

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 UKRAINIAN WEEKLY SECTION

## The Ukrainian Weekly Section

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### Weekly Commentator

#### YOUTH SPEAKS

From Douglas, Alaska, we have received a copy of a Valedictory Speech delivered by John Jensen to his High School Graduation Class this past Spring. This 18-year old lad shows such a grasp of public affairs and has expressed himself so aptly, that I can think of nothing better to pass on to my readers than to quote him. From here to the end of this article John Jensen speaks: Friends, we are assembled here tonight as a free people. No one made us come; no one is forcing us to listen. Consider how different this same assembly would be in a communistic state. You would all be here under pain of demotion or exile. My talk would simply be recording of today's party line. I could say nothing I actually thought unless it met with the approval of the authorities. However, in America I'm free to talk, and I'll talk about the difference between our American Republic and a Communist State—their basic principles and their promises for the future.

True Communism is a method of life in which a person adds to the common storehouse according to his ability and takes from it according to his need. However—the Communism I'm referring to tonight is the Communism spreading and infecting the world at the present time.

The outstanding difference between Communism and our Republic is our belief in Divine guidance. Our belief in God is the spring from which our rights, liberties and strength flow. Through God we recognize the dignity and rights of man.

Communism preaches that religion is the opiate of the people—a mere delusion. Communists deny the soul, believing only in what they can see. The people are regarded as soil on which the state can grow. The state is everything, the people nothing. The government of a Republic is for the people. It is created by the people to work in their interests. We believe that men are born free and that no man can alter that fact. History demonstrates to us that Dictators are driven off when they begin to infringe on the people's rights.

There are several ways in which a Republic is stronger than Communism. The first and most important of these is our free enterprise system. Free result of a fundamental truth—a belief in Divine guidance. With the guidance of God, we realize that it wrong to enslave a man. Therefore, men are free to go their own ways, to make their fortunes as they will—to choose right or wrong as they wish. A man working in faith and freedom can accomplish things a slave could never approach.

#### BASEBALL LANGUAGE

The most accomplished writer could not bring you a baseball write-up or story in the vivid and colorful manner it is accustomed to being authored without the aid of "Baseball Language." The following assortment of lingo constitutes the slang most frequently used in baseball circles.

Other names for a baseball include sphere, horseshoe, pill, apple, and pellet. You may hear of the bases being called either hassocks, bags, sacks, or cushions. The verbs burn, blast, whip, pour, or slam are descriptive of a pitcher's speed ball. When you strike out, you simultaneously whiff, fan, carry lumber. When your team holds the opponents scoreless

When you see the pitcher deliver a straight ball right down the middle of the plate, the term descriptive of this is "in the groove." A misplay on the part of the defensive of boot, bobble, muff, miscues, error, bungle, or blunder. A base on balls given to a batter is termed a free ticket, a pass, or, an Annie Oakley. The pennant or championship has such names as flag, rag gonfalon, or bunting. A player who performs for the fans is known as a show-boat, a show-off, or a grandstander. Bunt, sacrifice, laying, one down, or dumping it are descriptive of tapping the ball to the infield, while gobble, come up with, pounce on, pull down, snare, scoop up, and handle are terms descriptive of fielding an infield ball. To catch a fly ball in the outfield is to spear, stab, collar, grab, pick off, pull down, snare, or shag it, while a lazy pop-up to the infield is described as a "can o' corn." Second base is also referred to as the keystone bag, mid-station, and halfway mark. Third base is termed the hot corner. A particularly clever piece of fielding is narrated as a circus catch. A batter who stands with one foot almost out of the batter's box is called "Foot In the Bucket." A pitch aimed at the batter's head to intimidate him is called a bean ball or duster. (This is frequently done to rookies coming up to the big leagues.) The prescribed area within which a batter must stand is termed the batter's box. A Leadoff Man is the first man to bat at the start of an inning. To bat in the cleanup position is to be fourth in the batting order. Terms describing a hard-hit ball are hammer, slug, clout, rap, belt, slam, crash, wallop, or smite. A pitcher chased to the showers is one who is withdrawn from the field by the manager and immediately takes a shower bath. A slum is a sudden losing streak on the part of a team doing well, or by a good hitter who isn't getting hits regularly. When you hear of a scratch hit, it is a ground ball which may bounce badly for an infielder, with the result that the runner reaches first safely. Nicked, pinched, or nailed is descriptive of a runner getting caught off base or stealing. A beginner in baseball is known as a busher or rookie. The players refer to the umpire (arbiter) as guesser, robber, burglar, blind man, cheater, etc. A catcher is also referred to as a back-stop or receiver. Pilot, skipper, and chief are other names for a manager of a baseball team. A bench warmer is a player who rarely gets into a game. An automatic strike is the pitcher's offering when the count is three and nothing on the batter, while a cripple is the hurler's pitch with the count of two and nothing or three and one. A left-handed pitcher is also called a port-sider, southpaw, or coxey. A cousin is a pitcher who is easy to hit. A "cup of coffee" is the term applied to a player who gets a brief trial with a team. A dippydo is a slow, tantalizing curve. Other names for a curve are mackerel, number two, or hook. Fireworks is descriptive of a batting rally. A strawberry is a bruise from sliding into a base, while being spiked is the situation where the runner collides (intentionally or accidentally) with the defensive player and his spiked shoes dig into the opposing player's flesh. A league is also referred to as a loop, circuit, or wheel. A pull hitter is one who hits to a field

### WINNING SUPPORT FOR UKRAINIAN CAUSE

At the present time when our young people are beginning to make a concerted effort to interest the American public in the Ukrainian Cause, it is important that they consider well the methods to be employed. For if the right ones are not used, such interest will not be aroused; even harm might result.

At the very outset, however, it should be remembered that before attempting to acquaint others with the Ukrainian struggle for freedom, one should first become familiar with it himself. This means that one should make an actual study of it, learn the principles animating it, and read the daily press reports concerning it. Without such knowledge this heroic struggle will at best be only a vague and illusory conception, weakly held together by platitudes and trite catch-phrases common to second-rate orators and writers, especially those who make no effort to master their subject-matter.

Having obtained such basic knowledge of the Ukrainian situation, our individual or group should then proceed to utilize it in the most efficacious manner possible. Nevertheless, he should at all costs avoid all those tricks and devices that have given propaganda such a bad name today. As generally understood, propaganda is expression of opinion or action by individuals or groups deliberately designed to influence opinions or actions of other individuals or groups with reference to predetermined ends. As such it is a perfectly proper process. Yet, when in an effort to "put something across," the propagandist resorts to questionable and even dishonest tactics, he then not only gives it a bad name but, what is still worse, he causes himself and that which he represents to be regarded with distrust.

This fact should be borne clearly in mind by our young person when he endeavors to win supporters for the Ukrainian Cause. Honesty is the best policy—should be his guide. He should present facts fully and clearly, just as they are, and avoid all under-emphasis or over-emphasis. He should never resort to any bluffing, distortion, or permit half-truths to masquerade as truths—nor, for that matter, use any other such devices which in the parlance of propagandists are known as "card-stacking," i.e. the cards are stacked against the truth. In other words, he should present the Ukrainian Cause just as it is. It is righteous enough to win support purely on its own merits, without the questionable aid of any such tricks. The latter should be left for the enemies of Ukraine, who in their attempts to belound the Ukrainian issue have conclusively demonstrated their expertness in using them.

Furthermore, in presenting he is not expected to hit: i.e. left-handed batter hitting to left field and vice versa. A hurler, chucker, slabman, moundman, flinger, or twirler are other names for a pitcher. A veteran baseball player is one with at least ten years' experience. A player who is easily accessible to injuries is termed pretty or cute.

### EARN'S BBA DEGREE

Henry Stelmachuk, of 35-04 31st Avenue, Astoria, L. I., N. Y., received the degree of



Henry Stelmachuk

Bachelor of Business Administration, last June; from Pace College, New York. He majored in Accountancy and Business Administration.

Mr. Stelmachuk is a graduate of DeWitt Clinton High School, New York, N. Y. He served over four years in the U. S. Army during World War II. After release from service he enrolled in the evening session at Pace College. Working by day and studying at night he successfully completed the six-year ABA evening course. He is president of the Holy Cross Ukrainian Catholic Church choir in Astoria, Long Island, New York.

### Lauds Change In Retirement

Harrisburg, Pa.—A new law ending so-called "death bed" retirements for Commonwealth employees won praise from a state administrator today.

