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The Ukrainian Weekly

Dedicated to the needs and interest of young Americans of Ukrainian descent

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25 Canadian MPs Petition Prime Minister On Behalf Ukrainian DPs

Twenty five members of the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa petitioned on October 21 Prime Minister Mackenzie King, now in Europe, to help relieve the plight of Ukrainian displaced persons threatened with forced repatriation by Soviets.

Text of cablegram sent to King by the MPs follows:

"Despite appeals and protests by Canadian and American citizens against forceful repatriation of Ukrainian displaced persons from the British and American zones of occupation to the East under the Soviets, reports are reaching Canadians that forcible repatriation of Ukrainians continues.

"We the undersigned members of Parliament appeal to you in the name of humanity to use full moral force of Canada's position with all other Allies to effectively and immediately relieve plight of displaced persons in British and American zones, especially of kin of Canadian citizens.

"(Signed) W. Tucker, Solon Low, W. Benedickson, John Blackmore, R. Jutras, Douglas Ross, Anthony Hlynka, Fernand Viau, F. Zaplitny, Charles Johnson, A. Stewart, D. McIvor, G. Castleden, F. Shaw, W. Little, J. Dechene, James Marshall, F. Townley-Smith, Norman Jaques, E. Bowerman, Walter Kuhl, W. Bryce, R. Moore, J. Burton, W. Wylie."

To Hold Third Ukrainian American Congress

The Ukrainian Congress Committee of America announced last Wednesday that it will sponsor the Third Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent, to be held Saturday, January 26, 1946 at Hotel Washington in Washington, D. C.

The keynote of the coming congress will be "the Ukrainian American role in America's peace effort." The keynote of the last congress, held in Philadelphia on January 22,

1944, was "the Ukrainian American role in America's war effort."

The congress is expected to draw hundreds of delegates of local Ukrainian American organizations and parishes throughout the country, including many of the younger generation.

Further details concerning the congress will appear in forthcoming announcements of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

PLAN TO ATTEND IT

Younger generation Ukrainian American activity will soon have a fine opportunity to get off to a good start on a national scale. The opportunity will be the Third Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent. It will be held Saturday, January 26, 1946, in Hotel Washington, D. C.

Announced several days ago by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, which is sponsoring it, the congress will draw delegates of local societies, parishes, clubs, choirs and organizations of various kinds from all over the country. It will take place in exactly the same place where the first Ukrainian American congress was held in May, 1940.

Where the keynote of the second congress, held in Philadelphia on January 22, 1944 was the "war effort, i.e. ways and means of pushing it, the keynote of the coming third congress will be the peace effort, i.e. what the Ukrainian American people can do to help their country to secure world peace of a lasting nature.

Since no lasting peace is possible as long as the Ukrainian people in their native land remain under foreign and totalitarian rule, their plight in and out of Ukraine will be one of the principal subjects to be discussed at the congress. The congress will endeavor to project their plight, and the means of alleviating it, upon the consciousness of American public opinion.

Among the other matters and issues with which congress will concern itself, will be those pertaining to Ukrainian American organizational life, activities and aims. Special emphasis will be placed on the coming role of the now adult younger generation in the development of Ukrainian American life.

It is on the latter account that the presence of younger generation delegates will be particularly needed at the congress. We hope and expect to see them there. They will be given more than an opportunity to be heard there. Similarly they will be given

more than a fair chance to be elected as national officers of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, which has as one of its chief aims the coordination of Ukrainian American activity throughout the country on behalf of America and on-behalf of Ukraine.

We are confident that our younger generation will be more than well represented at the congress, at least because they are more interested in the relation of the Ukrainian problem to lasting world peace than they ever were before. The war brought for them a keener appreciation of the importance of this problem. Aside from the sentimental attachments to the people of their own blood in Europe, they realize that America has a direct interest in the plight of these people, just as she has in the plight of other dispossessed or displaced peoples who are either restive and suffering under foreign rule in their native land or are undergoing hardships outside of it as refugees. Such restiveness and suffering does not make for peace. Consequently it is to America's interest to do whatever she can to help these people, including the Ukrainians. Yet in order for America to become well aware of the Ukrainian situation over there, it is necessary for her native sons and daughters of Ukrainian stock to make better known here the Ukrainian cause, to acquaint their fellow Americans with the plight of their kinsmen over on the other side.

The coming Third Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent will be a step in that direction. In planning the coordination and intensification of the Ukrainian American participation in America's peace effort, the congress will at the same time be raising the Ukrainian issue as an indispensable element to that peace effort.

Aside from all this, attendance at the congress will enable the young delegate to meet socially others of his or her kind from throughout the country, meet old friends and acquaintances, make new ones, and in general strengthen the ties that bind Americans of Ukrainian origin.

Killed in Air Mission

First Lieutenant Eugene Pula, 27, member of U.N.A. Branch 361 of New York City, was killed June 8, 1945 while on air reconnaissance in



FIRST LIEUT. EUGENE PULA

the Pacific war theatre, reports Peter Kuchma, secretary of Branch 361.

Lt. Pula was flying in a B-29, of which he was navigator, at time he was killed by enemy action. He was a member of the 3rd Photo Reconnaissance Group. Among the citations awarded him was the Air Medal.

Prior to his enlistment in 1940 Lt. Pula graduated from Fordham University and had lived at 331 East 81st street, New York City.

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pula, two brothers, Lawrence and Joseph, both of whom are war veterans, and a sister Helen.

GETS COMMENDATION

Cpl. Joseph Kowtko, son of Mrs. Hazel Kowtko, 637 East Grant st., Olyphant, Pa., now stationed at the 310 General Hospital at Tinian, Mariana Islands, was recently commended by Lieut. Comdr. Philip J. Riley, USNR, commander of the 110th Construction Battalion, for outstanding initiative and devotion to duty while assisting the "Sea Bees" in

UCCA Issues Pamphlets On Plight of DPs

Persons and societies desiring to make better known here the tragic plight of Ukrainian DPs in Europe threatened with forced repatriation by the Reds, are urged by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America to write to it for pamphlets published by it in English on the subject. They are suitable for general circulation, especially in connection with protests against such repatriation.

One of the pamphlets is the 32-page "Plight of Ukrainian DPs—a few letters of many being received daily from Europe describing the tragic plight of Ukrainian displaced persons whom the Soviets would forcibly repatriate and doom to enslavement, persecution or death."

