

Dedicated to the ideals and interests of young Americans of Ukrainian descent. Informative, instructive. Supplement of Ukrainian Daily Svoboda. Published by the Ukrainian National Association.

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WEEKLY: No. 17

Study U. S. Plan For Promoting Undergrounds

A detailed plan for encouragement of underground movements everywhere behind the Iron Curtain, especially the strongest of them, the Ukrainian, is under study in high government circles, reports William Edwards, Washington correspondent, in the April 23 number of the Chicago Daily Tribune. It was drafted at the request of an intelligence chief by Frank R. Barnett, the Indiana College professor on leave, whose program for the defeat of Russia involves support of the resistance movements within the Soviet Union. Barnett, 31, an infantry veteran who was an interpreter for the 69th infantry when it came into contact with Russian troops in Germany in 1945 has placed in this document the recommendations of exiled underground leaders in England, Germany and France, with whom he is in touch. A previous article by William Edwards described how Barnett came to Washington 11 months ago and with the aid of Capitol Hill leaders made headway against an organized bureaucratic opposition. The memorandum prepared by Barnett, for government study answers every objection raised to his proposal thus far as well as stating a plan of action. The memorandum declares that: "Undeclared civil war between peasant and commissar rages continuously in the Ukraine, Russia's richest province Today, in spite of secret police and the Red army, the Ukrainian insurgent army keeps alive the resistance movement. "There are other underground groups, in the USSR and throughout the soviet empire,

U.S. Bestows Patent On Top Ukrainian Physicist

Peter Leonidovitch Kapitza, Ukrainian physicist and one of the world's leading scientists, received a patent this week from the United States government. Science Review from Washington, D. C., reported last Wednesday. The patent is for a process asserted to be "extremely efficient in refrigerating plants for producing liquid oxygen and similar products." The process uses centrifugal force

Detroit Women Sponsor Ukrainian Easter Program

Four Detroit Ukrainian clubs sponsored yesterday, April 27, a presentation of how Easter is celebrated Ukrainian style with Easter cusic and Haivky, reports Anastasia Volker, chairman of the affair. Mrs. Sviatoslava Berezowska, sister of the Ukrainian musician, Dr. Wasyl Wytwycyk, worked with a troop of 30 boys and girls for over a year and in splendid style they showed the American and Ukrainian public some of the Ukrainian Easter customs. The program was sponsored by the Soyuz Ukrainok, Branches 37, 58 and 61, and the Ukrainian Graduates club. It took place in the Hall of Nations, International Institute, 111 E. Kirby. The program consisted of brief resume of Ukrainian Easter customs, in English, by Dr. Wasyl Wytwycyk; a tableau of the blessing of Easter food and Pysanky in baskets outside the church, with English narration. Entire stage background scenery was painted on cloth by the outstanding artist, Mr. Edward Kozak. A painter of church

R. STECURA, PIANIST, TO MAKE NEW YORK DEBUT

The distinguished young Ukrainian pianist, Roman Stecura will make his New York debut in the Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday evening, May 8, at 8:30 p.m. His program will include compositions by Beethoven, Moussorgsky, Debussy, Hindemith and Schuman. MOROZ LAKE NAMED AFTER CANADIAN SLAIN FLYER A lake in Manitoba has been named Moroz Lake in honor of a Ukrainian Canadian flyer, Gregory Moroz, who was killed in action over Frankfurt, Germany, March 23, 1944. George H. Brocklebank, Minister of Natural Resources of Saskatchewan, wrote the other week to the parents of George, who reside in Transcona, that "the name of Lake Moroz shall ever remain a memorial and an expression of gratitude of the people of Saskatchewan to the bravery of your famous son." Another son of Mr. and Mrs. Moroz, Michael, was killed during the Normandy invasion.

Behind The Gulay Case

In the April 14, 1952 issue of The New Leader, a New York Socialist review, there again appeared a bitter anti-Ukrainian article, written by one Philip Martin. It evokes the profound indignation of anyone who knows even superficially current Russian-Ukrainian relations. The article deals with the "Case of General Gulay," a new born martyr of Russian imperialism in Munich whom "Galician thugs tried to kill" as the "head of the Ukrainian Liberation Movement" because of his intention to "cooperate with American and Russian anti-Communists." Unfortunately, Mr. Martin is unknown to us; his poisonous anti-Ukrainian pen, on the other hand, is not wholly unfamiliar. In any case, we are at complete loss for the "information" which the writer splashes on the pages of this notoriously anti-Ukrainian review. For the benefit of Mr. Martin and The New Leader, whose anti-Ukrainian and pro-Russian imperialist tendency has long been marked, we should like to disclose some background facts regarding the "Case of General Gulay" and the trial and conviction of three young Ukrainians by an American court in Munich. For we should like to point out that the Gulay case is typical of the nefarious, insidious and hatred-filled propaganda which some Americans of Russian descent conduct against the Ukrainian liberation movement. Background of the Bitter Russian Campaign It all started a year ago or so, when a few Russian leaders in the United States and some naturalized Americans of Russian origin suddenly began making much political noise and propaganda against Stalin. Only yesterday, it seems, hundreds and thousands of such as these voluntarily adopted Soviet citizenship in France and China and glorified Stalin as the great saviour of "Holy Mother Russia." But with the turn of events against the Kremlin, some of them, being articulate and responsive to the prevailing political wind, hit upon a marvelous idea: to unite all the political leaders against the Kremlin! Such unity, they have claimed, is in the interest of the United States government and the

