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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.

СВОБОДА SVOBODA
УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ЩОДЕННИК UKRAINIAN DAILY

WEEKLY: No. 13 VOLUME XXI

The Ukrainian Weekly Section

Address
UKRAINIAN WEEKLY
81-83 Grand Street
Jersey City 3, N. J.
Tel. HEnderson 4-0237 4-0807
Ukrainian National Ass'n
Tel. HEnderson 4-1016

PIK LX. Ч. 81. SECTION II. JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1953 SECTION II. No. 81 VOL. LX.

Weekly Commentator

CAN A CHRISTIAN BE A COMMUNIST?

And contrarywise, can a Communist be a Christian?

The answer to both questions is a definite no.

The reason is that there is fundamental opposition between Christianity and Soviet Communism. Let us bear in mind the first condition of membership of the Soviet party is atheism. And if a Communist is not allowed to be a Christian, how can Christians pretend that they can still be Communists and subordinate themselves to Soviet tyranny?

In his incisive pamphlet on this subject ("Christianity and Communism", London), Rev. D. R. Davies sums up the everlasting doctrinal opposition between Christianity and Communism:

Christionity believes in the existence of God, Who is the source of all being and life.

Communism denies absolutely the existence of a divine Being of any sort, and affirms that matter-in-motion is the only source of life.

Christianity believes that man was created by God.

Communism believes that man is a by-product of matter in revolution.

Christianity believes that the human race has sinned against God, and by so doing, has fallen from the state in which God first created man; and that in order to restore mankind to its first state, God Himself became human in the Person of Jesus Christ.

Communism does not believe in the existence of humanity but only in classes, which through revolutions and dictatorships, are finally destined to disappear until one class, the working-class remains.

Christianity believes that the present world of sinful history is incomplete, and must be transcended in a new and order of life and being, in which sin has been finally overcome.

Communism believes that the present is the only world and the whole of man's existence and that death is the end of all existence and being.

Christianity believes that in accordance with the teaching of the Lord's Prayer, the Kingdom of God will be finally realized on this earth, but in a transfigured order of life.

Communism believes that the perfect social order will be realized in history as the result of bloody revolution and Communist dictatorship.

So this absolute and unbridgeable gulf, separating Soviet Communism from Christianity and consequently from our Western civilization, which is rooted in the Christian faith, found its expression in the total subjection of the individual to the power of the State, with its dreaded insecurity, with its heart-rending poverty and want, with its denial of all spiritual freedom, with its unending violation of the human conscience.

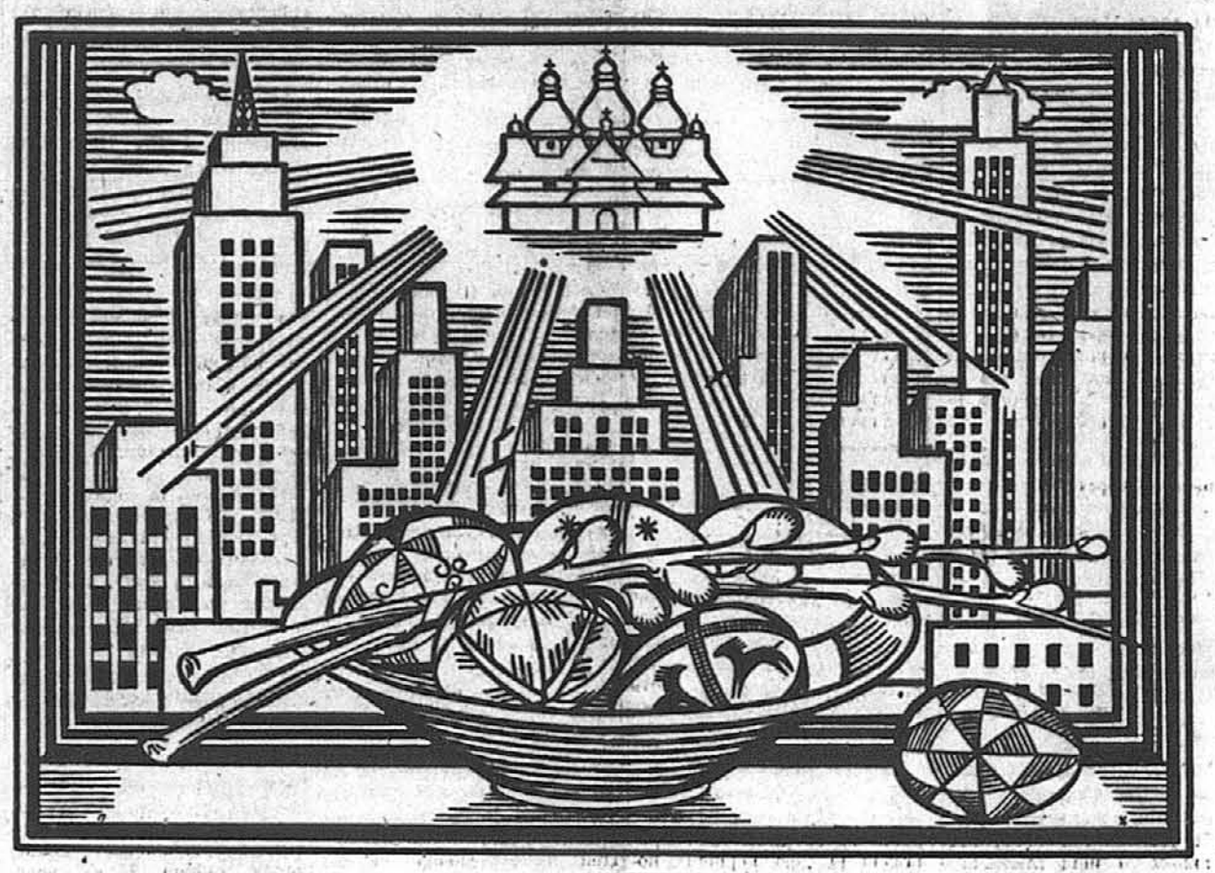
IS AMERICAN BUSINESS INTOLERANT OF 'FOREIGN' NAMES?

On the whole it seems that it is. There are, of course, many successful businessman and financiers with "foreign" names, like David Sarnoff and Henry J. Kaiser. There are German named brewers. Certain luxury products—cheeses and wines for example—which exploit the snob appeal of imported goods, art and antique dealers, do not find a "foreign" name any handicap. Besides the National Association of Manufacturers membership list contains quite a number of "foreign" names.

On the whole, however, the American business world is quite intolerant of "foreign" names. Big business, for instance, prefers to have its name become trade marks, and the trade-marks must be simple, rhythmic to the eye and ear, and easy on the tongue. Kellog's Corn Flakes and Campbell Soups probably would not be so successful were they called Zabladowsky Corn Flakes or the Zabrosky Soups. Heinz, of course, is "foreign," but is simple, just like Zepko.

In most big industrial and business offices, people with "foreign" names, such as Koondakjian, Szymansarski, Kriztian, Papavassilioy, Danylyshyn, or Trinajstovich are very often barred, regardless of their ability, from advancement to positions of authority and responsibility in which they would come in contact with the public. By and large, firms do not want their customers to hesitate over their names — and then place orders elsewhere.

In the professions, such as law or medicine, a "foreign" name seems to be but a small handicap. Just look ot the names of the Jewish or Italian lawyers and doctors. For that matter Ukrainian as well. The Piznaks and the Panchuks have certainly not suffered by retaining their "foreign" names. In fact, we dare say, the names intrigue attention.



Christ is Risen

During the Great Week of Lent, we commemorate the Passion and the Death of our Lord, and tomorrow, the Glorious and Life Giving Resurrection.

Tomorrow, as all this week, we shall do this together with our fellow Americans of non-Ukrainian descent. Because of the different calendars, this happens only once every four or five years. With patience we look forward to the time when the Gregorian and the Julian calendars will be synchronized, when we Ukrainian of birth or descent in this country and elsewhere will be able to observe our Christmas, Easter and other religious holidays together with our brethren of the Western world. The reasons which prevented any steps to be made towards such synchronization — as in the case of the Ukrainians under pre-war Poland—no longer exist.

Yet, whenever observed Holy Easter is the day of sublime spiritual feeling, disturbed though it may be by our daily habits and wants. It begins with the inspiring Resurrection Service, continues with the breaking-of-the-fast breakfast, in which the whole clan takes part with father and mother at the head, then High Mass at church, followed by the exchanging of Easter greetings around the church and at home at Easter dinner with those close and dear to one—and finally the period of repose and meditation.

Such meditation instinctively leads to thoughts of our Lord, Jesus Christ. Varied indeed are those thoughts. Each hooked upon some desire or want in us. And among them is the thought of peace for all of us, peace and security, the wish to live and let live according to the precepts He laid down.

It isn't an easy task to do that. Especially in these turbulent times which possess our world. We see injustice and cruelty on all sides. We know, for instance, the Golgotha our kinsmen in the land of our parents, Ukraine, are undergoing. Despite our worldly outlook, inured though it may be to shock, we cannot help but be a bit shaken when we hear or read eyewitness accounts of the ghastly things that are happening over there. Then in our thoughts we go into the matter a bit more deeper. We recall that human bestiality and cruelty is nothing new under the sun. The countless millions of its victims under the Soviet Russian rule, can find their counterpart aplenty in the past, let us say with, those who perished in building of the great Pyramids of Egypt, erected at a wholesale sacrifice of life some couple of thousands of years before His birth. We recall, too the bloody orgies which have dotted our own Christian history.

All of such ruminations bring us squarely before the fact that all that has been will continue forever, until we, and that means all of us, allow Christ and His teachings enter our hearts and minds, and possess them. Those who refuse Him, will aid and abett the ways of the godless Kremlin rulers. Those who will not refuse Him, may have the opportunity of conquering them, by will or by force.