Another pamphlet is the 8-page William Henry Chamberlin's "Asylum for Europe's Uprooted," reprinted from the current number of the Ukrainian Quarterly, published by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

The pamphlets are free. Write for them to the committee, Post Office Box 721, Church Street Annex, New York 8, New York.

To Hold Bond Rally In Times Square

Efforts are being made to have Lt. Col. Stephen Malevich of Pittsburgh, Pa., Bataan hero freed from Jap prison camp after being given up for dead, to appear at the Ukrainian Day Victory Bond Rally to be held outdoors in the heart of Times Square, New York City today, November 10, beginning at 5 P.M. A program of choral songs, folk dances, vocal solos and speeches will be presented then. Bonds bought at the rally site throughout the day will be credited to the Ukrainian victory bond committee of New York.

building a hospital center there. "While all men assigned performed their duties very satisfactorily," the

commander wrote, "the performance of Cpl. Joseph Kowtko was outstanding."

Ukrainian Displaced Persons In Salzburg, Austria

WHILE stationed in Salzburg, Austria as a member of the United States Second Corps, I had the opportunity to associate with Ukrainian displaced persons, witness the conditions under which they live, hear their experiences, and recognize their problems.

Administrative Set-Up

There are approximately 5,000 Ukrainian displaced persons dispersed throughout the Salzburg area, with the greatest concentration being in the DP (Displaced Person) camps—Camp Lexenfeld and Camp Greene. The camps consist of German army barracks which have been assigned to the Ukrainians. These camps are under the direct control of United States military organizations. As camp commanders there have been appointed selected Ukrainian DP's who are responsible for the proper functioning of the camps. There are also Ukrainian DP's living in buildings partially demolished from bombings (some absolutely unsafe for residence), in one room quarters, and on farms where they are employed as farm laborers.

In Salzburg, as in every locality where there is a sizeable settlement of Ukrainian displaced persons, a Ukrainian Committee is in operation, formed to aid in the administration of these Ukrainian settlements. Some of the functions of the Ukrainian Committee are: registration of newly arrived settlers, rendering a daily report to the Displaced Persons Office of the Allied Military Government on the number of DPs, drawing rations for the people by submitting a roster of Ukrainian personnel to the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration team, aiding the Ukrainians desiring to travel to another locality by presenting a formal request to AMG for travel permits, and in general representing the Ukrainians before the AMG and UNRRA.

In addition to the above-mentioned functions of the Ukrainian Committee, it also has taken the initiative to bring together various talented Ukrainians in the formation of a choral group, a dancing society, Ukrainian orchestra, artists, etc. After initial difficulties in getting engagements, the group of artists was given an opportunity to perform for American military personnel at the American Red Cross Club. The program was so well received that arrangements were made for the group to give concerts every Monday evening at this club. In addition, this group has been rewarded with additional engagements at various military installations. At the present time the artists are preparing the opera "Zaporozhets Za Dunayem."

Life in Barracks

Life in the barracks in the previously mentioned camps is to some extent military-like in that the occupants have very little privacy, as evidenced by the fact that a number of families share the same room. Blankets or sheets are usually strung up in a section of the room to afford some measure of privacy. The food eaten by the DP's is uniform for the camp kitchen prepares food for all the camp occupants who form in line at designated hours, bucket in hand to receive their ration. The occupants are assigned 'policing up details' and inspections are frequently held. Every evening at dusk the camp commander calls a formation at which are announced the housekeeping details etc. The formations are concluded with the singing of a prayer for Ukraine which is truly inspirational.

Among the displaced persons can be found Ukrainians from all sectors of Ukraine. There are people from Halychyna, Bukovina, Volynia, Car-

patho-Ukraine, Velyka (Eastern) Ukraine, etc. And these people are from various levels of society; intellectuals, middle class, and poor class. They embrace people of varied talents, doctors, lawyers, engineers, musicians, merchants, craftsmen, factory workers, farmers etc.

The majority of the displaced persons have no employment. Those that do have employment are to be found either working on farms, in military mess halls, on road gangs, in hospitals, or as lumbermen (Hutzuls). These people are desirous of working but this is difficult since the Austrians are very much anti-Ukrainian, regarding them as inferior 'Ostlanders.'

The religious services are held either in the barracks, out in the field, or in Austrian churches. Both Catholic and Orthodox services are very well attended and there is no conflict among the people because of church affiliation. To them the ideal of Ukrainian nationalism is a binding force.

What They Ask For

There is an utter lack of newspapers. During the time that I was among these people they received only one copy of a Ukrainian newspaper, the *Svoboda*. This paper was very much in demand and was passed on from individual to individual. The wornout condition of this newspaper evidenced that it had passed through many hands. A renowned newspaper editor tried to alleviate this condition by publishing a wall newspaper with items translated from American newspapers. These wall newspapers were posted both in the Ukrainian Committee room and on camp bulletin boards and proved very valuable in orienting the displaced persons on current events and also quenched their thirst for information on what was happening in the world. Ukrainian newspapers are a vital need of these people.

Elementary schools have been established at the camps for children. However there is a lack of school books. High schools have been established in Augsburg and Traunstein and high school course are taught at Innsbruck and Munich. A student council has been formed among the university students who are trying to complete their studies. However they need material assistance from their fellow students across the ocean. There is a dearth of Ukrainian literature, for these people when they left their homes were fortunate indeed if they could bring clothing, let alone literature. There is also an urgent need for courses in English; a knowledge of English being necessary both in dealings with American occupation forces and in preparation for possible future emigration to the United States, Canada and other English speaking countries. There are a few Ukrainian displaced persons who have a knowledge of English who could serve as instructors in English if they had the material from which to teach.

At the time when I was with the Ukrainian displaced persons they had had very little news from across the ocean as to the activities of their fellow Ukrainians in the United States, Canada, etc. in their behalf. They wondered if the people here knew in what a dire plight they were in. There was no contact with Ukrainians in the United States, Canada, etc.—they desired to get word to their brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles etc. that they are alive and need assistance badly.

In Dread of Forced Repatriation by Reds

The people live in constant fear of forced repatriation to the Soviet Union. Incidents of attempts by So-

UNRRA Official Praises Ukrainian Refugees

Letters written by an American UNRRA official of Anglo-Saxon origin to his family in this country concerning Ukrainian displaced persons with whom he is in contact in the American occupation zone in Europe, and forwarded to the Weekly for publication. Names are withheld on request.

