

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

UKRAINE IN FOREIGN COMMENTS AND DESCRIPTIONS

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The Ukrainian Weekly Section

Weekly Commentator

FILIBUSTERING

Last Tuesday night, July 27th, after thirteen days of frequently deadlocked debate, the Senate approved the bill carrying out President Eisenhower's liberalized atomic energy control bill. The 57-to-28 vote came to a close at 9:49 p. m.—just eleven minutes short of thirty-six hours after the Senate had convened for its second unbroken day-and-night session on the measure. During that time Senate was the scene of what is commonly known as filibustering. This tactic is part of the American political tradition and scene. Its length has varied. The late Huey Long held the record when he spoke unceasingly on the Senate floor, for eighteen hours and thirty-five minutes. Last year, however, Senator Morse of Oregon broke that record by speaking for twenty-two hours and twenty-six minutes. But both records do not measure up to that of a member of the Texas Legislature who in 1908 filibustered for twenty-eight hours.

Background
In its original sense, filibuster is derived from the Dutch vrijbutler; vrij meaning free and built, booty. As the Spanish filibustero, it was applied to the seventeenth century English buccanniers who preyed on Spanish ships and settlements in the Caribbean. The term was revived in the early nineteenth century and commonly used to refer to irregular military adventurers planning or participating in expeditions against Spain's tottering North American holdings. In this sense the famous Burr conspiracy of 1805-7 and the West Florida revolt of 1810 were labeled filibusters.

The famous period of American filibustering, however, began shortly before the Civil War and was connected with

plans of Southern extremists to create a great slave empire encircling the Caribbean. Despite federal opposition, expeditions led by mercenary adventurers were launched against Cuba, Mexico and most of the small and unstable republics of Central America. The most spectacular of these were led by William Walker, the "gray-eyed man of destiny" who in 1856 succeeded in establishing himself as dictator of Nicaragua. Fortunately for American foreign relations, Walker's rule was short-lived and his final foray ended in his death before a Honduran firing squad.

In the parliamentary sense, filibuster was applied as early as 1841 to dilatory tactics used in the American Senate against financial bills sponsored by Henry Clay as part of his "American System." While the right of unlimited debate in the Senate permitted an organized bloc to talk almost any bill to death, it was not until 1917 that public attention was focused on the power of the filibuster. Immediately prior to World War I, an Administration bill permitting President Wilson to authorize the arming of merchant ships had been passed overwhelmingly by the House of Representatives, and its approval by the Senate seemed assured when eleven Senators organized a filibuster that prevented a vote on the measure before adjournment. A few hours later President Wilson publicly castigated the group as "a little band of willful men representing no opinion but their own" and accused them of rendering the Government "helpless and contemptible." This action led to the closure rule, under which it is possible for the Senate by a two-thirds vote to limit debate on most issues. However, the closure rule has seldom been invoked.

RUSSIAN ALPHABET REVISIONS
Under Stalin, "S" was invariably the first letter of the Kremlin alphabet. Stalin died, but up until the end of May of this year, Prime Minister Malenkov was listed No. 1 in the hierarchy; Molotov, No. 2; Khrushchev, No. 3. But now—in the new official listings, Malenkov comes fourth and Khrushchev last.

UKRAINE IN FOREIGN COMMENTS AND DESCRIPTIONS

UKRAINE in Foreign Comments and Descriptions, from the 6th to 20th century, by Volodymyr Sichynsky; 236 pages; Foreword by Clarence A. Manning. Published in New York, 1953 by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

In his Foreword Professor Manning briefly reviews the main epochs of Ukrainian history, beginning with the era of the Kievian Rus-Ukraine state. He points out the importance of Ukraine in the European distribution of power, and particularly point to the fact that from the earliest days Ukraine has always been coveted by aggressor neighbors who dreamed of ruling the whole of Europe and the world.

"Truth will ultimately triumph," concludes Professor Manning, "truth not only about the present but about the past. Nowhere is that more true than in the case of Ukraine which has played its part in so many periods of human history. We therefore owe a debt of gratitude to Professor Sichynsky who has culled from the pages of the past the opinions of travellers from all the European countries who have made themselves acquainted with the details of Ukrainian life for over a thousand years."

