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Congress Committee Congratulates Mrs. Roosevelt

The Ukrainian Congress Committee of America dispatched to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt last Friday, January 31, its "sincerest congratulations upon your election to the office of Chairman of the United Nations Human Rights Committee.

"If anyone is deserving of the honor of heading as humanitarian a body in the progress of civilization as the U.N. Human Rights Committee, is certainly is you, one who has been the outstanding champion in modern times of the homeless, the underprivileged and the oppressed.

"May the good Lord keep you in all your charity, character and strength for the benefit of mankind.

"And when you struggle with the myriad of problems that now face you in your new capacity, may you find the time and energy to concentrate also on the problem of the un-

fortunate Ukrainian people, bereft of human rights in both their native but foreign-ruled land Ukraine and in the displaced persons camps and elsewhere in Europe outside Ukraine borders.

"By way of addendum, and as you may recall, memorandums in this matter were personally presented to you by a joint Ukrainian American Canadian delegation at Hotel Pennsylvania on the 14th of November last.

"Like memorandums were similarly delivered to other members of the American delegation at the U.N. conference, including Senator Vandenberg, chief State Department adviser on DPs, Warren, and Mr. Stinebower, alternate for Mr. Winnant."

The letter was signed by Stephen Shumeyko, president.

More Beautiful Than in Capri

"The birds of Ukraine are truly beautiful," many a Ukrainian immigrant has exclaimed to his American born children. Especially does he like to describe, in well nigh lyrical terms, the singing at the break of dawn of the "zhayvoronok," which hovering high above the cultivated fields of Ukraine welcomes with a very lilting song the Ukrainian farmers trudging to their daily back-breaking work.

"The birds of Ukraine are truly beautiful."

That is the conclusion reached also by a non-Ukrainian, an Italian, Curzio Malaparte, writing in his recently published book, "Kaputt." The author served as an Italian officer with the Nazis during their invasion of Soviet Russia and Ukraine. In it he portrays the moral and physical disintegration of modern Europe, and illuminates all phases of life in a decadent society under the impact of Nazi domination. The book has been translated from Italian, and is published by Dutton.

The book was begun while Malaparte was in Ukraine in 1941. In the course of his narrative, he describes his conversation with another character, Axel Munthe. Malaparte is attempting to describe to the latter the beauty of the birds of Ukraine he saw there during the war.

"More beautiful than those of Capri?" asked Munthe in an irritable voice.

"More beautiful and happier," Malaparte replied. "There are countless families of the most beautiful birds in the Ukraine. They fly about in thousands, twittering among the acacia leaves. They rest on the silvery branches of birches, on the

ears of wheat, on the golden petals of sunflowers in order to peck the seeds out of the large black centers. They can be heard singing ceaselessly through the rumble of guns, the rattling of machine guns, through the deep hum of aircraft over the vast Ukrainian plain. They rest on the shoulders of men, on saddles, on the manes of horses, on gun carriages, on rifle barrels, on the Panzers' conning towers, on the boots of the dead. They are not afraid of the dead.

"They are smart, alert, merry birds, some gray, others green; still others red and some yellow. Some are only red, or blue in their chests, some only on their necks, some on their tails. Some are white with a blue throat; and I have seen some that are very tiny and proud, all white, spotlessly white. At dawn they begin to sing sweetly in the cornfield, and the Germans raise their heads from gloomy slumber to listen to their happy song. They fly in thousands over the battlefields on the Dniester, the Dnieper, the Don. They twitter away free and merry, and they are not afraid of the war. They are not afraid of Hitler, the SS, or the Gestapo. They do not linger on branches to look down on the slaughter, but they float in the blue singing. They follow from above the armies marching across the limitless plain. The birds of the Ukraine are truly beautiful!"

In Hollywood

There are well over a half a dozen persons of Ukrainian descent in Hollywood who occupy important posts in the movie industry.

Among the actors are John Hodiak, formerly of Detroit, who is connected

LIBERATION MOVEMENT

The phrase "Ukrainian cause" or the "Ukrainian national movement" has been drummed into the ears of our young people so much since their very childhood days, that it is only natural that for some of them there is attached a certain unreality about it all.