I
October 7, 1945

The rain has now been falling for 15 days—sometimes hard but usually a drizzle. The ground is a sea of mud—and the Alps about are all covered with snow. Some of the UNRRA trucks coming in from Lintz and Klagemfurt have had as much as a foot of snow on top of them.

I would unhesitatingly recommend the admission to the United States as immigrants the entire group in our camp. They are a working and respectable community—a balanced one, representing all walks of life—with a high degree of education—only 5 illiterates in 1300, and the kind of people you would like to entertain in your home. I regret that so few of them speak English—but they are running their own night school in English to learn it. They all want to go to the Americas. I wish you could know them, their kindness, courtesy—and most of all their music. They are a happy people who ask nothing more than to become part of a great nation and to do their share of the work. It is a great pleasure to work with and for them—and there isn't one person on my team who does not feel as warmly about them as I do.

II Recommends Their Emigration to America

October 1945.

We have been busier than ever. Incidentally the Congressional statement of the two fellows who reported in UNRRA for the newspapers—appears to us here to be nearly correct. It is a fact that our administration is staffed with sorry people. But at team level—in the field, things are going fairly well. We have the pleasure at our camp of seeing concrete results.

Something that would be a great help to us back home—that you can do and that other mothers and friends can do is to spread in every way you can, propaganda for the admission to the United States, Canada, Brazil and Bolivia of selected groups of these D.P.s with whom we work. Immigration authorities would do well to send inspectors to our camps and set quotas.

I can assure you that these Ukrainian of ours would make wonderful citizens. Their experiences with the extremist doctrines of both the Reich and the Soviets have been such as to show them the fallacies of both and so, politically, it would be hard to find better balanced and more useful citizens. They are attractive, educated and industrious people—head and shoulders over the immigrants whom we have taken in the past. You would do well both for them and for us, to bolster their cause—especially the Ukrainians.

A Tragic, Freak Accident

We had a tragic, freak accident here a few days ago. The choir, of

which I have written you so much, was en route from Salzburg to Altheim to put on a performance for some other Ukrainians. About two kilometers out of town there is a sharp left turn. The leading truck, carrying about 25 of them, had no top on it. It turned the curve—not too fast—and another open truck came the opposite way loaded with cattle headed for the slaughter house. Neither truck was travelling fast. One animal's head overhung both trucks and its horns and head struck one of our men riding in the center of the truck—missing entirely the people on the sides, and crushed his skull—killing him instantly. His face had a perfectly peaceful expression and there was no wound showing. The animal's head passed on and struck another of our people also in the head, goring him badly and knocking him against the side of the truck—causing serious internal injuries, but not killing him. He will recover.

We feel so sorry for these people. It seems as if everything happens to them. The dead man has a wife and two small children. I have succeeded in getting a bit of black cloth for her to get a mourning dress made, and the team sent a very elaborate wreath to the funeral. We feel as if they are all of our family. It is surprising how much we have been able to do for them in the most difficult circumstances.

Praises Choir

Today I was able to get the Ukrainian choir an audition with the Entertainment Officer of the 42nd Division and I'm sure I'll succeed in getting some good engagements for them—even some radio time. They were excellently received. Steve and I are the godfathers of the choir. My deepest regret every time they sing is that father isn't there to hear them. They are remarkable. He would have loved it.

I have succeeded now in getting a number of songs for them—all the ones for which I wrote you except the Recessional—and that I'm particularly desirous of getting. If Mr. Ruth can get you a set on that I'd certainly appreciate it.

If you can send me a bolt of white cotton cloth and some embroidery yarn in red, blue, yellow and black, also a bottle of the little tiny glass beads that are used for embroidery and white cotton thread for them, and bits of silk or rayon ribbons of all colors, we can use them to manufacture costumes. They would be glad to make Ukrainian costumes for you, Doty and Ric—and they are lovely things—much fancier than the Bavarian costumes that you probably remember so well. Things of this kind they would love. Perhaps your local Red Cross chapter would like to make up for this camp a special box of these items just for the choir. Also children's clothes—especially shoes—are scarce and much needed.

viet agents to force these people to go back to their "fatherland?" increases terror. The uncertainty through which these people live prevents these people from a spending a restful day or night. I have heard many people state that rather than accede to repatriation they would commit suicide. On occasions when a large flow of displaced persons streams into Salzburg there is no room in the barracks, forcing these people to sleep out in the open. These people do not wish to lead such a

beggardly life, they yearn to be back in their homeland, but after having lived under the Soviet regime from one to over twenty years, experiencing what they cynically term "Red Heaven" with starvations, persecutions because of religious or political beliefs, periods of forced labor in the tundra of Suberia, they cannot and dare not go back.

Though these people are undergoing such a tragic period in their life, they still display the indomitable courage so typical of Ukrainians by singing

Michigan Federation Asks Senator to Help Stop Forced Repatriation

Below is a copy of a letter sent to Senator Homer Ferguson by Ukrainian Federation of Michigan protesting against Soviet attempts to forcibly repatriate Ukrainian displaced persons in the American zone of occupation in Germany, followed by a reply by Senator Ferguson and a letter to the Senator by Secretary of State James F. Byrnes. They were forwarded to the Weekly by attorney John Panchuk of Detroit.

I

Text of letter to Senator Ferguson

September 16, 1945

Dear Senator Ferguson:

Americans of Ukrainian descent residing in Wayne County and organized under the Ukrainian Federation of Michigan are turning to you for assistance in a matter which affects them deeply and profoundly. They have been receiving a continuous stream of letters from so-called displaced and refugee Ukrainians in the American zone of occupation in Germany, pleading for an asylum against forceable deportation into Soviet territories.

As you know, Ukraine had a population of approximately 45,000,000 inhabitants before the war. It was completely over-run by the Germans and millions of the Ukrainians were forceably evacuated into Germany as slave laborers.

It has been reported in the public press that President Roosevelt had entered into a secret agreement with Marshal Stalin at Yalta, under the terms of which all persons whom Russia claimed as Soviet citizens would be "repatriated." It so happens that there were approximately 8,000,000 Ukrainians who had never been subjects of the Soviet Union prior to Russia's occupation of Eastern Galicia and parts of Volynia, which were parts of pre-war Poland, and inhabitants of Northern Bukowina, which was part of Roumania, and Carpatho-Ukraine, which was part of the Czecho-Slovakia Republic. In addition there are thousands of refugees from the first world war scattered over various territories of Central and Western Europe.