One of the most vivid descriptions of Ukraine of the 17th century is the diary by Paul of Aleppo of Syria, who was secretary to the Patriarch Macarius III of Antioch, and who travelled through Ukraine in the years 1654 and 1656. One passage reads:

"The route through Ukraine led in most part through orchards, of which there is no end, and through fields of all kinds of wheat which grows as tall as a human being and looks like an ocean without any shores. What a blessed land! What a blessed people!"

Joseph Marshall, an English author, travelled in Ukraine in 1769 and 1770, and wrote of his travels in 1772, describing Ukraine thus:

"The present race of the Ukraine are civilized people and the best husbandmen in the Russian empire, and Ukraine with its natural resources is the richest province of Russia. I never saw land that had more resemblance to the best parts of England."

The French writer and romanticist, Honore de Balzac, was in Ukraine during the year 1847-1850. He lived in the village of Verkhivnia near Kiev, in the home of his fiancée, Eva Hanska, whom he married in Berdychiv in 1850. In his letters to his family in France, Balzac wrote a great deal about the characteristics of Ukrainian life, particularly its economic aspects, and also about the climate, land vegetation. He was very much impressed by the sight of Kiev:

"I saw the northern Rome, a city of Orthodoxy with some 300 churches, the wealth of the Lavra, St. Sophia... It is worthwhile to see them at least once... During the 15 to 20-day fair people come to Kiev from all corners of Russia and there is so much activity, both commercial and social that it is impossible for me to describe it... I saw at the fair some wonderful tapestries... and other things of exquisite design."

Named Allentown Franklin School Principal

Miss Mary Turczyn, a young generation American of Ukrainian descent of Allentown, Pa. School District, was elected Wednesday evening, July 21st, as principal of the Franklin Elementary School of Allentown.

Miss Turczyn is described by the Allentown Morning Call (July 22nd) as "one of the best known and best liked teachers in the Allentown School District. She is an Allentown High School graduate, after which she earned her bachelor of science degree at Kutztown State Teachers College. She won her master's degree at Lehigh University, and has since taken work to entitle her to elementary school principal and supervising principal certificates.

Served in WAVES
Early in World War II she completed three courses in American Red Cross first aid, finally becoming an instructor. Then she enlisted in the WAVES and saw 16 months service in Florida.

Receives Degree of Doctor of Surgical Chiropody

Dr. Lubow Pronchick received the Degree of Doctor of Surgical Chiropody during recent graduation exercises at Temple University. Her Pre-chiropody course was completed at Immaculata College.



Dr. Lubow Pronchick

In Chiropody school, Dr. Pronchick took a leave of absence after her class and elected president of Delta Sigma Chi Sorority. She served as pianist for the Pi Epsilon Delta Fraternity Chorus and was Editor of "Cologne and Calouses." Her Hospital requirements were fulfilled at Temple University, Episcopal, University of Pennsylvania and Philadelphia General Hospitals. A certificate of merit award in Anatomy was presented to Dr. Pronchick.

Dr. Pronchick is the wife of Dr. Eli D. Pronchick, who practices Optometry at 930 North Franklin street, Philadelphia, Penna. He is Assistant Chief of Eye Clinics of the Pennsylvania State College of Optometry.

Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Michael Yonkovig of Shamokin, Pa.

The Pronchicks are parents of a daughter, Daria, and a son, Danilo.

Her brother-in-law, Alex D. Pronchick, of Philadelphia, is National Commander of the Ukrainian American Veterans.

Cash Prizes Offered to Letter-Writers

Cash prizes of \$125 will be awarded for the best statements on how correspondence with friends and relatives abroad is used to create goodwill for America and correct misconceptions about the United States. It has been announced by the Common Council for American Unity. Anyone who writes to friends and kinsfolk in other countries is eligible. The contest closes August 31st.

"Soyuzivka" Summer Vacationers Envision Its Winter Sports

All of us—who are currently sweltering at our homes, offices, and industrial plants in this terrifically hot and humid weather—take some consolation in the fact that many of our fellow members of the Ukrainian National Association are having a nice, cool and relaxing time up in the mountain fastnesses of our UNA all-year-around resort—the "Soyuzivka."