BILL SHUST STARS

Fordham University Theatre crosses its 1951-52 theatrical season with a new play entitled: "Once Upon A Midnight", based on the life of Edgar Allan Poe. The news of interest is that William Shust has been chosen to portray the leading role. (Weekly readers know him through his column of "Impressions"). The choice is significant when we consider that of the entire student body of Fordham University with its diverse talent, a Ukrainian was picked to play the lead in this new work. Needless to say, Bill Shust (a graduate at Fordham) is the only Ukrainian in the cast. The record of Fordham theatrical successes has been an enviable one. "Romeo and Juliet", for example (in which Bill Shust played "Paris") was a huge success and was finally played on N.B.C. Television. An acting job in a Fordham play last spring won Bill Shust a contract with an Equity summer theatre. "Once Upon A Midnight" is an original play written by Alfred J. Barrett, S.J., Chairman of the Communication Arts Department of Fordham University. It is a lyric drama with music and ballet. This particular presentation, dealing as it does with the erratic life of Poe, will be given a stylized production utilizing the principle of space staging. Theatre-going Ukrainians Weekly readers who are anxious to see theatricality which commercial Broadway cannot offer, and who are willing to make at least a fraction of the audience sympathetic to a Ukrainian—will find the performance an enjoyable experience. The drama will be given in the Fordham University Theatre, 190th Street and 3rd Avenue on this and the coming weekend (Friday, Saturday, Sunday—May 2, 3, 4, 9, 10, 11). The curtain is at 8:40 P.M. There will be matinees (at 2:30 P.M.) on Saturday, May 3 and Sunday, May 11. All seats are reserved. Prices for evening performances are \$1.20, 90c for matinees. Reservations can be made in advance by phoning the theatre box office at FORDHAM 7-5400.

Ukrainians Appeared in Round-the-World-Festival at Labor Temple

Through the courtesy of Mr. Revay, Director of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, and of Mr. Michael Pankiv, Ukrainian poet, Round-the-World-Festivals of Labor Temple, 242 East 14th Street, New York City, there was presented last Thursday evening, April 24th, a delightful and comprehensive Ukrainian program. The Ukraine Dancers, with their leader Walter Bacad, were on hand to demonstrate the fiery, thrilling dances of their country. Mme Eugenia Mozhowa, Ukrainian soprano, and Roman Marynowych, Ukrainian baritone known in New York chiefly as Neighborhood Commissioner of the Boy Scouts, offered groups of songs, while Miss Artemis Rusnak, concert pianist of Ukraine, recently arrived in America, contributed a group of piano numbers. The speaker of the evening, who gave a brief talk on "Ukraine, the Country, and the People", was Dr. Wladimir Komarinsky, an attorney by profession and a former DP from the Carpathian Region beyond the Urals. He has served for a long period as legal adviser to the IRO. The evening closed as is usual with these free Thursday evening Folk Culture entertainments with a Square and Folk dancing in the Gymnasium. In concluding, Monsignor Swanstrom said that we must not lose sight of the fact that there is a shortage in the United States of farm laborers, semi-skilled and skilled workers, and that it is necessary to fill the manpower needs so that there should be no letup in our own defense efforts. At a press conference last Thursday the Svoboda and The Ukrainian Weekly were represented.

Rochester Choir Had Successful Season

Rochester's popular St. Joseph's Boyan Choir has completed a successful season with the singing and performing before many groups of people besides being present every Sunday to sing the High Mass in Church. Under the leadership of Prof. Kyrilo Cependa, the choir sang last year at 17 concerts, which included Ukrainian as well as American engagements. One of Rochester's most capable music critics summarized the choir as exceptional and a rare treat to anyone who did not have the opportunity to hear Ukrainian melodies. For the ensuing year the choir has to date a 12 engagement list which will take them to various organizations of veterans, industrial leadership clubs, civic, national and philanthropic groups. This does not include the many concerts which will come up for the observance of Ukrainian national affairs, reports William Popowych. At its yearly meeting the following officers were elected for 1952: — President, Mr. John Holowka; V. Pres., John Derkach; Secretary, Michael Slowikowski; Assis't Sec: Andrew Zadorecki; Treasurer, Mary Shewchuk; Assis't Treas. Evelyn Chapman; Recording Sec'y, Katherine Fedoryshyn; Manager, William Letky; Auditors, John Cymbalist; John Terebuska and Stefan Prusnak; Public Relations, Mary Klimko, William Lenyk and Konstantin Shevchuk. We believe that these young men were rash in thinking that by molesting a man they could help solve such a great and complicated problem as is the problem of Ukraine and Russia. Yet while their political wisdom was lacking, something must be said for their feeling for their country. Moreover, the moral responsibility properly falls upon those who thought that they could ignore the suffering of a great people and their centuries-long struggle for freedom by hand-picking some Russians, giving them Ukrainian labels and Ukrainian names, and attempting to pass them off as "representatives of the Ukrainian people" who would work with the "American and Russian anti-Communists." We suggest that these, and not "Galicians," are the thugs,

IN SUPPORT OF HR-7376

A nation-wide drive to support HR-7376, the bill introduced in Congress by Emmanuel Celler of New York which embodies in essence the principles enunciated by Harry S. Truman in a special message to Congress March 24, has been started by the American Committee on Special Migration, organized specifically for the campaign. Some 35 nationality, fraternal and emigrant aid groups comprise the special committee and are unanimous in giving full backing to the possibility of allowing the entry of 300,000 European migrants into the United States over the period of 3 years as called for by President Truman. The motivating factor behind President Truman's message is the possible alleviation of the overpopulation tensions that beset Western Europe and a direct measure for the relief of persons from communistic-dominated Europe. The emergency legislation asked for in the Celler Bill would permit the entry of 300,000 additional Europeans to the United States at the rate of 100,000 a year, with the following breakdown: 39,000 Italians from Italy and Trieste; 7,500 Greek nationals from Greece; 7,500 Dutch from the Netherlands; 7,000 religious and political refugees from Central and Eastern communistic areas. The latter group includes Estonians, Latvians,

I Was In Siberia

By NICHOLAS PRYCHOTKO

(Concluded)

Our only comfort was the privilege of being able to walk about inside the double wire enclosure and breathe the fresh air. For food we received 1 1/2 lbs of heavy, black bread a day and two bowls of balanda, a stinking liquid that resembled slops more than anything else. At camp Sama there were over a hundred prisoners from Southern Georgia. In this demoralizing environment they still held themselves proud and aloof; the look of hatred never left the eyes of these unbowed sons of Caucasias. They were given no work for almost to a man they suffered from tuberculosis. Coming from the hot southern climate, they had no resistance against the terrific frosts, and each day three or four of them were carried into the forest to eternal peace.

