

MONGOLS APPEAR IN WESTERN UKRAINE

Groups of Kirghiz and Mongols have appeared in Western Ukraine, formerly southeastern Poland, according to a recent dispatch in the Scripps-Howard newspapers. Apparently the Orientals have been brought in by the Soviet Russian authorities to replace the Ukrainians and Poles deported to Siberia.

The Kirghiz are a nomadic, horse-breeding race who rove the desert-like regions of Central Asia.

To this dreary region, where the temperature ranges from 122 in the shade to 45 below zero, the report states, several hundred thousands persons from Western Ukraine have been sent. In turn, it is said, these half-savage Asiatics are being installed in the homes vacated.

The Kirghiz and Mongols, it is said, are as unfitted for their new environment in Europe as the Western Ukrainians are for Central Asia.

REDS REQUIRE PASSPORTS OF INHABITANTS

Dispatches from Western Ukraine under Soviet rule state that the authorities there have recently introduced a measure requiring everyone to carry a passport.

Certain classes of inhabitants, however, are denied such passports. Among them are those who in pre-war times had been found guilty by Polish authorities of being members of the militant Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN), also those now suspected of being members of that organization, priests and their families, proprietors of large buildings, owners of more than six acres of land, and finally those who were not employed before the date of the introduction of the passport measure.

Without this passport, the report says, one cannot obtain employment, travel more than several kilometers from his place of abode, use public transport facilities, or enter schools, hospitals, or other similar institutions.

PHILADELPHIANS DANCE AT "CULTURAL OLYMPICS"

Ukrainian folk dancers together with those of five other nationalities performed at the University of Pennsylvania's annual "Cultural Olympics" Dance Festival held at Irvine Auditorium, Philadelphia, Saturday, November 24, reports "A.Y." of that city.

Three fast numbers were executed by the agile Ukrainian dancers before an audience numbering close to 1500.

The dancers, all from the Ukrainian Cultural Centre of Philadelphia, were: Miss Mary Huczko, leader, Misses Tillie Tohanczyn, Helen Konchak, Katherine Borys, and Mrs. Marie Z. Marco.

REGISTRANTS URGED TO FILL OUT FORMS CAREFULLY

Now that more than 600 questionnaires have been sent out by each of the 280 local boards, registrants who need help in answering questionnaires should be reminded again of the importance of going to the Registrants Advisory Boards for assistance instead of turning them in incorrectly filled out, according to Colonel Arthur V. McDermott, director of Selective Service for New York City.

"The time of both the registrant and the members of his local board would be considerably saved if this procedure were followed," Colonel McDermott said.

OUR DUTY TO OUR "KID" BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Yes, indeed, the time is not so distant when we of the younger generation will be the older generation, with a "youth problem" of our own.

Already, all about us we see a new youth appearing, our so-called kid brothers and sisters. They are beginning to look upon us just as we do upon the older generation, perhaps even as "old fogies."

Smile though we may at this, still we must admit it's rather disconcerting. Especially for those among us who though no longer youth still cling to the cherished hope that they are, and who start their articles or speeches with the ringing, albeit a trifle self-conscious, "We, the Youth..."

Verily, the days of youth are fleeting, and the time is growing nigh for us to really assume the responsibilities of the elders, especially such as have to do with those "kid brothers and sisters" of ours. And among the foremost of these responsibilities, is that of interesting them in Ukrainian-American organizational life, in its institutions, ideals, and aspirations.

Thus far we have been telling ourselves, perhaps a trifle pompously, that the future of our organized life depends upon us, the first American born generation. Well, that is true. Yet we must begin realizing that it depends equally as much upon those who are treading close upon our heels. For within the brief span of our life, it will be impossible for us to complete the structure our parents started, and make full use of it for the benefit of America, Ukraine, and ourselves. That will have to be done by our younger brothers and sisters, most of whom are still in their teens (although some of them feel old enough to attend our "youth" conventions and congresses). So it is our duty to make certain that they do it. First of all, however, it is up to us to interest them in it.

One of the best ways of arousing such interest, we think, is by personal example. By our daily deeds we must show them that Ukrainian-American activities are very worthwhile, that they have as their goal the attainment of certain high ideals, and that devotion to these ideals calls out the best in us.

In a sense, we can be a more convincing example of good Ukrainian-Americanism to the youngsters than our parents were to us. For the devotion of our parents to Ukrainian-American life can always be discounted by the skeptics on the ground that they were born and raised on the other side, and that consequently a good deal of their interest is naturally centered over there. We of the younger generation, however, were born and raised here. This is our native land, and here our chief interests lie. And so when we interest ourselves in Ukrainian-American affairs, it is mainly because we see in them something truly fine, something that will benefit not only Ukraine but America and ourselves as well. This is an important fact to remember, and when presented to our younger brother and sisters it is bound to impress them, for, after all, they are in the same boat as we.

Since, therefore, we have such an excellent opportunity of interesting them in Ukrainian-American ideals and activities, we must be careful not to spoil it by setting them a poor example of how to take part in it.

Even the concerts or other Ukrainian cultural exhibitions that we present, are important in this respect. If we go ahead and arrange and present such affairs in a careless manner, if we give but little thought to their significance, if we permit various interruptions to occur during their course,—all that is likely to have a bad effect upon the very young persons present. It may cause them to stop attending any more such affairs.