This combined with the fact that the non-Ukrainian press rarely has anything to say about the existence of the efforts of the Ukrainian people to free themselves of foreign rule, sometimes makes our average young Ukrainian American doubt whether such a liberation movement exists. At least that is the impression this writer has received in the course of his conversations with some of our young people.

The stark fact remains, however, that the movement to liberate Ukraine has been in existence for cen-

turies. Even a casual study of East European history—not to mention Ukrainian history alone—will disclose this fact. As for the non-Ukrainian press, it should be borne in mind that although it does not report or comment upon this liberation movement often, yet what it does publish about it more than confirms its existence.

And then the actions of the Red rulers themselves. Surely, if there were no such movement, the Soviets would not denounce it at every step, and take extremely cruel measures to suppress it.

Yes, the Ukrainian independence movement is a reality.

The best proof of its existence are those hundreds of thousands patriots actively engaged today in underground action against the Red tyrants who enslave Ukraine.

Slave Camps in Russia

The notorious Nazi slave labor camps have left in the nostrils of humanity a stench so horrible that it seems hardly possible that it will ever be forgotten.

Today Nazi Germany is no longer in existence. It was wiped out by the Allies, by United States, England, and by the peoples of the Kremlin regimented USSR.

Still slave camps flourish today, in greater numbers and in more brutal viciousness towards their unfortunate inmates than was ever the case under the Nazis.

We have in mind here the Soviet slave labor camps.

Anyone in his right senses has known of their existence since the Reds came into power in the early 1920's.

However, it is fashionable nowadays to overlook such things. After all, the Kremlin autocrats were our allies during the war—per force of circumstances.

And yet those slave camps still exist and flourish today, violating the human body and degrading the human spirit—even more so than the bestial Nazis were ever capable of doing.

with the MGM Studios.

Another one is the inimitable Mike Mazurki, a character actor, who works with all and any studios.

In the field of directing is that ace, Director Edward Dmytryk of the RKO studios.

Lizabeth Scott is reputed to be of Ukrainian origin.

Among the animated cartoonists are E. Paliwoda of Cleveland, connected with Disney's Studio, and W. Tytla, director, now with the Paramount.

Dr. H. S. Skehar is a technician in the color films.

Just recently, for example, Lithuanian sources reported some data on "Slave Camps in Russia."

The road of a patriot under Soviet rule toward a slave camp is euphemistically called—deportation.

According to our source, deportations have become a routine matter. The victims, pro-free Ukrainians or Lithuanians (anti-totalitarians) are first arrested, and members of the families are separated. Parties of prisoners from smaller detention places are then transferred to the large prisons...

Every victim is at first "questioned" by the Reds. The length of "questioning" and torturing depends on the charges selected by the MVD (former NKVD) and MGB (former NKGB), and the suspect's possible or potential importance in the resistance movement.

("Why didn't you, dirty so and so, select workers as your parents?"—the pistol butt strikes the face; "You know, you so and so, that you could have"—the pistol butt again...) The most refined torturing methods are applied to persons suspected of collaboration with the democratic clandestine press and, in general, to persons suspected of non-communist political activities. Practically no guerrillas are ever taken alive—they either die in battle or, in an extremity blow themselves up with hand grenades.

As a rule, prisoners are not kept in the prisons for more than six months. Women and weaker men are exiled to Kazakhstan. The overcrowding of prisons and dietary conditions are considerably worse than during the first Russian and the Nazi occupations. Relatives are permitted to deliver food and tobacco packages to prison offices only once weekly,

Are We A Really Useless People?

An appeal to Allow DPs Emigrate to America, written recently by ZENON PELENSKY, Himself a DP, and Editor of the "Ukrainska Tribuna," Published in Munich, Germany, American Occupation Zone. Translated from the Ukrainian.

AT the harbor entrance to New York there stands the Statue of Liberty holding aloft the torch of light, life and freedom. At its base there are inscribed these words:—

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming
shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest
tost, to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden
door."

These words were set down at this gateway to America back in 1880. For many years before and similarly after that year masses of emigrants from various countries entered the U.S.A., and contributed to it that which it needed most: vital strength, wise heads, and countless hands for labor. Between 1880-1900 the emigratory waves cast on the American shores close to one million persons every year. In those days they were a very much needed element in American life.

