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ONCE AGAIN

(Below is an article deserving the attention of our readers and especially that of their non-Ukrainian friends. It appears in the current number of The Ukrainian Quarterly, published by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America. The writer of the article, Ludmila Ivenenko, is a Ukrainian writer who lived under the Bolshevik regime until 1941. Her husband, a prominent Ukrainian writer, was liquidated in the 1930s. —Editor.)

The UN passes resolutions the IRO plans, philanthropic ladies collect second-hand clothes for the benefit of DP's. And we Ukrainian DP's just sit around and say "as always." It is not because we are ill-natured or indifferent. It is only because we have gained wisdom from experience, wisdom that nobody needs and that only prevents people from living quietly.

We saw how right we were when the soldiers of the Red Army swept through Austria and Germany in a wave of plunder, drunkenness and riot. The West was amazed. We were amazed, too, but not at these things which we had foretold. We were amazed because the West was amazed. It was not our merit that we foresaw how things would turn out. It was and is our fate, the tragic fate of Ukraine, to know the East and to know what the world may expect there. We have paid most dearly for this knowledge and despair we perceive that the West wants to pay the same price for a second time. When we have tried to explain the danger that is threatening from the East, the horrible danger of terror and despotism represented by the Bolshevik system, all the Americans, English, Belgians, French, Australians and the other philanthropic people who have come from all ends of the world to do their share in the organization of UNRRA tapped us on the shoulder and told us: "Do not be nationalists! Better sing beautiful songs!"

As if people who had left their houses, their native land, their property, their work—as if mothers who had left their hearts and wandered away with their children into an unknown and hostile world—did all these things merely in order to get UNRRA care in a foreign country and to amuse the world with songs.

Of course we sang our splendid songs, since we cannot live without them. We sang and looked on at what was going on in the world. And sometimes we nodded to one another, "As always."

Conferences were called, a lot of money was spent, the delegates sat through inspiring addresses delivered by agitators, passed some resolutions, and went home confusedly. Some great personalities whose names we were accustomed to respect as the names of men who took a most active part in the struggle against the totalitarian system appealed to the "good intentions" of the world for the sake of peace.

We looked at them with a kind of sympathetic irony as a pupil looks at an esteemed professor who lectures brilliantly on electrical engineering without being able to put together the broken spiral of an electric cooker. And we thought "once again" they still do not know. We have learned this lesson already, and paid for it. How many millions of people are there who are still going to pay with their lives for this knowledge?

We tried to tell the world. We tried to make the world understand these things for the knowledge of which Ukraine has given thousands of her sons. But we were told benevolently: "You cannot understand the mysterious Russian soul, for you are fanatic patriots. You had better turn to your fine embroidery!" And we turned to our embroidery and organized exhibitions while Gromyko carried through his policy of the knocking flat and Manuilsky attacked Greece in the name of Ukraine. Attacked Greece because she was so undemocratic, and had dared to fight against "Ukrainian partisans!" But at the same time the USSR, Poland, and Czechoslovakia entered into an agreement in which they united their forces to fight against true Ukrainian partisans. And we thought: "Once again! Now the world at last will become aware of the truth and will understand!"

But nobody showed any intention to understand, as if Ukrainians from their very birth had been destined to be burned, hanged, displaced, put to death by every possible means and deprived of all legal rights and privileges. As if they were but created to be a living bulwark which protects the West from the danger that threatens out of the East!

And Ukraine, in her distress, began to speak herself, and sent members of the UPA (Ukrainian Insurgent Army) into the world that they might bear witness to the gigantic struggle of the Ukrainian nation against Russian Bolshevism. With tears of joy and pride we welcomed these men and waited for the echo of the world. But oh, what an echo was there! They tapped us on our shoulders and told us: "Ukraine! Oh yes, a heroic nation! Go play on the bandura, we want to listen to Bandura. It sounds so romantic!"

But our Bandura-player in deep despair tore the strings of his instrument and sang the majestic "Dumas" about the eternal struggle of Ukraine against Russia, about her endless resistance and revolts against cunning greediness. And these songs touched the souls of the listeners for a few short minutes.

But a moment later the world had forgotten the UPA. The Americans in Berlin are confined as some DP's are in their camps, and Soviet planes have taken care of English aeroplanes better than they had taken care of the German ones during the war.

All these things are not new to us, since we had known hundreds of similar "accidents" which had happened to Finns and Poles but they are unimportant nations so that the world did not want to begin unpleasant quarrels in their behalf. But when the same happened to the English just above Berlin we could not help calling out: "Once again!"

Masyryk's dead body lies in front of his house. The world shudders and begins to put exclamation marks on white paper: "Strange! Incredible! Mysterious Death!" We involuntarily shrug our shoulders. Why strange? Why is that incredible? Why did you not tremble in fear in 1934 when our minister of education shot himself and our Prime Minister did the same while the dogs caught his 16-year-old son in the woods of Kytajiw? Everything is going along normal, routine lines, according to standards established

2,500 Ukrainian DP's March on Soviet Mission in Munich

Military Police Use Tear Gas in Dispersing Crowd Protesting Russian Slave Labor—German Red Headquarters Attacked

A crowd of 2,500 excited Ukrainian displaced persons, protesting Russian Government policies, attempted on Sunday, April 10, to march on the former Russian mission building in Munich but was dispersed by heavily-armed United States military police who hurled several dozen tear-gas bombs into their midst.