There were also at Sama barracks reserved for criminals. The guards were very friendly with them, calling them "socially close" and entrusting them with many administrative duties of the camp. These duties they executed with the most inhuman brutality, but they were never reprimanded for looting or beating the prisoners.

Our contingent stayed at Camp Sama for only a short time, then was driven off

under guards and blood hounds to another camp in the taiga — Palkino.

Here the conditions were no better. Only when a prisoner completed his full quota of work could he receive his daily allotment of food. Each man was expected to cut from 2.5 to 12 cubic metres (roughly a cord) of wood a day, depending upon the size of the trees. These had to be cut not higher than 7 inches from the ground — though the snow was waist deep. The branches were trimmed off and burned and the trunk sawed into pieces 4.5, or 6 metres (12 to 20 feet) in length.

Death From Labor, Hunger and Cold

Many of my fellow-prisoners sickened and died quickly from the heavy work, carried out under relentless pressure, on poor food in the bitter cold. In Palkino which housed some 3,000 unfortunates, during the worst periods, 10 to 15 men died each day. But these were as quickly replaced with new arrivals.

The dead were deposited in communal graves holding 200 to 300 corpses. Only when the graves were filled to the top with victims were they covered with frozen clods and snow

with an attempt to level them carefully with the surrounding ground. The graves were still prominently noticeable, however, and I saw many of these around Ivdellag. Often, bodies would be dragged out into forest by wolves.

And this was only a "small" camp. There are, in the USSR, around 50 larger concentration camp sites, in Siberia, on the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk, on the White Sea and the Arctic Ocean. The largest of these are: Sibilag, Kraslag, Carlag, Uzhbiag, Vorkutlag, Tobalslag, Sievurlag, Viatlag, Sievostoklag and the dread Kolyma gold camp. Besides these there are great building projects in the North and throughout Siberia, Kazakhstan, and the Far East, developed by slave labor, which was also used to build the White Sea and Moscow-Volga canals; and the famous Moscow Subway.

According to the lowest figures and such facts as I possess, there are never less than 15 million slaves held as a labor pool in the concentration camps. This slave labor system represents the ultimate weapon of the regime in suppressing all discontent, criticism and opposition.

(Courtesy "Ukr. Quarterly")

Praying For Resurrection of Ukraine

By ALEX J. ZABROSKY

(Radio talk, WOPA, April 19)

People living outside of the "iron curtain" are just beginning to become acquainted with the fact, that in Europe some 40 million people speak Ukrainian, a distinctive Slavic language; and that these Ukrainians occupy the territory immediately north of the Black sea and between the Carpathian mountains and the Don river. This land is called the Ukraine, and its capital is Kiev, while some of its larger cities are Lviv, Kharkiv, and Odessa.

For almost three centuries the Ukraine has been occupied by foreign aggressors, who have been unceasingly striving to destroy the Ukrainian people.

Previous to the latter part of the 17th century, the Ukraine was one of the greatest nations in the world, strong enough to have forces to beat back the invading hordes of Genghis Khan.

However, while protecting herself, as well as Europe, from the Asiatic invaders, the Ukraine was sufficiently weakened to allow itself to be occupied by Russia and Poland late in the 17th century. Under the occupation of these invaders, the Ukrainians were subjected to rigid forms of religious, social, and economic restrictions, which were vigorously resisted. This resistance, so weakened Poland, that she in turn was partitioned by Russia and the Austrian Empire late in the 18th century.

Russia continued her despotic trend, and the beginning of the 19th century increased the tempo of the destruction of the Ukrainian nationality. Under the Czar, the use of the Ukrainian language was illegal with a penalty of death. The hero of this period in Ukrainian history was Taras Shevchenko, a renowned poet, who suffered many years in a Russian army camp for refusing to deny his Ukrainian nationality.

As the years passed, the world began to forget that a Ukrainian nationality existed, and when the Ukrainians began to seek freedom by emigrating to the United States in the beginning of the 20th century, this country did not welcome them as Ukrainians, but as Russians. The word Ukrainian may have died in the ears of most of the world, but it did not die in the hearts of the Ukrainian people; and

when Czarist Russia fell in 1918, the Ukrainian people immediately arose and proclaimed a free and independent Ukrainian National Republic.

The ability of the eyes and hence the mind to see things as they really aren't usually stems from the outside source. The object appears to be changed or something different.

Today, the free world is aware of the Russian threat to freedom and is not giving them the tremendous material assistance anymore. We are however, greatly encouraging the communists to expand their sphere of influence, by allowing them to consolidate their ill-gotten gains. We also encourage Russian imperialism by statements that Russia will not be divided, should communism fall. When, oh when, will we wake up and encourage millions of enslaved Ukrainians.

Tomorrow, millions of Ukrainians, will be celebrating Easter, in accordance to the Julian calendar. Enslaved Ukrainians, warriors in the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, and the millions of Ukrainians who live in the free nations celebrate the resurrection of Christ—not only is their Easter a day of joy, but a day of prayer as well. For as Christ was crucified by the pagans, so was their Ukraine and its people. Ukrainians are joyful, for Christ arose, and are sincerely praying that the resurrection of their beloved Ukraine will be granted.