"This is one of the most humane pieces of legislation ever passed in Pennsylvania," said Gene D. Smith, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

The new law provides that workers 60 or more years of age or with at least 25 years of service can file a retirement form which goes into effect either upon actual retirement or upon death.

Prompting enactment of the legislature was the former situation where the family of a state worker eligible for retirement, and who died suddenly, would receive only the share of his contributed himself.

If the worker were able to sign a retirement form before he died his family would receive the matching share paid by the State toward his retirement fund. If not, that share of the money was lost. Hence the term "death-bed" retirement.

Under the new law, the entire fund—workers' contribution, State's matching share and interest—will go to the family of the deceased even though he was still on the job at the time of his death.

If the worker need do upon reaching 60 or upon completing 25 years service is file his retirement form. This is then held by the state until he either actually retires or dies. State police, eligible for retirement at 50 years of age—because of greater hazards in their work—also are included in terms of the new legislation.

One of those benefitting through passage of the new law is Mrs. George W. Maxey, Seranton, widow of the former chief justice of the State Supreme Court. Maxey died suddenly in Pittsburgh on March 20, 1950.

Mrs. Maxey now is entitled to the full amount of her husband's retirement fund—including both his and the state's contributions—dating back to the time of his death.

### FOREIGN LABOR GROUPS SALUTE AMERICAN WORKERS

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Labor Day greetings to American trade unionists have been received by the U. S. Labor Department from free workers in many parts of the world.

The Greek General Confederation of Labor took notice of the American workers' holiday with a message from its general secretary, Fetis Makris.

"We, the Greek workers, who through common struggles during the recent years have been brought very close to our American colleagues, participate wholeheartedly in their Labor Day celebration

which is a World Holiday," Makris wrote.

"Many times," said the Greek labor leader, "I have thought that as the Statue of Liberty welcomes the arriving visitors... at the entrance of America to remind him what is most precious in the country, so in the same way a statue of honor should be erected to give to the departing visitor a vivid reminder that whatever admirable he had seen in the country... is the fruit of hard and sustained labor."

Among other messages received was one from the Ne-

### N. J. REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR SUPPORTS UKRAINIAN LIBERATION MOVEMENT

"The Ukrainians liberation movement deserves the support of all of us," declared Paul Troast, Republican candidate for Governor of New Jersey, at a dinner held in his honor last Sunday by Americans of Ukrainian descent at the Robert Treat Hotel, Newark, N. J. Mr. Dmytro Halychyn, chief speaker at the occasion, called the attention of those present of over 45 million Ukrainian of the over forty five million people to regain their national freedom and independence deserves the fullest support of America and should figure in the American liberation policy, as distinguished from the former ineffective containment policy. Mr. Halychyn also praised Senator H. Alexander Smith

and Senator Hendrickson for their espousal of the Ukrainian cause and their aid to the former Ukrainian displaced persons. Toastmaster was John Romanition. Andrew Keybida introduced those present. Among those who spoke were Gregory Herman and Stephen Shumeyko.

#### CONCERT OF UYL-NA

Tomorrow, September 6, there will be a grand concert presented by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, in conjunction with its 20th anniversary convention, at the Mosque Theatre, 1020 Broad Street, Newark, N. J., at 2:30 P.M.

### Ukrainian-Born Beauty to Represent Albany in N. Y. Fair Queen Test

Miss Maria Drabik, a 21-year old Ukrainian blonde from Watervliet, New York, is Albany's contender for the title of Queen of the New York State, reports Russ Kolody, Secretary of Branch 191, Troy, N. Y., of the Ukrainian National Association.

Miss Drabik is a member of UNA Branch 191. President of the Branch is her father, Michael Drabik.

A member of the public relations staff of the New York Telephone Co., in the Troy office, Maria is a graduate of Troy High School.

Miss Drabik was chosen over 21 finalists by judges.

According to local press reports, Maria stands five feet, six-and-a-half inches and weighs 112 pounds. Her beautiful blonde hair and startling green eyes should make the contest judges take a long and careful look at Albany's representative. The "Queen" is selected Tuesday at Syracuse.

Maria left with a companion aboard New York's Empire State. She checked in the Hotel Onodonga.

She will take part in a parade through downtown Syracuse to the New York State Fair Grounds.

Tuesday morning Maria will join eight other winners in the regional contests throughout the state on the Dave Garoway "Today" program to compete for royal honors.

#### To Honor Queen

Winner of the "Queen" title will be treated to a whirlwind of dinners, parades and other royal ceremonies at the fair. Then she'll receive the big prize—a week-long, all-expense paid trip to Puerto Rico, Caribbean vacation paradise.

The Queen will be quartered in a luxury suite of the famed Caribe Hilton Hotel in San Juan.

A native of Terepca, West Ukraine, Maria and her mother left the country in April of 1939—only months before the Nazi occupation—to join her American-born father in Watervliet.

Mr. Drabik is an employe of the Adirondack Foundry Co., Watervliet.

#### Favorite Hobbies

The young telephone company worker considers traveling her favorite hobby with horseback riding, swimming and ice skating her other recreational activities.

Maria's main ambition is to qualify for a State Department public relations position somewhere in Europe. She speaks two languages in addition to English, so perhaps she'll realize her goal.

Maria and her family, including her 11-year-old brother, Michael Jr., are parishioners of St. Nicholas' Greek Catholic Church, Watervliet.

therlands Federation of Trade Unions. Its general secretary, H. Norte, Jr., thanked American workers for their help "during the Netherlands' days of distress"—reconstruction after the war and recent floods—and declared: "United with American workers and all free trade unionists in ICFTU, we—fight for social justice, peace, and democracy, and feel convinced that the forces of the free world will be the victor in the end."

The Federation of Danish Trade Unions sent "a brotherly greetings" through its chairman Eiler Jensen and thanked the American labor movement for its "wholesome, friendly cooperation."

The message from the Danish workers stated: "As the United States of America through its magnificent aid has contributed to the stabilization of the free democratic countries' economic and social conditions, so also the Amer-

ican labor organizations via their affiliations with the ICFTU have demonstrated their fellow-feeling and solidarity with labor efforts of these countries and have supported in every possible way the efforts to develop in the socially retarded countries an organized labor movement capable of creating more modern living conditions for the working people."

The Norwegian Federation of Trade Unions, in a message signed by its president, Konrad Nordahl, said this:

"We take the pleasure on this Labor Day in conveying our fraternal greetings to all our colleagues in the American trade union movement. We are united with you in the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions in the fight for human rights, for peace and freedom, for democracy and economic security for all peoples on the earth.



# THE BAD ROAD

By MODEST LEVITSKY  
Translated from the Ukrainian by J. A.

A great misfortune had visited Ivan Shpak. A tree fell on his son Mykyta when they were cutting poplars near the house; it did not kill him, but crushed him so badly that blood oozed out of his mouth. Mykyta was always puny and weak, especially since that time when he had suffered all winter with colic. From then on the young man had no strength they would not even take him into the army. They said his lungs were decaying. And yet, although puny and weak, Mykyta was very industrious and liked to work. He could not handle a scythe or a flail because such work made him lose his breath, but he did everything else around the house, in the garden and in the barn. Shpak had another son, a younger one. Though physically stronger than his brother, he was not very bright. In fact, he was quite stupid. So, when this misfortune came—right before St. Nicholas Day, too—Shpak began to worry. He was sorry for the young man because he was so good and industrious, and as far as work was concerned he felt as if he had lost a hand. When Mykyta was on his feet nobody seemed to have noticed his work, but when he was bedridden it became evident that it would be hard to get along without him. So when Mykyta was carried home after the unfortunate accident—he could not walk—everybody thought he was dying. He was blue in the face, he breathed in a strange manner, quickly, and pure blood came out of his mouth. But after the surgeon arrived and applied a few cupping glasses to his chest and back, and gave him something to drink, it seemed as if Mykyta would improve. But the surgeon advised to take him to the zemstvo hospital immediately. "At home," he said, "it would be hard to take care of him, while in the hospital there are all kinds of medicines and a doctor will attend to him every day." Shpak did not want to take his son to the hospital right before the holidays, and his wife cried as if her son were dead and begged that he be left at home. "If he has to die," she said, "let him die here, in his own home, among his own." But Mykyta wanted to go to the hospital. "Take me, Father. They know better what to do, they have studied those things. Maybe they will help me... Maybe they will stop the blood at least... It's so hard to breathe... You can come to see me later, and if I'm no better, then you can take me home."