On the face of the earth there spreads today a horrible tragedy — a tragedy whereby entire nations, armed as never before, are divided into two well known camps, those of Good and Evil, of Light and Darkness, of Love and Hatred. We face chaos. Who shall assemble a new creation out of this chaos? Only Christ who has Risen from the Dead, through whom we may harmonize ourselves to a life similar to that seen in vision by St. John as "New Heaven and a New Earth."

Easter Prayer

By Myra Lazeczko

Let all men's selves be great as God's for He
Is living thought where breathes life, and beauty;
And death is sweet and silent as a thought,
Of passing dreams; so gentle, we know not
Whether the tide has ebbed or flowed; and this,
We say's Religion, the low tide of life
And death which beats within our hearts.
O, God,

Before the altar of Ukraine, I've bled,
In prayer, e'en when the flower of Liberty,
The fairest rose of faith, is pale and dead.

The unseen power of His form divine,
Wreaths thorns chill to my heart and, as the brine
Of tears, the holy dew in Life's frail vase
Is sudden sweet, for I have gained His praise.
Those who believe are one in mind and soul,
His wine is common 'pon their lips; and Truth
Is Fathers of the Holy Grail.
O, God,

I've prayed before Ukraine's altar, as one
Who still believes in Liberty's fair flower,
Even when Freedom's faith is paled and gone.

M. Orest

THE STATE OF THE WORD

In rainbows of bliss and glory
The Word is born on the earth,
New State, — Eternal and Holy
Is brought to light by its birth.

And those, who created its coming
And longed in prophetic dreams,
Behold the fiery summit,
Engulfed by ecstatic streams.

Its halo scents over mountains,
Embracing angels and doves,
The dawn-break wells from its bounty,
Each petal lives by its love.

And from the graves of forgotten
Rise thousands of hands in pray,
While lilies, by blessing begotten,
Are greeting new gospel: hail!

Translated from Ukrainian by W. SHAYAN

The Legend of Pilate

By Ivan Franko

Woe unto you, good and honorable people! You who serve falsehood and baseness! Woe unto you, whether you serve thus consciously or not.

Nay, a threefold woe unto them who consciously serve falsehood and baseness! For they are like those slave chains wrought of gold, like those sheep that living flesh do rend apart.

They are like that Pilate, who delivered Christ to be crucified, and then washed his hands as a sign of his supposed innocence.

Such an act is deserving of the profoundest contempt, of the most terrible wrath of God!

Do you know what was the fate of Pilate?

Pilate delivered Christ to be crucified, and said, "I am innocent. You wished this yourselves!" And he took a vessel of water, washed his hands in it before them all, and went to dine, as if nothing had happened.

However, it so came to pass that everyone and everything that saw him, fled from him like from some poisonous reptile.

Servants, slaves deserted him. Even the veteran legionaire who never feared anything, aire who never feared anything, even he trembled before him, and, for the first time in his life, quit his post.

Pilate went first to the roof garden of his palace, where in the evening coolness reclined his wife. Seeing her husband, a sudden feeling of a feat and revulsion enveloped her, and screaming wildly she plunged from the high roof to her death.

Pilate next went into a bedchamber, where in a crib of downy softness slept his only child. And when he leaned over — the infant opened its eyes, and sighed deeply. In a moment its body was a cold, stiffened corpse.

For God had laid His curse upon Pilate, upon his wife and death, upon his soul and body, far worse, indeed, than upon Cain.

For Cain, having slain his brother, did not wash his hands of his brother's blood; he realized his sin, and fled and hid himself.

While Pilate, having delivered Truth incarnate into the hands of the mob, repelled from himself all blame, and thus all truth forsook him, everything with which he lived and enjoyed, left him forever.

His dear ones disappeared like shadows. The emperor caused him to quit his exalted position, in disgrace. Even his home town, where he hid himself, cast him outside its walls.

For many years he wandered upon this earth, heavily burdened by human hate and scorn.

Finally, prematurely aged, sick and poverty-stricken, he sat down by the side of the road, begging for a piece of bread.

Seeing him, however, even the kindest heart became hard as flint. Even innocent girls and warmhearted maidens cast stones upon him.

And when finally he died, someone dragged his body with a hook to a pit in the ground, threw it in, and covered it with sand and stone. But on the second day, however, the corpse lay where it was found; the earth had refused to take him within its bosom.

Passerbys then gathered together sticks, dried grass, — threw the corpse upon the pile, and set fire to it.

And although the pile burned, the corpse on it remained untouched by the flames, like a stone.

Then they tied a milestone to his neck, arms and legs, and thew him into the sea. From the weight of the stone the hemp ropes broke. And yet the sea refused to receive him into its depths. And he floats on its surface, as a shameful blot upon this planet, to this very day.

(Transl. by S. Shumeyko)

"Zhuchok"

Spring in Ukraine is the period of awakened songs. The people sing them in villages and towns, all over the vast territory of Ukraine — that is if the Soviet authorities allow them. They start with the awakening of spring and end with the ushering in of summer.

These songs are called "vesnyanky" — spring songs. Several groups can be distinguished among them.

The first period-group refers to "pushchenya" — kermess, preceding the Lent. The second period group lasts to the pre-Christian festival of Ivan Kupalo; the third group consists of the songs and games of Kupalo. The most numerous songs and games belong to the second period; they are called "yahilky".

As other songs and games, the "yahilky" are played and sung to celebrate the arrival of Spring. They are all lively songs, full of verve and the joy of life. They are connected with motion: dances and pageants.

Thousands of years ago the ancestors of the Ukrainians would greet spring with such songs, which in accordance with the magic conception of those days tended to speed up and strengthen the usual processes of nautre. In the course of the Ukrainian history, under the influence of various experiences of the race, new elements were grafted upon the pre-Christian stem. Hence we meet in the Ukrainian spring songs reminiscences of the Princes, of Kozakdom, of Turkish slavery, and of serfdom. On the whole, they constitute a rich repository of the popular memory of the distant past.

One of the most popular spring songs of the "Yahilka" section is the "vesnivka" by the name of "zhuchok".

It is a game-dance of girls only. The participants stand in two long rows, in pairs, facing each other. In each pair, the two girls facing each other take themselves by the hands in such a manner that each girl takes with her right hand her left hand at the wrist, and with the left hand the wrist of the right hand of her mate.

This is called "kriseltse," i. e. a little chair. When a row of pairs standing close to one another form such "kriseltse," a child light in weight, who is "it," is sent up to walk over these "kriseltse"; this "it" is called "zhuchok." Two of the tallest girls walk along the files, a girl at each end supporting the "zhuchok" with their hands, to protect "it" from failing.

As soon as the "zhuchok" has passed a pair of girls they break up the "kriseltse" and run over to the front of the players and form another "kriseltse" there. In this manner each pair runs over to the front, and thus the files remain of the same length and move slowly forward. If this game-dance is held in an enclosure, the new pair standing up for the "kriseltse" can always turn the progress of the game in the direction desired.

As the game proceeds, the girls keep on singing in chorus the melodious song which is also called "zhuchok." It runs

The traditional explanation of the meaning of the "Zhuchok" is that it was the name of a musician, small in size, who was so belowed by youth for his music that he was carried on their hands by them, which is equivalent to an American crowd carrying a person on their shoulders. The "zhuchok," however, denotes a small beetle, perhaps a ladybug, which is believed to have the power to prophesize a girl's marriage by creeping over her.

Easter Eggs

Again this year in every city, town and hamlet throughout most of the Christian world, hens' eggs by the thousands of dozens will be dyed to vie with the colors of spring's crocuses and tulips, or garbed in the traditional elaborate Ukrainian designs — at Eastertide. Where did this custom originated — and why?

Ted Atwood's column in the New York Herald Tribune recalls some of the facts concerning this customs.

From early Christian times colored eggs have been associated with the feast of Resurrection. But even before that era, ancient Persians had established them as spring's symbol of reviving life—while the Chaldeans chose the rabbit as spring's harbinger of fertility. Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, Jews, Chinese, Norsemen—all had their spring festivals welcoming the waking earth with the egg's assistance.

And just as today's bright egg dyes prepared for Easter use some from vegetable sources, men from ancient times have matched all the rainbow hues with colors drawn from trees, flowers and plants to increase the spring affinity between the egg and eye. Throughout the Christian era, European countries especially have found a means of expressing national individuality in their egg decoration art. Ukrainian, Poles, Russians, Germans, Hungarians and others developed intricate and painstaking methods of etching shells with geometric designs, flowers, portraits, verses and landscapes, as well as solid colors.

LET US BE ON THE ALERT!

By M. PRYCHODKO
Author of "One of the Fifteen Million"

(Address delivered in Massey Hall, Toronto, Canada, March 12, 1953)

I think I have a right to speak here tonight, and here is a document giving me this right—the original certificate from a Siberian concentration camp, dated March 8, 1941.

There is a great deal hidden behind this scrap of poor paper: stealthy NKVD footsteps on the stairs at two o'clock in the morning; sinister tapping on the door; a painful separation with the family; months in a cramped prison cell with not enough room for all to lie down at one time on the bare cement floor; sadistic tortures during investigations; and finally the injustice of a slave, suffering cold and hunger in the deaf Siberian taiga.

This document and what I lived through give me the right to speak to you not only on my own behalf but also on the behalf of those 15 to 20 million of my fellow-sufferers with whom I shared tortures and slave labor in Communist concentration camps.

I also speak on behalf of our organization formed here in Canada, the Ukrainian Association of Victims of Communist Terror, which is just what the name implies.

I am Ukrainian. My father was neither a capitalist nor a landlord. Before the revolution he had owned twenty-five acres of land which he worked himself from morning till night daily, except Sunday which he gave to the church love by all our family. In 1938, when he was 73 years of age, he had missed his church so much that he stopped being neutral. In conjunction with other old people he set up a make-shift church in a barn on the outskirts of Cherkassy, a small town where he lived at that time They looked upan old priest who was then working as a night watchman at a market place. For two Sundays my father's eyes shone with happiness as he returned home from church services.

