we asked, not knowing what she was driving at.

"Well," she replied "those couple of acts in the Pageant, that is the Reppin and the Shevchenko-Kostomarov scenes, portrayed a life among the Ukrainians in the old country which some of my friends had begun to doubt whether it had ever existed."

"How come?" we asked. "You see," she continued, "up to a year or so ago, all the plays we used to see on the Ukrainian stage here, usually included such characters as 'Moshko,' the Jewish 'korshma'-keeper, plus Ivan, the rustic hero declaiming or singing his undying love for the equally rustic albeit tragic-voiced heroine who invariably fainted or committed a spectacular suicide, and then there was always a lot of would-be jokes, artificial pathos, much ribald guffawing and, of course, a lot of 'horivka' being gulped with gusto. And as for the sets, surely, well—let it go at that..."

"It looks," she concluded, "like it finally had to take our American-born young people, through their festival-pageant as well as dramatic groups, to improve the Ukrainian stage in this country and present not only the less desirable but the more desirable elements of the Ukrainian life of the past. And, mind you, not crudely, but professionally, and by amateurs at that."

To which we replied: "Ditto!" We have been privileged to be intimately connected with the Ukrainian American youth organizational life too far back to remember, and have taken part in many of its cultural manifestations. Accordingly, when we say that the Shevchenko Pageant given by our young people in New York on Sunday, June 6 is the best stage presentation ever presented by Ukrainian American youth—we know what we are talking about.

To be sure, we recall well the previous achievements of our young people in this connection. Practically all of them were under the auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

went into this production. All of the work was multiplied by the fact that for everyone concerned with the production this was something new and something different. These were not professionals. These people were all amateurs that were trying their best to put on a professional show. Often during the preparatory stages it was a hit or miss proposition but through persevering labor they managed to overcome many of the obstacles. Details often overlooked in regular productions, were strictly adhered to in this one. For instance: All costumes were correct in design and in wear. All props and scenes were as close to the original as possible. The piano used on stage for the Reppin scene was actually 1 hundred years old, etc.

In going into all of this detail and in producing an excellent show, the Young Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee has set a new standard for Shevchenko concerts. From now on whatever concert is given, it will have to stand comparison with this Shevchenko Pageant. This comparison and the gradual improvement of the taste of our public in general should eventually give us a superior type of program.

As for the actual production of the Shevchenko Pageant, well I know that most of us would have enjoyed seeing it from out front. But then again in we were fortunate in perceiving the actual workings of this production back stage. It was really a thrill to see everyone pitching in and working. Non-Ukrainian boys helping with the Pageant, little realizing just what was going on, yet working till the sweat poured from them. Scenes being changed by the Society of St. Cyril and Methodius (which appeared in the 3rd act), by some of the royalty from the second act (Reppin) and by a number of boys and girls from the chorus. Why even young Prince Reppin was forced to sweep the floor a few times, while the great singer Seletsky in all his sartorial splendor was seen tossing up back drops. Here and there girls were seen giving up their pancake type make up to add some color to pale male's face. No matter where one looked, there was something being accomplished by the entire group.

After the performance each and everyone wanted to rush out and find out just what the public thought of their efforts. Suffice it to say that they must have liked it. Else why would they have persisted to remain around the school and discuss that which they had just seen. Now that it is over I know many of the people that took part in the production feel a bit lost. However just remember next year is not too far away. May the young people of New York-New Jersey continue to lead in the cultural evolution that is taking place on our Ukrainian American stage.

And, interestingly enough, the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of New York and New Jersey has been connected with them from their very start.

In 1937, during the UYL-NA convention, there was a very fine Ukrainian choral, dance and folk costume exhibition at the Great Lakes Exposition, which was witnessed by a couple of thousand of people. A Detroit youth choral group also participated in it. The singing of the N.Y.-N.J. chorus was broadcast on a nation-wide radio broadcast.

In 1939, during the League convention in Newark, there was a splendid concert, in which a Pittsburgh group also participated, and several excellent soloists. There was also a broadcast by the N.Y. group, interrupted near its dose by a flash announcement of Hitler's attack upon Poland.

1940, however, was tops. The League convention gave a show at the New York World's Fair which in its magnitude has never been surpassed. Three choruses, seven dance groups, three soloists a number of models, and a folk orchestra, attracted an audience of over 20,000 people, the official figure released by the World's Fair administration.

The final outstanding cultural affair of our young people before the war was at the League convention in Detroit in 1941. The usual fine and all-around program was presented, featuring the N.Y.-N.J. and Detroit groups, including soloists.