No "Screening" Then

All these "homeless and storm-tossed," these DPs (displaced persons) of the second half of the nineteenth century, did not only settle a great continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but more important, they transformed a well-nigh barren land into the most powerful and richest countries in the world. And in those days, when these people were needed, nobody asked them who they were, what they were, and where from. Nor were they given questionnaires, containing 136 questions. In the American vernacular there was no such word then as "screening." America was then a truly free country. Is it such today?

In its turbulent wake World War II left about 850,000 displaced and homeless people scattered throughout central and western Europe. The typical DP today is distinguishable from other mortals by the fact that he receives (if he actually does) a pittance of 2,000 to 2,200 calories of food daily, and yet at the same time he is deprived of all that constitutes the worth and dignity of man. He is confined for example, within a camp at the gate of which stands the symbol of the bureaucratic attitude toward these people—a policeman. Although the DP is innocent of any criminal or political crime, still he has been deprived of the right of freedom of action, the right to organize, to set himself up in business, to publish newspapers, or to freely express his views and convictions. On the contrary, he is constantly abused, controlled, censored, "screened," forced to expose his innermost thoughts, ordered to explain or excuse himself for the slightest acts.

Never is there the slightest con-

cern manifested about his ideas on his status, or his feelings, or their wants; he and others like him are merely pawns to be shoved around. The result is that a DP is one who has lost a most important human quality: self-jurisdiction and individualism.

These 850,000 living human beings are swept hither and thither by the windmill of beauraucracy, which revolves itself around the idea that outside the 2,000 calories furnished him, the DP requires naught else. And, mind you, all this is happening in the era of the victory of democracy.

All the DPs are considered "unnecessary." Their existence is glossed over as one of "the tragedies of war," and what to do with this "unnecessary mass" is considered a burdensome question.

More Than Enough Room in America

Is it really possible that no room can be found in the New World for these 850,000 persons, among whom are 300,000 Ukrainians? We think that there certainly is more than enough room for them there. The barrier to their resettlement, however, is not the lack of land or work for them. The real barrier are certain categorical political and social concepts, narrow nationalistic egotisms, race discrimination, and, what is worse, a gradual but certain totalitarianisation of every country, even of those which consider themselves as being democracies. The manner in which the sprawling apparatus established to aid the DPs conducts itself, leads us to the inescapable conclusion that that bureaucratic machine exists not for the benefit of the DPs, but, on the contrary, the DPs exist for its benefit.

We have already written before on this matter and we desire to reiterate that to solve the seemingly "complex" DP issue, nothing else is needed other than to give them land and work. In the past millions of people were resettled without the help of any UNRRA, camps, without "screenings," without the "aid" of governmental bureaucracy. As one its results, America grew and prospered. And yet even today North and South America are but half-populated. Both could easily accommodate not 850,000 but 8,500,000 settlers. Canada, for instance, with its present population of about twelve million, could easily find room and afford a high standard of living for a 70 to 80 million population. And by way of another example, the U.S.A. has a 145 million populace, but certainly it could easily accommodate a 400 million populace. And the population of Argentine. It amounts to about 15 million. At present Argentine is drawing up long range plans which will result in an

influx into that country during the next 60 years of about 105 million more. In a word—there is plenty of room practically everywhere. Nonetheless the "golden gates" to America, by way of the Statue of Liberty, actually are like the proverbial needle's head, through which a camel can sooner squeeze in than a DP.

We hear a great deal nowadays about the "one world," that the modern world is actually small, and that the peoples of it, bordering so closely upon one another must get accustomed to one another, and that in the interests of unity the nations must surrender some of their hitherto jealously held traditional concepts of what they consider to be their national sovereignty. Despite this, in the practical sense there exists today an unprecedented territorial and nationalistic integralism. The "Iron Curtain" which divides the Bolshevik East from the democratic West is not the only one in existence. There are others, notably the one which separates the DPs from the American continent.