At home, too, what we say and what we do in relation to our organized activities, has its effect upon those younger than we. In every way possible we must demonstrate to them that our interest in these activities is sincere, for it is based upon certain time-tried and proven convictions.

By such methods, then, we are bound to insure the future of our organized life and activities in America, and at the same time be of real service to those who will follow us.

DEPENDABLE FORTUNE TELLER

Theodore Roosevelt once said, "The only dependable fortune teller is the life insurance salesman. He tells you what is going to happen—and it does!"

That may not be pleasant to think, but it's certainly true. Death comes to all, and old age to many. Death brings with it the obligation to leave behind economic security for dependents. Old age brings an equally vital responsibility—economic security for one's self.

Life insurance is designed to both of those exigencies. You don't have to guess which one is going to be yours. Life insurance offers security as nearly free from human guesswork, as any plan the mind of man has yet devised.

The Ukrainian National Association offers the best of life insurance. Likewise, as the largest and oldest organization of its kind it is the main bulwark of Ukrainian-American life.

Have you joined it yet?

DETROIT PAPER FEATURES PICTURES OF UKRAINIAN WEDDING

Last Sunday's rotogravure section of the "Detroit Free Press" featured a full-page picture story of a Ukrainian wedding that took place in a Detroit Ukrainian church Sunday, November 24.

The wedding was that of Sophie Harbowy and Nicholas Naiukow. It took place at the St. John the Baptist Ukrainian Catholic Church at Chipper and Edward streets. Rev. Stephen Pobutaky, pastor of the church, officiated.

This picture story "of one of the... beautiful Old World rituals transplanted to Detroit," begins with a shot of the bride's mother blessing the pair, with the other parents looking on. Succeeding shots are captioned as follows: (1) The bride enters church with her father. Wedding guests wait outside until she enters, meets groom inside door, (2) Ceremony begins at door where priest meets couple. In answer to series of formal questions bride and groom indicate their desire to wed. The priest leads procession down aisle to altar, (3) Bride kisses ring, followed by groom. Placing of rings on fingers symbolizes betrothal, ends first part of rite. (4) "I take thee for my lawfully wedded husband..." says the bride, joining hands with the groom upon the Bible (5) Pronounced man and wife, bride and groom kiss the Bible to show respect for marriage vows just taken (6) They stand reverently with folded hands as priest says long prayers for future happiness of the couple. (7) Placing of crowns on their heads symbolizes coronation of bride and groom as ruling heads of a new family (8) Priest reads from St. Paul's Letter to the Ephesians and about the Wedding of Cana as choir of 65 voices sings hymns (9) After another prayer, priest removes crowns from the heads of the bride and groom. The ceremony takes 45 minutes. (10) "Peace be with you," says the priest in blessing couple and guests. Entire ritual is given in [Old] Slavonic language (11) Now, alone at the resplendent altar, the bride and groom kneel and pray. After this impressive step of the colorful ceremony, the priest returns to give them his final blessing (12) Bride kisses cross and priest's hand, then the groom follows suit. This ends the lengthy, age-old ritual. (13) The strain is over [about to leave the church], (14) Bride and groom eat off single set of dishes. That's an old Ukrainian custom, too."

FROM A DIFFERENT PLANET

(Special to the "Svoboda" from abroad. Translated.)

"MARTIANS"—is the name the populace of the now Red-occupied Western Ukraine has given to the Red Army soldiers and to the Soviet governmental employees. These Reds are hard to understand, as if they had been raised on a different planet. Their minds are said to be "askew." They do not govern their lives by any sense of realities but by a bunch of fantastic theories which Red Moscow has been stuffing into their heads for the past twenty years. A belief in some vague "Messianic mission" of Russia, mixed with "world revolution" ideas, and supplemented with the inherent Muscovian contempt for everything that is different from them—that is present-day Bolshevism.

The Soviet Delty

By decrees Red Moscow has banned God and set up in his place a man—Stalin. Hardly a day or an hour passes without his name being mentioned in the Soviet Union in terms of deepest homage. In fact, a veritable ritual has arisen around the barest mention of him. For example, a speaker addressing a public meeting about the "present situation," about the successes and achievements of the USSR, finally reaches the various difficulties and obstacles lying athwart the road to "world revolution," and then raising his voice and tone in the manner of some high priest of old declares: "And so, comrades, though the power of our enemies is still rampant, though many difficulties still face us, yet when we realize that way yonder in Moscow, behind the white walls of Kremlin, our battle is being directed by that genius-like leader of the world proletariat, that beloved father of nationalities, the wise and far-sighted Joseph Wisarionovich Stalin (here everyone rises and applauds while the speaker pauses for a moment, as if enraptured by the very mention of that Soviet deity's name),—then we become confident that we shall be able to overcome all difficulties, smash our enemies to smithereins, and construct a State wherein there will be no exploitation, no oppression, but just happiness and security, a real homeland for all free peoples of the world."

Such is the "prayer to Stalin."