SOVIET SNAPSOTS

Who Directs the Universities

"Pravda" of February 8, 1952 writes:

"The Central Committee of the Ukrainian CP organized a republican conference on the teaching of social sciences in the institutes of higher education. . . The participants of the conference pointed out faults committed by some departments of the CC of the Ukrainian CP in the direction of the chair for Marxism-Leninism at the Kiev pedagogical institute. Candidate of Historical Sciences, M. R. Donnyi, and others criticized the department of science and institutes of higher education of the Kiev oblast CP committee for superficial direction of the institutes of higher education, particularly as regards the chairs of social disciplines.

Impressions

by William Shust

A fascinating thing in human existence is illusion—the capacity of seeing things which aren't there.

Not imagination, for that is in a higher realm and it can or cannot—as the case may be—create illusion.

The ability of the eyes and hence the mind to see things as they really aren't usually stems from the outside source. The object appears to be changed or something different.

Who has not seen the mystery and charm of shadows suddenly destroyed by the flip of a light switch. Where before you had a suggestion of the exotic you now have the prosaic. Illusion is destroyed by reality.

The success of art depends

completely on illusion. For the artist in his work can never hope to reproduce his subject in its true beauty. At best, he can only offer a suggestion. If he succeeds in this suggestion we have a work of art.

For we find that God alone has created the objects of inherent beauty and man can only create beauty by imitating His works. In the imitation, complete and faithful reconstruction of a God-made object is impossible and never beautiful.

The artist then can only capture the essential points and create the illusion of the real beauty. Hence art is illusion.

Then if we scoff at shadows and illusions we are either dead or have lost the intimations of God in our life.

THE AMERICAN WAY

The Russian People

Some months ago in this column, I stated that Russia is no longer communistic. What I was attempting to prove, using Russia as an example, is that pure communism as expounded by Karl Marx is a theory that cannot be translated into lasting workable practice.

A number of readers misinterpreted the purport of that editorial; arrived at the erroneous conclusion that I so admired the Russian system (that I was advocating something of a similar nature of America. That is not correct.

As a matter of fact, the progress which Russia has made has been due almost entirely to her having discarded certain fundamentals of communism and substituting in their place, fundamentals copied from our own American system. The chief of these was Russia's complete about-face regarding equal division of wages by adopting a system of incentive bonuses in industry, whereby the better and more industrious workman gets better pay than his less skillful and less industrious fellow-workman.

Russia's economic system today is in a traditional stage—it is traveling the road from communism to capitalism. True, it has gone but a short distance on that journey, but it is my opinion that she will continue in that direction and at an accelerated pace as more and more of the Russian people come to learn of individual freedom of action, such as we enjoy in America.

Today only about 2.5 percent of the population of the Soviet Union are members of the so-called Communist Party, and all power in Russia is concentrated in this small minority. It controls the political life of the country as well as managing industry, agriculture, transportation, banking, foreign trade—every phase of national, economic and social life.

In addition, the Kremlin use to unbelievable extent slave labor, against which both the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. have lodged strong protests.

Russia's educational system is completely state-controlled. It has no privately-owned newspapers, magazines or radio stations. There is but one public voice—that of government.

While the rank and file of Russia's citizens have been able to vote at elections to the Supreme Soviet since 1936, this is not really a voting franchise according to our American conception. The candidates for whom they vote are first chosen with the approval and sanction of the Communists, and this 2.5 percent minority sees to it that there is always a substantial majority of Communists in the two Houses of the Soviet Parliament.

No, I don't like the Russian system. We certainly want no part of it here in America. During World War II, the American people experienced some of the restrictions which encompass the Russians in peace as well as in war. We

Poet's Corner

APRIL

April is spirit risen from the tomb
That winter held in cold eternity
Since autumn-death and devastated bloom.

Now, resurrection has set April free,
A light-green tender month with silver ways,
A thing of beauty from the bleak cocoon

To brighten us throughout on-coming days.
April is apple blossoms on the moon,
April is honeybees on sawbrier tendril,

April is eager packs of young clean winds
That ripple wheat and rustle leafcloud hill.

April is spirit and her beauty binds
Our hearts in unison of spring-clean love
Enough to make our winter spirits rise

Like tender percoon* from the loam-rich cove,
Like singing birds into bright April skies.

JESSE STUART.

* An Indian name for bloodroot, used in Kentucky.

FACTS ABOUT THE U. N. A.

A pamphlet which gives detailed information about our organization and how to become a member. Available in the English language or in the Ukrainian. Will be mailed to you free of charge.

Ukrainian National Association
81-83 Grand Street
Jersey City 3, N. J.

had a taste of government control and restrictions, and we didn't like the sample. We accepted restrictions as a necessary corollary of war, but only for the duration.

With the growth of education and a more enlightened citizenry, the Russian people will learn to want, then come to demand, more and more of the individual freedoms enjoyed by the citizens of our American republic. These demands eventually will have to be granted or the Russian people will revolt against the dictatorship that now enslaves them.

As long as the Soviet people are under the heel of that totalitarian dictatorship, there will be constant threats of war—their emancipation, individual, political, and national, would usher in an era of lasting world peace.

ANTI-COMMUNIST RALLY HELD IN TORONTO

By MARY HETIMAN

On Easter Sunday, April 13, when people of good-will all the world over were praying for peace and praising the resurrection of Jesus Christ, here in Toronto, in spite of a terrible rainy day—Ukrainians of ABN (Anti-Communist Bloc of Nations) came in one solid front to protest in anti-communist Rally which was held successfully Sunday evening at Massey Hall. It started at 7:30 p. m. by the playing of "God Save the Queen".