On the third Sunday two trucks with NKVD men drove up to the barn. With drawn bayonets they stopped the service, packed the old priest and the congregation of about 60 old folks into the trucks and drove them off to prison.

I never saw my father after that but some time later I located a man who had been in the same cell with him. He told me that my father was badly beaten twice at interrogations and one day when he was in a coma two guards came and dragged him out by the feet. That was the last I ever heard of him.

No Freedom of Religion in USSR

And so today I testify that the Red Dean, Dr. Endicotte and other Kremlin servants are absolutely devoid of any conscience when they say that there is freedom of religion in the USSR.

When the Communists came to power thousands of churches in Ukraine, where I lived, were destroyed, turned into shops, clubs, theatres or granaries. Many thousands of clergy and the faithful were exiled to Siberia.

I have a photograph here of 30 archbishops and bishops of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church. They were all murdered in the NKVD cellars or tortured and worked to death in Siberian impenetrable forests. Only one remains alive today because he had gone abroad. The same was done with all 11 bishops of the Ukrainian Catholic Church after the Soviets liberated Western Ukraine in 1939.

Here are photographs of the beautiful 16- and 17- century churches which were demolished by Communists in 1934. I have witnessed many times the knocking off of bells and crosses.

During the Second World War, when the Russian Empire was on the verge of collapse, Stalin created a Church Synod. He brought back a few bishops and priests from concentration camps and permitted one or two hundred churches to re-open in the USSR to gain the sympathy of public opinion abroad and at home. This chruch does not serve God but is a propaganda instrument of the Kremlin.

Having lived through and having seen with my own eyes or knowing from first hand sources the unaccountable number of crimes committed by the Communist regime, I am astounded and indignant at the fact that there are people in Canada, living in freedom and prosperity, who sympathize with the Kremlin policies representing them as being in the best interests of freedom-loving humanity and in the interest of some great idea.

It is a terrible lie circulated by shrewd Communist propaganda to lull the vigilanve of the democratic world and pave the road for the Kremlin criminals to world homination.

What Kremlin Brings the People

What does the Kremlin really bring the common people?

Here are two glaring facts:

1. From 1927 to 1939 there were from 10 to 11 million people liquidated in Ukraine, where I lived during that time. If anyone doubts this statement he could take the "Little Soviet Encyclopedia" and there under "U" it is stated that at the 1927 census Eastern Ukraine had a population of 32 million and in 1939 only 28 million. This means that in the intervening years 4 million people vanished plus a natural increase of population of about 6 to 7 million in the 12 years. There was no war in that period. These people died in the famine, especially created by Stalin in 1932 - 1933 to stifle the farmer's resistance to collectivization, and in Siberian concentration camps.

I saw with my own eyes swollen corpses of starved farmers scattered around garbage dumps and on the city streets. I saw whole villages die from hunger. To get a better idea of this terrible famine of 1933 get a book from the Toronto Library entitled: — "Human Life in Russia," published in 1934 and see the documental photographs.

The crop yield was better than average in that year but on Stalin's orders all grain was removed right from the threshers and hauled out of Ukraine. The farmers received only the third screenings. When democratic countries offered to help the hungry populace — Stalin answered no famine existed in the USSR but that everyone lived a happy life of plenty.

No. 2. — In 1943, in Vinnitsa, a town in Ukraine of about 40,000 people mass graves were uncovered in two orchards which in 1937 had been confiscated by the NKVD and kept under heavy guard, not permitting anyone to step inside the territory. 9,642 bodies were exhumed of workers, farmers and intellectuals with their hands tied behind their backs and the backs of their heads pierced with bullets. — Some bore signs of previous torture. The international medical commission asserted that the victims had been shot in the years 1937-1938. Many were recognized by their families by remnants of clothing.

Vinnitsa Victims

I attended the funerals for some of those poor victims of Soviet "democracy". Here is a booklet with documental photographs of this barbaric Communist crime. I bring it to the attention of the Canadian public opinion and journalists of the free world because it is their moral duty to rip the false peace-loving mask off the Communist monster.

There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of these tragic, secret graves in the USSR. — Such graves were also discovered in Korea recently.

In such graves, in the USSR, the soldiers of the Spanish Army are buried who fought against Franco and after their defeat went to the so-called "fatherland of the workers of the world". In such graves also rest almost all foreign Communists who went to the USSR for permanent residence. There also are buried all workers of the Manchurian Railway, who voluntarily returned to the USSR when the Soviet government sold the railroad to Japan, and all others who were bold enough or were suspected of being bold enough to assert that people in the USSR are much worse off than those in other countries.

Communist Dupes and Knaves

That is why people flee not from the West to the East but from the East westward. Western Communists love to go to the Soviet Union only as visitors to view the special show farms, factories especially prepared and decorated with plants from botanical gardens and lunch booths selling sandwiches and cigarettes only on days of these visits, and even a prison without bars. Concluding these visits they attend a banquet with caviar and then a grand ballet. Sometimes the Communist government even presents them with 25-thousand-dollar gifts, the so-called "peace" prizes, paid for by the sweat and blood of Soviet slaves.

Returning home, not only with gifts but with secret instructions also, these Communist prophets freely sing the praises of Moscow's slavery. They call upon us to hate America because America is the main stumbling-block to a speedy world domination by the Kremlin. They call our struggle with Communism hysteria and solemnly honor the world's greatest organizer of genocide — Joseph Stalin. — They are ready today to hand Kremlin the keys of their countries' free parliaments just like a handful of traitors did in Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Poland, the Baltics and others.

They are carrying on extensive, and dangerous to the democratic freedom, subvesive activities covering with a mask of peace and progress.

Let us be on the alert! Let us not forget Lenin's words on the Communist Tablets: — "Three-quarters of mankind may die if necessary to insure Communism for the remaining one-quarter."

Let us not forget that in the interest of our people, our children, in the interest of continued existence of democracy and freedom we must vigorously combat those who are acting on orders from our enemy and are ready to bring Muscovite slavery and poverty to our blessed land.

WWRL'S "UKRAINIAN MELODY" TO PRESENT GREETINGS FROM GOV. DEWEY

As a special Easter feature, WWRL will broadcast greetings from Governor Thomas E. Dewey and Mayor Vincent R. Impelliteri to the Ukrainian people over the "Ukrainian Melody Hour," Saturday, April 4th, at 9:30-10 p.m.

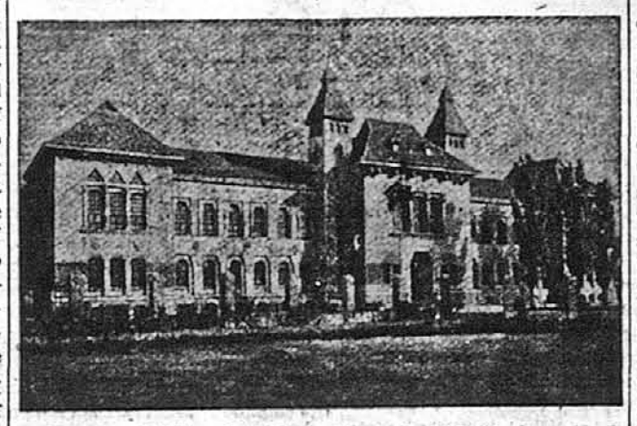
The "Ukrainian Melody Hour," under the direction of Roman Marynowych, will present a selection of special Easter Ukrainian songs and poems.

Governor Dewey's message will contain a hope for deliverance of the Ukrainian people from Soviet oppression.

VASYL KRYCHEVSKY

— By S. HORDYNSKY

Vasyl Krychevsky, one of the most distinguished Ukrainian architects and artists, died in Caracas, Venezuela, on November 15, 1952. Born in 1877 in Ukraine, he began his career as a designer in various architectural establishments in Kharkiv and Kiev. He won the first prize on an architectural contest for his project of the Poltava Zemstvo (County House), and the building, completed in 1908, was hailed as the beginning of a new Ukrainian national style in architecture. (However, in the circumstances of the Tzarist regime Krychevsky could not admit that his plans were made in Ukrainian style, and so it was termed at the contest as — "Neo-Mauritanian").



Zemstvo Building in Poltava. Project of V. Krychevsky

The novelty of Krychevsky's style lay in the harmonious adaptation of the elements of old Ukrainian wooden architecture to modern building requirements. This style quickly found many followers. After completing this work, Krychevsky went to Kiev and there planned the interior of the new building of the noted Ukrainian, Prof. M. Hrushevsky. Here Krychevsky arranged his own studio in which he displayed a rich collection of Ukrainian folk art. Reproductions of this collection were frequently published in the editions of the Poltava Zemstvo in 1907 and in the "Motives of Ukrainian Ornament" by S. Vasylkivsky in 1912. When in 1912 the London "Studio" published a special issue dedicated to the art of the Russian Empire, several drawings by Krychevsky were reproduced there in the Ukrainian peasant art section.

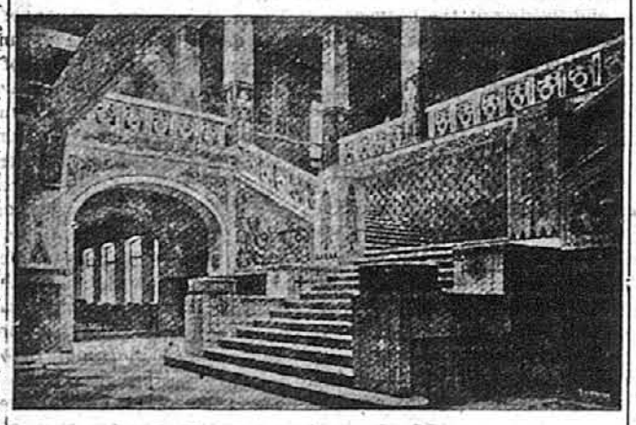
In 1912-1913 Krychevsky was the art director of a Ukrainian rug factory of V. Khanenko in Olenivka. later he held a similar post in ceramics factory. He began to paint during his architectural studies, and exhibited for the first time in Kharkiv in 1897, showing a series of Crimean landscapes. Later he wanted to study in the Petersburg Academy, but he was informed that he had little to learn there, and he would do better to take part in art exhibitions. He exhibited in Petersburg in 1899.