We are reliably informed that the Soviet Government through its civil and military agents has been most aggressive in forcing and demanding the "return" of all Ukrainians into the Soviet Union. Among them are many thousands of political refugees, as well as ordinary victims of war, who were driven from one end of Europe to another by the fortunes of war. Many of them have personal and direct experience what it means to come under the jurisdiction of the Soviet Union; namely, stark political terror, imprisonment, and forced labor in remote regions of Siberia. These people were not collaborators of the Nazis, but were victims of ruthless aggression. Yet, many of them fear Soviet "repatriation" worse than they fear death itself.

Displaced persons of Polish descent,

Jewish groups and others, have been advised of their rights, and assistance and relief has been extended to them. Yet, millions of Ukrainians who have been noted through centuries for their love of freedom and readiness to oppose all forms of political tyranny appear to be at the mercy of the totalitarian policies of the Soviet Union.

It is inconceivable to us that the United States Senate can or would condone any secret agreement made at Yalta between the American President and Marshal Stalin whereby millions of innocent and helpless people would be condemned to slavery against their will and without an opportunity to express their wishes as to their ultimate national and political allegiance.

We believe that our Government should assure these unfortunates a temporary asylum so that they may have an opportunity to become useful citizens of some other European country or to emigrate to such North American or South American countries as it may be possible.

When one contemplates that millions of innocent people are being treated like cattle and driven from one corner of Europe to another under conditions which make the old buffalo hunts of the western prairies child's game, one begins to wonder whether the preamble to the Charter of the United Nations is just a hollow mockery. It was the United States States which insisted in placing justice and human rights in the World Charter for peace. We have accepted that Charter in its entirety, including that portion of the preamble which undertakes "to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of man and woman, and of nations large and small." If some of the signatories to the Atlantic Charter and the San Francisco Charter ignore fundamental human rights, that is no reason why the United States should follow suit.

Documents and letters will be furnished you on request in support of and to substantiate the factual basis for our plea for some effective intervention on a humanitarian basis.

Unless America makes her stand clear and firm as she did when this nation was founded, the future of mankind is not a happy one to contemplate. What Thomas Paine said about America in 1783, applies now more than ever: "Let but a nation conceive rightly of its character, and it will be chastely just in protecting it. None ever began with a fairer than America and none can be under a greater obligation to preserve it."

We know that you can help the cause of justice and humanity by taking up our appeal with appropriate Government agencies. We make this appeal as a segment of the American population who have a keen interest in seeing that we do not falter in carrying out the commitments which our country has undertaken under the Charter of the United Nations and

their folk songs, dancing their native dances to the tunes emitted from an accordion or a violin, and joyfully bantering about. The camps reveal a certain indescribable warmth and friendliness due to the joyous festivities. It truly takes courage to lighten one burden of fear and uncertainty through songs, dances, etc.

A tragic scene that one witnesses daily is the attempt to reunite families that were broken up during the course of the war. It is a very common sight to see a mother traveling from city to city in search of her young daughter or son taken as a slave laborer into Germany, or a husband searching for his wife, God knows where she might be. Or chil-

dren having survived their tenure of slave labor in Germany fearing to go back to their Sovietized homeland to rejoin their parents, that is if they are still alive.

Even Red Officers Fleeing

Every so often Ukrainians who had returned to the Soviet Union under the repatriation program manage to flee from the Soviet zone into the American zone. They tell of the separation of husband from wife, with the husband shipped with a group of men and the wife shipped with a group of women. They tell of the stamping out of individuals regarded as enemies of the union with the words "Vrag Dyerzhavy" (Enemy of

our War Aims.

Approved and authorized at a special meeting of the Ukrainian Federation of Michigan, a voluntary association of over forty organizations, held on September 15, 1945.

II

Text of Senator Ferguson's Reply

October 22, 1945.

Mr. Alexander Stack, President, Ukrainian Federation of Michigan, 1466 Burlingame Avenue, Detroit 6, Michigan.

Dear Mr. Stack:

I am enclosing a letter which I have received from Honorable James F. Byrnes, Secretary of State, with reference to the situation of Ukrainian refugees in the American Zone of Occupation in Germany.

At any time I can be of assistance, I trust you will feel free to write me.

With best personal regards, I am

Sincerely,

(Signed) HOMER FERGUSON

Bonds Help Him



TO GAIN HIS CHANCE.—This Coast Guardsman has received the best a grateful nation can bestow in the way of treatment and now is recuperating so he can be retrained to make his own way in life because war-bond dollars have been poured into his Government. The Victory Bond affords another chance to help rehabilitate such men as these. (U.S. Coast Guard Photo.)

Buy your Victory Bond today at the Times Square victory bond booth, and attend the outdoor Ukrainian Day Victory Bond Rally musical and dance program in Times Square between 5 and 7 P. M.

III

Text of Secretary Byrnes's Letter to Ferguson

October 15, 1945.

My dear Senator Ferguson:

I have received your letter of October 1, 1945 to which was attached a letter addressed to you by Mr. Alexander Stack, President of the Ukrainian Federation of Michigan, 1466 Burlingame Avenue, Detroit 6, Michigan, concerning the situation of Ukrainian refugees in the American Zone of Occupation in Germany. Mr. Stack's letter is herewith returned.

For your information and that of Mr. Stack it may be stated that so far as it is within the power of the United States Government no persons of Russian origin who are not Soviet citizens are being repatriated to the Soviet Union. In this connection I wish to point out that the terms of the agreement reached with the Soviet Government in February, 1945 at Yalta provided for mutual repatriation.

(Concluded on page 6)

are not alone in their suffering for the Lithuanians, Latvians, Estonians, Poles, Georgians, White Russians, Russians are in the, so to speak, "same boat."

In my opinion it is the duty of all the Ukrainian-American youth to become cognizant of the problems confronted by the Ukrainian displaced persons. It is not an impersonal matter either for these displaced persons are blood relatives of so many of us Ukrainian-Americans. It is the duty of our youth to answer all calls put forth to aid these unfortunate people.

JOHN KOLOTYLO
Buffalo, N. Y.

the Country). They tell of the shipment of these repatriates not to their village or city in Ukraine but to Siberia or northern Russia. Of late even highly decorated Red Army soldiers have been fleeing from their homeland. What a pity that these soldiers after having fought so magnificently, so bitterly should have to forsake the land they fought for. They certainly earned the essential freedoms of life with which we Americans are so fortunately blessed. How truly fortunate we American veterans of this war are.

The burden of the Ukrainian displaced persons is lightened to some extent in the realization that they

A CONVERSATION

By LESYA UKRAYINKA (*Larysa Kosach-Kvitya*)

Translated by PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Concluded)

(2)

SHE turned back to him and began to talk as though there had been no interruption.