On the stage were representatives from different national groups which participated in the gathering. Behind them, on the very back of the huge stage eight flags hung flatly forward, divided evenly, exposing in the centre, in black and white the symbol of the ABN "Freedom for Nations and For Individuals" in English, together with two hands

To us, new Canadians and Americans, the ABN is a new political addition of interest on this side of the continent which has been introduced to us through the new arrivals from Europe. They have carried their activities quietly, and this rally has been their greatest manifestation in Canada of their organized strength which was attended by over 2,000 Now, we ask ourselves, what is the ABN and what does it stand for? This is exactly how I was informed. In 1945 Mr. Steczko initiated the activity of the ABN on this side of the Iron Curtain in accordance with the resolution of the 1st Conference of the subjugated nations held underground on November 21, 22, 1943, in Ukraine, which was at that time under the German and Russian occupations. Today, the ABN is a body which coordinates the anti-Russian liberation movements behind the Iron Curtain. It consists of representatives of 24 nations enslaved now by Russian

(Concluded on Page 3)

Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors

By MICHAEL KOTSIUBINSKY
Translated by STEPHEN SHUMÉVYO

(ТІНІ ЗАБУТИХ ПРЕДКІВ)

(Continued)

And when the sun tore through the cloud and the wet grasses once more smiled, Yura, saw, as if in a dream, Palahna running towards him. She shone with gladness, like the very sun itself, and solicitously bent over him, asking him:

"Has anything happened to you, Yurchiku?"

"Nothing, Palahna my dear, nothing... Did you see! I drove off the storm..."

And he extended his arms to her...

And thus, Palahna became Yura's mistress.

With considerable surprise Ivan began to notice that now Palahna dressed with even far more care and ostentation than before; even on ordinary weekdays she wore silk shawls, rich in quality and elaborate in embroidery, brilliant wire woven aprons, and heavy necklaces of silver coins. Sometimes she would disappear and not return until late, flushed, disheveled, as if drunk.

"Where have you been so long" Ivan would occasionally angrily demand. "Be careful, wife, or else..."

But Palahna only laughed at him.

"Can't I have my fling?... I want to have my fill. We live but once..."

What is truth is truth, our life is indeed very short—it flares and then dies out, Ivan thought, but still Palahna was going too far. Every day now she drank in the tavern with sorcerer Yura, openly kissed and embraced him, and did not even try to hide the fact that she was his mistress. And not for a moment did it occur to her that she was doing anything wrong. After all, she wasn't the first! And where on this earth was there any woman who was true to one man only?

Everyone was already talking about her and Yura, but Ivan remained apathetic to it all. What could he do? A sorcerer was a sorcerer! And so Palahna bloomed while Ivan grew melancholy, thin, and weaker in strength. At times he wondered himself at the change that came over him. What had happened to him? He was getting weaker every day; his eyes had lost their luster and now were watery and deeply sunken;

his glance was no longer piercing but vague; and life itself seemed to have lost all its taste for him. Even his sheep and cattle no longer brought him contentment and happiness, as they had done before. Had someone done anything to him? Had some one cast a spell over him?

And as for Palahna, he felt no grievance towards her. In fact, he did not even feel that he was being wronged by her. And so, when one day he came to blows with Yura over her, it was not because he sought the fight; it was entirely unavoidable. If it had not been for Semen, his closest friend, there probably would have been nothing to it at all.

For, encountering Yura in the tavern, Semen, without much ado, struck him across the face.

"Why you lazy loafer," he exclaimed indignantly. "What do you mean by going after Palahna! Haven't you got a wife of your own?"

Ivan felt ashamed that someone else should be fighting his battle. In a flash he leaped towards Yura, pushing Semen aside.

"Yura, go back to your Hafia and leave my Palahna alone!" he cried hotly, brandishing his hatchet cane threateningly before Yura's face.

"Did you think you could keep her forever?" retorted Yura.

His hatchet-cane also flashed before Ivan's eyes.

"May disease blight you!..."

"Why you bandit!"

"Take that!"

Ivan landed the first blow with his hatchet, on Yura's forehead. But although the streaming blood blinded him, Yura managed to strike Ivan on the forehead too, so that the latter also became blinded by blood. With blood streaming down their faces and chests the two hacked away at each other with their hatchets. It was a veritable death dance of two gory masks, to the accompaniment of clashing steel and flying sparks. Yura's left arm was suddenly rendered useless when he raised it to ward off a blow that would surely have killed him.

But the retaliated with a desperate blow that landed on Ivan's upraised hatchet and broke it in two. Ivan bent down, awaiting his doom. But Yura, stifling his rage, cast aside his hatchet with a fine gesture, and said:

"I don't fight with a hatchet anyone who is unarmed!"

Then they both clinched.

And it was with the greatest difficulty that both were finally separated.

Well, that was all there was to it. Ivan washed his wounds in the Cheremosh, bloodying its swiftly flowing waters, and then went among his sheep. There he found his rest and consolation.

The fight, however, did not change the situation. Everything remained as before. Palahna kept on absenting herself from home, and Ivan kept on growing thinner. His skin became dark and drawn tightly over his bones; his eyes sank in even more, and slowly he pined away. He even lost the desire to eat.

"It can't be anything else than a spell cast over me by the sorcerer," Ivan would sometimes think. "He could not kill me by mortal means, so now he is trying to get rid of me by having me wither away."

He went to a fortune teller, but she was of no help: the power of the sorcerer was too much for her.

One day Ivan happened to be passing Yura's home when he heard voices coming from beyond the high plank wall that surrounded the house itself. Involuntarily he paused, and clearly there came to him the sound of Palahna's voice. His throat contracted. It couldn't be her! She wouldn't be so brazen! He found it difficult to breathe.