We wish we were up there with them, and they probably hope the same for us. Well, we may not have the opportunity of meeting the vacationers there at present, but at least we may look forward to an opportunity of meeting them there next winter.

Two Working In Santa Ana Works' on Develop Radio, TV Control Device

Two men who developed a remote control radio and television device in their Santa Ana, California backyard workshop are preparing to have their invention marketed internationally, according to the Register daily of Santa Ana.

Kalenik Lisniuk, Ukrainian American manufacturer, has announced that he and his associate, John Kristoff, have perfected their electronic device which will permit remote control of all adjustments on a radio or television set.

Lisniuk, who came to this country at the close of World War I, said that a leading manufacturer of television sets has seen the device demonstrated and is negotiating for a contract. Lisniuk and Kristoff applied for a patent on the remote control last December.

Gives Arm-Chair Control
The invention, which can be manufactured cheaply, will give TV viewers arm-chair control over their sets. Two knobs replace the conventional control knobs of the set and the entire operation of selecting a station. Adjusting the

RECEIVES B.S. DEGREE



Myron H. Gural of Stelton, N. J., member of UNA Branch 219, received his B.S. degree in Business Administration from Rutgers University on June 6th last. Report on him appeared here last week.

VATICAN UKRAINIAN RADIO CAN BE HEARD

Washington, (NC).—Vatican Radio can be heard in most parts of the United States on at least two and sometimes three shortwave lengths. Vatican Radio has daily broadcasts in English and in several other languages which Catholics in the U. S. might be interested in listening to Vatican Radio broadcasts on 28 different wave lengths. Those most clearly heard in the United States are on 31.41, 26.87 and 19.87 in that order. Representatives of the V. R. in the U.S. listed the following daily broadcasts which might interest Ukrainian American Catholics. The times given are Eastern Daylight Time.

German: 8:45 and 10:45 a. m. and 3:45 p. m. and 3:15 p. m. Russian: 1:45 p. m. Ukrainian: 10 a. m. every Thursday and 2 p. m. every Tuesday and Friday.

OLGA PAVLOVA TO SING

Olga Pavlova, Ukrainian soprano, will sing at the Bayfront Park Amphitheatre, Miami, Fla. Aug. 6, at 7:45. Her Selections include two cherrubino arias—"Voi Che Sapete" and "Non So Piu Cosa Son" from the opera marriage of Figaro by Mozart. The program will be conducted by Caesar La Monaca.

A Crippled Glory

(Maria Bashkirzew)

By DMYTRO DONZOV

(Translated from the Ukrainian by MARY GABODA)

And taken from the book by the same author entitled *A Longing for the Heroic: Ideas and Personalities in Ukrainian Literature, London, 1953*

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In her Journal, as in that of Shevchenko, do not look for so-called objectivity. In it everything breathes with passionate response to everything, to history, to the present, to culture, to civilization that of our own or others, to political problems, literary, artistic. Everywhere you feel the presence of an original personal philosophy of life, will-power, a militant spirit which wished to form and sculpt its own environment, national, social, foreign, to actively throw oneself into life's maelstrom and to cast one's form and formative ideas on it. To breathe upon everything her meaning, her desire of form, power and glory. She wanted with her thoughts and her personal self to form her environment — both in France and at home. She was saddened by the thought that her caste in Ukraine had resigned its right to rule the country and allowed itself to play the part of provincial nobility which sought leadership in Petersburg.

Her Journal breathes with the energy of passionate boiling activity, with protests against the somnolence, weakness and sloth of the ruling European elite and the elite of her country, a longing for something great, strong, heroic which she sought in vain in contemporary Ukraine.

In temperament, character and likeness she was a typical Ukrainian woman — one of the most brilliant women of our country before it had wallowed in the dung of a lazy repose and provincialism of the nineteenth century.

She reminds one of Halushka Ostroska, Raissa Moholanka of the Volhynian heroic era, Kozak women, Queen Anna, daughter of the Great Yaroslav.