During the war there naturally ensued a lull in young Ukrainian American activities. Then, beginning last year, there took place the famed Spring Festival featuring "Vechnimital," several Anglo-Ukrainians presented plays by the Young Ukrainian Arts Guild, and finally this second Festival of the Young Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee (affiliated with the UYL-NA), in form of the Shevchenko Pageant.

We were thrilled by last year's Festival. But at this year's festival we found it hard to control our emotions, which overflowed with pride and happiness over this inspiring achievement of our Young Ukrainian Americans.

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When Shevchenko joined the meeting and gave his unequivocal and

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LEADING PLAYERS IN SHEVCHENKO PAGEANT



ALEXANDER BISYK
as
Taras Shevchenko



STEPHANYA BONAR-NOGGA
as
Princess Barbara Repnin



MARY BONAR
as
Princess Glarifa Psollvna



DONNA GRESCOE
as
Princess Repnin



JOHN GUTTER
as
the Boy Shevchenko

The Chronicles of Ukraine

ARCHIVE OF UKRAINIAN LIFE

By ANNE STBYKOWSKY

MANY are the ways in which the past is reconstructed. The geologist investigates the structure of the earth and contributes his findings; the archaeologist searches for and finds relics of antiquity and contributes his; the geographer interests himself in the surface of the earth and its division into continents, and forms of governments; the ethnologist describes the distribution, physique, color, habits, traits and peculiarities of peoples, and on it goes; the historian gathers these findings and opinions, examines, sifts, or rejects them, and then paints a picture for us.

Some parts of the chronicles seem to be more of a poetical nature than of a factual one, and for that reason are not taken too seriously. For example this description of an attack upon Constantinople by Prince Oleh:

"Oleh with his entire army, together with reinforcements sent him by his subject tribes, marched on Constantinople in 907. The Byzantines in order to prevent his landing, tied chains across the Bosphorus, but Oleh outwitted them. He ordered his soldiers to set 'the boat on wheels', and when the wind blew into sails, the boat moved forward on land, toward the gates of the city. The Byzantines became so alarmed when they saw this, that they pleaded with Oleh to take any kind of tribute but not to destroy the city. Oleh then demanded six pounds of silver for each soldier and for the princes who were left in Kiev, Chernihiv, Pereyaslav; and other cities. He also ordered the Byzantines to make him new sails of the famous Byzantine sailcloth. As a sign of victory, he and his chiefs suspended their shields over the gate of Constantinople."

Historians have always been interested in the written records arranged according to date that are known as chronicles, for they not only contain evidence of major events, but also the everyday happenings of a people as well as fragments of their songs and poems. Even though only small portions of Ukrainian chronicles have been preserved, the rest having been lost or destroyed, the Ukrainians may well be proud: few peoples have such rich records.

The Primary Chronicle

A number of chronicles were written. The oldest is probably the Kievan one of the eleventh century and upon which too much reliance ought not to be placed for it wasn't written till after the memory of the first princes had been dimmed by time and the chroniclers could therefore only guess at what had occurred. Nevertheless, it is far from worthless. The Primary Chronicle appeared in the first quarter of the twelfth century and included fragments dating back to the beginning of the eleventh. In the thirteenth century it was supplemented by the Kievan annals. The Volynian chronicle also appeared in the thirteenth century. In the period of Daniel (Daniel: father of Lev, after whom the city of Lviv is named), the Galician chronicle was written and is so named because there existed at the time of its writing the kingdom of Galicia. In addition, we have the Lviv chronicle, covering events of the first part of the seventeenth century; the Husten, the Kozak, and those by Safonovich, Bobolinskiy, Velichko, etc., etc.

The above constitute the more important of those discovered, and if it were not for these historic records, very little would be known about the history of the Ukraine. They add much color to the picture that the historian paints.

Archaeologists have dug and found evidence of the existence of the various tribes who long ago dwelled in the Ukraine. The Kievan chronicle names them: East of the Dnieper, along its branches the Desna, Seym, and Sula, lived a large tribe known as the Sivers or the Siverians. On the opposite shore lived the tribe, Poliany. Farther east beyond them, in dense forests, the Derevlany; beyond the Pripet river, the Drehovich. In Volynia beyond the Sluch, the Dulibe; on the Black Sea coast near the Dnieper, the Ulichy; and on the Dniester, the Trivertay. "Everyone lived with his clan, each clan in a place of its own, managed by the clan," wrote the Kievan chronicler.

We even know from this chronicle that almost all the varieties of grain except buckwheat, were raised then; that such things as the plow, the hoe, the harrow, the spade and flail were employed; that the manner of tilling the soil, sowing, reaping, threshing and winnowing, in short the entire process, was the same as of today except for the fact that hand mills were used.