So Shpak, following the advice of other people and trying to satisfy his son's wish, took the lad to the hospital. After examining the patient, the doctor shook his head. "His case is very difficult," he said. "Won't he get better?" Shpak asked. "Who knows? ... He is very weak... However, if the hemorrhages stop there will be some hope." "Then perhaps I better take him back home?" "No, leave him here for a while. Come back in a week, then I'll tell you." After a week Mykyta was no better. The hemorrhages stopped, but he had a fever. So when Shpak came to find out about him, the doctor again advised against taking his patient home, explaining that he might catch cold on his way and thus become still worse. "If there is no hope, perhaps it would be better to take him home? My woman's eyes are swollen from crying. 'Bring home,' she cries all the time, 'let me at least look at him for the last time. Let the poor boy have some kutia' with the doctor hesitated. "He will only catch more cold in weather like this," said he. "Look what's going on outdoors! Let him stay here at least till the holidays. Perhaps the fever will leave him by then, and there will be some hope for improvement." The weather was really bad. The cold winter rain formed deep pools of water which melted the snow, and the roads were terrible. "Bad roads!" sighed Shpak. "I started from home before dawn and barely made those one and a half miles by noon. My horses are completely tired out. By the time I get home, it'll be night." "You see!" said the doctor. "Then how are you going to take him sick as he is, in such weather?" "Let me stay here till the holidays, Father," begged Mykyta. "Perhaps I'll bet better... I don't want to die..." "Won't he die here before the holidays?" asked Shpak, turning to the doctor. "No, God willing." "Well, let him stay then... I'll return next Thursday, before Kutia, my son, and take you home. You will spend the holidays with us at least..." Shpak turned toward the window. Two big, hot tears rolled down his weather-beaten face, passed over his gray mustache and fell on his chest. He wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his coat... Another week passed. Mykyta was no better. The fever scorched him. He had grown very thin. His eyes were deeply sunken, and his cheeks were unnaturally red. He was burning up like a wax candle. Thursday his father came again. He had started from very early, before dawn, in order to rest the horses a little and return home before dark. The road was worse than ever and the weather was just as before. "Well, doctor, will you let me take him home," asked Shpak, standing by the bed of his sick son. "All right," answered the doctor. "So there is no hope for him any more?" The doctor said nothing, only made motion with his hands. He did not want Mykyta to hear that there was no more hope for him. Shpak looked at his son sadly. "Let's go, son." "Let's, Father." They dressed Mykyta, the nurse helping the old man, for the boy could not sit up any more. Wrapping a heavy

shawl over his son's head and sheepskin coat, Shpak, with the help of the orderly, carried Mykyta outdoors and put him into the wagon. Propping up the sick boy with straw where necessary, Shpak asked, "Are you comfortable here?" "Yes, Father." "Ain't you cold?" "No." Shpak stood by the wagon a while, as if wishing to say something but hesitated. "Why don't we start, Dad?" asked Mykyta. "Just a minute..." Shpak blew his nose. "I'll tell you what, Mykyta, let's go to town..." "To buy something?" "Yes... Perhaps my son, we'd better buy a few boards at the same time... You see yourself how bad the road is... The poor horses can hardly move... And in the village, where will I get them?... Afterward... I'd have to go to town again..." "All right, Father," sighed Mykyta. At Berko's they say, the aspen ones are not dear... "Father!" said Mykyta sadly. "Don't I deserve pine board at least? I obeyed you, I tried to do my best..." "Oh, my son, my son!" moaned Shpak. "Certainly, you earned them, and did your best... Would I deny you such a thing, my child? But you know yourself—where is the money? There will hardly be enough even for aspen boards." Mykyta said nothing. "Besides, there will be other expenses, too," added Shpak. Mykyta sighed in resignation. "Now, do you know how it'll be, my son?... Next spring when I get stronger, I'll put up a nice cross for you, made of oak. I'll not be stingy. But now, let the boards be aspen ones, eh?" "All right, Father."

# Democratic Nationalism and Imperialism

By CLARENCE A. MANNING

(3)

Then came the other surprising development of the twentieth century, the reemergence of the past for the benefit of the impoverished peoples of the old ideals. Yet no return to the old can be anything but a caricature. It is highly significant that Mussolini sought to revive Italy not in the name of the recent past but in the name of the Roman Empire and the Roman Republic. The Fascists and all the other paraphernalia were indeed the same but the spirit was entirely different. In its most militant days, the Empire could never have thought of the methods by which he sought to make his ideals effective. It was the same with Hitler. There was good reason for him to revert to the days of the First German Empire at Nuremberg and it was to that point that he moved many of the old German banners to hold his historic meetings. Yet those meetings were but caricatures of the old feudalism when every German prince despite his feudalism when every German prince despite his feudal oath did what was right in his own eyes and handled his vassals and subordinates as he would. In the year 1,000 a German Emperor living according to Nazi principles and action would have lasted perhaps one week. He would have been excommunicated by the Pope and outlived by his own great lords and scarcely a sword would have been drawn in his defence. A Stalin with all of his apparent novelty of ideas is following more closely in the paths of the great Russian tsars and his revival of the cult of Peter I and of Ivan Terrible is a natural outcome of the triumph of the old idea. On the other hand, the organization of Western Europe is but a renewal in a demo-

cratic form of a concept that had dominated Europe from the time of the early Middle Ages when there was a slow but steady increasing intercourse and travel of traders and of pilgrims from one land to another, when the knights and later the merchants established their own centres and students wandered from land to land. All that was small and disorganized as was the general life of the country. National prejudices oppose it now as they did then but the very opponents were largely the men who travelled and found personal rather than universal reasons for their opposition. Against this we must place the world organization of the lands within the iron curtain, a great dream of centering everything around Moscow, around the sacred Kremlin, one of the seats of the ruler of the Third Rome now the center of world "progressive thought." At each step for centuries that ruler fought hard to preserve the integrity and the piety and the perfection of his Muscovite culture and he was not alone in this, for the whole history of the Muscovite seventeenth century can understand only in the frantic efforts of the boyars and the people to preserve the old order. An Avakum, introducing the Russian vernacular into his writings, was doing it from a pious belief in antiquity and the belief that the forms which he employed were of particular sanctity, the adoption of the vernacular elsewhere was as a response to the needs of the people. It is from this point of view that we can explain almost all the apparently meaningless performances of the Kremlin, the patter of Stalin as to the significance of regional and world languages, the constant iteration that the languages of the non-Russian peoples must

be cleansed from all their local bourgeois peculiarities, so that they can properly, by adopting Russian words, secure the right appreciation or Stalinist thought. It is from this point of view that Russians have made all the inventions of the world, although the Kremlin fails to explain why so few of these were ever perfected or brought into use at home. In this picture we can see the reason why the Ukrainians and the other non-Russian peoples of the Soviet Union are so insistent in their demand for a total separation from either a white or red Russia. They understand only too well that a future Russian state will only continue the same general policy of complete domination, under whatever form the state assumes. On the other hand their past throughout the centuries has bound them to that European mode of life which is being worked out through the cooperation of independent national states stumbling and quarrelling on their way to a new international order in which the rights of the individual and of the individual nation are duly recognized and protected. It is the urgent task of modern statesmanship therefore to support and strengthen all of those forces and movements which are working for the harmonious development and coordination of the free and democratic nations and for the addition to their number of the non-Russian peoples of the Soviet Union, especially Ukraine. Its accomplishment is urgent, for containment of Russian Communism is not enough. It must be forced to disgorge its conquests and of these Ukraine is the most vital. Then, when that is accomplished, we can well believe that the work of integration and harmonious cooperation can continue to the welfare of the whole world.