"However it was, we separated. That is: I went away from him. I transferred to another company, worse, and on poorer conditions, in order to get out of that town and fly away to the world's end. Well, I travelled as far as Siberia in order to evade the temptation of returning to visit my 'unaffiliated lover'..."

"Unaffiliated? Maybe, unaccepted?"

"It's all the same. It was not a whim on my part, let me tell you. I feared for my art, for really, if he did not stand up against small family hardships, it would be done for. That's what I thought then, that it could only be ruined by such things, but it turned out... Ha, ha!..."

"Oh Lord, that laugh!"

The poet cracked his fingers.

She cried out: "Don't do that! I can't bear it!"

The poet folded his hands, but remarked: "See here, I mustn't do anything that annoys you, but you..."

"Of course! You are well, but I'm sick. Don't interrupt me or else I cannot talk... Well, I went to Siberia. I thought that, having made such a costly sacrifice to the god of art, I should become for ever his great priestess."

"And it was true!" interjected the poet warmly.

"No, it is not true. I know better. Not his priestess, but his slave I felt myself from that time on. It seemed to me that I was cumbered by fetters, I forgot that it was I myself who had forged them and I cursed some unknown evil spirit for it... Maybe there was really an evil spirit who had cloven my heart and soul in twain..."

"It is always the lot of artists and poets that they must water the path to immortality with their own blood!" said the poet somewhat pathetically.

The actress frowned and writhed.

"Pish, mere talk! However, I will not deny that it may be so for poets, you should know it better. I am not a poetess. As to artists, first of all: what is our immortality? So many words written down in the history of dramatic art? Whose heart will thrill reading those words, say: ten years hence?"

"Now, you are taking too short a view."

"It's all one. That's enough to measure such 'immortality.' No, no, no, we want to live and not to hope for immortality, it is only when alive that one feels one's self great and immortal. While I lived I was without a care, in harmony with myself and my art, I was happy and I really was worth something on the stage. Until I experienced my own great calamity, when grief took my soul captive to its very depths, I was able sincerely to 'live' my roles—you know that, my strong point was powerfully dramatic characters—for I had an inexhaustible fund of emotions which had not been expended on my own life. I knew only the grief which was portrayed in dramas and I believed it was like that too in real life. I vitalized that written grief on the stage and behind the scenes I rested from it and gathered new strength. I was once a very cheerful and 'splendid colleague'—did you know that?"

"No, I heard..."

"No matter. That's not the point. But... when I found out by myself through living experience what grief is, and what it costs to make sacrifices, all at once, somehow my roles lost all their significance. The slightest false note cut me, and for hours I tortured myself, seeking the 'natural' tone for those unreal banalities, with which the roles of my repertoire were filled (and these were

by no means the worst of dramas). I ceased to play 'the words,' I began to study the characters.

"But that is the highest stage of dramatic art!" exclaimed the poet, and was about to begin a long exposition of his assertion, but she stopped him with upraised hand.

"Maybe it is so. We're not talking about that. Had I advanced to that stage while I was still happy, it might have worked out to advantage both myself and to my art, but... it was merely one unceasing torment: I was always comparing the written grief to my own unwritten one, and the latter was my standard while studying. I recalled how people really weep from desperation, how they really talk when saying farewell, how they really lose their heads from grief, and it lacerated my heart and the roles seemed to be a caricature of myself and of my sufferings. Many a time I came out on the stage with despair in my heart and with the fear: How am I going to play this lying thing sincerely? Really, sometimes I shuddered. But 'study' saved me, and for a long time no one noticed anything. Only, you know, it was not as it once was, a mere pretending, but hypocrisy... After such exhibitions, I returned home shattered, fatigued, discouraged, no longer conscious for what and for whom I was sacrificing myself. Art appeared to me then as a soulless idol, painted with faded colors, and I began to hate it and nothing was more dreadful to me than that hatred—it was like an abyss into which I was rushing head first..."

Both sympathy and pity for her gleamed in the poet's eye, but he compelled himself to speak tranquilly:

"But not everything was false in those roles of yours. I know there were passages at least in them, sometimes the entire role, which were vividly drawn from reality. Didn't it seem so to you?"

"That made it still worse," she said, evading a direct reply, "when such passages occurred, then I did not act at all, neither playing 'the words,' nor doing it 'with my head,' but I publicly wept and swooned with longing, many a time forgetting the words of my part and the play and the audience itself. Really, there were times when I ought to have been chased off the stage with a broom for such exhibitions, but the critics and the public always forgave me on the grounds of hysteria. When, following after me, the feminine part of the audience writhed in hysterical attacks, it didn't seem to me a 'triumph,' but the Siberian plutocrats showered me with furs and jewels. For me such a 'triumph' did not end on the stage, but often I continued my 'acting' whole nights through at home until I was stunned by mortal fatigue or killing doses of narcotics. Oh, what nights they were! What nights they were!... Had it not been for those immense spaces, I certainly would have run back to him barefoot and cast myself before him, begging him to take and hide me from such 'art.' But the next day I was 'studying' again... And so passed several years..."

"Oh, I could stand a lot then, that is, it seemed to me that I could... Pride helped me a good deal. I didn't want to confess to myself that I had made a mistake and that I was undone."

The poet's face again took on a malevolent expression, he felt it and endeavored to restrain it but could not, and so began to speak in a purposely indifferent tone:

"I don't quite understand it. You reproved me for not thinking about you and yet I could not have aban-

doned you for pride like that as you abandoned yourself... Did it never occur to you that it was your own fault for giving way to such torments? No, you are just pitiless."

She looked at him sidelong and her voice vibrated with irony: "And you are so incredibly compassionate! How then to defend the cause of my—What shall I say?—Well it doesn't matter... Only, you see, I must say in my own defence that I did not know that anyone else suffered as I did, for no one wrote to me about it... Really, I had asked him not to write to me..."

"The poet was ready to burst out with an exclamation, but he restrained himself and even contemptuously pursed his lips.

"Yes, I asked him, but he ought not to have listened to my request, if... Maybe you'll say that was a woman's logic?"

"I won't say anything," replied the poet sullenly and began again to rifle through the pages of his manuscript.

She thought a moment, then spoke simply, without irony, without irritation, in a frank and friendly tone:

"You know, we'd better drop this conversation. It's clear that my story is upsetting you."