Gorging Themselves

An insight into the way the wealthy gorged themselves can be gotten from the following fare which Volodimir ordered to be paid his tax collectors: The tax gatherer and his servants were to receive daily a loaf of bread, a measure of millet, and peas for porridge, two chickens, a lump of salt, a pail of malt for beer; each week a young calf or beef; and on fast days, instead of meat, cheese and fish. He is also on record as having ordered his servants to distribute among the poor, quantities of bread, meat, vegetables, barrels of mead and unfermented kvass.

Of Volodimir's educational endeavors the following has been found: "Volodimir gathered the children of prominent men and set them to getting knowledge from books"; his son, Yaroslav, assembled three hundred children of the upper classes and "had them taught from books."

Yaroslav they credit with "the gathering of the land of Rus"; about his interest in religion the chronicles have this to say: "With him began the spread of the Christian faith in Rus and monks and monasteries, came into existence. Yaroslav admired the church ceremonies, liked the clergy, especially the monks, and read books day and night. He gathered together many scribes who translated into the Slavonic tongue the Greek books written for the instruction of the faithful. As one farmer

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* M. Hrushevsky: A History of Ukraine.

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Yes, I Was There - "Na Rodinye" SPOT (From a Miner's Life)

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

(Continued)

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TOPPING a rise we came to a grove of fir trees. A number of tanks had come to a pause there. Their crews were sprawled out on the ground. It was quite evident that they had drunk quite a bit of whiskey, and were now conducting themselves in a very boisterous manner. One of them, a young fellow, was steadily shooting with his pistol at a suit of clothing hung on to a tree. It was being reduced to tatters, yet he still kept on shooting at it.

Upon seeing us, several of the tankmen lurched to us. A sudden hush descended upon the grove.

"Ah, some new goods. Mitko, go ahead and take your pick," someone cried.

We stopped in our tracks. The girls in our group drew closer to the men. One of the soldiers, whom they called Mitko, swaying drunkenly, approached us closer and proceeded to give us the once over. Finally his gaze centered on Tania. In her fear she braced herself against her husband Michael, who gripped her hand tightly.

"A fine-looking girl. Come on, hand her over to me," Mitko ordered.

"Get away from here," Michael spoke through gritted teeth. "She's my wife."

"Wife. But I am war hero. For

with submachine guns trained menacingly upon us, gazing horror-stricken upon what was taking place. The sight of the blood pouring from the young couple sort of sobered up the soldiers. That's what saved us. Someone shouted a command at us and fired a burst of shots at us. We took to our heels and ran pell-mell down the road.

On the following day we reached Dresden, and went to the Klotchinsky camp, which was called the "Resettlement Center for Citizens of the USSR." At its entrance, hung on a pole, was a tattered placard on which was inscribed "Comrades, your fatherland awaits you." The camp contained about 60,000 Soviet citizens.

On our way to the camp we walked unguarded and foraged for food. In Dresden we were broken up into battalions, the assignment to each depending where one was headed for. Then, surrounded by guards, we proceeded on foot eastward, toward Koignsbruck, which lies about 80 kilometers distant from Dresden. Neither in the camp nor on the road did we receive any food. Ours was a silent procession, as each one was deeply absorbed in gloomy reflection upon his hard lot and upon what awaited him back home.

Finally we reached at the "Filter-Examining Center No. 74."

(To be continued)

By MATHEW CHANDOHA

Translated by Theodosia Boretsky

AN old Ukrainian miner had just arrived at the town of K., from the coal mining district away out near C. He came to visit old friends whom he had not seen for many years, with whom long ago, while they were still in Ukraine, he had spent his boyhood and from whom when they arrived in America, fate had separated him. He had gone to dig coal in the mines while they went into factories to earn their living.

When his friends and fellow-countrymen heard that he was coming they were over-joyed. And when he arrived they welcomed him warmly. They had prepared a banquet in his honor as a surprise.

"He is our countryman and our old friend. How would it be not to give him a big welcome?" said they.

And quite right they were, too. It is hardly in the range of possibility that a mountain shall ever meet another mountain, but it is always possible for a man to meet an old friend. So says an old-Ukraine proverb.

The guests gathered at the church hall and sat down in their places at the banquet tables piled with all kinds of victuals, holubtsi, meat, baked and boiled, bread and things to spread on bread and the 'distilled spirits of festivity.'

Then they brought him in to be greeted by joyous shouts of "Welcome, Olekso! Welcome!" and sat him at the table amidst themselves.