In the meantime some of the Ukrainians succeeded in marching the German Communist headquarters, routed out one of the men in the office there and gave him a severe beating. There was disorder in Munich's streets for about an hour and a half before military police could clear them of the displaced persons and traffic could be resumed.

The Ukrainians, most of whom reside in camps near the city, had held scheduled demonstrations against the Soviet Union in Koenigsplatz at 10 o'clock that morning. Their original program had called for speeches against Russia, but they received permission only to hold a religious meeting. Some speeches were made, however, and the entire program lasted about two hours.

Around noon, crowds started moving down the streets in the direction of the Russian mission building, nearly a mile away. Disorganized but steadily advancing, they walked through main thoroughfares, pushing German police aside. They also brushed some United States military police out of their way as they reached within a few blocks of the Russian mission at Herkimerplatz. They apparently were unaware that there were no Russians in the building.

By this time military police had been alerted. Maj. Woodrow C. Nelson of the Provost Marshal's Office said that the soldiers received instructions to protect the building. The military police were armed with rifles, carbines and tear gas, and some rode in armored cars. Major Nelson said this evening that it was not yet clear exactly how the melee had started. When the first group of Ukrainians reached the line of soldiers, he said, "flats flew, there was some jostling and the first tear-gas bombs were thrown."

Congressman Quotes Ukrainian Writer

The tactics of Russian communism in subjugating the non-Russian peoples of Eastern and Central Europe were the topic of Congressional remarks on March 21, 1949. The Hon. Lawrence H. Smith of Wisconsin introduced the article by Prof. Roman Smal-Stocky of Marquette University, dealing with the problem of Russian aggression. The article, entitled "The Promethean Movement," appeared in The Ukrainian Quarterly, Vol. III, No. 4, 1947, published by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

Congressman Smith, in making these remarks to the Speaker of the House, characterized Prof. Smal-Stocky's article as written in "a concise and forceful manner." "Too few people in the United States," he continued, "realize that these small nations are actually fighting Red Russia against

The Vets Convention - by G. H.

The announcement that the Ukrainian American Veterans will hold their second annual convention over Memorial Day weekend, came as a ray of hope that the fruits of last year's labor may not all be lost. Frankly speaking, there has been cause for despair on the part of those who were responsible for, or interested in, the founding of the veterans organization.

After the first convention, in May 1948, when the foundations of a national organization were laid, the public expected a rapid growth of the Ukrainian American Veterans and a lot of action. Instead, the public received nothing but silence, and the veterans were flabbergasted by the blissful slumber into which their new organization had lapsed. No antagonist of the Ukrainian vets could have done a better job of paralyzing their national body.

But that is water over the dam, as they say. A new start will be made at the coming convention, and that is all that matters for the present. The new start may not be as easy as was the initial convocation of the several Posts one year ago. For one thing, there will be missing that spontaneous enthusiasm that marked the first convention. The enthusiasm must be whipped up during the remaining pre-convention period, and it must replace the discouragement that had set in. The problem should not be too difficult.

There is just as much need now of a national organization of Ukrainian veterans as there ever was. The events of the passing year have shown that no other veterans organization (containing Ukrainian units) would stand up for Ukrainian interests. The individual Ukrainian Posts have been too weak and insignificant in their brave efforts to

"Vechernitsi" in Jersey City

The Ukrainian organizations of Jersey City, N. J., including a number of branches of the Ukrainian National Association, united on April 10th in the Dickenson High School auditorium to sponsor a Ukrainian Music and Dance Festival, highlighted by a section of the Ukrainian operetta "Vechernitsi," and presented by the Yongs Ukrainian N.Y. Metropolitan Areas Committee.

The attraction drew an audience of about 1500 persons.

A feature of the affair was the appearance of Mayor Frank A. Eggers who in a brief talk described the Ukrainian people as a bastion against the spread of Communism and lauded their efforts to become free and independent.

The festival received considerable publicity in the local press both prior and after its occurrence. Its director was Miss Olya

what appear to be terrific odds. We in this country must always support the cause of right and if, the principles of the United Nations mean anything we must speak out now against godless communism which has pressed its iron heel upon liberty-loving people.

Russia's Responsibility for World War II

The enumeration of the errors which, in the opinion of Prof. Smal-Stocky caused World War II, were extensively quoted by Congressman Smith. The last war was blamed on Soviet Russia's aggressive policies: The author stated further that

Editorial  
Loyalty Day Preparations Mounting

EARLY returns have shown that interest in the Ukrainian participation in the Loyalty Day Parade in York City on May 30 is running at a high level. Thanks to the cooperation of many organizations and individuals, inquiries, ideas and pledges to participate are being received daily.