The "Iron Curtain" Between the DPs and America

That "iron curtain" are the existing American immigration laws. In accordance with them, some 153,774 emigrants are admitted annually. But these laws are long outdated. Moreover, in an era when theories of racial supremacy are being vigorously attacked, they are based on the very self-same theories.

The well known American weekly Life magazine itself has recognized this fact. In its September 23, 1946 number, under the heading of "Send Them Over Here," Life stresses that the American immigration laws are among the most discriminatory in the world, regulated by racial theories. It says American immigration laws devalue the immigration quota among 67 countries, in proportion to their number in U. S. A. in 1890... the discrimination is in favor of the so-called 'nordic peoples,' most of whom no longer desire to emigrate here. They are directed against the Italians and Balkan peoples, who desire to emigrate. This law of our has been amended several times; today it is based on the 1920 census. But its basic principle or racial discrimination remains in force. For example the quota for United Kingdom amounts to 65,721 annually, and it is never filled. The Greek quota, on the other hand, which could be filled tenfold, is indeed pathetic—307 persons."

Small as this quota is in comparison with the actual capacity of America to receive an influx of emigrants, yet even this tiny hole in the Iron Curtain before America in practice turns out to be virtually blocked.

Last December President Truman expressed his sympathy for the DPs and declared that America should allow more of them enter it, and thereby set an example for other countries.

The yearly quota for persons born in Germany, the Balkans, and Eastern Europe amounts to 39,000. According to President Truman, German nationals are to be excluded until the final peace treaties with Germany have been drafted and accepted. Their place in the quota would be filled by inmates of the DP camps in Germany. From this one would assume that by

Language

Last Monday the Svoboda received the following postcard from a Lydia M. Shelley, of the Indiana University Library:

"Would you please send me one issue of your paper. I would like to study your language. Thank you."

If a Shelley interests herself in the Ukrainian language, why don't more of our young Makarenkos or Terchenkos, etc., do likewise?

the close of 1946 the DP camps would have been emptied out by at least 39,000 persons. Yet by the end of November a bare 3,000 crossed the Atlantic to America. The American press reports that the most that could possibly reach America before the end of the year would be four to five thousand more. The American immigration laws provide that the balances of unfilled quotas for any one particular year cannot be transferred over to the following year; they are simply annulled. Thus the 30,000 who would have entered on the 1946 quota, can no longer now, thereby losing for themselves the chance of ridding themselves of the shameful DP brand and assuming their rightful place in society.

Out of this situation rises this prevalent negative, morally inhuman attitude of countries abroad toward the DPs. Why are they prevented from entering America? One hears the argument that coming from a lower economic level these "masses" will automatically lower wages. Yet both the CIO and the AFL have declared themselves in favor of allowing the DPs enter the country. It is surprising to note, in this connection, that among those opposing emigration of DPs to America are veterans organizations, composed of those who had seen with their own eyes the ruins of Europe and the misery of our DP existence.

"Poor Relations"

Perhaps the secret of the entire matter lies in this our very misery. We are those impoverished "poor relations" whom even our well-off relatives in America feel embarrassed about. But we do not forget, and neither should they, that about 30, 40 or 50 years ago most of them, too, were impoverished and homeless, just as we are today. The mothers and grandmothers of these proud and well-fed GIs we see all about us dashing around in their jeeps, are those very same be-shawled "aunts" who made rough crossings across the "big water" in journeys that lasted 6, 8 to 10 weeks. And certainly we do not expect any more today of America than they did then. We do not want charity, thrown to us condescendingly, from heavily laden tables, in form of some 2,000 calories. All that we want is an opportunity to — work.

How the problem of the DPs will eventually resolve itself, is something difficult to foresee now. No matter how it ends, however, the manner in attacking it will be the test of fire for general adherence to the principles of humaneness, justice, social responsibility, and most of all — democracy.

It is not what one proclaims or promises (mainly for propaganda purposes), but what one actually does that counts. No matter how badly off, hungry, miserable the DP camps are, the solution of the problem of the resettlement of those compelled to dwell in them is not in their power. It is in the hands of those who are in charge of them.

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The Ukrainian Choir

It was several days after the Ukrainian Christmas when I accidentally met an old friend. There was a quick "hello" from each one of us, then, with a gleam in his eye, he shouted:

"Did you hear it last night?"