Pressing his hand tightly against his pounding heart, Ivan listened intently. No, there was no mistake about it now. Palahna was there. He cast his eye over the stout gate, but there was no knot hole through which he could look in. Stealthily he moved along the wall, looking for a crack in it. Finally he found one, and pressing close he saw Palahna and the sorcerer, Yura, in the courtyard. The latter was holding before Palahna a doll made of mud and with his finger tip he was touching the various parts of it.

"When I drive a peg here," he said ominously, "then his arms and legs will wither. If I drive it here in the stomach, then he won't be able to eat any more..."

"But suppose you were to drive it in the head, then what?" asked Palahna.

"Then he immediately dies."

They must be plotting against his life!

The realization of this swept overwhelmingly over Ivan. A black rage seized him. It would take but a moment for him to leap inside the wall and kill them both. His troubles would then be over. He gripped his hatchet more firmly, tensed his muscles to climb over the fence, and then, most unaccountably, he relaxed. A most enervating weakness and apathy had suddenly embraced his whole body and mind. Why should he kill them? To what gain? It was fated thus, so why struggle against it. Importantly he lowered his hatchet and plodded heavily away. He did not even feel the ground beneath his feet, as he left the pathway and stumbled among the underbrush. Red circles whirled before his eyes, growing wider and wider until they encompassed the very mountains themselves.

Where he was going, he did not know. He wandered aimlessly, climbing and descending, fording streams, tripping over fallen trees, his legs moving like two automatons. Finally he realized that he was sitting on the bank of the river. The water gurgled and splashed below him as he sat there gazing into its swiftly flowing current. Some subconscious though stirred within his stricken mind and he began to look about him with a little more interest. Vaguely he seemed to remember this spot. It had some dim significance for him connected with it. Finally he remembered. Yes, this was the spot where his sweetheart, Marichka, had drowned. The thought of her at once opened his mind to further recollections—of her and the past. Again he saw her before him, her wistful face, her graceful figure, remembered her sympathy and kindness, and it seemed to him that he could even hear her voice as she sang to him a love song.

But now all this was gone. Never again will those happy moments return to him... Once it was Marichka... and now it will be him... and now it will be him... Already his star was barely holding on to the heavens; any minute it will fall down. For what is life after all? Nothing but a flash in the sky... or like a cherry blossom fragile... premature... quick to die.

Slowly the sun hid behind the mountains, and of the chimneys rose into the breathless air to mingle with the advancing shadows of the evening.

(To be continued)

The Shoe and The Future

By OLGA PRIMAK

The May Fair comes to our town every year, the last week of May. It's the usual type of a Fair—with ferris wheels, popcorn, noise, people, and fortune tellers. Sophie and I make the rounds every year. You'd think we'd get tired of the Fair; after all, we've been going to it for years. And we do. But I suppose that we'll go again next year.

Usually there's some important event connected with every Fair. But not this May Fair. Except perhaps, the fortune tellers. We got waylaid into one of those fortune telling dens by means of a "Special Offer". "Know your Future for Only Ten Cents." So we went in. I soon came out. My fortune turned out to be an ordinary man, dressed in ordinary street clothes, who muttered the ordinary type of reading, something to the effect that I was going to take a trip. I would be happy in life, I would get a husband and lots of children. But Sophie got a little more padding with her future. Her man was going to be tall, dark and handsome, a description of Sophie's old flame, Turhan Bey.

When I got home, I mentioned the incident while describing this year's Fair to my grandmother. She was chuckling to herself quietly while I was talking.

"Ah, girls are the same, everywhere and anytime. In spite of women being able to do so many things these days, you still find that half their time is spent in attracting men and looking for a husband. No, it's always been like that. Now, in my day, we went about it in a different way. For one thing, we knew ways by which girls could learn a lot about who and what their husbands would be." She sighed, and paused for a moment. I know that she was thinking about the Old Country. "I remember what happened to a girl I knew one time."

And it is this story she told about a girlhood happening in Ukraine that I'll remember this year's May Fair by, because, well, it shows that you can't ever tell.

Tania shut the big, thick door quietly behind her and stepped into the ice-sheeted yard. She didn't want to be discovered going out tonight of all nights. Her family would laugh at her and tease her, if they knew that she were not in on the night of the sixth of January. And it was a ridicule that Tania Sirmo, the pretiest and proudest girl in the village, could not stand.

"But even if they laugh, Baba won't." Tania thought smugly. "She'll just sneer at them for acting that way." Baba, whose real name everyone had forgotten, was the old woman who lived with the Sirmo's. She was secretive, mysterious and sly, in trying to live up to her name as the village soothsayer.

Tania walked carefully over the ice, towards the gate, her conversation with Baba ringing in her ears. "So, the gypsy who was here on New Year's said you would get a husband in a year's time, eh? But come now, you want to know more about him than that, don't you?" Baba spat out, jealous of anyone else who practiced soothsaying. "You know, don't you, that a girl on Epiphany can find out lots of things about her future. Mmm,

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frequent visitor at the Sirmo's. At first he came because Mischa used to drag him there. Soon he and Baba got into long arguments which would have lasted all night, if the rest of the family could have slept through the noise. Instead he would come back the next night, and the pair would start all over again.

Petya had been a jack-of-all trades in his time. But this last winter, in a fit of religious remorse, he had decided to take to the wilderness and forsake his worldly ways. The swamp seemed an ideal refuge. He found himself a comparatively dry spot on the fringes, where he built a small hut. He existed there through the winter. But he emerged from his exile at the first signs of spring—when the birds began tosing in the fields and the people began to stay out of doors. He longed for an ordinary life again.