Unhappily her era in history did not encourage the development of such types, and a foreign land — was still a foreign land, just as it was for Shevchenko.

In modern times she would have been an exception, a brilliant meteor flashing through the sky of her era as were Lesya Ukrainka and Olena Telih.

She was like a luxuriant plant which required a certain kind of soil and temperature. She could not survive translation and withered away.

Perhaps her extraordinary descent played a part in her bizarre fate! She related that her maternal grandfather was a Babanine and boasted that he was a Tartar descendant. Was it this nomadic blood which drove her from place to place? Was it because of this no country wished to accept her as its own? Did her dislike of the Slavic race in general ("something is lacking in the Slavic race," she wrote) stem from this? And really, with her aristocratic character, her strange, unfeminine will, her fantastic brain, her noble fancies — did she not appear in her surroundings as a person of a different race?

Her Journal has been left as a moving document of a soul's drama which destroyed one of the most dissatisfied figures of Ukraine at the end of the nineteenth century. Spiritual crisis, internal struggle similar to the Gogol tragedy of "two souls" finally tore apart this beautiful form under which they were taking place. In her last days she was conscious of her quick end. "God," she wrote, "would be unjust, if He would not take me away from this world after giving me ambition which cannot be fulfilled."

Especially tragic were her last days when they brought to her the incurably ill thirty-five year old teacher of Parisian fame, Bastien Lepage (he outlived her a few months). On one such day when Maria Bashkirzew was lying down in her white lace dress and with tale-telling stains on her cheeks, the artist cried out, "Ah, if I could paint!"

But no one painted her that

On The Downs

By IVAN FRANKO

(An incident from the life of an old shepherd in the Carpathians)

You think, perhaps, that to graze seven hundred sheep is a trifle! Why, every one of the mute beasts is alive. Each has its own brain. Not a big brain, to be sure, naturally, a mute brute, — but still a brain, as it was given by God. Just see, when they enter a forest or come out on the downs, they always stick together. They do not scatter to all sides, as the horned cattle do, but all keep in one cluster.

And the bear is just waiting for that! Oh, he has his own brain, too! And what a brain! No wonder our people call him "vuyko" (uncle) and "pan Kulakovsky" (the Lord of Big Fists). Here he is lying behind a log and waits till the entire herd of sheep comes between two overturned trees. Then up he leaps from his lair and he has them corralled, as if in a stable. And he may kill them all. Then they do not even bleat, merely press

together, awaiting silently their death. With a stick in my hand, with a gun over my shoulder, and life stuck behind my belt, — thus I started every morning after my sheep. Three dogs went with me. One of them ran before the herd, two on its flanks, and I followed behind. I walked and paused. The sheep scattered over the green pasture like bees in flowers. A white cluster, a black cluster. Here they nipped a blade of grass, there they nipped another blade of grass, and on and on they went. The sheep does not feed like a cow, only pinches grass, like a child playing with it, and hurries on somewhere as it were. And before them the rams, the commandants. You do not wait to head off the whole herd, only these rams. A birr-birrh! A drie-ow.*

It is beautiful with us in the mountains! O, how beautiful! One has served his fill, suffering misery, working for others, and still one is not sorry to bring back those memories!

One comes out on the downs, the green stretches out all around you, only globe thistles press their white heads to the ground, their crowns peering like curious eyes from among the grass and moss. It is cool. A breeze stirs. You breathe deeply, with the full chest. Everything around gives forth aroma, as if breathing upon you health and strength. Down below you, the forest girdles the downs wall-like, above you there rises the round top of the mountain. It is calm all around, only the sheep are rustling in the ferns, now and then a dog barks, a green woodpecker gives a tap, or a squirrel gives a shriek in the forest. I am walking slowly, then I stop, pull from behind my belt my fife. When I strike a tune and speed up my fingers and play a song, my heart seems to leap, and tears come to my eyes.

Now, now, Uncle Bruin! This isn't the way! One sheep seems nothing, but you killed one today and you will kill two tomorrow, and you will kill perhaps half of my herd the day

I did not relate in this article, I construed. I tied together the untied, left out the torn, sought out my premises, made hitherto unmade conclusions and guesses. I was mainly interested in the problem of the degrading, unfortunately, an eternal, urgent and hitherto unsolved problem with us which will consume many more sacrifices of individuals whom otherwise our country could claim as its own.