# Ukrainian Modern Home Designing

Last week I wrote in my column about building one's house in Ukrainian style, particularly with a straw-thatched roof—the latter made fire-proof of course. I cited, upon good authority, all the advantages of the same, including practicability and beauty. And now, I have just received an interesting letter commenting on my suggestion in this matter from one of the readers of The Ukrainian Weekly. It is from Nestor E. Terlecky of Newark, N. J. It is worth quoting in full: "I would like to call your attention to the fact that it is not necessary to turn exclusively to straw-thatched cottages in order to find an original example of Ukrainian architecture. In fact, it seems to me that the 'khutory' of Southern Ukraine, the homes of the Kozak officers of 17th and 18th centuries and their later-day descendants the Left Bank gentry, the Podolian manor houses, and even the remains of Mediaeval structures, preserved in Carpathian Ukraine, can provide a more fruitful inspiration for modern home designing. These types of buildings represent the more advanced stage of Ukrainian architecture, of which the peasant cottages were the prime basis. "Among the few examples mentioned above I think the Podolian mansions to be most promising as architectural models, chiefly because their style can be easily adapted to various kinds of homes or community buildings. I remember one owned by my family at which I spent a few of my childhood vacations before the World War II. The house built of solid masonry originally in the 17th century

and rebuilt later, was especially well integrated with its surroundings. Situated on a hill-top and surrounded by the elm trees, the building had a colonnaded portico (Doric) in the front center and a spacious terrace at the end of one wing. In the back, facing South and overlooking the valley of Nich-lava, was another terrace connected with the main hall by a glass door (originally a heavy wooden door). The Podolian mansions, as a rule, the work of local master builders, were very popular with Podolian gentry and clergy. They possess an air of solid, dignified and yet sunny happiness. Their appeal lies more in the clear harmony of the whole and in the quality of material and work than in any attached decorations. This, incidentally, is also the principle of modern designing. Also, as a rule they are built in a one-floor plan. "In building the Ukrainian-style homes, a strict supervision by the experts would be necessary in order to avoid that unfortunate occurrence of really atrocious vulgarization which can be seen in case of some 'Ukrainian' decorations. It would be best to have the plans prepared by Ukrainian architects familiar with the field, whose services are available in this country. "Architecture is entirely outside of my field, (I am an economist student), and therefore, I am unable to carry my thoughts beyond the amateur interest in this field. Yet, together with many other readers, I would greatly appreciate your further investigation into this promising area, of adapting our Ukrainian architectural heritage to home designing of American cities of 1950's." Josephine Gibbons-Gibbons.

## U.N.A. BRANCHES IN CANADA

U.N.A. Branches in Canada Not too many years ago the Ukrainian National Association had only one branch in Canada, the rest of its lodges, numbering over 400, being located in the United States. This first Canadian branch, known as the St. Michael Society, Br. 49, has been in existence since February 1916 in Toronto, Ontario, and has 95 members at the present time. On October 31, 1937, Branch 341, the Julian Holowinsky Society, was organized in Windsor, Ontario. Today this branch has 137 members. Shortly after the formation of this lodge others began springing up in many different sections of Ontario and Quebec. At the present time the U.N.A. has 37 branches in Canada. This was accomplished through the efforts of numerous organizers in Canada, many of whom are still active in U.N.A. organization work today. Twenty-six branches are located in the Province of Ontario. Branch 432 of Toronto, formed July 31, 1939, and known as the Taras Shevchenko Society, has 2,160 members (as compared to 288 in 1942) and is the largest and most active Canadian branch. Toronto's Branch 469 is partly composed of young people and is called the Ukrainian Youth Club; formed July 31, 1940, it already has 172 members. Another youth group, the Young Club; formed July 31, 1940, it already has 172 members. Another youth group, the Young Ukraine Society, Branch 478, is located in East Toronto. In 1940 a membership campaign was begun in the Province of Quebec and three branches were organized that year. The largest of the Quebec branches is Branch 473 of Montreal, which has 483 members (as compared to 96 in 1942); this branch has grown rapidly and still admits new members with consistent regularity. We have prepared a table showing how the 5,111 Canadian members of the U.N.A. are organized in 37 branches spread through four provinces. The figures are complete as of July 31, 1953.

Province	Adult	Juvenile	Total
Ont.	884	576	1,460
Que.	292	191	483
Ont.	184	137	321
Ont.	163	107	270
Ont.	118	109	227
Man.	143	55	198
Ont.	95	91	186
Ont.	94	78	172
Ont.	105	64	169
Ont.	73	91	164
Ont.	74	51	125
Que.	65	52	117
Ont.	54	59	113
Que.	42	69	111
Ont.	56	39	95
Ont.	57	29	86
Que.	58	27	85
Ont.	33	41	74
Ont.	38	34	72
Ont.	37	25	62
Ont.	28	29	57
Ont.	31	23	54

## Where There's Blood There's Life!

You can be sure... where there's life, there's blood! While you've got your gallon and half of blood circulating through your body, it does not always seem too important to share just a small part of it to help save someone else's life. As a matter of fact, your own life could well depend on having a couple pints of blood tomorrow, next week or perhaps next year. If you do need a pint of life, you'll want it quick and ready at hand... without fail or waiting. Most people want it that way too... strongly enough to donate their blood on a regular schedule, several times a year. These are the people who are protecting your life. They expect the same protection from you... from the blood that YOU donate. Your blood also makes possible the production of derivatives such as plasma, serum albumin and gamma globulin. It all means life, not only to you and your family, but to thousands of people all over the country. The future of American freedom and well-being depends on everyone sharing in the vital job of providing adequate supplies of blood. We must save lives of our wounded fighting men, provide for everyday civilian needs, and build a reserve for civil defense use in case of attack. Over 5,000,000 pints are needed this year alone. This is a job for real red-blooded Americans. To be sure, where there's blood, there's life... perhaps yours? Make sure your blood is there wherever it is needed. Call your local Red Cross, Community or Armed Forces Blood Center today to schedule a donation.

449 Waterford	Ont.	18	31	49
412 Lachine	Que.	32	16	48
451 Grimsby	Ont.	25	23	48
478 Toronto	Ont.	32	6	38
428 Kenora	Ont.	17	21	38
492 Ottawa	Ont.	11	29	31
419 Regina	Sask.	13	11	24
491 Montreal	Que.	15	8	23
470 Val D'Or	Que.	10	12	22
443 Rouyn	Que.	5	15	20
453 Toronto	Ont.	17	3	20
462 Thorold	Ont.	10	7	17
480 Toronto	Ont.	17	0	17
447 Val D'Or	Que.	5	3	8
440 Espanola	Ont.	5	2	7
Total		2,956	2,155	5,111

In 1942 the U.N.A. had only 1,206 members in Canada. U.N.A. organization work continues and efforts are being made to form additional branches. Branch 491 of Montreal and Branch 492 of Ottawa were organized during July 1953. It can be seen that the Uk-

## Impressions - by William Shust

There are certain truths that, when revealed, seem so simple that people scoff and disbelieve. But that is the strength in truth — its power and endurance lies in its simplicity. Thus, when we — at all our gatherings and conclaves and conventions — gnash our teeth and say: "Why has God forgotten us Ukrainians!" the truth would be to proclaim: — "Why have we Ukrainians forgotten God?" But truth is not so easily accepted. Immediately we hear the laughter of the sophisticates, the clearing of throats of socialists, and assorted snorts, groans, and sighs of our ubiquitous intelligentsia. The most polite of these will say: "This is a very nice and noble thought, dear friend, but really the problem is not that simple." And then follows a verbal barrage of economics, sociology, political philosophy, and smug, narrow-minded history. The Ukrainians, inclusively, have two great failings. These are: hate and envy. I recall reading a few weeks ago about a summer camp for Ukrainian children. The slogan that the camp boasted was: — "We hate Russia, we love America." Nothing good has ever come of hatred. It is true that no single nation on earth has as much right and has so completely hated Russia as Ukraine has. But is this the only thing to be taught our children? What happens — when Russia is converted and Ukraine is independent — to all the hate we have trained ourselves to bear? "Don't worry about that, that's far off," says our intellectual-liberal Ukrainian. — "When that time comes, a united and peaceful Ukraine will dispel all thoughts of hate among us." But will it? From childhood we have been told to hate Poland, hate Russia. We Ukrainians have always prayed fervently for "our daily bread." Yet we never forgive those who trespass against us. But of all the characteristic and traits that Ukrainians possess the one most strongly apparent is envy. And what makes it worse is that it is a petty envy between ourselves. An envy of our neighbors. Has anyone honestly and sincerely prayed: "Oh Lord, protect me from the sin of envy."? That in a Ukrainian would be the beginning of sainthood. At this point there is a storm of protest. "Now you've gone too far! Why, you sound like some religious fanatic!" Would that we had some true "religious fanatics." Some of the caliber of Francis Xavier, or Ignatius Loyola, or Francis of Assisi. Why, for all our "greatness" and embroidered "culture", we possess only one saint. Yet we have so many engineers, and doctors, and lawyers (and, of course, every Ukrainian is an intellectual). As a nation we are microscopic in the religious world, but we do not seem to care so long as we have our "culture." How many Catholic priests do we have? How many nuns? How many of our boys and girls are being encouraged to take on this wonderful life? "Is that any criterion for a strong nation? scoffs our intellectual friend. We have only to compare our history and cultural heritage with any nation steeped in firm religious convictions to gather the full impact of the answer. God can turn away from those who forsake Him. And in our case He has! This is something for our many concerts and convictions to consider.