Red "Patriotism"

Soviet propaganda, operating through various channels, including schools, has for its aim the creation of a united "Soviet people," inculcated with "Soviet patriotism." Although this aim has not attained any success among the older generation, it has, however, made progress among the younger generation. Already the young people there feel themselves as being members not only of some particular nationality but also of a larger collective—the Soviet. The Ukrainian, White Russian, Georgian, Tartar, raised and educated in the Soviet schools and Red Army, sings the same songs (about Budenny, Stalin, Voroshilov), is motivated by the same ideas—produced in Moscow, and bears the same loves and hatreds.

"Soviet Mentality"

We had an opportunity of talking with a Red Army officer who had escaped from the Soviet Union. Twenty four years of age, he remembered neither his father nor mother, for he had been a street waif. Since he had attended a Ukrainian school he considered himself Ukrainian. Why had he, a child of the Revolution, deserted the Red Army? In reply he said

that while his regiment was quartered in Volhynia, Western Ukraine, his men noticed that even under Polish domination the Ukrainians were better off than the people back home under the Soviets, and so they pressed him for an explanation; after all, they had come here "to liberate their blood kinsmen." Unable to compromise his honesty in the face of such questions, the young officer decided to flee beyond Soviet borders. "Do you feel hostile to the Soviet regime?" we asked him. He replied that he was not, but declared that the Soviet policies are bad. We then asked him whether he realized that Moscow is exploiting Ukraine. He thought it did not. About Ukraine being separated from Russia, he did not think much of, "for it's better to live together." He was against it for another reason, too, in that such a secession would bring about a collapse within Russia, and he did not like to see that happen to her. Confronted with the argument that if Russia without Ukraine would collapse then she must be rotten inside and that only Ukraine could become a healthy national state, politically and economically, the officer finally agreed upon the separatism but unexpectedly declared: "Nevertheless I think that the entire Ukrainian emigration will have to be executed." Why? "Because it is not acquainted with the conditions of life in Ukraine for the past twenty years and will cause her only harm there." Very well, but you are an emigrant yourself. "Then I will have to be shot too," replied this man, raised by the Soviet regime. Is it any wonder that they are dubbed "Martians"?

Serf Psychology

Those persons in Western Ukraine who have observed the new Soviet generation at work during the first year of Red occupation there, are all in agreement concerning the common characteristics of the Reds, whether they be Russians, Georgians, White Russians, or Ukrainians. Especially striking is their utter neglect of things. For example, an automobile or a tractor breaks down. Its driver does not even think of repairing it. He simply abandons it, no matter how costly it may be, for the job of repairing it belongs to the "technical command." When someone tells him it's a shame to abandon the machine, that its valuable parts may be stolen by some passerby, a ready answer awaits him: "They'll make a new one in the factory." Is that the so-called Soviet-Americanism? No, it is purely the psychology of the serf, of one who does not care in the least how, upon what, where and for whom he has to work.

A Soviet chauffeur, it is said, does not recognize gates. He drives right into the closed gates until its boards crack and the mudguards of his car became crushed. The owner of the house comes running out, shouting that the "Soviet" is out of his mind, that he has broken the gate—and gets the reply: "We'll make new one." The Red drives on and rides right over young apple and pear saplings, breaking them down. To the protests he just replies: "We'll plant new ones."

The Hobo

These examples are not exceptional. Even during Tsarist times the Russian was somewhat a nomad, who disliked agriculture, but liked to go to town, or go a-begging through Ukraine, leaving behind his wife to take care

of the home and farm. This "bare-foot" (hobo) type is painted in glowing colors by Maxim Gorke in his stories. Well, this wandering hobo has now become an institution under the Soviet regime. In the USSR everyone wanders from place to place. The worker goes from factory to factory, the peasant from village to city, while even an important governmental functionary is transferred from one great country to another, making it impossible for him to settle down anywhere. Nowhere can a man warm himself a corner, nothing is his, everything is "ours"—nobody's. What ideals motivate such a man? It has been knocked into his head that the Soviet regime will "make happy" the world, and so he thinks that this "everything in common for all" must prevail not only in Soviet land but everywhere.

They wear no shirts there, but just try and tell them it's not nice to go without a shirt. "Why am I not cultured?" a surprised Soviet woman of the educated class will exclaim, accustomed to starching her hair to keep it in place, wearing a dress made from a sack, and her neck heavily powdered though sadly in need of washing. There's no answer to her question. For to try to discuss the matter with her is the same as to try discussing visual beauty with a blind person.

The "Soviet Nation"

The "Soviet Nation"—that is the ultimate expression of the Bolshevik "national policy." Ukrainian, Finnish, Turkestan and Armenian languages exist, as well as countries that have their own national names. But in the Soviet Union these national names have an additional territorial meaning. He who was born in Ukraine or lived there long, is considered a Ukrainian, even though he may not be of Ukrainian descent, does not know the Ukrainian language, and has nothing in common with the Ukrainian people at all. In this the Soviet design can be detected: to make of Ukraine and other national territories just territorial designations. And even if in the end "Ukraine" will still remain and with it the name of its people, "Ukrainian," yet that people will be entirely alien to the real Ukrainian people, for the latter will have by then been destroyed or scattered far and wide beyond the Volga and the Ural.