The End

* These are the calls of the shepherds to their herds in the Carpathian mountains.

THIS WEEK IN AMERICAN HISTORY

(August 2-8)

On August 2, 1755, Pierre L'Enfant, engineer and designer of Washington, D. C., was born in France. Coming to America with LaFayette in 1777, L'Enfant built Fort Mifflin, on the Delaware River, which withstood one of the most vigorous attacks of the Revolutionary War. L'Enfant's skill in designing fortifications attracted the attention of Washington who, along with Jefferson, selected him to draw the plans for a new "federal town" or capital. Jefferson wished the city to be of the checkerboard variety, but L'Enfant broke the monotony of the arrangement by inserting numerous avenues running at acute angles. His plans were approved but he became involved in a dispute with Washington over carrying them out and was dismissed. For all his plans and the time spent on them, L'Enfant received \$2,500 and, later in his life, frequented the halls of Congress vainly seeking further compensation for his past services. The execution of his plan for Washington, D. C. was completed by one of L'Enfant's assistants. It is chiefly due to L'Enfant that today Washington is known as one of the best laid out and most picturesque cities in the United States.

On August 4, 1735, one of the most significant developments in the fight for freedom of the press took place when John Peter Zenger, an early American newspaper editor, was acquitted by a jury of a charge of libel. Zenger, editor of The New York Weekly Journal, printed stories of graft and corruption involving Governor William S. Cosby and was thereupon arrested and charged with publishing "seditious libels." One of the ablest attorneys in the Colonies, Andrew Hamilton, defended Zenger and argued that if the charges were true they were not libelous. He said that if free government was to exist the people must be allowed to criticize public officials and be exempt from punishment if the charges were true. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty. Many years later the principle advocated by Hamilton and Zenger was incorporated in the first article of the Bill of Rights.

after tomorrow. No, my dear fellow! We have not struck such an accord among us! Do you think I carry a "barrel" across my shoulder just for fun? Oh, well, well. I will have to spoil a night for myself, to lie in wait for you in a hole under an uprooted tree. Be it my life or death, I will have to settle this account with you.

Rogue of an "Uncle"! For three nights he tired me! Perhaps he smelled the handwriting with his nose and did not come. But he could not fool me! When I made up my mind once, I would not give up. On the fourth night he came. It was so dark that it seemed your eyes had been gouged. The wind groaned in the tops of the forest. The brook rustled down into the valley. Crouched amidst the roots of a gigantic upturned tree, huddling my gun, I sat, waiting and listening. At last I hear that he is coming that he must be passing by me. I stop my breath. Crunch-crunch he is already close by me. I strain my eyes. My "Uncle" is rolling near, like a moving stack of hay in the dark. He raises his snout, sniffs, moves on slowly, carefully. My eyes nearly burst out of my head, so attentively I stare, to take a good aim at him, straight under his left shoulder blade. Suddenly he stops, jerks his head sideways, and snorts. He caught the smell of powder. He turns back on the spot to give a leap, — in this very moment — Bang! Bang! I fired from both barrels, a good slug in each. Without even shriek, the "Uncle" crushed to the ground like one thunder-struck. But he lay there only a moment. In the next moment he rose from the ground, stood on his hind legs and rushed straight at me. It was clear he was not hit in the heart. I am still sitting, without moving. I cannot run away, I have no time to reload.

"Now," I am thinking, "if I took a poor aim, if I merely scratched him, I am done for. But — be it as God will. Once I was born, once only have I to die." And before that happens, I still have an axe stuck behind my belt. I spat in my

(Concluded on page 3)

Branch 25 of the UNA

In the July 24th issue of the Ukrainian Weekly in the column Questions and Answers there appeared the question: "I moved from Chicago to New York. Do I send my dues to my branch secretary in Chicago or directly to the UNA?" Obviously, the UNA cannot accept dues directly from members; all dues must be paid through the UNA branches. That is a fact. However, for the convenience of members, who change their place of residence very frequently or for some reason or other do not wish to be members of a local branch, the UNA organized Branch 25, known as the "Svoboda," which is located at the UNA main office, 81-83 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J. This branch has its duly-elected officers and meetings are held quarterly for members in the New York Metropolitan Area. It takes part in the local activities of the Ukrainian National Association, the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America and the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee. The branch has a pretty good sized membership composed of adults and juveniles residing in the vicinity of the main office of the UNA and scattered throughout the various states.