When the forks had carried sufficient food to the mouths and the 'distilled spirits of festivity' had properly washed it down, then the talk began to flow. Suddenly curiosity was aroused and demanded its own satisfaction.

"Olekka, tell us something about the Ukrainians who work in the mines."

"Have you a church?"

"Do you hold any gatherings?"

"Observe our Ukrainian church holidays?"

"Is there a Ukrainian school for the children?"

These were some of the questions the old miner was kept busy answering about life among Ukrainians who work in the coal mining districts.

But there was one question in particular: "Tell us how you work in the mines; do you have to go very deep under ground?"—which sent a cold shudder through him.

"The mines, the mines! To you they seem fascinating. Men work digging coal in them just like woodchucks making burrows. They dig the coal for you while you burn it and warm yourselves by it winter.

"I have worked in the mines for a score and ten years. It is true that it is very deep under the ground. And the work is not always safe. You pray before you enter the mine for fear of some mishap, so that you might return safely once more to your loving wife and children, for you go into the mines as if you were entering into another world.

"But it is not so bad to work in a mine, that is, in a mine, that is, if it is dry. There are very few sick men in it. The earth draws all illness out of a man.

"Take for instance myself, my hair is gray already but I am still

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Youth and the U.N.A.

SUPPORT THE U.N.A.!

At the present time the Ukrainian National Association has almost 50,000 insurance certificates in force. This may seem like an impressive figure, but when compared to the total number of certificates issued by the fraternal benefit society since its formation, its impressiveness is all but lost. Although no records are kept of certificates lapsed, dropped, paid out, cancelled, or discontinued from 1894 to date, it is possible to ascertain that approximately 125,000 certificates were actually issued. Since 50,000 are in force today, simple arithmetic shows that 75,000 certificates fall in the inactive bracket.

Although a considerable number of certificates were canceled as the result of death claims, the bulk of the certificates no longer in force is the result of suspension following non-payment of dues on the part of the holders.

With every passing month other certificates are added to the inactive group. Suspensions seem inevitable and cash surrenders are on the increase. The U.N.A. recently launched one of the most intensive membership campaigns in the history of the organization in order to boost the membership figure to 50,000—and now that it has almost attained that goal, it is apparent that all persons concerned will have to work even harder to retain that figure.

A large number of persons joined the organization simply because it is a Ukrainian institution seeking to be of service to all Ukrainians on a fraternal basis. Many of these patriotic individuals were heavily insured prior to becoming U.N.A. members—but they joined

regardless, simply to support the U.N.A. Some are very good members because they take active part in all phases of U.N.A. activity. They are interested in the organization to such an extent that they participated in the membership campaign on a large scale. Unfortunately, the U.N.A. does not have a sufficient number of such enthusiastic members for an organization of its size and scope. For every active member there are hundreds of inactive members. If the U.N.A. had the support it deserves, it would have attained its goal of 50,000 members a long time ago!

The over-all picture is not to boast about. About 75,000 certificates have been lapsed since 1894, and more are being lapsed; sincere workers are too few in numbers; thousands of persons, otherwise active in Ukrainian American affairs, shy away from U.N.A. membership because insurance is involved, even though they are fully acquainted with the facts pertaining to the organization.

Not very much can be done about the 75,000 lapsed certificates—but surely something can be done about the lack of interested, active members. In the large group of non-members there must be many young people who will work for the good of the U.N.A. once they are induced to join. These non-members are everywhere—many are active in all types of clubs and organizations. They should be approached and asked to join the U.N.A.—an organization which has their interests foremost in mind at all times.

We also appeal directly to the non-members. Join the Ukrainian National Association now! Don't let it off any longer! Yes, we

VET NEWS

Veterans Administration warned veterans, builders and lenders against the consequences of making or accepting so-called "side payments" in the sale of home properties to veterans with the aid of G-I loans.

VA said such side payments—usually made for the purpose of evading the prohibition against sales to veterans in excess of appraised reasonable value—are a direct violation of law and subjects offenders to possible federal prosecution.

Many cases have been reported in which veterans have been induced to pay the builder or seller an amount over and above the sales price shown on the loan report submitted to VA, and upon which the Government loan guarantee is based.

Veterans who knowingly conspire to evade the law by making such side payments risk loss of their rights under all veterans' laws, VA warned.

VA said that any lender who submits a loan to VA for guaranty while possessing knowledge of a side payment in connection with the sale—even though the payment was made to a third party other than the lender—will be suspended from further participation in the G-I loan program. Also, any guaranty issued in connection with the transaction will be invalidated.

know you have all kinds of insurance already—but one more small certificate will not harm you or your budget. Remember what a U.N.A. membership certificate represents in addition to the insurance protection.