A Weak Race

How do the Soviet people generally look now? A doctor from a small Galician town who had the opportunity of examining many Red soldiers, said that they are a very weak race. They bear all evidences of malnutrition. Especially striking is the indifference of Red soldiers to women. Old woman still recall that when the Tsarist armies invaded Galicia (1914-1915) the soldats always asked, "Where are the girls?" But that is no longer prevalent among the present generation. Raised in hunger and cold it manifests already in early age signs of old age. Only within certain picked units, the so-called "Stalin's boys," is the appearance of the men better; they are better fed and clothed.

Respect For Books

A trait of a positive character among the Red troops is their respect for the book. Those of them who know how to read, obtain books everywhere they can and read them voraciously, being on the watch, however, not to be caught doing it by the political commissars.

Washington Group Observes
"Listopadove Sviato"

Lights were dimmed, the curtains parted, and the Ukrainian chorus sponsored by the American-Ukrainian Society of Washington, D. C. began its "Listopadove Sviato" concert on Sunday afternoon, December 1st, in Barker Hall, Y.W.C.A., in Washington.

Directed by Marusia Kissel and dressed in the colorful Ukrainian costumes, the chorus sang two numbers after a few words of welcome and introduction by Peter Kiselicia. Mary Mandrich then sang two beautiful soprano solos, followed by a very enlightening address on the national struggle of our Ukrainian people through the years, given by Eugene Skotzko.

After intermission the chorus again appeared, followed by duets by Mary Mandrich and Marusia Kissel. Duets by these two well-known singers are always a very popular part of the program and awaited with anticipation. Elsie Wozdewich accompanied on the piano for the solos and duets. Igor Shlopak played two selections on the piano and was received very enthusiastically. The chorus concluded the program with the singing of two additional numbers and the singing of the Ukrainian National Anthem and God God Bless America.

As a token of appreciation from the members of the chorus Marusia Kissel was presented with a bouquet of roses. Members of the chorus are: Mary Mandrich, Anna Kudlak, Mary Saftchuk, Nancy Dripchak, Josephine Campbell, Natalie Koban, Catherine Saftchuk, Mary Henry, Catherine Greb, Harry Kany, Mike Metalski, Peter Rewega, Myron Schpur, Peter Olizuk, Charles Dobish, Peter Kiselicia, Peter Sczwec, John Brody and John Rusenko.

In addition to our friends of Washington, guests were present from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Those present were invited after the program to a reception room where punch was served.

The whole affair was indeed a fitting tribute to our honored dead and the memory of Ukraine's short lived independence.

The chorus is composed of young people from different cities and states. Due to the fact that members are constantly being transferred and returning to their homes for short periods of time, the chorus personnel changes almost weekly. Under these difficult circumstances, Marusia Kissel is to be praised for her accomplishments. Due to the several holidays in November, it was impossible to give the concert in the month as it was originally planned. What they lost in time, the chorus certainly made up in spirit when they joined with other Ukrainians in celebrating Listopadove Sviato.

ANN TYMCHYN

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IT NOW!

What We Do Know

The Soviet Union has now 25 million new subjects in the West. It will not be possible to separate them with an impenetrable wall from the millions of "Martians" who grew up under Red rule. What sort of results will ensue for the Soviets from this addition to their population, is unknown. We do know, however, that Red Moscow is hurrying with all possible cruel and bloody means to uproot in our Western Ukraine everyone and everything that does not fit into the Soviet "Martian" scheme of things.

SELECTIVE SERVICE TO HELP REJECTED MEN GET JOBS BACK

Every possible cooperation will be extended to men who are rejected by the Army authorities at induction centers in obtaining reinstatement to their jobs, Colonel Arthur V. McDermott, Director of Selective Service for New York City, declared recently in a release sent to this weekly.

Colonel McDermott referred to the regulations which require a local board to mail a notice of induction at least five days before the registrant is ordered to appear. The five days notice is mandatory, unless waived by the registrant, to allow a man time to wind up personal and business affairs prior to his delivery to the induction station.

In a number of instances, selected men have terminated their affairs, duly reported to induction stations, and there were rejected by the Army authorities as unfit for military service. Because of the rejection, men who had quit their jobs were subject to the inconvenience of recovering the recently abandoned job, restoring living quarters, and the myriad of details undertaken in preparation for a year's absence from home.

It is the settled policy of the Selective Service Administration, Colonel McDermott said, to assist these men in every way that it can be done, adding:

"However, up to this time, not one complaint has been received from any registrant that he has been unable to recover the job which he had quitted in response to the induction call."

In recognition of the importance of the matter, Colonel McDermott made public a telegram received yesterday from Dr. Clarence A. Dykstra, National Director of Selective Service, which read:

"Please investigate and if necessary utilize every facility at your disposal, including all occupational advisors, to reinstate in former jobs those men rejected after physical examination at induction centers. Every effort must be made to alleviate hardship and suffering in these cases."