"No, no," he dissented, frowning with pain. "If you possibly can, finish it. Tell me everything right to the end. Otherwise it will make me suffer too much. And pay no attention to my behavior... Maybe I have spoken unjustly and unkindly... but I... you'll understand... a sort of inner conflict, or even more... It's very hard to... and anyone in my place... No, I can't tell you..."

She summoned up her strength and with a slight groan of pain, lifted herself up to reach for his hand with her own. She stroked his hand and lay back again with another slight groan.

"No, I am more to blame... But then, no one is to blame. Who knows whether it is harder to listen than to tell... But having once begun—not to listen or not to tell, it would be still harder. Only I will be brief—and without any lyricism... Good?"

"As you will," said the poet, immediately softening.

"But first give me the medicine and put something under my head, I seem to have slumped down. Yes... Thank you—Now, you see, I did not hold out to the end. Maybe with time I might have become tranquilized, maybe I was beginning to forget (in our day, somehow we don't quite believe in undying love), had it not been for those roles with their lies and their truth, which kept on re-infecting my wound. Well, in brief, at last I just had to return to that town. But he was already married..."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the poet, "He could forget you?"

She smiled sadly.

"Who knows. Maybe he had not forgotten me after all."

"Yet, how..."

"Pish, don't pretend to be naive! Men are in the habit of having, besides the "great, fateful love," as you called it, a dozen, if not more, of other smaller, unfateful loves."

"I think that sometimes happens with women, too."

She nonchalantly turned her eyes away from him:

"As you will..."

"Did you see his wife?" asked the poet somewhat enigmatically.

"Why not? I was in their home!"

"You were in their home?"

"It seems strange to you? Well, strange or not, I was there in their home. The first evening I saw him in the theatre with a woman. I knew at once that it was his wife, she sat beside him and one could guess right away that she had come to the theatre on a pass, she was poorly clad for the first rows of the orchestra... And then there is something peculiar in the behavior of a married couple each to the other—always noticeable. During the first intermission I had him called back of the stage and asked to be introduced to his wife.

He couldn't find any pretext to refuse. It was in public. None of my colleagues suspected anything for they knew nothing. And we were introduced."

"What was she like?" the poet was unable to conceal his curiosity.

"Like? Different from me, quite different. Does that satisfy you?"

"But what sort of person was she?" the poet repeated his question, a little abashed.

"She had been an office employee on the newspaper where he worked, but now she was the 'wife of her husband,' or, dear me! a 'married woman.' What else could she be?"

"Well, she still might have been employed?"

"She now had a different employment," said the actress with a short laugh, almost like a cough. "When I visited them she was just giving the baby a bath and two other small children were under her feet, squabbling and fighting and driving her to desperation. I swiftly perceived that I had come at a very inopportune time, just as she was putting the children to bed and her husband ought to have been helping her because the wife and the servant-girl were having quite a trouble with the bathing. He tried to pretend to me that this did not bother him, nay, even amused him, but he, poor fellow, surely would have made a miserable actor! I noticed that he wiped his brow a couple of times. All they had was two small rooms and the older children slept in the one where I was sitting. It did occur to me that I ought to go home, but I didn't."

"Why?"

Again she began to laugh.

"Why that 'Why?' I had come as a guest, I had been invited to 'come and spend the evening," so I stayed and sat, the entire evening I sat."

His face took on a very harsh expression as she said this. Once again a disagreeable something stirred in the poet's heart regarding her.

"But they certainly only asked you out of politeness, for you said yourself you came at a very inopportune moment."

"And how did that concern me?"

I wanted and had the right to see how my ex-lover and his wife lived. As I myself might have lived, if... Well, I saw. The children wouldn't go to sleep for a long time and there was trouble before they had drunk their milk and so on. In addition, the baby was a bit sick and it had to be walked up and down in the mother's arms before it fell asleep. After the children had gone off, they put a screen around them and we sat down at table to drink tea. But before the tea was ready, the servant-girl had to call her mistress several times into the tiny kitchen, through which I had passed because it was the only entrance into their apartment. Then she called her husband out and they whispered together quite a little time. Then the servant ran out somewhere a couple of times, again called her master and mistress out and once more there were mysterious deliberations. Then the mistress was away for quite a long time in the kitchen (I suspected that she was cook as well as nursemaid and that the servant, a child of about twelve, was merely an errand-girl). Meanwhile, the master entertained me, or rather, I entertained him."

"What did you talk about?" asked the poet dully.

She looked at him mockingly.

"About all sorts of cheerful things."

"Cheerful?"

"What did you think? That, in the wife's absence, we tried to 'renew old memories,' or that I, 'weeping, fell into his embrace,' or that he, 'urged on by demonic powers, abandoned all and followed me like a faithful dog?' Alas, dear heart! you only find such things in plays. No, that evening I played quite a different role. I told him about 'jolly rides in troikas,' about the plutocrat Siberians, about corsages with hundred ruble notes

THE UKRAINIAN LANGUAGE

(From lectures delivered by Prof. Ivan Ohienko at the Ukrainian National University in 1918, translated by Stephen Davidovich)

(Continued)

(2)

Gradual Acknowledgement of its Independent Character

IN 1815 the well known Polish scholar, Bandtke, wrote "The Little Russian language, whose centre is Kiev, does not give way to the Great Russian from the point of view of antiquity and therefore cannot be considered as the dialect of the latter. And, although the Germans believe that the Little Russian speech is nothing other than Russian spoiled by Polish influences, the little Russian language is older than many others because Kiev was already a great city when Moscow did not as yet exist, and the Slavonic Poliany tribe already spoke that Slavonic language (Ukrainian) before the coming of the Ruriks. It is to be hoped that the Little Russian language will take its place among the other Slavonic languages."⁷

O. Levshin prophesied in 1816 that "if the leaders of Ukraine will devote enough attention to their language from the point of view of rules of grammar, then, thanks to their great past in the field of learning, the Little Russians will be able to stand among the most enlightened people of Europe."⁸

Concerning the Ukrainian language the famous historian Bantish-Kamensky wrote in 1830: "Those who think that the language used by the Little Russians is connected with the Polish language in point of origin are mistaken. The great distances which separated the Kievans from the people of Novgorod and from other Slavonic tribes, fashioned the language in antiquity and a disinterested philologist will see these differences both in words and in sentence structure in such early literature as the Historical Chronicles, and the Song

⁷ Some comments upon the Czech, Polish and Modern Russian languages. The European Herald, 1815. No. 84. pp. 23-35. 118-124.