"Hear what?"

"Mr. Onufryk's choir on the radio?"

"Yes, very nice, wasn't it?"

"Nice? It was beautiful! Superb! Delightful!"

I agreed, and left him raving. It would make no difference to him whose choir was on the radio, as long as they sang the Ukrainian songs. In the days of his youth he sang with a church choir. Now, having made his home in another state, he felt himself exiled to "the sticks". The "sticks" was not a one-horse town, but a good-sized city with several hundred Ukrainian inhabitants. To him, however, it was "the sticks" and sometimes "the jungle," because the city did not boast of a Ukrainian choir.

No doubt, many other Ukrainians feel the same way, especially those who sang at one time in a Ukrainian chorus. As one famous professor of music said to a new student: "Being a Ukrainian, you have music in you."

It is no wonder then, that in the days of Ukrainian immigration to America, almost half a century ago, each new parish produced a choir, sometimes even before the church building was constructed. The national characteristic of Ukrainians found its expression within a church organization, because the church choirs thrived in a more or less permanent way and provided secular as well as sacred music.

To one who at one time participated in choral singing the significance of a choir stands out prominently. During church services there was a feeling of active contribution to the glory of the Almighty. At the concerts and other secular functions one did his patriotic duty by singing. In any case, it meant a healthy and wholesome outlet for an urge to do something, in preference to indifference and obscurity.

On Pins and Needles

Think of a Ukrainian concert, oh Brother! The curtain rises, and you see a group of boys and girls in their national costumes with gay embroidery. They are on pins and needles, hoping that their performance will be up to the expectations. If the first number goes without a hitch, the second one goes easier, with more confidence. Then the third selection, and there is no more nervousness. The restraint is broken and they sing with a heart full of happiness, which is the greatest reward of all. That is the pay-off for the many evenings spent in tiresome rehearsals.

Did I say tiresome rehearsals? Well, hardly tiresome. Rehearsals have their intermissions, and an opportunity to exchange a few words with that certain person whom you longed to see. Then there is always the best part of the rehearsal—seeing that particular person home.

Why search for a remedy to cure the dispersion of our boys and girls? The choir or the chorus has been the most effective agency for keeping our young people together. Observe them in their home towns, at the outings, picnics, social functions. They are bound by the common interest emanating from the choir. Observe them at congresses and rallies, where they meet from many cities. They gather in comradeship and informal-

Chamberlin Upholds Communist Menace Taken Too Lightly

A policy of firmness toward Russia, such as that which the United States finally adopted during the last year, was upheld by William Henry Chamberlin, veteran foreign correspondent, and for twelve years Moescow representative of the Christian Science Monitor, last Sunday evening, January 26, in a Knights of Columbus Forum in Elizabeth, N. J., reports the Elizabeth Daily Journal.

Addressing an audience of more than 700 persons at the Elks' Auditorium, Chamberlin declared that already that policy has brought about a conciliatory attitude on the part of Russians.

"Anyone, including Henry Wallace, who thinks that appeasing Russia is the best way to avoid trouble is wrong because a dictator such as Stalin has only contempt for any tendency to vacillate in dealing with him, he declared.

Reds Unlikely to Start War Soon

The speaker asserted that one factor that makes it unlikely Russia will start a war for many years is that the Soviets are too poor in money and manpower as a result of World War II. Other factors, he said, are Russia's lack of naval and air power, the fact that in most respects they are at least a generation behind us, its lack of an atom bomb and the resentment in Europe directed to Russian troops who "so recently wrought havoc and pillaged those lands adjoining their own."

Chamberlin said that there are four basic obstacles to pleasant relations between this country and Russia. The first, he said, is the Communist attitude that there can be no permanent peace between the Communist world and other nations. The second, he continued, is the bad faith shown by the U.S.S.R. in carrying out international obligations.

He declared that in contrast to Russia's guarantee in the Yalta agreement of free elections in Poland, the American State Department commented that in the recent Polish elections there occurred "police arrests and murders, dismissals from employment, compulsory enrollment in the government party and suppressions of the democratic press."