First President of UAA

After the proclamation of the Ukrainian National Republic at the end of 1917, Krychevsky along with professor M. Hrushevsky and D. Antonovych, as well the painters M. Boychuk, A. Myrashko, George Narbut and his brother Fedir Krychevsky, became one of the founders of the Ukrainian Academy of Arts. He was elected as its first president. Among his works of that period the projects for the Ukrainian state emblems and Ukrainian currency are worthy of notice. During the Soviet Russian invasion the house of Prof. Hrushevsky was destroyed together with all Krychevsky's works, not to mention his art collection of museum value. After the final establishment of the Soviet Russian regime the Academy of Arts was liquidated and an Art Institute established in its place, but even here Krychevsky managed to maintain a high academic standard for a long time. In 1925 he was nominated a member of the Archeological Committe of the All-Ukrainian Academy of Sciences. In 1925-1928 he worked in Odessa as art director in the young Ukrainian movie industry. Some of the films which he directed were "Taras Shevchenko", "Taras Tryasylo" (a historical film about a Kozak chief), — "Zvenyhora," — "Boryslav Laughs" (on the basis of a novel by I. Franko). All these films were soon banned as "nationalistic". In the thirties — Krychevsky, in cooperation with another architect — P. Kostyrko, built the Memorial of Shevchenko Museum in Kaniv. Here he once more developed the national elements of his architectural style and simplified them, giving a modern and functional museum building. His position in Ukrainian art even under the Soviet occupation was so strong, that in 1940 an exibition was held in Kiev commemorating 50 years of his artistic activity. Here 1100 of his works were shown.

During the war Krychevsky came to Lviv and became the president of the High Art School there. When the new Soviet Russian invasion was threatening once more, — he escaped to Slovakia, later to Germany. He found it impossible for a Ukrainian artist to work freely under the circumstances created by the Soviet Russians in Ukraine, with the physical and spiritual liquidation of many of the best Ukrainian artists and the planned destruction of ancient Ukrainian architectural monuments (30 ancient churches in Kiev alone). From a Displaced Persons Camp he went to Venezuela. Here he worked as a painter and participated in several art exihibitions, among others in the exhibition held at the Ukrainian Art and Literary Club in New York at the beginning of 1952.

Krychevsky was the versatile Renaissance type of artist, he was creative in several fields of art and the crafts connected with them. As an architect he was one of the central figures in Ukrainian architecture, as a painter he was hailed a one of the finest representatives of Ukrainian Impressionism, he was also a pioneer in modern Ukrainian book art, and he had the rare gift to endow everything he undertook with that fine taste which is born solely from the union of deep knowledge of tradition and modern understanding of art.



Inside of the Zemstvo in Poltava

Now is the Time

Easter tide is with us once more. With it comes a resurgence of spirit in all of us. The cold, dank days of the winter have been left behind, the early spring rains have cleansed the city and town streets and house walls, and now... it is springtime in the air, giving us revived strength, energy and ambition. Fortunate it is indeed that Eastertide with its revival of our spiritual self comes side by side with the revival of our physical self.

I trust and believe that this rejuvenation of ourselves, — spiritual and physical, will find an outlet in ambitious undertakings, constructive work and service to our fellow men. I do hope and trust, too, that some of our renewed energy will be concentrated on strengthening the bastion of Ukrainian American life and progress, the Ukrainian National Association.

As UNA members we have several things to look forward to. Next month, that is at its close, two inmportant UNA event will take place. First — there will be the annual session of the UNA Supreme Assembly. The second will be the garnd opening of the Ukrainian National Association Resort.

Both, I think, will give us an opportunity to reflect a little more than usual upon the advantage of belonging to the UNA and upon the necessity of gaining new memebers for it. Especially will the UNA resort opening do that, I think. For though any member of the UNA in good standing has the right to attend a UNA Supreme Assembly meeting, as an observer only of course, hardly anyone is able to avail himself of that right given to him by the UNA By-laws. But I believe there wil be plenty of UNA members who will make it their business to attend the opening of the resort next Decoration Day week-end. All advance indications point out that there will be quite an asemblage on the mountainside of the UNA picturesque property near Kerhonkson, N. Y. The ceremonies, the entertainment, the hiking, dancing, swimming, ball playing, and most of all the opportunity of rubbing elbows and talking with fellow UNA members, old and young, from various parts of the country, will, in my opinion, revive anyone's interset in the UNA. That will be the time to apply some of our Eastertide and Spring energy to the wheel of UNA progress.

That will be the time also to begin to properly observe next year the 60th anniversary of our organization. As already noted here, the New York metropolitan area members of the UNA have already created a committee composed of representatives of many branches in this section of the country which is already at work planning a program even vaster and more interesting than the 50th anniversary program held in Carnegie Hall. Other UNA communities throughout the country should begin to do the same, for to properly prepare such a program requires considerable time.

It would be highly desirable in the preparation of these UNA 60th anniversary celebrations our younger generation take a leading part, just as they are already doing in the NY metropolitan area.

Preparation in this respect, however, should not be limited to the setting up of the program alone. Preparation also means the gaining of record quotas of new members of the UNA. It means talking, persuading, convincing your friends and acquaintances to become your UNA fellow members. And now is an opportune time to do so, with Eastertide and Spring in the air.

Josephine Gibajlo Gibbons

Impressions - by William Shust

It must have been a beautyful day — the day He rode into the city.

Sunlight — sunlight seemed to flood the earth that day. And even spilled over into some dark corners long forgotten.

Everything mirrored and reflected the glorious golden sunlight, even the animal that bore Him.

And He was greeted.

The day itself seemed tribute enough. But the human hearts called forth a tribute that has echoed down the passage of time.

And they tore down the branches of the trees beside the road, and placed them in His path. Some even placed their cloaks upon the road so that the dust would not disturb their view of Him.

There were those, of course, who did not greet Him. They only squinted their disapproval.

But the brave and pure were overjoyed with Him. And though he wore no golden garments, His very being somehow radiated.

He rode on.

But soon those near Him felt it time to rest — and so they stopped beside the road. They sat beneath some trees that gave shade — the others around Him. And the people approached Him.

His simple manner was appealing.

He sat partly in the shade. His head was fully shielded from the sun but His strong, silent hands were in the sunlight.

And where the branches and their leaves grew thin — they cast a shadow on His robe. — The shadow of a cross.

Shevchenko's Mind and Thought

By STEPAN SMAL-STOCKYJ

(2)

Although it would be true to say that with Shevchenko Ukrainian literature ceased to be the pastime of the aristocracy, the ethical tendency of Shevchenko's poetry is based not only on the deeply moral instincts of a peasant soul but is rooted also in the European philosophy and literature of his time. As a result of the French Revolution which broke out because of the spiritual upheaval of the eighteenth century, shaking the foundations of the old social and political order, progressive-minded people all over Europe sought to discover the principles of a new and better way of life, wanting to understand the purpose of life in all its aspects, and hoping to arrive at a system which would be both good and secure.

Since any political action in this direction was impossible at that time, all efforts were devoted to the inner life of man. Hence greater significance was ascribed to human emotions, and a deep lyricism marks that epoch in literature. Man, his relations to his fellows, to society, and to the world at large became the subject of both philosophy and poetry, while poetry itself became more philosophical.

Moral Morass

In the moral morass then spread over the whole of Russia and the Ukraine, there loomed before Shevchenko social and ethical problems which, because of conditions in the Ukraine, impressed themselves more vividly upon him than upon contemporary Russian writers. Conscious of his high calling, he painted, analyzed, and critically dissected life in the Ukraine, uncovering most painful wounds in the social system, and with his poetic gift enabling others to see that evil reflected as in a mirror, while appealing to them to realize the evil of their ways. In particular, the woman's hard lot finds the deepest compassion in Schevchenko's poetry.

Shevchenko became most fully aware of social injustice during his three journeys across the Ukraine undertaken between 1843 and 1845. In spite of the great receptions given in his honor by Ukrainian landlords, they made most unhappy impressions on the poet. In his letters to Kukharenko (1843-1844) he wrote: "Last year I was in the Ukraine, at the Mezhyhorsky Spas, and Khortytsya, and wherever I went I cried. Our Ukraine has been so plundered by the infidel Germans and the Muscovites, confound them all, that there seem to be no people left, but the cursed Germans, and nothing is heard but laments."

Ignorance of Landowners

Shevchenko's heart was deeply wounded at the sight of serfdom with its attendant inhumanities and the general national, social and moral ignorance of the landowning class which, having no understanding of the people's and the country's needs, aped everything that was foreign with arrogance and pretension. After being away for fourteen years Shevchenko was now able at a very close range to see at the country balls, entertainments, and dances what filled him so much with disgust. That is why, according to Princess Repnina, he "folded his wings and fell upon the earth with all the weight of his heart." Princess Barbara Repnina, —

(Continued on Page 4)

Poet's Corner

FORSYTHIA

These arcs of golden flowers
Are pillage from the sun:
Not from this earth of ours
Were such pure ingots won
And hammered to a shape of bells.
Whose origin their shining tells.

Inez Barclay Kirby.

On Easter Day . . By MYROSLAVA

On "Easter day," let us give thanks to Him, for all the joys and blessings we are enjoying.

First Blessing . . . dwelling in a free land; making us free to think and act as we please.