Colonel McDermott stated that, under the provisions of the Selective Service and Training Act no action is specified to meet problems created by rejections of men at induction stations. The law does extend through Section 8, subdivision (b) protection to men actually inducted into training. The law states:

"In the case of any such person (inducted man) who, in order to perform such training and service, has left or leaves a position, other than a temporary position, in the employ of any employer and who... is still qualified to perform the duties of such position and makes

application for reemployment within forty days after he is relieved from such training and service—

"(A) if such position was in the employ of the United States Government, its Territories or possessions, or the District of Columbia, such person shall be restored to such position or to a position of like seniority, status, and pay;

"(B) if such position was in the employ of a private employer, such employer shall restore such person to such position or to a position of like seniority, status, and pay unless the employer's circumstances have so changed as to make it impossible or unreasonable to do so;

"(C) if such position was in the employ of any State or political subdivision thereof, it is hereby declared to be the sense of the Congress that such person should be restored to such position or to a position of like seniority, status, and pay.

(c) Any person who is restored to a position in accordance with the provisions of paragraph (A) or (B) of subsection (b) shall be considered as having been on furlough or leave of absence during his period of training and service in the land or forces, shall be so restored without loss of seniority, shall be entitled to participate in insurance and practices relating to employees on furlough or leave of

absence in effect with the employer at the time such person was inducted into such forces, and shall not be discharged from such position without cause within one year after such restoration."

Colonel McDermott remarked that it is not anticipated that men obliged to quit their jobs for purposes of induction will not be able to regain them should they be rejected by the Army authorities. In this respect, he said:

"The objectives of Selective Service are too well understood and receive the full support of the people of the United States. The cooperation of employers and workers alike has been demonstrated in every step of the Selective Service program. That unity of the nation was displayed in the smoothness of registration, in the readiness of professional and business men to assume without pay the task of classification and selection, in the volunteer aid given by men and women in every walk of life, and in the preponderance of volunteers numbered among the men presently being inducted into service. All have shown incontestably the will to strengthen the national defenses through Selective Service.

"In view of this solidarity of purpose, it is not expected that employers will do other than display leniency towards the men who, showing a patriotic desire to serve the country and answering the call of the Government, are returned to their jobs in a few days because of rejection by Army authorities."

A "Peaceful" Death

(Fifteenth in Series of Translated Select Ukrainian Stories)

VASILE, the village sexton, was very ill. He had severe pains in his chest. They applied leeches to him, even gave him wine, but to no avail. So late that evening he sent his son Hryenko for me.

"Hurry," Hryenko said, "father wants to see you before he dies; perhaps he has something important to tell you."

I went. The road was covered with snow that reached to the fencetops. We had quite a time struggling through it.

"Is your father very ill?" I asked Hryenko.

"Mortally," he replied. "Who knows, by tomorrow he may be dead."

"Did he make his will?"

"Sure, but a bad one. My step-mother got plenty, while me and my sister got very little."

He proceeded to explain in detail just how much his father had willed to him and his sister and how much to his step-mother and her two children. From what he said, I gathered that she had received only one third of the property.

"You have no cause to complain," I said to Hryenko. "If any one has, it's your stepmother."

"Bah, but stepmother had nothing when she married father," Hryenko protested.

We reached the sexton's home and entered it. The house was low and old. On the oven-top a little boy lay sprawled, writing something on a slate. On several benches beyond the oven arranged to make a bed, lay old Vasile, covered with an old fur-lined coat. Over him on a peg hung a new fur-lined coat, another made of stout cloth, and a large shawl. His wife sat by the chimney with a child in her arms, while Hryenko's sister, Ksenia, was wiping the spoons; evidently they had just finished having their supper. I approached the improvised bed and greeted the sick man. He stretched a trembling hand towards me and tried to smile in reply to my greeting, but could not. Though his face went through the motions of a smile it expressed only sorrow and pain.

"How do you feel, Vasile?" I asked, sitting down alongside of him on a stool.

"Very sick, very sick... Looks like I'll soon have to go... If only the family would give me some rest from their complaining about the property... This one wants that—that one wants this..."

He spoke brokenly, breathing heavily, and coughing after every few words. After a moment's rest he motioned with his hand for me to get closer, and then quietly, almost in a whisper, broken by groans that escaped him, he said:

"It's good you came... Do me a favor... They'll heed you... Let them bury me in the old cemetery, by the big oak... I don't want to lie in the new cemetery... it's too mournful... the graves are bare... the old one has big trees... birds in summertime..."

I gave him my promise that it would be as he wanted.

"But in the meanwhile don't think of death," I tried to cheer him up. "You'll get the better of your sickness yet and soon get well."

Vasile waved his hand.

"Too late!" And then, after a moment's pause, added: "So be it!"

Seeing that the conversation was tiring him, I rose and sat down on the bench by the window. Just then the door opened and the village mayor and two peasants walked in. They were the neighbors.

"Glory unto Jesus!"

"Forever glory!"

"Is he still conscious?" the mayor asked in a hushed tone.

"Yes, he is," the wife replied.

The mayor greeted the sick man, and then thrusting his hand beneath the coat covering him, felt his foot.

"The feet are very cold," he said. "You're going to die, Vasile. When the feet get so cold and the eyes sink in—well, there's no longer any hope. You've just got to die."

The sick man looked gravely at him for a full minute, and then in barely audible tone said:

"So be it."

"Let's forgive one another, Vasile," the mayor said, taking Vasile's hand.