(Concluded on page 3)

Dear Homemaker . . . by P. D.

WOULD you like to shorten your working hours during the warmer weather? Here are some practical ideas if you have only a short time for homemaking but wish to serve delicious, healthful meals to your family. Let's look at planning. Plan meals ahead several days. Keep menus flexible. Know values so if changes are necessary you can replace one food with an equally nutritious one. Then there is the shopping. Make grocery lists beforehand. Keep in mind money to be spent. Watch for sales. Storage is important. Know how each food should be stored. When practical, wash and prepare foods ready for use before storing. In preparation think ahead. Start those foods first that take the longest time. Make sauces in large quantity, reserving the extra portion for later use.

Besides, there are other time-saving hints: If you cook a goodly amount over the week-end, do not use all the left-overs for one meal. Instead, use part of the food to shorten the preparation time for several different meals. While cleaning up after one day's dinner, start some preparation for the following—such as boiling potatoes in their jackets, baking apples, chilling gelatin. Use raw vegetables and fruits in salads and dessert. Meals do not have to be elaborate. Serve larger portions and have fewer choices. Specialize in preparing several main dishes which are quick to prepare. Have the right tools for the job: sharp knives, a cutting board, a good stiff vegetable brush, etc. Arrange the kitchen handily.

Spring and picnics... they're practically synonymous! Maybe your family has already had its first picnic. Or maybe you're in the midst of planning it right now. Well...the picnic season has just begun. You'll be planning scores more between now and the time

the cold weather sets in again. Hotdogs and hamburgs are usually the favorites for quick picnics, or if you want something different try KABOBS. Kabobs are cubes of raw meat and vegetables placed alternately on skewers or slim sticks and then broiled or grilled. Use any of the following:

Cubes of tender beef; lamb; veal; chicken; bacon.

Mushrooms; onions; halves of small tomatoes; apple; peach. Brush with melted margarine or butter several times while broiling. Two pounds of meat will make kabobs for six.

Watch your "waste measure." How often do you clean out your refrigerator? Often enough to be sure there are never shriveled carrots, inedible lettuce, sour gravy? Food in your refrigerator will not keep indefinitely. Every time you store a left-over, be sure you plan to use it soon. See what is in the refrigerator before you go shopping. Yes, watch your "waste measure" all of all the time.

Have you seen this recipe? Take one large, grassy field, one-half dozen children, two or three small dogs, a pinch of brook and some pebbles. Mix the children and the dogs well together and put them in the field constantly stirring; pour the brook over the pebbles; sprinkle the field with flowers; spread over all a deep blue sky and bake in the hot sun. When brown, remove and set away to cool... in a bathtub!

The stuff of which the future is made is in each moment of the present; tomorrow is made out of each doing of today.

Five mistakes of life, said Judge Rentoul, are: To try to measure the enjoyment of others by your own... To expect uniformity of opinion in this world... Not to

SPOT

(Concluded from page 2)

"I awakened Philip, took 'Spot' with us and we ran on looking for a means of escape. I can't remember now exactly how we got to the airshaft. It's enough we saved ourselves. But not all that were in the mine were saved, many got trapped by the fire and their charred remains were carried out the next day.

"And what was there was over that mine! How the wives and children cried! Merciful God, it was something awful to witness, I'm telling you!

"And what happened to the horse?" someone enquired.

"To 'Spot'?" And miner Oleksa took his head in his hands and moaned pitifully. After a minute it seemed as if he was forcibly dragging the words out of his throat when he spoke:

"When I had come out of the mine and looking about me discovered that my 'Spot' was not with me, I was frantic.

"My horse has been left behind, my horse! Take me back into the mine so I can rescue him!" I screamed. But they shoved me aside and rebuked me, saying, 'Go on, fool! We've got to rescue yield to unimportant trifles... Not to make allowances for the weaknesses of others... To estimate others by some outside quality, for it is that within which makes the man.

Let's give meaning anew to this Hymn of Brotherhood and renew ourselves by feeling its depth.

Come, majestic day of nations, Earth awaits thy golden dawn. Hope is in thy joyful morning, Bidding ancient fears be gone. Knowledge shall dispel the darkness; Truth shall banish error's night; Peace shall spread o'er man's dominions Mantles of celestial light.

Trivia . . . By Sophia

PROFOUND CONCLUSIONS

LIFE is too short. Cynical statements, you say? Perhaps it is; but the sooner you discover this fact, the longer your life will be.