Second Blessing . . . under the American form of government, we have rights and privlieges which we can enjoy.

Third Blessing . . . opportunities here are offered to its citizens in many fields of endeavors.

Fouth Blessing . . . our free economy with its high standard, makes life good here.

Fifth Blessing . . . The right to worship as we please, as is stated in the "Declaration of Independence."

Bearing these blessings in mind, let us ask the Lord to grant them, also, to those to whom they are being denied so, that they, too, can enjoy them.

Written in the Book of Life

By MICHAEL KOTSYUBYNSKY
Translated by Stephen Shumeyko

(3)

It was necessary to ride about three miles through the fields, which began at the house, before reaching the forest. Night had fallen and shut off all view. The white snow could be seen gleaming dimly through the thick fog.

Neither mother nor son said anything. What could they eay? Adversity had long ago silenced their mouths which spoke only to their hearts. Also, something secret and evil had arisen between him and the living body lying on the sled, something which he did not dare to drive away with a word.

He kept his eyes glued on the mare, noticed unconsciously how the hoar had already settled on her steaming back, how her hoofs kicked up clumps of snow. From the mare his eyes strayed to his hands, and he noticed that he had forgotten to wash from them the manure he had been carting.

He thought he heard a sound behind him. Twisting around he called out:

"What do you want?"

By straining his ears he made out that she wanted to know whether they were passing through Mykyta's farm.

"Mykyta's? Ha-ha! Mykyta died long ago. Even the farm has been sold long ago by his sons."

"Whom did they sell it to?"

"Oh, that's a whole story in itself."

He livened up, kept turning around to her, shouted, so that she would hear, cracked his whip, waved his arms, happy that with all this commotion and shouting he could drive away that something evil and secretive that stood between him and his own mother.

The sled was now careening along the slippery rough road, its runners banged against the ruts, while he kept sticking his foot out against the ground to steady it, just as he always did when he was carting manure out into the fields. He flicked the mare with the whip... Steady! And kept turning around.

Both mother and son felt happy. It seemed to them that both were living their old life over again, when the old mother had still been able to walk.

Granny avidly listened to all the news. She had heard none for a long time. What could she hear, lying under the cuphoard! And that Mykyta used to court her... Heh-heh!

She did not even notice when they entered the forest.

Paul brought the mare to a stop.

"Are you cold?" he aproached his mother.

"No."

"We have reached the place.'

Granny immediately sought to rise, but fell back.

"Wait a moment and rest."

He walked further into the forest, sinking deeply into the snow, seeking a likely spot. Finally he found one beneath an oak tree, on a smooth knoll, and called out:

"Here's a good spot."

Then he looked about him.

In the deep silence the trees high above interlaced their snow-laden branches, as if getting ready to cast a net into the deep blue sky to catch the twinkling golden stars.

"Better even than in church," he thought.

He brought a large armful of hay and spread it carefully beneath the oak tree. Then he carried his mother over and laid her down in it.

He wanted to put the blanket over her but she would not let him.

"There's no need of it. Take it back home where it is really needed."

"Yes, I guess you're right," he thought and put the blanket aside.

Then he changed his mind and covered her with it.

She humbly put her hands outside the blankets, and he took them and folded them, like those of a dead person. Then he lighted the candle and put it between her interlocked fingers.

"What elsle is there to do?" he thought.

He knelt down beside her on the snow and brushed his lips against her folded hands.

The odor of the melting candle-wax hit his nostrils and caused something bitter and murky to rise within his chest. He felt a sudden desire to tell all his troubles, all the misfortunes that had constantly beaten him down here amidst this deep silence and the tall trees, that stood up like candles in church. He wanted to unburden his soul, his whole weary life, here before his mother, resting his cheek against her withered hands. But all that came out of him was:

"Forgive me, mother..."

"Let God forgive..."

He wanted to rise, to bring this to an end, when he hear his mother whispering something.

He turned his eyes to her again. Her face in the flickering candle-light seemed like wax itself.

"What is it, mother?"

Her withered lips moved painfully, disclosing bare gums.

"Don't kill that chicken. It will lay eggs soon..."

Two tears slowly rolled down her furrowed cheeks.

He promised. To kill the chicken!.. As if a chicken was man's food.

He rose abruptly to his feet, bowed, and plunged headlong through the snow.

He fell upon the sled and struck the mare sharply. She reared once and galloped off, the sled dancing after her crazily from side to side, — bouncing over exposed roots and rocks.

Once, during this mad flight, he glanced back, and saw the candle burning quietly on the knoll beneath the oak tree, like some star that had come down from heaven and was resting in the snow.

He felt better for some unaccountable reason. The weight seemed to have slid off his shoulders. He breathed in deeply the cold wintry air, felt an emptiness in his chest and filled that space with a wild angry shout:

"Gid-dap, nag!"

He swayed on the sled, like one drunk. All seemed so light, no more worries, no more trouble.

They were out of the forest. The mare, tired, slackened her pace.

Suddenly there fell upon his mind the memory of a certain day in his childhood.

It was Sunday. The whole home was filled with sunlight. He wanted so much to run out and play with his friends but hated to change his clothing. But his mother cuaght him and despite tearful protestations put a clean white shirt on him. She combed his hair and on the very doorstep put a plum cake in his bosom. The plum cake was hot and burned him, but he did not take it out until he was among the boys. He felt so good to see others watching him enviously as he ate that plum cake.

He could remember no more of that incident.

It was so nice, too, when his father had died. There was so much to eat then. He ate until he could eat no more.

The sled went further and further into the fields. The mare was all white from the hoary frost that had settled on her and made her look like a phantom in the darkness.

"Mykyta's farm... Mykyta courted me... Heh!-Heh!

He glanced up, and saw a cloud that seemed to be following him. Maybe that wasn't a cloud after all, but the soul of his mother sailing through the sky.

Once more his thoughts went back to her. She is lying in the forest, on a cold bed, like a bird brought down by a hunter, and looking at the heavens through tear-laden eyes. Only the candle is weeping over her, dropping its hot wax on her dry hands folded unto death.

What could he do? She wanted it so. An yet how different it could have been. So different.

He suddely froze, forgot everything, his sorroundings, the sled, the mare. A picture appeared before his mind, — obliterating everything:

"They had just taken father to the cemetery, with banners, priests, incense, like a Christian. The house is full of people. A most appetizing smell of cooking pervades all. "Drink — my friends, in memory of her soul..." "May she rest in peace..." The throat burns from the brandy... The hum of voices... The warm, close air... Another round of drinks... "She was a good soul..." The clatter of wooden spoons against the dishes... Jaws working industriously... A sense of satiety and contentedness... One would fain cry, or sing... "Let us drink another for the souls of the dead..."

He felt perspiration breaking out over him.

"Half of the garden could have been rented out to cover the funeral expenses," he said absent-mindedly and started sharply at the sound of his voice.

Who said that?

He looked around. The mare was going at a snail's pace. A heavy fog had appeared again, blotting out the starry sky, the hollows, and swirling about the slowly moving sled.

This wouldn't do. He will have to put the fascinating picture out of his mind. He tried to think of last Sunday's sermon, and from that his mind drifted to things about the soul, sin, prayer, Christians customs, — "Honor thy father and mother..." Yet all these thoughts left him unmoved, losing themselves within the depths of the captivating scenes his imagination was creating.

"'There is but one mother and one death'," he spoke to himself and listened at the same time, — "let us drink another round, my friends, to the memory of my mother... let us drink for the souls of the dead..." Once more he heard the hum of voices, the clinking of glasses, the clatter of spoons, the smell of appetizing foods... a happy occasion observed by living bodies for the dead.

Houses loomed in front of him.

Suddenly he rose to his full height, looked forward, then back, and then sharply swung the mare around.

"Gip-dap, nag!"

Back into the billowing fog, showered with clumps of hardened snow thrown back by the flying hoofs of the mare, he went, back for granny...

The End

DUES DO EVERYTHING

When a man becomes a member of the Ukrainian National Association he receives the membership certificate of insurance for which he applied. He then pays his dues monthly, quarterly, semi-annually or annually in order to be a member in good standing. When he fails to pay his dues he becomes a suspended member; should he pay the arrears within the period specified for reinstatement he becomes a member in good standing again. In other words, only dues-paying members are members in good standing.

A member, whether or not he is in good standing, should read the contents of his certificate or have some one explain it to him. This is important because the certificate has clauses dealing with option such as cash surrender value, extended insurance and paid-up insurance. The certificate is not necessarily null and void when the member becomes suspended.

When the certificate has been in force for some time it has a definite cash value; this value increases as long as the member pay dues. If the member is not familiar with the contents of his certificate the chances are that he will do nothing about it when he is suspended. In such a case the U.N.A. automatically classes the certificate as extended insurance; the cash hevenue is usd to continue the insurance in force, for its full face value for a **limited period of time.** After that the certificate is null and void.

If the member knows what is in his certificate he will make a choice of one of the options. Should he decide on cash surrender he will receive the cash value in exchange for the certificate, which is promptly cancelled. Perhaps he finds the paid-up insurance option more to his liking; if so, he has his branch secretary mail the certificate to the Main Office for the desired endorsement; the certificate then insures the member (who as member, is not in good standing because he no longer pays dues) for as long as he lives, but for a **reduced amount of** insurance. Should the member take the extended insurance option he realizes he is fully insured for a limited time.

The U.N.A. often receives letters from hopeful beneficiaries inquiring about death benefits on certificates on which no dues had been paid for years. Many times the U. N. A. had to disappoint these people, for the members in question had died after the periods of extended insurance had expired. Occasionally a happy beneficiary collects the full amount of insurance — the member had died within the period of extended insurance. The beneficiaries of members on paid-up insurance collect the reduced amounts of insurance when the members die.