"May God forgive you, may God forgive all your sins." Each repeated this three times, according to the custom. Similarly, mutual forgiveness was then exchanged between the dying man and the two neighbors that had come with the mayor. Each of them also felt Vasile's foot and lugubriously shaking his head assured him that he was going to die right away, to which Vasile just replied: "So be it."

His wife approached him. She had not started to cry yet, but already had raised her apron to her face to have it ready when she did. Taking hold of Vasile's hand, she began to wail:

"Why are you leaving me-e-e-e... all alone... with my little children... oh-h-h! Where will we go-o-o! What will we do-o-o! We have no home now... oh-h-h!"

"But I've willed you the barn!" Vasile protested in a weak voice. "You have plenty of room to build a home from that barn. What else do you want of me?"

"Give me at least those poplars by the river, so that I could build a stable for the cows."

"Just try and get them!" the angry voice of Hryenko broke in. "Did you plant those poplars? Or your father? Those poplars are for me to make a barn with. Understand? Just try and get them! You're getting too much anyway!"

"Quiet, you fool!" the mayor shouted at him. "This will be settled not by you but by your father!"

"Do you see, my good people," the wife shrilled, "do you see how this good for nothing scamp is treating me even while his father is still alive. Just as soon as he dies, he's going to chase me out of this house, just as sure as I stand here, and won't let me even get close to it. That's what I get for treating him so well, for taking such good care of him for years!"

She covered her face with her apron and began to weep lustily.

"Oh, let me die in peace!" Vasile groaned.

"No, Vasile, you simply have to settle this before you die, otherwise your family will always be fighting and give you no peace in your grave," the mayor said.

"Yes, that's right!" the two neighbors added.

"It's clear that your wife is being wronged," the mayor continued. "Hryenko and Ksenia are getting too much, while she too little. So please, Vasile, give her those poplars."

At this juncture the door opened and Vasile's sister, Malanka, entered. She was a woman about fifty years old. Hurrying to Vasile she begged him thrice for forgiveness and then sitting down by him on the stool began to wail:

"Oh-h-h, dear brother of mine-e-e, the only one I have and you are forsaking me-e-e! Where are you going? Oh-h-h! And why are you angry at poor me-e-e?..."

"Stop that wailing, Malanka!" the mayor cut in. "He hasn't died yet! Sit down over there quietly since you've come here. We don't propose to listen to your yowling."

Malanka kissed her brother's hand.

"Dear brother," she pleaded. "Please let me have this old fur-lined coat that covers you. You've got two of them, while I'm so poor. Just look how cold it is outside, and yet I have to go about just in this cotton garment."

"I can't, sister," Vasile moaned, "Ksenia needs it... oh-oh!..."

His wife took Malanka by the shoulders. "Don't bother a dying man, but go over there by the window and sit down."

Malanka instead went by the door and in a loud querulous voice began to give vent to her feelings: "Yes, yes, such is the world today. First they wronged me by not giving me my portion of father's property, and now they refuse to give me even an old coat. Ha! God sees all this..."

Vasile did not reply but stared at the ceiling... mulling over some thoughts. At length he turned his gaze to those around him and moved his lips. The mayor bent over him and asked him what he wanted to say.

"Di-vidé pop-lars in half..." the dying man whispered.

"Divide the poplars in half," the mayor repeated aloud.

"That means that half goes to you and the other half to Hryenko," one of the neighbors explained to the wife.

"That's right. No wrong is done to anyone now," said the other one.

The wife went to the pantry and came out with a green bottle, from which she began to pour drinks for the mayor and the neighbors, while Vasile turned towards the wall and began to expire...

The following morning the bells tolled for Vasile. People said he had died a quiet peaceful death.

(Translated from Ukrainian by S. Shumeyko)

FUNNY SIDE UP

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS OF 1940

Wow! Here it comes again,
That busy season when
We shop, shop, shop,
And then swap, swap, swap!

We're so wrapped these days
with the Christmas spirit that to-
day, in answer to several inquiries,
we're offering herewith some very
practical suggestions for Christ-
mas gifts from our special cata-
logue and you can order any of
them direct from your favorite
asylum:—

The Two-in-One-Hat! Press a
button and make it bigger or
smaller, just as the lady wishes!
The perfect gift, as invented by a
Scotch husband who knew it was
the only way to beat the current
vogue for big hats one moment,
and small hats the next!

Invisible Ink! An absolute neces-
sity when it comes to making in-
come tax reports and signing prom-
issory notes! Also an excellent
present for elderly daddies who
like to write love letters to chorus
girls.

Books With Nothing Inside!
Nothing but the covers in this set.
Saves eyestraining. Appear edu-
cated without knowing anything at
all!

Alarm Clock with Rubber Bell!
It rings—but it never awakens!
The perfect gift for columnists
(like Shrdlu), Congressmen, and
W.P.A. workers.

**Toothless Comb and Blisfless
Brush!** A comb without teeth and
a brush without bristles! Just send
one to a bald-headed friend and see
how much he'll appreciate the joke!