Tania grew more and more fretful, the more she saw of Petya. How could Fate play such tricks with her heartstrings, and send an old man from the east? He was plainly not intended for her. But, then, who was? She lost all interest in the renewed social life of the village. Her mind had become wholly absorbed by her dilemma. Six months had already gone by. When would her lover come from the east to fulfill the gypsy's prophecy.

The girls in the village began to make comments on her behavior. They had been all smitten with jealousy when Tania's fortune had been told. Now they smirked amongst themselves whenever Tania did not appear at a dance or when she snubbed her swains.

"If Tania goes on acting the way she does, she'll become an old maid—no matter what the gypsy said," Marianna declared hopefully.

The harvest was over. The leaves began to fall, and with them, too, Tania's hopes. Then at the end of October, the village was shaken with surprise at the news of forthcoming wedding. No, Tania was not to be married yet. The new bride was an old, toothless woman, Baba, and the bridegroom—Petya.

It was about two weeks after this announcement, that Tania received another shock. While packing Baba's "trousseau" she found a pair of shoes. She recognized them immediately. Of course, they were the ones she had worn on Epiphany. She had borrowed Baba's felt shoes that snowy week because they were much warmer than her own! Therefore, Tania reasoned, the charm had worked for Baba, not her. She was free!

The next day Vanya, a boy who lived near the Sirmo's pushed, Tania into a cold pond, while she had been admiring her reflection in it to see if she were still the prettiest girl in the village.

"Has the cold water wakened you up, Tanusha?" Vanya laughed.

Tania confronted him angrily, ready to slap the grinning face. But she stopped her hand in mid-air. A revelation hit her. Vanya lived three houses east of hers.

Her hand smoothed out her wet, dark hair.

A NATO STAMP

On April 4 a new 3¢ stamp was issued by the United States government — one which should be of genuine interest to every citizen writing letters to friends or relatives abroad.

Showing a torch upheld by two hands, one springing from the United States and one from Europe, this stamp marks the achievements and third anniversary of NATO—the North Atlantic Treaty alliance which, under General Eisenhower's leadership, has given the Western world a new birth of confidence.

Why do we speak of this stamp? Because nothing, it seems to us, could be more appropriate than for Americans writing letters abroad to use this new 3¢ stamp on their correspondence (five stamps would be needed for air mail to Europe). Then in their letters they could include a paragraph or so which calls attention to the stamp and explains its significance.

It is always good to start at the beginning. When General Eisenhower returned to Europe at the start of 1951, NATO was a paper organization. There were barely seven army divisions among the Western countries, many of these not in battleworthy condition. Today there are twenty-six divisions under General Eisenhower's command — not including the nineteen Turkish and ten Greek divisions. By the end of 1952 there will be a total of seventy-nine divisions. Some of these will, to be

sure, be reserves, not capable of fighting until sixty days after they are called. Yet the accomplishment is substantial. It makes the difference between countries that are now able to defend themselves and countries that were in danger of being overrun by the U.S.S.R.

The armed forces now in Western Europe are great enough to withstand a surprise attack by the Soviets.

In addition to these divisions, NATO now has a regular system of command and supply. Munition depots, air fields, transportation and ports are all being organized so as to sustain the fighting force in defense of the free world.

Finally the blueprint of a European army has been drawn, permitting German divisions to participate in the defense of Western Europe.

These are the bare bones of NATO's accomplishments. Beyond all these has been the immense lift of spirit that has been given to the West by General Eisenhower's leadership.

The letter-writer who uses the new NATO stamp places upon the envelope of his letter a proud symbol. More than that, he gains an occasion to speak frankly to his friends abroad of what has been done for the common defense. He can speak with quiet assurance; for these accomplishments have been forged in the fires of mutual sacrifice, and they represent the determination of free men to stand up against the threat of tyranny.

ANTI-COMMUNIST RALLY

(Concluded from Page 2)

imperialism: Albania, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Byelorussia, Bulgaria, Cossackia, Finland, Croatia, Czechia, Estonia, Georgia, Hungary, Idel-Ural, Latvia, Lithuania, Northern Caucasia, Rumania, Serbia, Siberia, Slovakia, Tartaria, Turkestan and Ukraine.

The aims of ABN are: (1) destruction of bolshevism and Russian Imperialism; (2) re-establishment of independent democratic national states based on the ethnographical principles; (3) liquidation of totalitarianism of every kind in order to secure the right for every nation to freedom, and social justice for nations and individuals.

Mr. Steczko, being the principle speaker of the evening, emphasized that in the forefront of the struggle against Russia are such national liberation movements and insurgent formations as: Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA), OUN and UHWR (Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council) in Ukraine;

ly, ready to slap the grinning face. But she stopped her hand in mid-air. A revelation hit her. Vanya lived three houses east of hers. Her hand smoothed out her wet, dark hair.

Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER W. DANKO

DETROIT RED WINGS CAPTURE STANLEY CUP

Metro Prystal scored two goals and assisted on another April 15th as the Detroit Red Wings swept to the Stanley Cup with a 3-0 victory over the Montreal Canadiens before 14,545 fans. The Red Wings thus became the first team in history to sweep eight straight games without a loss in cup competition. Terry Sawchuk, Detroit goalie, equaled a play-off record with his fourth shut-out of the series. He blanked Toronto twice and the Canadiens twice. Frank McCool of Toronto and Dave Kerr of New York also had four play-off shut-outs in the past. McCool needed thirteen games and Kerr nine. The Red Wings beat Toronto in the minimum of four games in the semifinals and handed the Canadiens four successive setbacks.