At the present time all effort is concentrated upon getting new members to join the Ukrainian National Association. As written on the pages of this publication, the Ukrainian National Association can compete with any commercial insurance company in so far as types of life insurance are concerned, but the Ukrainian National Association can give you such protection at a lower cost! And, you are a member of an organization which combines life insurance protection with Ukrainian American fraternalism.

There are at least one or two UNA branches in your locality. Contact the secretary of any one of them for further information and then sign up with the UNA. If, however, you are one of those who changes his or her residence, or if time does not permit you to take part in the activities of your local branch, but still you want to become a member of the UNA, then sign-up with the UNA through this Svoboda, Branch 25 of the UNA. For further information, write to its secretary at the above listed address.

Josephine Gibajlo Gibbons

Grand Opening Being Planned

Completion of the remodeling and modernization of the Ukrainian Civic Center in Rochester, N. Y. is now in sight. It is just a question of time and small insignificant matters of to be attended to, that our new and bigger Civic Center will reach completion.

I have been watching the progress of this large project and I must admit that we, here in Rochester, will have a building much to the envy of all Ukrainian Clubs here in the United States. We have worked hard and strived for a bigger and better Civic Center and today we can see the product of our hard work.

The Labor Day week-end has been chosen for the grand opening of the Civic Center. We, as members of the Ukrainian Civic Center, are very proud to be able to stage an opening. A dance is planned for Saturday and on Sunday a banquet will be held with many dignitaries from various parts of the country invited to attend. A special program, in the form of a short concert, will be given following the banquet. At this time the young children of our members ranging in ages of 5 to 12 years and small insignificant matters of age will present a group of Ukrainian dances under the direction of Ivan Zablotsky. Dancing will follow the banquet and concert. On Monday it will be open house. No special program is planned. Everyone is welcome to come down and enjoy themselves. The four new Brunswick bowling alleys will be open for those who care to bowl. It is nice to know that our younger generation has given a helping hand in making the Ukrainian Civic Center what it is today. Young and old alike have been working unusually hard to make the Ukrainian Civic Center a huge success. Our work is far from completion from one point of view. That is, we must continue our efforts to keep up the good name of the Ukrainian Civic Center and all it stands for.

June Kucy.

DOVBUSH

FEDKOYCH'S celebrated Ballad
Translated by Percival Cundy

Osy Y. Fedkovych (1834-1888) a native of Bukovina, during his lifetime enjoyed a very great popularity as a poet, and his poems were largely translated into several European languages, chiefly into German. According to critics such as Lepky and Yefremov, he wrote as well as poetry some of the finest stories in Ukrainian literature, original, vital, and poetic in their effects. He occupies a prominent place among Ukrainian writers because of his mastery and artistry with words and on account of his insight into human life, particularly that of the Hutzuls, whom he has described as no other has done. I would like to suggest to our young American-Ukrainian elocutionists that they might add this ballad to their repertoires for reciting at concerts and entertainments.—P.C.

Have you never heard, good people,
Of him whom the wild beasts fear,
And for whom the loveliest maidens
Pine and weep full many a tear?
'Tis our Dobbush, our great captain,
Famous in Pidhirian lore,
Handsome, handsome as a princeling,
And his years are twenty-four.

By the thousand, young men serve him —
Ah, proud queen, before him kneel!
Into his keen, gleaming hatchet
Germans put their finest steel,
And to deck his horn for powder
Magyars beat their purest gold,
And his belt has far more value
Than your throne is worth twofold.