Of course, the words "long" and "short" are only relative. They are also subjective; in other words, what is long to you, may be short to someone else. It all depends on how you look at it. Then again, when it comes to time, the short period of five minutes can sometimes seem like an eternity. Time is not a cut-and-dried matter.

But let's get back to life, and why it is short. Life, for most of us, consists of a duty (either job or school), sleep and recreation. Our duty theoretically takes up eight hours a day, but in actuality it absorbs an extra hour for human beings first and not your horse!

"So my 'Spot' was left behind in the mine and burned to death. To this day I mourn his memory for it was he who saved me. If it had not been for him I would not be alive today. I would not be here with you today!" he cried, finishing his story and wiping away the tears that rolled down his cheeks and fell onto the white table cloth unheeded.

And there were tears not only in eyes but also in the eyes of the others who listened sympathetically to his story, for they felt the deep attachment of the man to his horse and the love of the animal for the man.

"Oleksa," said the old priest, Father Stephen, rising from his chair. "You told us a splendid story from your own experience and you who are present here know that in the Scriptures it says that in loving there is everlasting life but in loathing and cursing ignominious death."

YOUTH and the U.N.A.

(Concluded from page 2)

The U.N.A. needs you, and all the other young persons who can be induced to join, if it is to enjoy a long prosperous future for the benefit of the members. The very existence of the organization depends on the younger element. Support the U.N.A.! It deserves it!

THE PEN PAL CLUB

"I have heard of your club from a friend and would like to join. My name is Louise Horbal of 84 Howard Avenue, Ansonia, Conn. I belong to the Catholic Youth Club of the St. Peter and St. Paul Church, and also belong to the junior choir. I am 17 years old and a junior in high school. I would like to receive letters from some friends."

Louise is the 23rd member of The Pen Pal Club. To date the club consists of 10 girls and 13 boys.

Do you want Pen Pals? Submit your letter to us for publication and interested readers will write to you. In the meantime, write to the Pen Pals whose letters are being printed.

All communications intended for The Pen Pal Club should be addressed to Theodore Lutwiniak, c/o U.N.A., P. O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J.

No Coupons

The best things in life are not rationed. Friendship, Loyalty, Love, do not require coupons.

not for most of us, for we are slated to spend the rest of our lives toiling, sleeping, eating and after refueling the machine, we look for a place to expend all the spare energy.

As I said before, life is too short. When you are eighty five and realize that your day of reckoning is not far off, maybe you'll agree with me.

THE CHRONICLES OF UKRAINE

(Concluded from page 2)

plows the land, another sows the soil, and yet others harvest and eat the crops, so it is with Yaroslav. His father plowed and barrowed the soil and enlightened the country by baptism; Yaroslav sowed the seed in the hearts of the faithful by means of books and later generations reaped the harvest."

Tartar Siege

The Galician Chronicle describes vividly the very famous Tartar siege of Kiev in 1240.

"The nomads presented a frightful sight; the grinding of their wooden axles, the cries of the camels, and the neighing of horses made it impossible to hear one's own voice in the city. Disregarding the danger the Kievans defended the city under their military leader, Dmytro. Day and night, the Tartars hammered away at the walls with their battering rams. As the fortifications began to fall, the inhabitants led by Dmytro manned the breaches. But the enemy nevertheless got control of the wall. Because the Tartars were so exhausted, they rested for 24 hours, and the Kievans, taking advantage of this opportunity, made a final effort to defend themselves by fortifying the old cathedral of Prince Volodimir, into which they retreated. The fortifications were so weak that the Tartars took the cathedral with ease. The people then fled to the balcony of the church, but the structure could not hold the weight of all that had crowded upon it: when it collapsed, the people perished in the ruins. Kiev was captured on December 6, 1240.

The few quotations and facts presented here constitute but a mere fraction of what Ukrainian chronicles make available to the student of Ukrainian history.

КУЛЮПЕ БОНДИ ПЕРЕМОГИ

Pageant

(Concluded from p. 1)

Taras Shevchenko was again played by Alexander Bisyk. Mykola Kostomarov was played by Michael Dickey, Panteleymon Kulish by Joseph Trush, Vasil Hulak by Nicholas Sopiwnik. It was interesting to note that the actors in this sketch are all new American, who volunteered their cooperation in the fine work of the Festival Committee.

Katerina

Aptly described in the program, the excerpt of the opera "Katerina" which completed the Shevchenko Pageant, told that portion of Shevchenko's famous story wherein Katerina a village girl, has fallen in love with the Muscovite soldier, Ivan, despite the pleading and warning of Andrei that Ivan will love her and leave her. Feeling that this prediction is merely jealousy on the part of Andrei, Katerina turns to gayety with her friends on the village green as they assemble to play games, sing, and dance.