## Poet's Corner

REFLECTION AT MIDNIGHT

The house, these days, is a hunter blind; The latest lure is baited to chemney; Below, in silent ambush and dim, We turn the dials to catch our evening fare: Those little birdlings—laughter, Song and fable—snatched from the thin night air. No wonder we're still empty going up the stair. For, what are we hunters healthy after? What sticks to the ribs of a hungry mind: Beauty, justice, truth—the age-old quarry. Fellow imrods of the ingle-nook safari, How can we ever hope to snare Those mighty gamebirds from a contour chair?

Barbara Luther.



# Ukraine Through The Centuries

By MYKOLA H. HAYDAK

PART II.  
(8)

But before these plans could have been realized the idea of an independent Ukraine was put into effect by the efforts of the Ukrainian people alone without any foreign help or intervention. In March 1917 the revolution broke out in the capital of the Russian Empire in which the Ukrainians played a leading part. The Romanov monarchy ceased to exist and all the nationalities in this "prison of peoples," as the Russian Empire was called, began to work for a complete separation from the oppressors. The Ukrainians very soon organized their own national central institution called "Ukrainska Centralna Rada" (Ukrainian Central Council) composed of representatives of the Ukrainian political parties, cooperative unions, clergy, army, workmen, peasants, professional and cultural societies. The Rada was supported by all the organizations of the Ukrainian population throughout Ukraine. "Boundless enthusiasm spread throughout all classes of the Ukrainian population," writes Doroshenko (1940), "Russianized Ukrainians, who never before admitted of being anything but Russians, were now inspired by national enthusiasm: high military officers, clergy, university professors, came to the sessions of the Central Rada offering their services in building up a new life in Ukraine. Under the eyes of all the renaissance of a nation was taking place."

However the Muscovite minority in Ukraine (9% of the population) was in a strong inimical opposition to the Ukrainian liberation. Unfortunately in many large cities the Muscovites formed even a relative majority of the population. This is not surprising because usually the representatives of the oppressor nation aggregate in the large centers. Besides that there was still a formidable Russian army on the Western Ukrainian front and also garrisoned in the Ukrainian cities, violently opposed to the Ukrainian aspirations. The Russian provisional government, which was formed after the revolution, looked unfavorably, and even inimically on the efforts of the Ukrainians to organize own life. Under such circumstances it was difficult for the Central Rada to embark on the program of immediate and complete independence. Therefore it restricted its efforts to the obtaining of complete autonomy within the boundaries of the Russian federative republic. Later on it became obvious that the Ukrainian strife for a complete independence has numerous supporters among the Ukrainian members of the armed forces on the western fronts and that the general Ukrainian population shares the same opinion. Consequently the Central Rada began to act more assuredly and made several proclamations, so called "Universals," in which it gradually announced the emancipation of Ukraine from

any dependence on Muscovy. Unfortunately, the majority of the Rada consisted of the representatives of the socialistic parties who did not realize the importance of the armed forces in defending the rights of the people in such turbulent times. They believed in the peaceful democratic methods and were convinced that the Muscovite socialistic parties will not use military force against their brothers in Ukraine. Instead of immediately creating a new army and retaining those military detachments which declared their willingness to defend the Ukrainian independence unconditionally, the Rada did not strive to maintain the existing units and was not in a hurry to organize a strong army.

At the same time the communistic government of Muscovy began peace pertractions with the Central Powers. The Ukrainian observer who was sent to Brest-Litovsk, protested against an attempt of the Muscovite delegation to speak in the name of Ukraine. The Ukrainian council of ministers sent an appeal to all neutral and warring nations urging them to stop hostilities and conclude a just peace. On December 26, 1917, the Central Powers sent the answer to this appeal stressing that the representatives of the Ukrainian National Republic are invited to the peace negotiations which were being conducted at Brest-Litovsk between the Bolshevik government of Muscovy and the Central Powers. On January 3rd, 1918, France recognized Ukraine by accrediting General Tabouis as her representative to the government of the Ukrainian National Republic (commissaire de la République Française en Ukraine). Great Britain followed by appointing P. Bragge as her representative in Ukraine. Fearing that the fate of Ukraine may be decided by the pertractions at Brest-Litovsk without the Ukrainians and to their disadvantage, and knowing the desire of the masses for the termination of the war, the Kiev government was forced to enter into peace negotiations with the Central Powers, January 9th, 1918.

Although the Bolshevik government at the beginning officially recognized the Ukrainian National Republic and the right of the Ukrainian people to live according to their own desires, it simultaneously began an intensive propaganda against the Rada in order to create a state of disorganization and chaos in the new republic. The Ukrainian government disarmed some communistic military detachments which were organized in the Ukrainian cities from various Muscovite elements. These elements, recruited mostly from the national minorities and the Muscovite soldiers stationed in Ukraine, established a puppet Soviet Ukrainian

government in Kharkov, consisting mostly of foreigners, declared war on the Ukrainian National Republic. The Muscovite communistic government promised help to this new creation and the war started. In spite of the fact that Ukrainian Democratic government was supported by a vast majority of the Ukrainian population, the absence of a strong unified and well organized army was fatal at this time, because the separate loyal military detachments existing in various cities of Ukraine could not always put an effective resistance to the hordes of the Muscovite soldiers stampeding in to Ukraine from the Austrian front; or to the paid mercenary army of the communistic Muscovy advancing from the North, and to those Muscovite detachments which were garrisoned in various cities of Ukraine.

The Rada and the council of Ministers had to abandon the capital of Ukraine, Kiev, and to retreat toward the Western borders of Ukraine where the Ukrainian armed forces were successful in defeating the Muscovites. The new republic was in a mortal danger at that time. Meanwhile the peace negotiations in Brest-Litovsk came to an end and a peace treaty with the Central Powers was signed on February 9th, 1918. Finding itself in a critical situation the Ukrainian government appealed to the Central Powers for a military assistance in the fight against the invading Muscovite army. This help was given and soon the Ukrainian territory was freed from the enemy by the Ukrainian and German military units. However, shortly afterwards the Ukrainian government realized that the Germans were considering themselves the masters in Ukraine, and thus a conflict started between the Rada and the German command. Because the Rada did not want to be just a puppet in the hands of the Germans and defended the right of the Ukrainians annulling several decrees of the Germans, and threatened not to fulfill the obligations of the peace treaty, the Germans arrested some members of the Ukrainian Cabinet and of the Rada, and disarmed the Ukrainian military detachments.

With the support of the Germans, General Skoropadsky was elected by the representatives of the large landowners and industrialists and placed as Hetman at the head of the Ukrainian State. With the help of the military forces of the Reich and various Muscovite armed units organized especially for that purpose the former big landowners started a relentless persecution of the Ukrainian peasants. A puppet in the hands of Germans, Skoropadsky was distrusted by the Ukrainians for his Muscovite tendencies and the sympathies with reactionary, mostly foreign, circles of Ukraine. A popular uprising of the Ukrainians, under the guidance of the Directory, consisting of five prominent Ukrainian leaders, started against the Hetman. The Germans proclaimed neutrality. The army under the Directory defeated the Muscovite detachments which supported the Hetman. The latter abdicated and fled to Germany. The Germans were given a month time to leave the Ukrainian territory.

## BACKGROUND OF RUSSIAN ACTIVITIES IS OFFERED

By VASYL KOSARENKO-KOSAREVYTOCH

[Editor's note: The author of this article is a personal friend of Kalenich Lissiuik, whose articles on the Russo-Ukrainian war were published in the South Coast News. It was at the suggestion of Mr. Lissiuik that the following keen analysis of the whole Russian situation was written especially for the South Coast News].

The people in Northeastern Europe whose capital is Moscow and who, in their own language call themselves Russkiy (sing.) and Russkiye (plur.), entered upon the national-political World stage under the name of the Muscovite State (1481). After the conquest of the Ukraine (1709), Czar Peter I changed the name of the Muscovite State, also expanded, into the Rossiyan (Russian) Empire and called himself Emperor (1721). For this main reason he was called "the Great."

The revolution in February, March 1917 brought an end to the Muscovite-Russian Empire and the Romanov dynasty. With the counter-revolution in October-November, 1917, the process of reestablishing and expanding the empire was begun anew, and with it the reconquest and re-subjugation of the people who, after the revolution, attempted to establish separate independent national identities under their own name. This empire, conquered and subjugated by the Russiye (Great Russians) for the second time, received from its leader Lenin the new name "Union of Socialist Soviet Republics," Soviet Union for short, in 1921; the capital was once more moved to Moscow.