Night is clear o'er Chornohora,
Brightly beams the dreaming moon,
But the captain paces sadly,
For his soul is out of tune.
He caresses neither hatchet,
Nor gold-mounted powder horn,
But he walks and walks the valley
With head bowed as if forlorn.

"Hey, my captain, you're our leader,
'Tis not fitting you should grieve.

I'm Pidhiria's finest singer,
Let my song your gloom relieve!
I know many a cheerful ditty
That can all your sorrow slake;
Or, my captain, give the orders
Shall I now your men awake?"

Then the captain stood amongst them,
Drew his pistol, fired—a bang!
To their feet the whole twelve hundred
As one man together sprang.
"What's your orders, peerless captain?
Shall we burn, or shall we slay,
Or maybe there's some base ruler
Whose head ought to fall on this day?"

"Many hostile heads must tumble
Ere Ukraine shall be set free,
But tonight the lovely Dvinka
As her guest has bidden me.
You and I will go together."
"As you order—to the end!
You are Chornohora's captain,
Every man here is your friend."

Night is clear o'er Chornohora,
Brightly beam the moon and stars.
Dobbush with his bold twelve hundred
Scramble over cliffs and scars.
But somewhere an owl starts hooting,
Fit to make a faint heart swoon.
Night is clear o'er Chornohora,
Brightly beams the dreaming moon.

"Turn back, captain, for the omen
Doth disaster prophesy!"
"Who says so?" cries out brave Dobbush,
"Let the wretch prepare to die!"
And he seized and cocked his pistol.
"Brother, here I stand and still
I will warn you: Turn back, captain!
Here's my breast—shoot if you will."

So spoke out Ivan the winsome —
You have heard tell of Ivan?
What a youth! so stalwart, handsome,
And the captain's right-hand man.
And the captain loved him greatly,
More than all his weapons tried.
When he looked on his dear comrade,
Down his hand fell to his side.

"Shame upon you, peerless Dobbush!
Well your eyes you earthwards bend
For this fickle, wanton Dvinka
Would you slay your faithful friend?
Ah, my captain, be not foolish,
Do you think her love is true?
'Tis your gifts alone she covets.
Turn again; she'll ruin you."

"Though as much of gold you offered
As would fill this open field,
Though you gave as much twice over,
Dvinka I will never yield:
If you will not go to Dvinka,
You are free—you need not go.
You turn back with all your comrades,
But for Dobbush — never, no!"

"Should I leave you here in danger?
I'm your friend, your brother sworn.
We have never learned such treason,
Such a wretch is not yet born.
Hey! march forward, brave insurgents!
Where the captain, there his men.
Give your hand to me, my captain,
Let us two be friends again."

"Ho! good evening, lovely Dvinka,
Let us in, come, open up!
Here I have twelve hundred comrades,
And 'tis time for them to sup.
We have brought you gold and silver,
Food and drink to make good cheer,
Let us eat, drink, and be merry;
Open up to us, my dear!"

Ah, 'tis you, my peerless Dobbush!
(Do you now desire to drink?)
I have brewed for you a beverage
Which will surely make you blink).
But forgive me, my dear lover,
I daren't open unto you.
I'm expecting Stephen's coming,
He would thrash me if he knew."

"What do you care for your husband?
As for him, he'd better not
Dare to lay a finger on you.
Open now! Here, on the spot!"

"But I tell you, peerless Dobbush,
This night I won't let you in.
I will bar the door against you,
Hold it fast, through thick and thin."

"My door's made of stoutest timber,
Thives can never breach my door!"
"So you think, deceitful serpent!"
Shouted Dobbush with a roar.
Then he laid hold of the doorframe,
Crushed and cracked it all about.
As the door collapsed before him,
Suddenly a shot rang out.

Ah, that foul and treacherous bullet,
Ah, that sudden, deafening shot!
Weltering in his blood the captain
Lay there dying on the spot.
Fallen, stretched out on earth's bosom,
His red blood bedewed the grass,
And the captain called his comrades,
Spoke to them ere he should pass:

"Brothers, I'm about to leave you,
Soon to pass from this world's ills;
When I'm dead lay me for ever
In a grave on these blue hills.
There, where people never visit,
There, where no bird's song is heard,
Where the Poles shall never find me,
Let my body be interred.