Members who have taken extended insurance or paid-up insurance options still have the privilege of changing their beneficiaries. Only dues-paying members receive dividends; — they may receive the 'Svoboda' and the 'Ukrainian Weekly' at the membership rates; they are eligible to benefits from the Indigent Fund; they may vote during the meetings of their branches; they may become branch officers or delegates to U.N.A. Conventions. As delegates they may even become U.N.A. supreme officers. In other words, dues-paying members enjoy all the privileges of membership while the members who had applied for options on their certificate have only those certificates to which to cling.

The best insurance is that which is in full force and effect. Couple such insurance with the privileges of membership in the Ukrainian National Association and you have two excellent reasons why it pays to pay dues.

T. L.

THE ROAD TO FREEDOM IS LONGEST FOR UKRAINIANS

("Oldham Evening Chronicle and Standard," Nov. 3, England)

Of all the E.V.W.'s now living among us, the Ukrainian's road to freedom was longest; it has also bristled with the greatest perils, and resulted in contrasts most pronounced. From the quiet slow-flowing ebb of life in Poland's eastern provinces; from the vast, undulating ocean-like steppes of the Soviet Ukraine, through the grinding mill of Russo-German war; through German labour battalions, and Soviet forcible repatriation camps — to our densely-populated industrial region, bustling with vigorous life and spelling, at long last, security and freedom. The change they have undergone in life has been drastic, violent indeed.

To us, these quiet, unassuming and industrious folk, with their surprisingly long, but surprisingly little-known history, present the greatest riddle, inasmuch as they differ from what we have become accustomed to expect from other Continental visitors.

We know — or think we do — our neighbours from across the Channel. We know the Germans, the Austrians, the Italians; we have learnt a thing or two about the Poles, the Czechs, and other Continental peoples; we painfully get to know the Russians. But Ukrainians? Let us own up — until very recently we have had no idea of their existence.

Ancient Ukrainian culture

And yet, when Ethelred the Unready held precarious sway over this island, when Poland only began her recorded history, and Russia was not yet even heard of, the Ukrainians were enjoying prosperous and abundant life in their own independent kingdom. Its capital, the beautiful city of Kiev, perched on the mighty bank of the picturesque Dnieper, was the seat of high and manifold culture whose fame spread far and wide.

Uncouth and warlike tribes from the North soon conquered its whole territory, and by an ironic twist of blind forces of history, they not only put an end to the independent life of the native population, but even robbed it of its very name, and applied the word Rus to their own state. (The term Ukraine was not used until many centuries later. Literally it means "The Borderland.")

In 1240, a grand-nephew of Jengiz Khan, with Mongol thoroughness and cruelty, — sacked Kiev completely, and only very slowly the city rose to its feet again.

But for a short spell in the seventeenth century, and another, shorter still, in the turbulent period of the Russian Revolution, never again was this ancient folk allowed to lead its own free and independent life.

It is not for us to dig to the roots of this great national tragedy, but we can at least investigate its effects, which would enable us better to understand Ukrainian national character and aspirations.

"A Strange Mixture"

Throughout their long history, the Ukrainians have suffered from a strange mixture of both the inferiority and the superiority complexes. Undoubtedly, the culture they evolved in their ancient Kievan State, and which took of the best from both East and West, was much superior to that of their northern neighbours, the Muscovites.

Abundant testimony from medieval chroniclers has been found to that effect. Undoubtedly, too, as the trend of events has shown, their political skill and power were inferior to that of Muscovy. The same state of affairs obtained when the Ukraine passed under Lithuanian rule, and, to a lesser extent, when it later became a Polish province.

Both Muscovy and Poland claimed and assimilated some Ukrainian upper classes, and persistently refused all demands to grant political independence to the nation. And although there can be no comparison between their respective methods, and their intensity, this resulted in a continual rise of bitter feeling against both their northern and western neighbours, until it hardened into cold hatred directed towards them all with equal force.

Enriching Cultural Traditons

Unable to fulfil their political ambitions, the Ukrainians concentrated on preserving, and enlarging their rich cultural heritage. In spite of several centuries of close and lively connections with Byzantium, the Ukrainian people did not accept the Byzantine culture mechanically, but assimilated it by absorbing simultaneously the elements of western civilization. A homogenous, self-expressed culture was thus able to grow independently of both, in which the eastern form distinguished the Ukrainians from the Poles, while its western substance separated them from the Russians.

Through no faults of their own, the Ukrainians were unable to develop and fulfil political talents. Statecraft was not allowed to grow on Ukrainian soil. But it was just these special, political, social and economic conditions which made their arts, as well as their language, seek refuge in the countryside where the beauty, expressiveness and creative originality of their style have blossomed into a folklore that, with a possible exception of the Serbs, is unequalled anywhere else in Europe.

Then again, their cultural ability developed in turn their mental alertness, the liveliness of their thoughts and emotional reactions, while their talent for expressing themselves enabled them to make use of these in a rich, though comparatively young, literature. Quite a few of their writers, with Shevchenko as the greatest (though by no means the only great) among them, were translated into many languages, including English.

Characteristic Traits

Many characteristic traits in the nature of an average Ukrainian of to-day have their roots deep in the history of the nation. Among them extreme love of freedom, which culminates in mid-seventeenth century, in a few happy and boisterous years of independent Cossack state. These traits distinguish him from the Communist and materialistic Russian, and, incidentally, spell great hopes for achieving his national ambitions.

To any internationally-minded, or just intellectually-alert, person, the study of the Ukrainian problem would be extremely interesting. But to those of us who work and mix with them now again, a little effort towards learning the background (of) their national character would be immediately helpful, and, in the long run, rewarding.

W. S.

AMERICAN COMMITTEE CHANGES ITS NAME

(Editor's Note: The change in name is for the better. Still the new name is of a negative quality. The Ukrainians and others want to be liberated not only from Bolshevism but from Russian imperialistic rule as well. They want to regain their national freedom and independence. The American Committee and its Coordinating Center in Europe, which Ukrainian representatives have refused, to join, still refused to endorse the Ukrainian just national aspirations.)

Vice Admiral Leslie C. Stevens, Chairman of the American Committee for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia, Inc., announced last Wednesday that the name of the Committee has been changed to — "American Committee for Liberation from Bolshevism, Inc.'

The Committee was originally incorporated in the State of Delaware on February 8, 1951, under the name "American Committee for Freedom for the Peoples of the U.S.S.R." Its name was changed a few months later to "American Committee for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia." The reasons for the present change in the name were set forth today in the following statement by Admiral Stevens:

"The Committee adopted the name, 'American Committee for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia, Inc' for the reason that it appeared to explain its aims and reasons for existence to the American public, on whose support the Commettee must depend. Liberation of the peoples who are victims of oppression and suffering a loss of normal human rights is a concept which has an instant and instinctive appeal to the American people. The words 'Peoples ofRussia' are understood by the ordinary American, who has no esoteric knowledge of Soviet ethnic problems, to apply generally to those peoples which comprise the Soviet Union. In American eyes, such nomenclature serves only purposes of convenience and does not partake of political significance in reference to the nationalities problem within Soviet territories.

"The Committee has been quite aware that the name under which is was operating was regarded with distaste or active disapproval by various and often conflicting elements of the emigration from Soviet territories for a variety of reasons. The compelte contradiction in the reasons given was so apparent that they tended to cancel each other out in the eyes of interested Americans and of the moderate and objective elements of the Russian and non-Russian emigration. Nevertheless, the issue raised — whatever the sincerity of the motives in presenting it — provided chauvinist, obscurantist elements and undercover Soviet agents with opportunities to mislead and confuse well meaning elements of the emigration which actually possessed the desire to concentrate on the anti-Bolshevik struggle.

"The Committee has long since stated that it was entirely willing to change its name to one which would eliminate this element of friction between groups of the emigration and itself, and which would, at the same time, eliminate the grounds for objection which ostensibly inhibited certain groups, which have every reason to join in the anti-Bolshevik struggle, from cooperating with the Committee. The Committee is satisfied that the name which has now been adopted achieves both of these aims.

"However, since the Committee is under continuous attack from obscurantist elements and Soviet agents, it is anticipated that the charge will now be made that the Committee has abandoned the struggle for the liberation of peoples enslaved by the Bolshevik tyranny. Such is not the case, as the position of the Committee in this respect has been frequently stated and remains unchanged.

"Objections to the Committee's name have centered around the words "Peoples of Russia." Russian groups have professed to see in them a recognition by the Committee of the sovereignty in the post-liberation period of non-Russian peoples now under Soviet domination and they insisted on asserting that the Committee supports the dismemberment of historic Russia, despite the unequivocal and reiterated statements of the Committee that it stands firmly for non-predetermination. On the opposite side of the spectrum, — non - Russian nationalities groups have professed to be convinced that these words are evidence that the Committee is committed to maintaining Russian sovereignty over non-Russian peoples.

"A deadlock between Russian and non-Russian groups over the name threatened with failure the attempt to establish a coordinating center in 1952. A compromise, worked out by the participating organizations themselves, without the intervention of the American Committee, was finally reached when both sides abandoned their haggling over the terms "peoples of Russia" and "peoples of the Soviet Union." They agreed to recognize that they were embarking on a common struggle against Bolshevism, which has enslaved the Russian and non-Russian peoples alike, and the Coordinating Center for the Anti-Bolshevik Struggle was born.

"In selecting a new name for itself, the American Committee has been willing to be guided by the judgment and decision of the emigre organizations. The Communist party of the Soviet Union has recently attempted to rid itself of the word "Bolshevik" which distinguished it from other Communist Parties, but on the territory of the Soviet Union as well as abroad, there is no doubt but that the same old tyrannical and hateful system fathered by an international conspiracy which became known as Bolshevism will continue to be known as Bolshevism. The aim of the American Committee and of the emigration rallied around the Coordinating Center must be to rid all the Soviet lands of this monstrous curse. It is entirely appropriate, therefore, that the organizations of American citizens formed to foster this great crusade should be named the American Committee for Liberation from Bolshevism.