Although the national name of this Eurasian Empire was changed three times (Muscovite, Russian, and Soviet) and the capital moved from Moscow to St. Petersburg and back again to Moscow, three things remained the same: 1) The dominating Russkiyan people (proper Russians), 2) The autocratic Kremlin as coronation throne and ruling seat, 3) Their common global Messianism which began with the proclamation of Moscow as the "Third Rome" (Rome, Byzantium, Moscow), of the Moscow

Meantime the Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia on November 1st, 1918 proclaimed the independence of the Western Ukrainian Democratic Republic and begun to organize their life. The Poles considered the territory as their own and an armed conflict started from the very days of the birth of the new republic. The parliament of Western Ukraine decided on the union of the new state with Eastern Ukraine and this was officially accomplished in Kiev on January the 22nd, 1919.

The United Ukraine faced a very difficult situation. The red Muscovites were invading the Ukrainian territory from the North. Thousands of their compatriots were spreading the most demagogic social slogans of Ukraine in order to create disunity and anarchy. Aided by the allies, the White (royalists) armies, hating the Ukrainians not less than did the reds, advanced into Ukraine from the Southeast. The Poles, actively supported by France, were attacking the Ukrainian forces from the West internal anarchy, due to the appearance of many various adventurers and demagogs acting without any regard for the law or order; lowering of the general moral of the population; the class hatred instigated and fostered by the communists; the disruption of communication; the lack of medical attention and appalling sanitary conditions resulting in a terrific epidemic of typhoid fever—all those were the internal difficulties which the Ukrainian government had to face in this time of troubles. Decimated by the epidemics,

Princes as "God's representatives on earth," and of the Russkiyan people as "God's chosen people on earth."

That is where lies the root of the Muscovite-Russian-Soviet xenophobia and antisemitism. Being convinced that they were the only true Christians and the only people loved by God, they became convinced that they had the call to convert the whole rest of humanity (who were considered "rotten") and to force them to accept the way of life of their own people "loved by God."

This messianic-imperialistic conviction took on a religious tone in the Muscovite-Russian period. It opposed the Christians of other sects just as much as the Jews and other religious groups. The intolerance towards the Jews conditioned in this manner, was still further heightened because the Russkiye claimed to be the only "chosen people" and could not tolerate any other "chosen people." (Another example of this is the relation between the Jews and Germans after Hitler had proclaimed the Germans a "chosen people").

The general Xenophobia of the Russkiyans in the Muscovite era showed itself in the ghetto for all foreigners, named "Nyemyetzkyia Sloboda." Their special anti-semitism in the Russian era was shown in the limitation of the area in which the Jews could settle (pale), and in the infringement of their rights as citizens. This all led to Pobedyonostzev's (head of Orthodox Church, Czar's adviser and Desolation of the Jewish problem in Russia: "Exterminate one-third of the Jews, drive one-third out, and assimilate the remaining third." The realization of this program was attempted through the pogroms in the areas in which the Jews were permitted to settle, as e. g. Ukraine and Poland. Czar Alexander openly admitted that it pleased him to hear of Jews being beaten.

In the present Soviet period, the Christian facade has been replaced by the socialist-communist facade. Muscovy-Russia-Soviet Union has become the "sacred homeland of Marx, Lenin and Stalin" in place of the former "beloved of God,"

lacking ammunition and clothing, the Ukrainian army heroically was defending the frontiers of Ukraine from the enemies from everywhere. The Ukrainian government appealed to the Allies for help in fighting the Muscovite communists. "A French expedition was sent to Odessa to supervise Ukrainian affairs and direct military operations against the Bolsheviks, but the expedition was withdrawn after refusal of the Ukrainian government to yield to the demand of the French leaders for a complete military, economic and political control". (Bowman, 1928). As in the case of the Germans, the Ukrainian Democratic Government did not want to be a puppet in the hands of the Allies, so the Ukrainians were left to themselves in the time of a dire stress. There was no other solution but to come to an understanding with some of the enemies.

The Ukrainian government was forced to conclude peace with Poland, and to relinquish claims for the territory of Western Ukraine, occupied at that time by the Polish forces. The coalition was successful at the beginning, occupying Kiev for a short time, but then the armies of the new allies had to retreat before a sustained massed attacks of the Bolsheviks armies. Subsequently Poland concluded peace with the Reds and the Ukrainian National Army, outnumbered and underequipped, retreated with fight to the Polish territory and was interned.

everything foreign is now termed "capitalistic" instead of the former "rotten."

It took two hundred years in the Russian Empire (1721-1917) for the Muscovite heritage to completely destroy the attempt to westernize Russia, as represented by the capital St. Petersburg; in the present Soviet era, it has only taken three decades for the same Muscovite complex to completely subvert the Western socialism - communism. The attempt to Europeanize Asiatic Muscovy or to socialize the despot-and-slave tradition of Russia met the same fate.

The victory of the traditional Messianism in both cases has at the same time become the victory of the ancient delusion that the Russkiye are the single "chosen people," be its religion Orthodox-Christian or Orthodox-Communist. Stalin recognized that he could only hold his power through the support of the Muscovite tradition, and that he therefore had to offer the Russkiyans something especially attractive. Thus he not only let them be the only "chosen people." The Moscow Patriarch Aleksey returned the favor by proclaiming Stalin the "God-sent leader of the great Russkiyan people beloved by God."

With such statements, the hours of the Jews were numbered in the area under the control of the power-pyramid made up of Kremlin-Moscow-Russkiyans. Because the great "chosen people" cannot tolerate another smaller "chosen people." All this despite the important role of the Jews in the creation of the Soviet Union. The antisemitic phenomena already taking place in Prague, Moscow, and Berlin, and soon to be expected in other capitals of the area ruled by the power-pyramid mentioned above, is only the necessary consequences of the traditional Messianism of the Russkiyans, however their empire may be called: Muscovite, Russian, or Soviet.

Even from this briefly sketched background it is possible to see the phases of the Muscovite-Russian-Soviet development of the attempts of the Russkiyans to realize their traditional Messianism and their final aims, i.e. world-domination. Only in this way can one recognize the suicidal results of the belief of the non-Russian and non-Soviet world in the incorrect teaching of the Russian myth (without which a Soviet myth of the same Russkiyans would not have been possible), according to which the Empire, with the capital in Moscow or in St. Petersburg, are made the same as the Russkiyans masters under the joint name of Rossiyan (Russians).

Now ought even the Jews become aware of the fact that it does not pay to be made strong and to praise their own hangmen; rather it is better to seek allies and friends from the peoples subjugated and doomed by their "chosen" rivals, to support the co-victims of the Muscovite-Russian-Soviet Messianism-Imperialism, and not its usurers with their capital in Moscow.

This statement on the historical-political situation in the East does not mean that hatred of the Russkiyan people, merely because they are Russkiyans, should be preached. It is only a warning of the latent dangers in the Russkiyans or proper Russians as long as they hold a Messianic belief. Like the Germans, they can be cured of this disease, and the menace from their side can be banished only when they no longer have the Empire to support the hope that they can realize their Messianic plans and reach such aims.

("South Coast News", Lugana Beach, Calif., Friday, August 14, '53)

Klaus Hoehsmann, 18, who came to Canada from Germany two years ago, won \$400 in scholarships at the Burnaby South High School in British Columbia, where he completed his grade XII with an average of 92 per cent.

## No Wonder Social Security Setup Fails to Hold Confidence of People

President Dwight D. Eisenhower's recent announcement that he intends to seek Congressional approval for bringing an additional 10,500,000 persons under the workings of the Social Security system once again poses the question of just how long the federal government is going to delay overhauling the entire Social Security setup.

As of now, the Social Security system is one of the biggest frauds ever perpetrated on a freedom-loving people. Those coming under its scope, and that includes almost everybody in the wage-earning class, have no choice as to whether or not they want to buy the old age security this system supposedly guarantees. They have to buy it whether they want it or not, and any complaints they might just as well be wasted on thin air.

Private insurance companies, which long have been in the retirement income business, never would be allowed to operate in the loose manner the federal government operates its giant Social Security system. Private insurance companies must retain a substantial portion of all the premiums they receive in reserve funds sufficient to pay off any and all claims that might come due. The remainder of their premium income is usually invested in blue blue chip securities which can easily be converted into cash if necessary demands.

Private insurance companies wouldn't for one moment be allowed to spend vast sums of their policyholders' money on highly speculative ventures. Nor are they allowed to dip into their reserve funds for ready cash and replace cash with IOU's. If they tried this, company officials would go to jail but quick like, for defrauding their policyholders.