Although the "task has been difficult, tiring and time consuming," reports Walter Shipka, representing the Vets of the Ukrainian contingent of the Loyalty Day Parade, "the light of day can be seen as we approach the finale of our preparations for this great event, which—headed by Walter Bacad, the Parade committee chairman himself a Vet, assisted by Nicholas Hawryko, chairman of the United Ukrainian Organizations of New York City, bolstered by the cooperation of U.N.A. branches, and the President of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, Stephen Shumeyko—promises to be one of the greatest demonstrations the people of Ukrainian origin in the New York area have ever undertaken."

It will not only be a case of demonstrating one's loyalty to our country. For that has always been there, and actually requires no overt demonstration on the part of the Ukrainian Americans who compose our national organizations and church dioceses. It will actually be a demonstration of the freedom-loving and democratic instincts of Americans of Ukrainian origin as opposed to totalitarian-minded and undemocratic features of the Soviet Russian regime which has enslaved Ukraine, the valiant sons and daughters of which are today engaged in an underground resistance movement which has as its final aim the freeing of Ukraine and the establishment of a free, independent and democratic Ukrainian republic.

Everyone of our readers is earnestly urged to participate in this Loyalty Parade. To be sure, it will be a sacrifice of one's time, energy and money. But when opportunity knocks at one's door to do something for a good cause, especially to demonstrate against the Communist-dominated May Day parade which will take place on the day following Loyalty Day Parade, no one can be a shirker.

The Parade is less than two weeks off—a week from this coming Saturday. The leaders of our younger generation clubs, societies, choruses, dancing groups, should call immediately meetings of their groups and, in common understanding with the Parade Committee, (address Ukrainian Contingent, American Loyalty Day Parade, c/o of Ukrainian Democratic Committee, 59 St. Mark's Place, New York City), prepare to march as a unit in the parade. The point of assembly for the parade will be 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue. For a society to march as a unit, and display its organization names, in the Ukrainian section of the Parade, will require it to have at least fifty marchers. Appropriate placards will be furnished to the marchers by the committee. There may even be floats. As is to be expected, funds are required to cover the expenses involved in such a parade. A number of societies have already made their donations, such as the Ukrainian Democratic Club (\$100), the U.N.A. Branch (Dniester) (\$50), and the New York branch of the "Boyou Ukrainok" (\$50). We expect our young people's organizations will follow suit. But get started now!

Thy Faith Shall Make Them Whole

Thunder is rolling out of the east. The lightning strikes in many places.

Louder it grows, rising in crescendo as it cracks through in many places. They cannot be stilled!

The lost, the homeless, the hungry... the exiled... a little girl is weeping... and has but one hand with which to wipe away her tears...

What has she done? What sin has she committed that she, too, must wear her crown of flowering thorn? Perhaps she laughed too loudly, wanted to dream a little. Or maybe she tried to cuddle too closely to her Father or was held, warm, in her Mother's arms? She just wanted to be a child.

Did she deserve the tragedy that is her lot? But for the mercy of God there is your sister, your brother, your nephew or your niece. Must there always be a Gethesemane?

Then there's Havrilo... an artist. His eyes reflect the poetry in his mind, the poetry his hands might create... Excepting that he's so tired, and so cold, and so hungry. Coal mining leaves little energy for the creation of beauty... in mind, in heart or in hands.

Oh, it's easy for us to say "he could paint if he really wanted to." Do we know how easy it is to paint after 12 to 14 hours of digging and blasting away in black pits of despair when your soul cries for sunshine? Can we who know no lack of good food, clean clothes, who have not spent months, maybe years, ducking furtively from people not knowing if they were friend or foe, can we sit in judgement on something over which he, poor creature of the flesh, has no control. Exhaustion takes a heavy toll. The mind gives in to the demands of flesh.

What will happen to the Havrilos in the Displaced Persons camps of Europe. What would He say who reminded us to "Love one another as I loved you"?

Petro was a farmer. He lived and tilled his lands in peace. He went to church and saw to it that his children did too. They sang in the choir as he had done, before them. They went to school

and in the evenings the family would gather round and sing the songs so dear to all Ukrainian hearts. At Eastertime they decorated the eggs, the traditional "pysanki." He was happy. His wife was content. Life was good... And now! No home, no farm... no, no wife. His children have been scattered by the gods of war to who knows where? He is alone. All alone. And there is none near to call him "friend." Petro is old. He is tired. He wonders who in all the world will care if he should live or die. And yet, there is a spark! Only an ember, true... but how it glows! It is a hope. Faint, but a hope. A hope of better things, a faith in things to be, a trust that some day his will end! In some way, a better time, a better place is before them! But now is the time of crucifixion. This is Calvary. And the crosses are heavy. In His book is written: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal..." "And now abideth these three, faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." As we go forth from our homes, our churches, greeting our smiling neighbors, watching our laughing children, will we remember the words in His book? Will we remember through the blinding mists of our own happiness their hope, their faith? Or will we be as tinkling cymbals? On May 29 in New York the proceeds of "Echoes of Ukraine" Music and Dance Festival will go to the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee to help the handless girl, the artist-coal miner and the tired, lonely old Petro. They have lifted their hearts in hope, and in prayer, believing help will come, trusting it will not be too late. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

JOIN THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION. DO IT NOW!