Brilliant climax to the Pageant and to six months of arduous rehearsals was the superb singing of the principals and the ensemble in this scene. Mary Polynack-Lesawyer, never so beautiful as in this appearance in Ukrainian costume, as Katerina, matched her appearance with a flawless performance. In excellent voice, she proved her mettle as, a fine actress, as well as a musical artist. Eugene Kruk, who evoked much sympathy for the spurned Andrei, won applause for each aria. The beautiful duets between Andrei and Katerina left a desire to hear more such performances. Stephanya Nogga and Mary Bonar did well in supporting roles. Indeed, the excellent singing of the entire troupe, culminating in the aforementioned moving finale, "Ukraine, My Beloved," leads one to hope for serious efforts by the Committee to produce an entire opera at a future date.

John Flis, creating a special dance sequence for his dancers of the Ukrainian Dancing Society of New York, gave a worthy contribution to the artistry and the enjoyment of the opera.

Very striking and commendable was the fine appearance that the

principals and choristers made in their authentic Ukrainian costumes. The harmony of color, line and style, the apt and span appearance, was a pleasant sight and can be credited to Mrs. Tatiana Koshetz, who it is learned, gave special instructions and valuable advice on costumes, and acted as general technical advisor.

Credits

The lion's share of plaudits unquestionably must go to Olya Dmytriw, general Director of the Pageant for her lion's share of the work connected with producing such an ambitious performance. Receiving loyal and enthusiastic support for the second year from the most talented young people in the New York area, Miss Dmytriw has nevertheless had to cope with lack of well experienced or qualified assistance, with lack of suitable scripts or material worthy of the group's talents and lofty plans, and in short, with solving all the problems of an amateur group, magnified to the large scale of the Festival Committee's productions. But for instilling courage and inspiration and love for things Ukrainian into such a large and fine group of young Americans of Ukrainian descent, Miss Dmytriw deserves the loyalty and respect she has won from them and which she deserves from all Ukrainians.

Untiring assistance was given to their chairman by the other members of the Festival Committee, which included Emile Husar, head of the Metropolitan Area Committee, Walter Bacad as vice-chairman of the Festival, John Flis as dance director and Stephanie Rygiel as publicity director with Ann Mitz as her assistant.

Stephen Marusevich, as Choral Conductor deserves a deep bow for the fine discipline he achieved in such a large group. Mrs. and Mrs. F. Braznick should receive much credit for their work in the make-up and wardrobe department. The Festival Committee has acknowledged credit to Prof. M. Hayvoronsky as musical advisor, and Anton Dragan as general director. Oksanna Avramenko, head of the electricians and stage-hands committee including Gus Lambiasse, Kenneth Brooks and Lawrence Savelcool, contributed much to the enjoyment of the fine lighting. Adequate piano accompaniment to the choral numbers was furnished

NOT "DISPLACED PERSONS"—BUT REFUGEES

By DAVID MARTIN
Secretary, Refugees Defense Committee

ONE of the most tragic aftermaths of the war which was fought and won in the name of the Atlantic Charter is the plight of the mass of more than 1,000,000 refugees who, behind the barbed wire of their camps, are hanging on desperately to their shattered lives in the hope that some day the democratic world will take notice of them, that some day the democratic world will understand.

The democratic world, it is to be regretted, has displaced an incredible slowness to understand, indeed, it is, only now that it is beginning to evince some visible symptoms of understanding. In part its lack of understanding was due to the general ignorance concerning Soviet communism that was prevalent at the end of the war; in part it was due to the fantastic infiltration of communists and fellow-travellers in every secret of the British-American administrative apparatus; to a degree it must be attributed to the bureaucratic mentality which regarded the refugees with hostility because the problem was admittedly a headache. But in a surprising measure it was due to the tyranny of semantics.

Of all the misbegotten definitions that have ever distorted the real meaning of things, the term "displaced person" is certainly one of the most grievous. Far from defining the true nature of the refugee problem in Europe, it so completely obscured its significance that it rendered it infinitely more difficult of solution.

Properly speaking, a "displaced person" is someone who, in consequence of the vicissitudes of war, finds himself at a distance from his homeland when hostilities cease. The obvious solution in such a case—a solution implicit in

ed by Mary Shumeyko, while Olga Dmytriw similarly took care of the soloists.

The never-to-be forgotten Shevchenko Pageant ended with an extra "dessert" of the singing of Kolessa's "Little Shoes" (Chereshvichki) and Hayvoronsky's "Learn, my Brothers," (Uchitesia).