* * *

**XMAS SUGGESTIONS OF 1940,
'41, '42, ETC.**

To all and sundry friends of mine
Who might intend on Christmas
day

To bring me gifts, I drop this line
Suggesting in the subtlest way...
I crave no presents to display
But hint, although it may seem
funny,

That in the place of gifts you may
Send me the Money!

There's nothing artisans design
In silver, wood, or gold or clay,
For which so poignantly I pine
As for the coin of U.S.A.

You will not hurt my feelings,
nay,

I'll gambol like a playful bunny,
If, in selecting things, you'll pray,
Send ME the Money!

The Christmas Spirit's just as fine
(To me, at least) if what you lay
Upon our faithful friendship's
shrine.

Are checks or cash that will de-
fray

The tradesmen's bills, and help
to pay

For clothes and shoes and milk and
honey

So, if you're planning gifts, I say
Send ME the Money!

Envoy

You figured on a gift-card, hey?

No sum's too small to please me,
honey,

Ten cents or two will make me gay,
Send me THE MONEY!

* * *

Open Letter to Shrdlu: Congra-
tulations on having a 5c. cigar
named after you! Them cheap
nickle cigars usually smell pretty
bad, so we're wondering how you
feel to have something in common
with a cigar! We hear you're go-
ing home for Christmas. How nice
of the warden to let you out!

Humorously yours,
BROMO SELTZER

IMPORTANT NOTICE: The
Board of Directors of the Oshkosh
to Timbucto Railroad, on behalf of
Bromo Seltzer, who has absolutely
nothing to do with this organiza-
tion, wish you all a very Merry
Christmas!

Youth and U. N. A.

The U.N.A. At Work

Many of the people who visit
the offices of the Ukrainian Na-
tional Association in Jersey City
ask many questions regarding the
work being done there. They are
curious as to how their own mem-
berships are handled in particular,
which is only natural. These visit-
ors are shown through the build-
ing, and all their questions are
answered to their satisfaction.
Many persons, members and non-
members alike, visit the U. N. A.

Have you wondered what hap-
pened to your membership applica-
tion after you had signed it and
given it to the secretary of your
branch? To begin from the begin-
ning, the secretary has the officers
of the branch sign the application,
after which it is mailed to the U.
N.A. At the U.N.A., the applica-
tion is examined by the Chief Medi-
cal Examiner and by the Supreme
Recording Secretary, who approves
or rejects same, depending on the
applicant's state of health, age,
and other conditions vital to the
membership in accordance with the
By-Laws of the U.N.A. A clerk at
the office then takes the document
and transfers certain information
on it to two cards... a system
card and an alphabetical card. The
application is then taken elsewhere
so that a photostatic copy of it
could be made.

Meanwhile, the cards are com-
pleted, additional information such
as dates, assessments (or dues pay-
able monthly by the applicant),
certificate and roll numbers, etc.,
being filled in. The alphabetical
card is placed in its appropriate
place in the file where all the mem-
bers of the U.N.A. are indexed, sur-
name first, for ready reference.
From the system card, a girl en-
ters essential information on the
monthly record of members by
branches, which is taken to Svo-
boda's composing room to be set
in type and printed. This "wykaz"
or branch record gives the dues of
the members. It is mailed, together
with an account of the money pay-
able by the branch for the month,
to the branch secretary to facilitate
his collection of dues. The system
card is then put thru all the mem-
bership record books of the U.N.A.
by branches, States, classes, and
amounts. This done, a clerk takes

the card and from the information
on it types a membership certifi-
cate. This certificate is checked,
signed, sealed, and mailed to the
branch secretary together with the
photostatic copy of the applica-
tion. The secretary gives it to his
member. A membership pin and
also sent in the same way.

From the cards, a girl prepares a
report of all the changes for the
month for publication in the Svo-
boda. At the end of the year the
cards are taken elsewhere for tabu-
lation purposes, being put on file
by branches in the meantime. The
application receives its finishing
touches and is filed in a pocket by
roll number. During the course of
the applicant's membership, all of
his documents (transfer letters,
change of beneficiaries, etc) are
filed in this pocket file, so that
everything will be ready for im-
mediate reference.

The system card is in constant
use, whether the members are in
good standing or not. If he transfers
to some other branch, it is used;
if he changes his class of insur-
ance, or takes additional insurance,
or is suspended, or reinstated, or
changes his beneficiaries, or dies,
or takes cash surrender, or ex-
tended insurance, or paid up in-
surance... it is used. It is also
used for the payment of dividends,
disability benefits, loans, etc., as
well as for statistical purposes.
There are several thousand changes
every month, each change affecting
a card, each card affecting a re-
cord book, reports, assessment lists,
etc.

This resume of the U.N.A. at
work is far from complete, but
should suffice to give the reader a
fairly clear idea as to how his
membership is treated.

U.N.A. members have a standing
invitation to visit the U.N.A. any
time. See the U.N.A. at work,
meet its officers, editors, etc. See
how the Svoboda is made up, pub-
lished, and circulated. Visit the
Svoboda Bookstore, from which
you have been receiving your lit-
erature on Ukraine and Ukrain-
ians.