But not so with the government's Social Security system for it doesn't have to be operated in the same fashion the government forces private insurance companies to operate. Every three months the federal government collects billions of dollars in contributions from the millions of workers in this country who come under the system. But is this money safeguarded so that it will be readily available to pay to workers who eventually reach the retirement age and want to get to their contributions back? Hardly. Almost as fast as the money pours in it is taken out by the Treasury Department and replaced by government IOU's. And who is responsible for paying off these government IOU's? The very same people whose money was borrowed in the first place and who will have to be taxed again to pay themselves social security they have already paid for once.

A lot of people in this nation still remember a fellow by the name of Charles Ponzi who made a huge fortune for himself by promising people he could double or triple any money they gave him to invest in a very short time. Ponzi's scheme for accomplishing this was relatively simple. He would

take the money given him by new suckers to pay off old ones and every time he gave an old sucker a fancy return on his original investment more new ones would rush in and literally beg him to take their money.

Ponzi's clever swindle worked pretty good for a while, but eventually there wasn't enough new money coming in to pay off Ponzi's older clients and his bubble burst with a big loud crash. He wound up in jail with the reputation of being the biggest swindler the country ever produced and thousands of little people lost everything they possessed.

The government's Social Security system today is not much different than the swindling method by Charles Ponzi. Right now vastly more money is being poured into the system than is being paid out in claims. So all this extra money is being diverted into the Treasury where it is used to pay current government bills. And outside of a rather small reserve fund the only thing the government has in its Social Security till is a huge batch of government bonds.

As the Social Security system gets older, more and more people will become eligible for benefits. Eventually outgoing payments will be greater than the money coming in and the government will have to redeem the IOU's it has in the till with some hard cash. And since the government has no money of its own, it will have to reach out and take from the people, through taxation, the money necessary to keep the Social Security system in business even though the people had originally contributed money sufficient for this purpose.

So those of us who are buying Social Security today under the impression we are getting a bargain had better think again. Our contributions aren't being put aside to pay us back when we reach retirement age. Instead they are being spent for other purposes and the only security we are purchasing with our money is a big batch of government bonds which more of our money will eventually have to redeem.

Under the circumstances it's no wonder a considerable number of our citizens view this Social Security setup with anything but confidence. We're not foolish enough to think that Congress will ever discard the system now that have had it so long, but the least our legislative representatives could do would be to overhaul its operation to bring it in line with the manner in which private insurance companies are forced to operate.

In the last two calendar years about 96% of the crude oil produced in Canada has come from Alberta fields.

### Wrong Trousers

Bill: "Joe, if you had \$5.00 in one pants's pocket and \$10 in the other one what would you have?"  
Joe: "Somebody else's pants."

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(To be continued)



# The Garden of Gethsemane

(Excerpts)

By IVAN BAHRIANY  
Translated by Adam Haidj

"Now?" repeated the interrogator, rushing him.

Anrew was silent.

"Listen," said the interrogator, changing to you, "you are an intelligent man and you must realize that we know all about you. And we need no investigation. But we need know whether you are indeed an irreconcilable enemy, or, perhaps, you have made a mistake. If you have, you can it by confessing openheartedly, and repenting. Do you follow me? You must relate yourself all that's written here, concealing nothing. Because... because you are an intelligent man and we would like to apply to you the methods we apply to all those who stand up to fight us. It would be quite unpleasant for us. Do you hear?" the interrogator ominously pointed with his eyes at the door from behind which groans could be heard.

"That's it..."  
"It depends on what's written in there," stilled Andrew, attempting to discover at least a little of what and by whom he was accused. And what exactly did they know? He noted that the folder lying before Sergeyev was the same Necheyeva had had previously, and that it had grown more voluminous during the intervening period.

The interrogator laughed contemptuously:

"Please don't forget that I am the investigator, not you. Now then,—I am listening."

"Very well..." said Andrew, already planning to declare brazenly that he was not afraid of him, that the 'crime' he had been convicted of he acknowledged and was prepared to assume responsibility for them; knowing that, theoretically, according to legal procedure all over the world, no one could be tried twice on the same charges. He had even opened his mouth, but the interrogator interrupted him. The past did not interest him at all, and was of no consequence. He was interested in the present, and the past would be reached in due course. The 'present' was in his folder—here the interrogator slapped the green cover with his hand again. Filled on his take off, Andrew fell silent. He did not wish to antagonize the interrogator from the very beginning; perhaps he would succeed in settling the case on the basis of some 'common sense'.

Perhaps he should reduce it to a minimum? But immediately he thought better of it. For two reasons. Firstly, for the reason of dignity. And secondly, the more he saw of the interrogator, the more he was convinced that no 'common sense' would work here, for the interrogator was not driving in that direction and, indeed, was not guilty of any common sense. Main thing—he was foreign. Hostile and foreign along the line. And a conscientious opinion; no minimum would do for him—he wanted the utmost maximum. Absurd, senseless, but indispensable.

The interrogator sizes him up, and Andrew reads in his eyes secret, ferocious wishing that he crumble a little in some spot, that he relax his mental defences, and then the interrogator would barge in and begin to unravel his soul, and as the other one has done to

Aslan. And then, around every pinch of truth he might tell would grow a terrible mountain—the terrible mountain of provocation — which would smother innumerable victims. Having realized this, Andrew put aside his indecision, sighed deeply, and embarked upon the road of complete denial, on principle. Let him employ that folder stuffed with some rubbish, let him show his cards.

Wishing for that, Andrew drew out slowly:

"As far as I have been able to understand from the charges served, I am charged with paragraphs 2, 6, 8, 10, and 11, article 54. So, all this is not true."

"And what is true?"

"The truth is that all this is a lie, crazy and fantastic. Don't you think that all these points are too many for one occasion?"

The interrogator pondered, and then:

"We don't want the truth out of you here. We don't need it. The truth shall be whatever I'll pin on you. Is that clear? You're an enemy, and that's fundamental. You are an intelligent man, but you don't understand a thing. Understand, that since you are an enemy, all the articles pinned on you are right, no matter how senseless they may be. And there isn't too many of them. 'Abundance doesn't hurt', you get me. The point is, you are an enemy. And if so, all the articles applied to you fit. That's number one. Secondly, since you're an enemy, you must have accomplices and adherents? You have! Definitely, you do! So, all those accomplices and sympathizers must be here," he slapped the desk top, "and that's all there is to the case! And your openhearted confession about your friends and sympathizers must be forthcoming, about all your anti-revolutionary activities, without fear of exaggeration. We'll sort it out, later on."

Andrew's insides began to seethe, and the dismal thought struck him: "I see. Not knowing the truth, they want a mountain of lies! Very well, let's wrestle!" Frowning and looking the interrogator straight in the eye, Andrew pronounced contemptuously:

"Enemy of the people, 'anti-revolution', 'treason', 'crime'—in the opinion of my class these words have a somewhat different meaning than..."  
"I sneeze at the meanings of your class!... Besides, you'll tell us here all about this class... And fear no exaggeration! That's the way that no 'common sense' would work here, for the interrogator was not driving in that direction and, indeed, was not guilty of any common sense. Main thing—he was foreign. Hostile and foreign along the line. And a conscientious opinion; no minimum would do for him—he wanted the utmost maximum. Absurd, senseless, but indispensable.

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"I do."  
"Being sarcastic?"  
"Being sarcastic?"  
"Why should I? I am a proletarian myself, and I know proletarian magnanimity."  
"The fact that you are a proletarian is neither here nor

there, get me? Ha! 'proletarian!' Do you think a discount is coming to you because of your proletarian origin? No, brother, just towards enemies of proletarian origin we're most merciless, considering them as traitors... if they are irreconcilable..."

"Traitors?! Why, you!!!"—and aloud:

"From the point of view of the proletariat, 'traitor' is a controversial expression... (A pause.) Ergo, according to your 'proletarian magnanimity', you must have formal grounds, in order to have me convicted and destroyed?" Andrew calmly repeated the question, stressing the senselessness of the formula.

"No, we need the truth as well. That is to say, such truth as we need! Do I have to pre-digest it for you? The truth about your accomplices and friends. About them all—the past, the present, and the future traitors, with all their kith and kin, their children included... And about your joint activities..."

Andrew did not have to have it pre-digested. Blood flooded his brain. But he kept quiet. And the interrogator continued with unsurpassed cynicism: "By and by, the truth is recorded here," he slapped the folder. "I merely want to hear it openheartedly from your lips, or order to determine whether you're an enemy to the end, or..."