The singing of the national anthem by the entire assembly and audience was a fine ending to fine program.

M.M.

agree with communism, LaGuardia replied tartly: "That's no reason for refusing repatriation. I've disagreed with the government in my country for more than 20 years now—but you don't see me running away from America on that account."

The policy of the democratic powers vis-a-vis the refugees can properly be divided into three phases. The first phase was that of forced repatriations en masse; in the second phase repatriation was accomplished by pressures and inducements; in the final phase, upon which we have recently entered, the democracies have begun to display a measure of comprehension and a measure of willingness to find a humane solution.

The Period of Forced Repatriation

The phase of forced repatriations lasted roughly for the first six months after the cessation of hostilities. Under the terms of the Yalta agreement Great Britain and the United States had obligated themselves to return all Soviet prisoners of war found in their part of Germany and all Soviet nationals discovered in German uniform—in returns for which the Soviets had obligated themselves to return all Britons and Americans picked up by their armed forces. All of this sounds like a fair exchange on paper. But in signing the treaty the democratic representatives overlooked the fact that the Red Army had officially declared that any Soviet soldier who surrendered would be regarded as a deserter—i.e., shot; and they displayed no understanding of the fact that the majority of the Soviet citizens who had donned a German uniform had done so partly in consequence of a blind—but basically justifiable—hate for Soviet tyranny, partly in consequence of varying periods of starvation in the sub-human POW camps the Germans maintained for Slav prisoners.

The British and American authorities, it is to be regretted, carried out the terms of their agreement almost to the letter. Even the slave laborers, whose repatriation under the Yalta agreement was supposed to have been on a voluntarily basis, were shoved

aboard box-cars without too many formalities and sent back to the arms of the MVD. Decent British and American officers who took part in these "voluntary repatriations" have told heart-rending stories of how men committed suicide before they could be put aboard the trains, and of the terror in the eyes of those who did not have the strength to commit suicide.

Of all the refugee groups in Europe during this period, the Ukrainians were by far the largest and in many respects the most representative. How many there were when hostilities ceased no one knows: estimates range from a minimum of 2,000,000 to a maximum of 5,000,000. They had their origin in every land in Europe where there were Ukrainians: they came from the Soviet Ukraine, the Polish Ukraine, the Carpatho-Ukraine and Bessarabia and Bukovina in Roumania. Among them were Red Army soldiers who had been taken prisoner, there were slave-laborers, there were refugees from the time of the first Russian revolution, there were men who had been conscripted for service with the German Army—and finally there were the hundreds of thousands who had fled westward in 1944 to escape the return of Bolshevik tyranny. Many of these latter, it is true, had fled alongside the retreating German Army. But what alternative had they after the massacres perpetrated by the Soviets in Lviv, Tarnopol, Odessa, Kiev and many other cities at the time of their first retreat in 1941?

The treatment and disposition of the Ukrainian refugees was characteristic of the treatment meted out to the general mass of the refugees from the East. During the first months of peace, when Allied policy in the field was making a mockery of the officially declared policy of voluntary repatriation, the Ukrainians, too, were rounded up and returned wholesale: so that from several million in September 1945, the number of Ukrainian refugees dwindled within a year to somewhat over 200,000.

The Second Phase: Operation Carrot

Although there were instances of forced repatriation as late as May, 1947, on the whole this policy

had come to an end by mid 1946. The phase which succeeded it can perhaps most properly be described as "repatriation by pressure and inducement." Whereas the forced repatriations of the initial phase had been the work of harassed military bureaucrats who looked upon the presence of so many millions of displaced persons as an impossible administrative problem, the repatriations of the second phase, though less brutal in manner, were far more sinister in motivation. To a very large extent the pressures that were brought to bear on the refugees during this period were the work of the many fellow-travellers and crypto-fellow-travellers who had infiltrated the UNRRA administration.

The pressures employed by UNRRA to break the resistance of displaced persons and induce their repatriation, can be subdivided under several headings.

1. There were repeated screenings, the brutality of which resulted in a number of mass petitions from the displaced persons, and which in certain camps deprived over 40% of the personnel of their DP status and cast them out a hostile German world. General Sir Frederick Morgan, who retired as UNRRA Director for Eastern Europe, had this to say about the screening methods employed by UNRRA (The Times, London, Feb. 15, 1947): "So many of these displaced persons have already been reduced to a state of mind verging on despair by years of screening that has, in the main, as its objects, the elaboration of excuses for withdrawing assistance not only from those manifestly unworthy of it, but also, regrettably, from many of those who are thoroughly genuine victims of circumstances brought about by others than themselves."

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(To be continued)

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