"Take my keen, gold-mounted hatchet,
Cast it into Dniester's flow,
Then tell all Ukrainian people,
Let Ukrainian children know;
That whoever trusts a woman
His own ruin shall achieve,
Like your Dobbush, your great captain,
Lord, forgive, my soul receive!"

Sunrise comes o'er Chornohora,
Bathing all its hills in light,
While among the rocks still gloomy
One yet hears the bird of night.
But our Dobbush cannot hear it,
In the grave all sounds are mute.
He hears not the song of Dobbush,
Nor the shepherd's mournful flute.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Last week we ran a question and answer column about the Ukrainian National Association. We have some more Q's and A's of general interest, which we offer below. Incidentally, if the reader has any questions to ask about the U.N.A. we will be pleased to hear from him or her.

Q. Last month I filled an application for membership in the U.N.A. Instead of being accepted, I was told by the branch secretary that my application was returned to him. He said I would have to take whole life, twenty payment life, life paid-up at age 65, or endowment at age 65 insurance instead of 20 year endowment insurance. Why can't I have 20 year endowment?

THE AMERICAN WAY

Sound Economic Sense

By GEORGE PECK

(EDITOR'S NOTE: George Peck is Chairman of the Board of the National Labor-Management Foundation and Executive Editor of its official publication, PARTNERS.)

One is led to wonder if a majority of the members of the U.S. Senate Public Works Committee understands simple economics. At least their action on the Niagara power problem makes them strongly suspect of such a lack of understanding.

RADIO CONTROLLED TARGET EXHIBITED AT MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

An exhibit of radio controlled pilotless aircraft has been installed at Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry, according to Major Lenox R. Lohr, Museum president.

We Have No Time To Lose

Universal military training is not popular, but it has become a necessity if this nation hopes to survive the attacks of enemies who would make slaves of our 160 million people.

How Reds Get Control of Labor Unions

How do pro-communist and gangster elements get control of major labor unions, including unions whose members work in some of the most sensitive defense industries? The answer is found in the apathy of the vast majority of the rank and file members.

Apparently, this made sound economic sense to an economy-minded House—it passed the bill by a vote of 262 to 120.

WEEKLY BANTER

"That fellow was an impudent fraud. How did he manage to wheedle money out of you?" "Oh, John, he told me such a sad, pitiful tale about his poor wife who was a widow with six little children!"

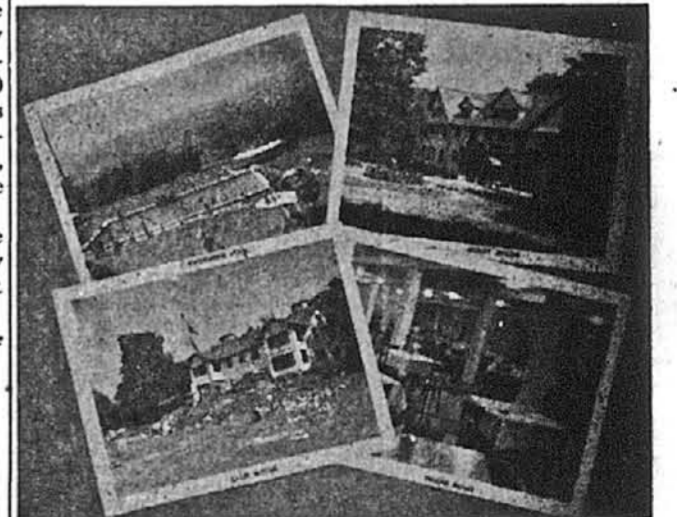
On The Downs

palms, grabbed the axe, crossed myself, placed my feet better so that each of them rested against a strong root of the upturned tree, and lowered my head to see the "Uncle" better.

VET NEWS ROUNDUP

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I have a Korean GI term course that you could finish in insurance policy—the kind that doesn't pay dividends. Would it be possible for me to convert it to a permanent form of insurance?



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MARLON BRANDO stars in "On The Waterfront," opening at the Astor Theatre on Wednesday, July 28th, with Karl Malden and Lee J. Cobb also starred.