"Yes! To the end! If so, an enemy to the end! To the grave; To victory! If so, to the end!" Andrew recalled Aslan, recalled the whole cell, and the 'room of lies'—the whole sea of imbecility. If so, to the end! And aloud, gasping for breath with excitement:

"Then I confess openheartedly that you can do what you like with my head... But, as regards my accomplices, I do not propose to include them in the farce."

"What, what? How did you put it? Do you call this openhearted?"

"Yes, it's openhearted."  
"Why, you... I mean the farce..."

"Mm... The farce as well..."  
The interrogator eyes him for a while with discomfiture, silently, and then yadned widely:

"No, I can see there will be no deal with you on good terms. You're philosophizing? Well, what can you do? We'll see. I am not in a hurry... and he immersed himself in his papers, yawning. He added, after a while: "You entertain vain hopes... What do you hope for? You'll rot away in jail before you escape from our clutches." He kept silent for a moment, and then raised his head and screwed up one eye:

"How is life in the cell?"  
"All right, thank you."  
"And what do the prisoners talk about?... Don't worry, they conspire how to fool the interrogators? Do they curse the Soviet regime? Develop a strategem of resistance? Hey?"

Andrew was silent.  
The interrogator was silent too.

One could not tell how long this scanning of papers and waiting could continue; one merely knew that one moment it could end, and then... To tell the truth, a spark of hope glowed in one's heart that 'then' all would be well, everything would be cleared up and he would be released, freed. That's it. It looked like it. After all, even his interrogator was a green youth, and he merely frightened and threatened, and even this feebly and seriously. Trained himself in smart talk.

But these thoughts were clearly irrelevant and insane, and Andrew dropped them. The unknown remained unknown and alarming. The waiting would end, and then...  
Interesting, what would

"And, brother, it was written by responsible people. Very responsible people."

Andrew felt unpleasant sickness under his heart. He thought of Mykola, Mykhaylo and the third brother Serhiy, and sighed heavily. The interrogator looked into his papers, bending over them. Andrew looked at those papers from afar. A heavy load overwhelmed his heart in face of which diminished all the other troubles. He sat in silence watching the green folder in the centre of the circle of light on the desk top, listening to the rustling, humming and shouting behind the door, and he felt that his nerves began to quiver. But not from the buzzing and humming behind the door—from another kind. He restrained them with the stubborn and senselessly persistent: "It can't be, it can't be."

And the interrogator read something, raising his eyebrows and smiling significantly.

Behind the netted window was dark night. Somewhere out there people slept peacefully; somewhere lovers roamed in the parks and squares, returning late from shows and parties; somewhere out there, on some point of this planet in the night, his brothers perhaps enjoyed themselves with some girls, thinking of tomorrow and of happy meetings with their free friends, free and happy themselves. Somewhere out there was the world to which, perhaps, he was not to return. Behind the window—dark night, in the room—blinding light, quiet, airiness. Andrew looked at the shiny floor, breather the fresh air, and thought of the cell. He wished to be back in the cell, with his friends in misfortune, in the stench and filth. Among them still were people who were close to him.

Into the room entered a very young and pretty girl, in a snow-white coat, with a tray in her hands. To Andrew she appeared to be angel that descended from heaven at midnight into this suspicious room, filled with doleful peril. The tray was filled with glasses, bottles of beer, wine, and soda, and loaded with chocolate and cakes.

"What will you have? Wine? Soda? Or?...?" the girl chirped to the interrogator in a tender, deep voice, like a dove, giving Andrew a barely noticeable glance from the corner of her eye.

The interrogator took a bottle of beer and a sandwich. He joked about something with the girl, whispering to her some indecent nonsense. The girl went out, blushing. She walked gracefully with her tray past Andrew.

"Hm... Hm..." mumbled the interrogator, stuffing himself with the sandwich, and glancing at Andrew: "It was something you have lost... But it depends on you to recover it."

"What?"  
"A girlie..."  
Andrew did not answer.

"Well?", asked the interrogator, hoving finished eating and returning to his papers. He nudged him on like a horse, reminding him that it was for Andrew to say something, to begin his "openhearted confession."

Andrew was silent.  
The interrogator was silent too.

One could not tell how long this scanning of papers and waiting could continue; one merely knew that one moment it could end, and then... To tell the truth, a spark of hope glowed in one's heart that 'then' all would be well, everything would be cleared up and he would be released, freed. That's it. It looked like it. After all, even his interrogator was a green youth, and he merely frightened and threatened, and even this feebly and seriously. Trained himself in smart talk.

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Interesting, what would

## THE AMERICAN WAY



But, Economy Begins at Home!

## The Vice-Presidency

By GEORGE PECK

There is one thing which we Americans know for sure: Vice-Presidents do sometimes move up to the Presidency. It has happened several times in our history; the most recent when Harry Truman took over in 1945, after the untimely passing of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Faced with the knowledge that there is always a possibility of a Vice-President stepping into the White House, it has long puzzled me as to why the office of Vice-President of the United States has been treated as such a trivial and unimportant position. It is recorded that Vice-President Truman, shortly before fate propelled him into the world's biggest and toughest job, expressed a feeling of inadequacy and utter futility, adding that he missed his activity as a Senator, on which job he had felt he really had been accomplishing something.

It is true that the V.-P. presides over the Senate, that he casts the deciding vote in the event of a tie. But, for the most part, he has been a mere onlooker, taking no part in the discussion of the issues which come before the Senate. All things considered, this man who might suddenly have been thrust into the leadership of the nation, has had less authority and his opinion has had less authority and has been less sought after than that of a Senator or Representative.

It is my sincere belief that the moment he takes office, the Vice-President should be groomed against the day when he may be called on to take over. Whenever feasible, he should sit in on Presidential conferences and he should be taken into the complete confidence of the President on national and international affairs. Sound common sense should dictate such procedures. Surely, if such a man has been entrusted to hold an office which may evolve into the Presidency, it follows as day the night, that he should be trusted to know every detail of the Administration's activities and plans.

Further, if his character and ability are such as to have warranted his election by the American people, then his counsel and advice should be acceptable, should be sought by and should be of great value to the man elected President by the same people. In fact, the Vice-President chosen as Understudy to the President, ready to step onto the stage if illness or death overtakes the star. But, in the past, the manner in which a Vice-President has been treated has been comparable to the understudy of the star of a theatrical company, who, while expected to step into the breach when an emergency arises, has not been given a script of the lines he is to say, nor had a rehearsal in the role.

On April 12, 1945, Harry Truman, the understudy, was suddenly called upon to step into the lead. A day or so later we learned that he had consulted with James F. Byrnes and Harry Hopkins, who had accompanied the deceased President on the ill-fated mission to Yalta. These two men had been confidants of President Roosevelt and passed on to the new President the information he had to have in order to function intelligently as Chief Executive. Why should it have been necessary for Mr. Truman to get this information from men, not even members of the Cabinet? Why had he not previously had these vital facts directly from the late President?

Harry Truman took over the reins at one of the most critical times in our history—we were still engaged in World War II. He assumed a tremendous responsibility with practically no preparation for the big job. President Eisenhower has shown many evidences that he believes the Vice-President should be in the know, in the event of some mishap to himself, Vice-President Richard M. Nixon will not take over the reigns under such unhappy circumstances as attended the Truman ascendancy to the Presidency. For that the President is to be warmly commended and the Vice-President heartily congratulated. However, Congressional or Constitutional action should be taken so that never again can a Vice-President of the United States be placed in such an awkward predicament—so that never again shall we elect a Vice-President only to condemn him to warm the bench, and not participate in the game.

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### WEEKLY BANTER

The family and dinner guest had seated themselves at the table.  
"Betty," said the mother, "Why on earth didn't you put a knife and fork at Mr. White's place?"  
"He doesn't need them," replied Betty. "Daddy said he eats like a horse."

Tell me what precautions are being taken at this camp to keep the water supply pure," demanded the new inspecting officer.

"We filter-it, boil it and put it in Lister bags, sir," promptly snapped the old master sergeant.

"That's fine!"  
"We add a double dose of chlorine, too."  
"Perfect, perfect!"  
"Then, to be on the safe side, we always drink beer."

A country gentleman attending a circus in a nearby town stood thoughtfully looking at the camels. He picked up a strew, placed it on the camel's back and waited. Nothing happened. "Wrong straw," he muttered and walked away.

An old-timer: One who remembers when a baby-sitter called mother.

What I would really like to say I am afraid to say.

If a woman says no she's applauded, but if a man says no he's a brute.

The kind of cleverness that makes money fast also seems to lose money fast.

If a man's alone he's usually asleep.

Most people expect more from their friends that they should.

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