"It is time — high time, indeed, — for the emigration from the Soviet territories to close ranks with the American Committee to wage the fateful struggle which lies ahead of us. The name of American Committee for Liberation from Bolshevism leaves no one in doubt as to the task and goal of this Committee."

IGHATS!

Ever hear of IGHATS? It is the slogan of a new mass movement and it means "I'm gonna holler about taxes." It had its beginnings at a Cedar Rapids community luncheon where industrial workers earning $3,400 a year learned that they were paying $1,100 a year in taxes, $800 of which is hidden. It has been spreading fast. Ministerial groups, union locals, chambers of commerce and other such organizations have promised it support.

The IGHATS battle cry couldn't have been sounded at a better time. In 1929, federal spending amounted to 3.6 per cent of the national income. — Now, it is estimated, it amounts to more than 30 per cent. The IGHATS movement is designed to do something about this situation—and do it a novel way in which everyone can participate. How about joining up?

CRIME'S DOESN'T PAY

Shoplifting is the oldest of problems to merchants. It became more acute with the spread of the self-service system of selling goods on what amounts to an honor basis. The vast majority of customers are honest, but the crooked few must always be combatted. In late years merchants have intensified their efforts in this regard—with marked success.

The American Stores of Philadelphia recently listed some two-score tricks of the light-fingered artists, but said it had no intention of disclosing to the looters measures employed by the police and store to curb this lawless activity.

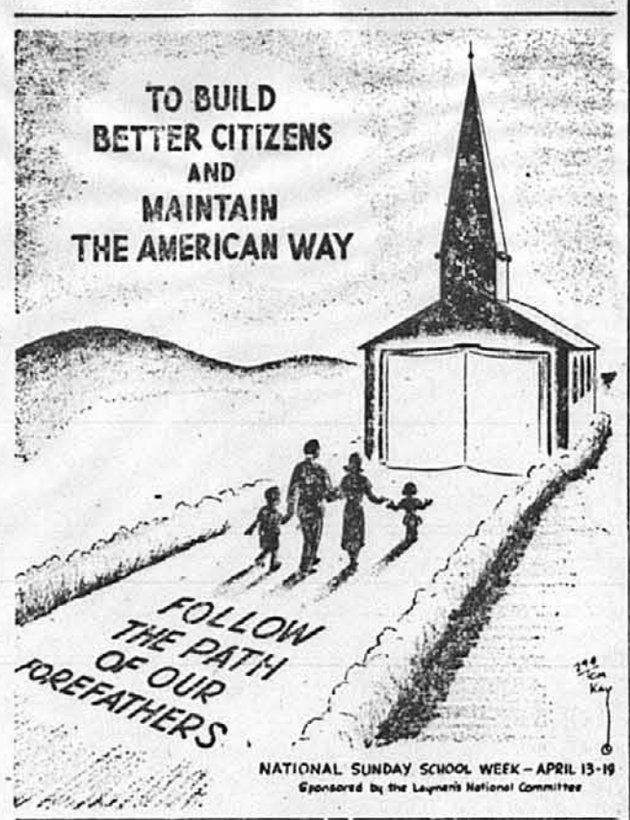
Teen-agers, women and men use all sorts of devices and stratagems to hide their loot—hats, handbags, double sacks, inside pockets, large sleeves, heavy socks with elastic tops, hollowed-out books, musical instrument cases, umbrellas, bandaged arms, rolls of toilet paper, baby carriages, waist bands of trousers, rubberized panel inserts for sweaters, — flowing coats, maternity gowns, and many others. Teen agers often work in groups.

In spite of all this ingenuity, the shoplifter is almost invariably caught, sooner or later. Thievery is relative—some thieves steal marchandise, — others steal nations. — But crooks finally wind up in deep trouble—as witness history.

We have committed the golden rule to memory; let us now commit it to life.

— Edwin Markham

THE AMERICAN WAY



Cut First Then Balance

By DeWITT EMERY

Now we are told that a cut in taxes must wait until the budget is balanced. If this is true, I seriously doubt that anyone alive today will live long enough to enjoy lower taxes. But, of course, it isn't true and members of Congress had better wake up right quick to the fact that the voters demand both a balanced budget and a reduction in taxes. That's what they were promised and that's what they are going to get or else.

What's the point, what do the people gain by throwing out the spenders, if the economy boys they voted into office spend just as much or more than the spenders ever did? If they wanted big spending and sky-high taxes to continue, they would have kept the experts in office who had had twenty year's experience in dreaming up year after year ways to dispose of the maximum number of taxpayer's dollars.

Congress on the Spot

Congress is definitely on the spot and if the Republicans want to have any chance to retain their paper-thin majorities in both Houses in next year's election, they'd better realize right now that they've got to cut taxes and balance the budget during this session of Congress.

This admittedly is not an easy job, but it's got to be done, not only because Congress is on the spot, but also because it is absolutely essential to the retoration of the sential to the restoration of the country.

For twenty years the executive branch of the government has each year figured out how much it wanted to spend and then, in effect, has said to Congress: "You find ways and means of raising this amount of money to be increased by whatever number of dollars you fail to bring in." Congress to its everlasting shame, bowed its head and went along except for the years '47 and '48.

This, of course, is the exact opposite of what is supposed to be. It's Congress which is to be. It's Congress which is supposed to tell the executive department how much it can spend. And that's exactly what this Congress must do. It must make a careful estimate of income after allowing for the end of the excess profits tax and the tax reduction in the bill introduced by Congressman Dan Reed, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, to reduce personal income taxes, then add up what's left and say to the executive department: "This is all there is for you to spend; there ain't no more."

By doing this, Congress would force the various departments, bureaus and agencies of the federal government to cut down to size and an awful lot of bureaucrats will actually have to get busy and do an honest day's work. What a novelty that would be for most of them!

At the same time, Congress will have to revise the social security set-up so as to get rid of literally thousands of excess federal payrollers, which Truman blanketed into civil service.

Mrs. Hobby, Administrator of the Federal Security Agency recently said that with thirty-five thousand on the payroll in her department the only person she can hire or fire is her personal assistant. All of the others whether needed or not are secure in their jobs protected by social security. This is one of the main reasons why there are more than two and one-half million people on the civilian payroll of our federal government.

If the social security laws cannot be revised fast enough to handle this situation this year, then I don't believe there is anything to prevent Congress from putting an employment ceiling on each deparment as part of the appropriations for that department and directing that only X number of dollars may be used for payrolls. As my father used to say: "There are always more ways of killing a dog than by choking him on butter."

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Police Lt. Luchuf Addresses Boy Scouts

On Friday evening, March 27, 1953, the members of the Explorer Group, Troop 205, Boy Scouts of America heard a lecture by Lieutenant Michael Luchuf, New York City Police Department at their clubrooms in the St. George Veterans' Building, 33 East 7th Street., New York City, reports Michael Huzar of the St. George Post Troop Committee.

Lieut. Luchuf took this opportunity to acquaint the boys with some of the problems the Police have with boys in the 14 to 17 years age bracket. At the end of his talk he answered questions about phases of police work in which the scouts were interested and explained the entrance requirements of the N. Y. C. Police Academy for some of the older boys who had expressed their hopes of entering the Police or Fire services.

Lieut. Luchuf, who is the Post Treasurer of the St. George Post, Catholic War Veterans, is well qualified to advise youngsters about police procedure as he has had many experiences during his period of service. Until a few months ago, Lieut. Luchuf was in charge of the 2nd division plainclothes squad which had the job of suppressing unlawful activity in the Wall Street, Chinatown, Little Italy, and Lower East Side areas of New York City. At the present time he is assigned as a Desk Officer at the 8th Precinct — which covers New York's famous Greenwich Village. During World War II, he served in the Office of Military Government for Germany aiding and advising Ukrainian displaced persos in Germany.

Troop 205 is sponsored by the St. George Post No. 401, C. W. V., of which Harry Polche is commander. Commander Polche, also a N. Y. C. policeman, is the Lower East Side Neighborhood Commissioner for the Boy Scouts of America. The troop is guided by Scoutmaster George Obligenhart with the advice of a Troop Committee from the Post. Members of the troop take an active part in church and patriotic affairs and with monetary assistance from the Post, go on regular camping and outing trips to the Boy Scout Camp in upper New York State.

Shevchenko's Mind and Thought

(Continued from page 2)

whom Shevchenko called his "guardian-angel," his "sister," and his "conscience," was very worried when Taras was sometimes seen at that time in the company of notorious drunkards. However, Shevchenko's poetry written during that period discloses the best of reason for his spiritual condition. This was the result of what he had seen and heard in the Ukraine. He wrote that

If one should tell the truth
About any of these magnates
Hell itself would be afraid,
And our lordlings would
Surprise Dante himself.

His experiences during the journeys in the Ukraine led the poet to that utter despair which may be found in all his poems written between 1843 and 1846. Only by knowing what he had experienced can we understand his song (dumky):

Why am I sad? Why am I
forlorn?
Why does my heart, my poor
child,
Cry and lament?
My heart is oppressed.
What do you wish? What
hurts you so?
Do you want to drink, or to
eat, or to sleep?
Sleep my heart, sleep for
ever,

All uncovered and crushed.
Let the hateful people rave.
Shut your eyes, my heart.

By people, Shevchenko means here not the ordinary folk, but their masters, the hated landlords. Such was the dominant mood induced by Shevchenko's three years of sad experience in his relations with people.

People whom
The heart was eager
To love and live with
turned out to be "not men, but snakes."

It is not the poet's personal misfortune which is the source of his sadness. The reason is that:

I do not see even one little
child who is happy.
All is in tears, in ruins,
I would gladly hide myself
But I know not where.
Whenever I look — there
is no truth.
Everywhere God is reviled.