The victory gave Detroit just about everything the National Hockey League has to offer. The Red Wings won the regular season championship with a 22-point edge over the runner-up Canadiens, and now have their second Stanley Cup in three years. Prystal blazed in his first goal at 6 minutes 50 seconds of the first period, a 25-footer from in front, with Goalie Gerry McNeil well screened. Detroit widened its lead with only 21 seconds remaining in the middle period

and again Prystal played a major role. He fired a blazing shot from the corner and Glen Skov tapped the rebound past McNeil from five feet out. With Montreal trying desperately to get back into the game, and playing five men up, Prystal sneaked behind the defense to pick up a loose puck at center ice and dash in to beat McNeil unassisted.

Sawchuk stopped twenty-six Montreal shots during the game and was mobbed by his team-mates when the final buzzer sounded. His work was reminiscent of his regular National Hockey League net-minding. He led the league in shut-outs with twelve, and walked off with the Venzina Trophy as the top goalie in professional hockey.

BRIEFS:

Many thanks to Nick Kamins of Palisades, N. J. for submitting to this column the info that weightlifter Adam Swirz of New York City's lower East Side is of Ukrainian origin. In the recent American Legion contest held in Long Island, N. Y., 24-year old Adam totaled 770-pounds; pressing 230, snatching 230 and winding up with a 310 clean-and-jerk.

This past Monday evening on WCBS-TV, Olga Prytyla appeared on Arthur Godfrey's popular program as a talent scout. Godfrey inquired the lineage of the name "Prytyla" and the reply was Ukrainian! Then Miss Prytyla introduced her "discovery". It was her brother, a fine baritone, who uses the stage name "Henry Lawrence". He has appeared in the Broadway production—"Finians Rainbow", "Call Me Mister" and "Seventeen". His offering was Figaro from the Italian opera—The Barber of Seville. And altho he didn't take top prize it was indeed refreshing to hear this young Ukrainian. Here is wishing him continued success in all his future endeavors in the entertainment world.

Emil Husar, a registered professional civil engineer in New York, was appointed Leonia, N. J.'s new director of Public Works and borough engineer.

MEMBERSHIP IN THE U.N.A. May be obtained by any person of Ukrainian or other Slavic extraction, or any person related through marriage to such a person of Ukrainian or other Slavic extraction, — in good health, and not over 60 years of age. Write for information how to become a member.

Ukrainian National Association

last week. Emil, who is a very active Ukrainian, holds both bachelor and master's degrees in civil engineering.

Steve Sonchok, Detroit Tigers outfielder opened the season with a bang going 4 for 8 in his first two games to qualify as one of the AL's top batsmen. He currently is hitting and dash in to beat McNeil unassisted.

Mike Lutz of Warren, Ohio has been shipped down to Reading of the Eastern (A) League by Indianapolis of the International League.

Paul Chervinko is the manager of Quincy, Ill. of the Three-I (Class B) League; Alex Monchak is player-manager of Roswell, New Mexico of the Longhorn (C) League and Mike Tresh guides Wausau Wisconsin State (D) League.

George Ratkowitz of the Syracuse Nationals has probably finished his playing days in the play-for-pay basketball loop. Big George will be sorely missed by the Nats next season.

Steve Riddick, who pitched a no hitter for the Phillies in spring training is a "Russian" according to the N. Y. World-Telegram whose folks came to this country from Austro-Hungary. Either the "W.T." is wrong in their statement concerning Steve's parentage or else he is a member of the backward Ukrainian element in this country still erroneously claiming to be "Russian". This writer has already written him requesting a clarification.

Chester Molley (Malishewsky) of Luzerne County, Pa. has been appointed as English instructor to Westmorland High School. Chester is a former pitcher in the N. Y. Yankees farm system and is currently an active Ukrainian in eastern Pa. affairs.

"Red Wedding", an account of a Ukrainian childhood in the days of the Czars, by Damon Orlov, will be released by Henry Regnery May 5. Mr. Orlov came to America at the time of the Russo-Japanese War by way of Siberia, Japan and Singapore, ending up in Chicago, where he studied law under Clarence Darrow. He is now a practicing attorney in Gary, Ind., but, like all the people of his native village, he can never entirely forget it, which is his reason for writing this book.

Harry Dorish is the Chicago White Sox's top-notch relief artist. From all reports emanating from the Windy City, "Fritzie" seems set for a great season throwing the old rawhide.

All sports items should be sent to the writer, 347 Avenue T, Bayonne, New Jersey.

U.Y.O.C. Reorganization Meeting
SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1952, 3 p.m.
at the:
Ukrainian American Citizens Club
51 Whitmore Street, Hartford, Conn.
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Come and join in at these vital sessions and then enjoy yourself at the social.

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May 17 — Dance at Ukrainian Center at 180 William St., Newark, N. J. — 8:30 p.m.
May 24 — Dance at Ukrainian Home at 216 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. — 9:00 p.m.
May 31 — Dance at Ukrainian Hall in Great Meadows, N. J. — 9:00 p.m.
June 15 — Picnic at Kissena Bowling Park on 160 — 46th Ave., in Flushing, Long Island, N. Y. — 3:00 p.m.
June 28 — Dance at Polish National Home on 16th Ave., & Speedway in Irvington, N. J. — 8:30 p.m.
June 29 — Picnic at Petrylow's Grove, Fairfield Ave., Kenilworth, N. J. — 2:00 p.m. Sponsored by Ukrainian Youth League of New Jersey.
July 13 — Picnic at Ukrainian Hall — Park on State Street in Perth Amboy, N. J. — 2:30 p.m. Benefit Picnic for funds for St. Basil's Orphanage of Phila., Pa. Sponsored by Ukrainian Catholic Youth League Council of N. Y. & N. J.
July 20 — Picnic at Hall and Park, 128 Parkwood Road, West Islip, L. I., N. Y. — 3:00 p.m.
Oct. 25 — Dance at Victory Hall on 188 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J. — 9:00 p.m.
Hoping you can attend most of our affairs I remain
Musically Yours,
ЯРОСЛАВ БІРЕПТ