⁸ Letters from Little Russia. Kharkiv 1816.

of Ihor, both of which are Kievan relics of the 11th and 12th centuries. The Little Russian language shows many Slavonic words for which it is useless to search in the modern Russian language."⁹ This was the opinion of an outstanding historian as early as 1830.

Prof. Sreznevsky who later became a member of the Academy wrote in 1834: "It is no longer necessary to prove that the Ukrainian language, or as some would have it the Little Russian language, is an independent language and not a dialect of Russian or Polish or that it is one of the richest Slavonic languages giving precedence only to Czech in the number of words and expressions, to Polish in the sum total of written material and to Serbian in pleasantness of sound, or that this language approaches the most developed languages in flexibility, synthetic richness, and poetic and musical qualities. The language used by Khmelnytsky, Pushkar, Doroshenko, Paliy, Kochubey, Apostol is the last analysis capable to pass on to posterity the glory of those great men of Ukraine."¹⁰

We see, therefore, that even in the beginning of the 19th century there were some Russian scientists who understood the relative position of the Ukrainian language. But it was only during the second half of the 19th century that the majority of the philologists came to an agreement about the separate status of the Ukrainian language.

Here are some of the opinions expressed by linguists in the second half of the century. A. Schleicher wrote: "The Little Russian language cannot be studied as a dialect of the Russian but only as a separate language which is related to the Rus-

⁹ History of Little Russia. 4th ed. Kiev, 1903. p. 480.

¹⁰ A Reflection upon the land marks of Ukrainian popular literature. 'Scientific Records of Moscow University' 1834. Book VI, pp. 134-150.

in them, given to me because I had learned to sing Gypsy romances and to dance on tables. And when the mistress entered with a platter of 'varenyky' and the servant-girl finally brought in the samovar, rolls and the traditional 'tea sausage,' I was just describing the 'Lucullan banquet' in Irkutsk the night of my benefit performance. Having poured the tea, the mistress took out sewing—a child's garment—and one could see that it was really badly-needed work. I paid her a compliment on her skill and she replied that she did all the sewing for herself and the children. It seemed to me that some of the work on her husband's garments was her's too. I promised to bring her a pattern of the latest style such as I was wearing. The poor thing was obliged to thank me for it, Ha, ha! Her elbows were torn, maybe she never had the time to patch them."

"I never thought you could be so unkind," said the poet with a quiver in his voice.

"And I never thought you could be so sentimental. After all, it becomes you, you are a poet and a lyrical one to boot. But what am I! Merely an actress! All the same, I gave quite a gifted performance that evening, only it was for the last time..."

* The poet opened his eyes wide at this but said nothing.

"Then the conversation turned to literature (you see how well I have remembered the evening's program) and it appeared that they read nothing at all, he because wrote too much and she—'Well, where should she get time to read!' He did however know about the new plays, because, 'on account of long service,'

he had a standing pass to the theatre, but she knew little, for she only went occasionally when there was perhaps an extra pass. However, we we did talk about the new plays and mostly about my own roles. I assured them that nothing was more satisfying to a person than a career on the stage."

The poet looked at her sadly.

"And was that sincere?"

"I did not expect that it would be necessary to point out to you the dot on every i! Sincere? Insincere? I don't like such questions! How do I know? Maybe both together!"

"I thought that then, at that time, you really could have said it sincerely. You were once terrified by the prospect of hardships and here you saw them close at hand..."

Impatiently she broke in upon him:

"What then did that change anything? Well, hardships, real hardships, still worse, maybe, than I had once imagined... But perhaps you think that the 'divine spark' was quite extinguished in his eyes? That his voice had entirely altered? Oh, no! He had merely begun to write still worse... And I well realized that it would be possible to kindle that spark in him, but not in such an environment... and that otherwise it never would be and could not be. His home could not be otherwise, you understand? Whoever had been his wife her fate would have been the same, you understand?" She raised herself up, this time without a groan, and tremblingly squeezed his hand.

He cautiously pushed her back on the pillows again and said (he himself knew not why):

"But people sometimes find love and happiness outside the home and not with their lawful spouses."

What, No Team This Year?

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

There will be no selection of a "Ukrainian All-American College Football Team" this year! The writer of this column, who has compiled names of Ukrainians playing collegiate football and assembled the best players into formidable teams for the past ten years, readers will recall, announced his "retirement" last January. It was also then suggested that some sport-minded and younger individual assume this annual responsibility.

To date no one has expressed an

sian in the same way as it is related to all the other Slavonic languages." The great Czech scholar P. Shafaric wrote: "In the case of Southern Russian speech we have to deal with an independent language of the same order as any of the other Slavonic languages." F. Mikloshich was even more definite: "The Little Russian language must be viewed and studied as an independent language and not as a dialect of the Great Russian." Prof. P. Lavrovsky wrote in much the same way: "The peculiarities of the Little Russian language undoubtedly give it the same independent status as is enjoyed by all the other Slavonic languages." The well known Academician F. Korsh wrote: "The language of Little Russia may perhaps be considered a dialect but only in relation to the pre-historic language which was used by the Slavs of Rus' before their definite division into three different nationalities. In relation to that prehistoric language Great Russian too is a dialect. In relation to the latter (Great Russian), the Little Russian language is a language. As such, it has its own dialects wholly independent of those of the Great Russian language."

Thus slowly the view gained ground that the Ukrainian language is not a dialect of Russian or Polish.

(To be concluded)

interest in perpetuating the custom and so it looks like no All-Ukrainian line-up will be compiled for the first time since 1935. If, however, some one now wants the job but doesn't know exactly how to go about in getting the essential details about the players and determining whether or not they are of Ukrainian descent, the writer shall gladly explain the "how" of it all. Write to 998 North 7th Street, Philadelphia 23, Pa.

Selection of an All-Ukrainian team this year should not be too hard if we take Columbia University as an example. In Columbia's starting line-up we find such names as Kondratovich at right half, Ladyko at left end, Karas at left tackle, Holdak at right guard, Sniadack at center and a Norkladyko at left, half all of whom are in all probability Ukrainians.

With Columbia as a starter, we can be encouraged by such other Ukrainian-sounding names in other schools, for example: Pasternack of Rutgers at left end, Barbas of Michigan State at left end, George Savitsky of Penn left tackle, Wozniak of Alabama at left guard, Chonko of Alabama at right guard, Oleksa of Indiana at center, Tereshinsky of Georgia at right end, Schumchyk of Arkansas at right end, Souchek of Cornell at left half, Senko of Rutgers at right half, Dworsky of Michigan at full back and Lysohir of Indiana at full back. Most of the players listed above the writer knows as being definitely Ukrainian. Others have to be confirmed. But with such an impressive numerical starter of six backs and twelve line-men the successor can be assured of having a full team in his initial attempt. And if we review the teams these players represent—well, what are you waiting for?