Unlike those Ukrainian landlords who had invited him to their feasts, Shevchenko could not remain indifferent to human suffering. The thought of his suffering homeland seldom left his mind.

My songs fly out like a
swarm,
One presses on the heart,
another rends it,
The third is crying quietly
Inside the heart, where God
may not see it.
To whom shall I show it?
Who will welcome its message?
Discover the power of its
words?
All are deaf and bent down,
In chains, indifferent all...

His Greatest Grief

What grieved him most was that people are deaf and indifferent to everything; although oppressed by heavy chains, they yet sell their children to Moscow and regard their service to the henchmen of the Ukraine as patriotism. No one dares to defend "honor, glory, equality and freedom of the land," as Taras Bulba did when he killed his own son, Andrew, or as Gonta, the hero of the "Haydamaky" did.

However, Shevchenko's deep love of mankind and his own country saved him from despair and spurred him to action. All his energies centered therefore on an attempt to rescue men from moral decay and to dispel the dark night over the Ukraine. He decided to follow his own advice, given in the poem Tryzna:

I shall sing no new song
Of the glory of my fatherland.
You must compose a stern
psalm
Of man's lawlessness.

Such stern exhortation we see in Shvechneko's "Dream," "Ivan Hus," The Great Grave," "Subotiv," "The Caucasus," "The Epistle," "Kholodny Yar," and the "Psalms of David." In all of them the social and political evils in the Ukraine are exposed as immoral and placed before the judgement of men. In this way the poet states his case as it were before a parliament. Morality is regarded as governing not merely personal relations but society too and mankind as a whole, since it deeply affects the whole body politic.

(To be conluded)

If you really believe in the brotherhood of man, and you want to come into its fold, you've got to let everyone else in too.

— Oscar Hammerstein II

STALIN'S DEATH

Few news stories of our time have been given so lavish a treatment as the final illness and death of Stalin. And few events have offered so fruitful a field to commentators and columnists whose business it is to move from the hard ground of fact into the risky air of theory and guess at future events.

Generally speaking, the forecasts of what Stalin's death implies for Russia and the world fell into several diverse channels. One group offered the hope that the whole Bolshevik edifice might come crashing down in ruin now that the strong man was gone. Another speculated concerning the possibilty of revolutionary uprisings both within the USSR and the satellite countries. A third decided that the chance of World War III had become more remote because the new masters of the regime would have their hands full and then some with domestic problems. A fourth, — holding the opposite view, said that World War III might be more imminent on the grounds that Stalin's successors would have to take this grim step in order to unify the Russian people.

But the more general opinion —and the opinion which seems to be held in Administration circles—is that Stalin's passing will not greatly affect, at least for a considerable period of time, the Soviet attitude, or change the Soviet policy of agression-short-of-world-war.

This opinion has a solid base. First of all, it is exteremely unlikely that Russia's rulers woul have been unprepared for Stalin's death—the most far-reaching plans and preparations must have been made. It is equally unlikely that Stalin would have permitted men who were in disagreement with his ideas to be in the position of successors—the dead dictator was as ruthless and as efficient a hand at eliminating opposition as the world has ever known. And the past record of the men now at the top — Malenkov, Beria, Molotov — shows them to be Stalinists of the purest hue.

There is another and very important side to this. The dictatorship is now directed by several minds, instead of one— and whether or not a divided dictatorship can hope to succeed is certainly a $64 question. It is perfectly reasonable to assume that the top men, excellent as their relations may seem on the surface, are even now engaged in a quiet war for power—and that each hopes to eventually hold all power and liquidate the others. That is the way Stalin came to the top—the road he took was paved with the bodies of old friends and compatriots. There is good ground for believing that as a long-term proposition a dictatorship has room for only one absolute dictator.

Even so, and despite what eventually may happen behind the thick Kremlin walls, Russia will in all probability continue to present a unified face to the world. For the time being, Stalin's successors will have to work together if only in the interest of self-preservation—the last thing they can afford is an open division with all the internal discord and unrest and weakening that this might involve. It is significant that the best reports we have had from behind the Iron Curtain indicate that as soon as Stalin's illness was an-Ore'nwn wonlyL shr s shrda nounced in such a way that no one could believe he would recover—the police and military and all the other forces the Kremlin has at its disposal to maintain order and to liquidate opposition were put into a high state of alertness and were ready for anything.

NEARLY 150 CIVIC GROUPS BACK SCHOOL PROPOSITION "E"

More than 140 Detroit organizations have now signed up as supporters of Proposition "E" (the school levy), and the Citizens' Committee working for it, from their downtown headquarters in the David Scott Building, announce that more groups are endorsing the measure constantly. All registered Detroit voters may vote on Proposition "E" at the election next Monday, April 6th, whether property owners or not.

Mrs. Alan Canty, 1st vice-president of the Detroit Council of Parent-Teacher Associations, has expressed her approval of the extra-two-mill tax in these words:

"For the past year and a half a study committee of the Detroit P. T. A. Council has been studying school needs. As a member of this Committee which represented a cross-section of Detroit's population, I give my enthusiastic support to Proposition "E."

"The Board of Education is to be congratulated on the progress shown and the many improvements made through the 1949 millage, soon to expire. The only way to maintain this progress is to vote YES on Proposition "E."

"The No. 1 problem to be faced is the increased enrollment. School children are entitled to a full day in a school near their home. At the present time, 2,000 are on half - day schedule and 5,000 are transportee by bus."

(Adv.)

*

It is through fraternity that liberty is saved.

— Victor Hugo

PRINCETON LECTURER TO SPEAK AT UKRAINIAN PROFESSIONAL SOCIETY MEETING

The Ukrainian Professional Society will hold its second dinner meeting this year on Saturday, April 11th at 7:00 P. M. at the Hotel Brevoort, Fifth Avenue and 8th Street, New York City. The guest speaker for the evening will be John S. Reshetar, Jr., lecturer in politics at Princeton University and the author of the recently published book, "The Ukrainian Revolution."

Mr. Reshetar will discuss the effects of Stalin's death on the Ukrainian situation and its possible future contacting the following: Eleanor Kulchycky, R. 252, 50 Church St., N.Y.C., Tel.: BE 3-8885; Gloria Surmach, E. 7th St., N.Y.C., Tel.: GR 7-0729; Helen Slobodian, 341 Roschill Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

VET NEWS ROUNDUP

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. — I meet all the eligibility requirements for training under the Korean GI Bill. However, I've recently gone back on active duty. May I take a correspondence course under the program, even though I'm now in uniform?

A. — No. Even though you met all the eligibility requirements, the law requires that you be a civilian when you take your training. Veterans back on active duty may not train under the law.

Q. — Is there any time limit I have to meet, in starting training under the Korean GI Bill? I have just received my discharge.

A. — You must begin your training within two years of the date of your discharge. — Veterans discharged before August 20, 1952, however must begin by August 20, '54.

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UAV Activity Increasing

Things are becoming more active in the national post headquarters of the Ukrainian American Veterans as the date for the Sixth Annual Convention approaches. Philadelphia will again have the opportunity of acting as host to all the Ukrainian American veterans who have membership in this rapidly growing organization. Everyone who attended the Philadelphia convention of two years ago will certainly recall many of the pleasant memories that were associated with this exciting event. New York City had the privilege of entertaining the U.A.V. in 1952.

Careful consideration is being given to even the smallest detail to make sure that this convention will be the most successful ever given by the U. A. V. At a special executive meeting of the Pennsylvania Club of Philadelphia, Commander Martin Horobiowski heard enthusiastic reports from the various committee chairmen. Thomas Darmopray, former U. A. V. national commander and, at present, convention chairman, reported that arrangements have been made to hold the affair in the Jefferson Room of the Hotel Adelphia, which is located in the heart of Philadelphia. The weekend of May 8, 9, and 10, has been selected as the date for this important event.

Walter Berezowsky, Banquet and Dance chairman, gave an extensive report on the progress his group has been making in arranging a unique and exciting program for the evening of May 9th. Frank Myschenko and Bohdan Hryshchyshyn have also been contributing a great deal of their time and energy in making this committee fuction smoothly.

Anyone who has had any dealings with convention preparations will certainly understand and appreciate the extensive amount of work involved in producing a worthwhile souvenir booklet. Michael Nasevich and Meron Karbivnyk have been working diligently trying to obtain advertisements for the program book. It is earnestly hoped and desired that all Ukrainian businessmen and women, together with Ukrainian Americans, will actively support the Ukrainian American Veterans in making the book a financial success.

Further information regarding the Sixth Annual U. A. V. Convention may be obtained by contacting Thomas Darmopray, Convention Chairman, 809 N. Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

SALOWICH CALLS FOR COURT REFORM

"I propose, if elected Circuit Judge, to help clean up the docket, now 16,000 cases behind, through assignment to each Judge an equal number of cases, thus fixing responsibility individually as in Federal Court. Under this plan, new cases can be tried to from 4 to 6 month from the date they become ready for trial. I further propose a Domestic Relations Division of Circuit Court be formed to handle Divorce cases only. Judges so specializing can effect more reconciliations, save more families, thus greatly curbing the deliquency resulting from broken homes." So declares Nicholas Salowich, for 30 years a successful Detroit attorney who is a candidate for Circuit Judge, at the April 6th election.

Salowich points out that 8 of the present Judges average 74 1/4 years of age, and if re-elevted all 8 will be nearly 80 at the expiration of their terms. He suggests that these incumbents be retired this year with pensions to which they are entitled and that new younger, competent men be elected to energize the court.

Salowich was born in Wilkes Barre, Pa, moving to Detroit at an early age. He attended the Detroit public schools and graduated from U. of D. Law School.

He served as an officer in France in World War I and was twice elected National Commander of the Tank Corps Veterans, and served as Commander of George Washington Post, American Legion. He is married and has one son who served in the Pacific in World War II.

(Adv.)

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