As a member, you have the pri-
vilege of seeing your organization's
main office at work. Take advant-
age of any early opportunity, to
visit the U.N.A.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

LISTEN to the Ukrainian Youth Radio Program spon-
sored by Surma Book & Music Co., 325 E. 14th St., New
York City every Saturday from 3:45 to 4:00 P.M., from
station W.B.N.X., 1400 kc, New York City. Special youth
features, guest stars this week: Paul Pechiniha Ouglitsky, Uk-
rainian composer, and John Moroz, violist.

DO YOU WANT TO BE SANTA CLAUS?

Statistics show that compacts are the most popular Christmas
gifts for girls. But don't be trite and buy any old kind. Be original
and buy a

Ukrainian Compact imported from France.

Your sister, your mother, your aunts, your girl-friend will
smother you with gratitude if you give them one of these lovely
compacts. Or if you collect Ukrainianna, add this compact to your
collection.

The design is a beautifully engraved Trident incorporating the
insignias of various parts of Ukraine in blue and gold against either
a white, black or tortoise shell background. If you wish, we
will wrap each compact in special Christmas Gift Wrapping and
attach a card, so all you will have to do is present your gift. Or, we
can mail it directly to any address you wish with a card stating it
is a gift from you. In placing your order state whether you wish
to have a white, black or tortoise shell compact. Send your order
in now and avoid the Christmas Rush.

**THE SPECIAL REDUCED PRICE FOR
THE CHRISTMAS SALE ONLY IS \$1.50**

"SVOBODA," 83 GRAND ST., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

**THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION IS THE
CHIEF BULWARK OF UKRAINIAN-AMERICAN LIFE.
JOIN IT AND THEREBY STRENGTHEN IT. DO IT
NOW!**

**U. N. A. Sports to Have
Banner Year**

A veritable avalanche of U.N.A.
sports registrations descended in the
closing days of last month. Twenty
basketball teams and thirty bowling
teams will mark this a banner year
for U.N.A. sports. A definite trend to
bowling is in evidence, with girls
contributing seven teams. The Chi-
cago boys formed a bowling league
of eight teams. Others are too scat-
tered for league organization, and
their addresses will be published in
a forthcoming issue of The Ukrainian
Weekly to help them in initiating
non-league matches.

In basketball the Metropolitan Dis-
trict will have two new teams, Mill-
ville, N. J., and a second New York
team, piloted by Johnny Kosbin. The
first New York team, managed by
Michael Husar, and the Philadelphia,
team will make up the quartet.

The Pennsylvania quartet is made
up of Centralia, McAdoo, and two
St. Clair teams. The Ohio District
continues with the four old-timers,
Akron, Cleveland, Lorain, and Ross-
ford. All other teams will play at
large because they lack the necessary
three team groups to make a district.

As the registration of teams is
now closed, the work on game sched-
ules will commence, or has already
commenced. A successful season is
anticipated.

PHILADELPHIANS TRIUMPH

George Slobogin reports that the
Philadelphia U.N.A. Basketball Team
defeated the 5th St. M. E., 30 to 23,
at the Friends' Guild in Philadelphia
recently. J. Juzwiak, who scored 9
points, and W. Juzwiak, who scored
10 points, were the high scorers for
the Ukrainians.

**TO HOLD NEW ENGLAND
YOUTH RALLY IN BOSTON**

A program for the unification of
all Ukrainian-American youth in
New England has already been
laid out with plans for a huge
rally of New England youth to be
held at the Hotel Bradford on
February 21, 22 and 23, 1941.

It is being sponsored by the
Greater Boston Ukrainian-Ameri-
can Club and is scheduled to em-
brace the entire five New England
states where there are a large
number of Ukrainians residing. This
will be the first rally of its kind
held in any city in New England
and will serve to bring about a
better understanding in the minds
of the American public as to just
what and who the Ukrainian peo-
ple are.

Scheduled to speak before the
assembled delegates are many
young Ukrainian-Americans, prom-
inent in national Ukrainian affairs
in America. Among them will be:
Miss Anne Zadorsne of New Jer-
sey, former editor of "The Trend";
John H. Roberts, president of the
Ukrainian Youth League of North
America and an able practicing
attorney at law; and Stephen
Droboty, editor of the monthly
"Ukrainian Life."

A basketball game and dance
will open the festivities of the
Rally on the opening night, with
business sessions being held on
Saturday afternoon, a semi-formal
banquet to be held Saturday eve-
ning and a huge concert featuring
Ukrainian folk-songs and dances in
the traditionally beautifully de-
corated and colored costumes of
their homeland for Sunday after-
noon.

Officers of the various commit-
tees in charge are: General Chair-
man, Joseph Charyna of Jamaica
Plain; Treasurer, John Dzubiak
of Norwood; Secretary Helen Dow-
hanchuk of Roxbury; Chairman of
Sports Dance, Walter Bezubka of
Medford; Chairman of Banquet
and Dance Committee, Dr. Wallace
of Brighton; Chairman of the Con-
cert Committee, Miss Anne Chopek
of Mattapan; Chairman of Regis-
tration, Miss Olga Puzak of Med-
ford; Director of Program Book
publication, Jerry Yavarow, of
Roxbury, Joseph Charyna of Ja-
maica Plain and Peter Panteluk of
Boston; Art Director, Jerry Ya-
varow and Publicity, Peter Pan-
teluk.