PHILLY OPENS EIGHTH COURT SEASON WITH THRILLING 29-28 WIN

Before a nice opening day crowd at Ukrainian Hall on November first, the Philadelphia U.N.A. basketball team started their eight consecutive season with a 29-28 victory over the Naval Induction Unit of West Philadelphia.

"It's not worth while talking about that," she said, calmly, "not with him, he wasn't that sort..."

"And how did he behave to his wife?"

"Very well, it seemed. However, somehow, they appeared as though they felt a sense of guilt each toward the other. But all this is stupid..."

She turned her head to one side as though it fell by itself, inert and powerless.

"Well, I played out the role."

"What role? asked the poet in alarm, for it seemed to him that she was losing consciousness.

"What role? Why, the farewell to an 'unaffianced lover.' And then I went home and somehow, I no longer thought or felt a thing, just as though I was no more in this world. At first I felt something like repentance, now pride, now hope, and finally, nothing at all. The day after, I had to play on the stage, something melodramatic. Oh, what a torture it was! Completely dead, I had to pretend an imitation of a living creature. But here 'study' did not help, I no longer felt falsity or truth, I was burnt out, dead while still living. Finally it was remarked. I collapsed. Then I fell sick. But you know all this."

"And you never saw him again?"

"No, what for? It made no difference. I went away then... not purposely, for nothing mattered any more... The company left and I went with it..."

She stopped and seemed to doze; the rays of the setting sun fell on her closed eyes, she paid no heed.

The poet sat quietly and held his breath so as not to disturb the silence. The sunlight quivered on the wall in

tiny patches, then faded out... The actress slowly opened her eyes...

"How could you love a dead thing like me?"

"I loved you long ago, in Kharkiv." "Yes, that's so... I was travelling to Siberia... then I was still alive... It is not good for me to detain you here at my side?" she asked somewhat gravely, urgently.

"You don't detain me," said the poet bowing.

"Yes, you said... I am your fate. I believe it. Maybe it does happen. At least as long as I'm alive. But I shall soon die and you'll be free."

"When I die too!"

Her lips moved with difficulty.

"It becomes a poet to say that..."

"You think that I..."

"No, I didn't think, I think nothing. But: suppose he died then, long ago, I might have been free and should not have become burnt out... However, I don't know... Enough of this... Read me something."

"What shall it be?"

"Something of your own, of your own, of course."

The poet looked through his manuscript irresolutely without speaking.

"Finish that which you began."

"That?"

"Why not? It will do me good. Read. Start from the beginning or from where I interrupted you."

The poet smoothed his thick curls and began:

"Love is great and fateful, like a simoon..."

The poet went on, pouring out his comparisons, the actress lay still and slowly wound a tress of her dark, cloudy hair round a thin, pale finger, winding it and then unwinding it over and over again...

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BYRNE'S LETTER

(Concluded from page 3)

triation of all Soviet citizens liberated by the American armed forces and of American citizens liberated by the Soviet armed forces. Under the terms of this agreement only Soviet citizens are repatriated to the Soviet Union. As far as is known, all American citizens liberated by the Soviet armed forces have been repatriated to United States, and it is understood that over two million Soviet citizens

have been repatriated to date under the agreement. The situation of those who remain is receiving every appropriate consideration with a view to avoiding undue hardship to the persons concerned.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) JAMES F. BYRNES.

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Funny Side Up

"CRIME DOES NOT PAY"

Butch has just been slapped into a narrow cell that already housed five other inmates, and the only bit of furniture in the cell was an ancient mattress that looked ready to walk away. He grabbed the cell door, grumbling bitterly and cursing the world in general. He had just been sentenced by the judge to life imprisonment. "What a sap I've been," he moaned. "What a sucker!"

A cellmate, having nothing better to do at the moment, looked up. "You mean to say you regret killing them three innocent people?"

Butch glared at the other man. "It ain't that" he growled. "I'm mad at meself for losin' me head when the judge sentences me to 230 years for the triple killin'. I went off me nut and started to swear at the judge."

The other convict's eyes popped. "230 years in jail!" he echoed. "Then what difference does it make what you called the judge?"

Butch began to curse again. "It makes plenty of difference," he howled. "The judge got so angry that he added another 10 years for contempt of court!"

The cellmate shook his head doubtfully. "Well," he said, "I dunno about that. You shot three guys didn't you?"

"Yeah," replied Butch impatiently. "Sure."

"And," his cellmate went on, "and they all died, didn't they?"

Butch nodded. "Dat's right," he said plaintively. "But is dat any reason why dat punk judge should try to make a mountain out of a molehill?"

His cellmate sympathized. "But, after all, you gotta look on the bright side of things. Maybe you won't have to do life anyhow. Maybe the parole

board will spring you some day. Now take Spike here," and he pointed at a tough looking mug. "he got a rotten deal. Only last month when he got a parole, he went out to a tavern to celebrate. He's havin' a drink and minding his own business, when a drunk comes in and picks a fight wit' him. Along come the cops and nabs him... and here he is back in jail again."

"Yeah," interrupted another cellmate. "Whatta you complainin' for. At least you got a legitimate excuse for being here, but what about me? I finish a 15 year stretch and they let me out on parole. I'm afraid to do anything; scared stiff that somethin' will happen to send me back to jail. I wanna go straight. So, I sit home all day, playin' solitaire, just to keep out of trouble."

"I don't get it," Butch said. "You play solitaire all day to keep out of trouble and yet they slap you back in jail for breaking parole. How come?"

The convict grabbed the iron bars and squeezed until his knuckles showed white. "It's me own fault for leavin' the window shades up," he gritted. "A copper peeks in the window one evening and catches me cheatin' at solitaire!"

As the evening drew on, Butch became acquainted with his cellmates. Cellmate No. 1 blamed his downfall partly on wine, women and song, but mostly on the bank examiners! "They wouldn't have proven a thing," he said, "but my partner left me holding the bag! But I don't feel so bad," and he pointed to an old-timer. "Showboat has been back and forth here for the past 20 years. We call him Showboat because he's been up the river so much!"

BROMO SELTZER.

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