The other two obstacles, he said, are the Russian Fifth Column which "extends to every corner of the world," and the lack of reciprocity with reference to news and information about Russia.

ly sing the same songs that they learned in their home town choirs. One would think them to be all graduates from the same Alma Mater.

Visit a Ukrainian parish that has a choir, and you find a healthy and wide-awake community, because it has in its young people the foundation for its growth and development. But should misfortune cast you into "the sticks," where the mention of the word "choir" is unpleasant, where the musical talent of the young people is neglected or repressed, where the Ukrainian boys and girls search for diversion among other nationalities, then you will realize that here is a morally sick and spiritually poor community without a choir.

But—did you hear the Ukrainian carols on the radio? It was beautiful, superb, delightful!

G. H.

NEW YORK. — With a cool reminder that few believed Hitler when he proclaimed his plans for nazi domination, J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in an article, "Red Fascism in the United States Today," which appears in the current issue of The American Magazine, warns that the "red scourge of communism in America is boring its way through our land like a termite" and that its power and influence are out of proportion to its membership.

"The objective of the Communist Party of the United States of America," Mr. Hoover writes, "is the destruction of the American way of life. If the American way of life is to be preserved, the menace of communism must be met and its forward march halted, he counsels. He suggests that truth, which proved the nation's propaganda in World War II, is the best weapon against communism today.

Mr. Hoover chided that too often liberty-loving Americans dismiss the menace of communism as inconsequential, and forget that communism is a cold, harsh and ruthless system which builds slowly "to the day when our democratic government will be superceded by a godless, tyrannical, communistic dictatorship." He reminded that the communist movement in this country dates back to 1919 and that Francis Biddle, while serving as Attorney General in 1942, ruled that the Communist Party from its inception, is an organization that believes in, advises, advocates and teaches the overthrow of the U. S. government by force and violence.

Know Only Red Flag

The FBI chief emphasizes that William Z. Foster, chairman of the party and chief communist spokesman in this country, has stated that the communists of this and every country have only one flag, "and that is the Red Flag." He reminded that Mr. Foster also has stated that "our party considers religions to be the opium of the people... and we carry on our propaganda for the liquidation of these prejudices."

Mr. Hoover also stresses the efforts of the communists to bore in and obtain control of labor unions. He recalled Mr. Foster's counsel to a meeting of communist leaders, appraising the railroad unions: "I unhesitatingly say this is the most important 1,000,000 workers in the United States. You can have a strike of steel workers for six months and the country could limp along somehow. We have seen coal miners' strike last for many months, but let the railroad workers go on strike, and at the end of three days the country is in a state of prostration economically."

Mr. Hoover asserts that "the world's foremost authority on communism has already laid down the party line to American communists" and has expressed the opinion that the time is not far off when a "revolutionary crisis will develop in America."

"The Communists propose," Mr. Hoover writes, "that a crisis will develop either out of an 'Imperialist War' or out of a domestic situation. If their tactics are proper, 'the ground is prepared for action when war comes.' It can be delayed by answering the call: 'Workers in ammunition plants, go on strike! Shut down

(Concluded on page 7)

An Anti-Union Union?

We thought we had enough of the world's ills and problems on our mind. But now comes along a genuine poser.

When is a labor union a union, and when is it a capitalistic anti-union boss?

Here are the facts:

Arthur Calvin Leonard, a CIO organizer, charged last Saturday from Winston-Salem, N. C., that last September 22 he was fired by the CIO because he had tried to organize together with several other CIO organizers an "organizers union."

Leonard charged that his being fired for "union activity" was a violation of the Wagner Act because it was an attempt to discourage membership in his organizers' union.

Things have certainly come to a sorry past when organizers can't organize, or, to put it differently, when a union, in the capacity of an employer, forbids its employees from joining a union.

Now: who's who, and what's what?

A "Duel"

Having been in Paris a couple of months ago, we have some idea on how the impetuous Parisians can behave.

So when we read a recent press item that Paris is returning to normalcy, we knew exactly what it meant—more typical Parisian impetuosity.

It seems that a famed criminal lawyer and glamorous colonel (their names don't matter) got into some court argument, and apparently not having much faith in the Gaelic scales of justice, impetuously decided to hie back to the days of the famous challenge of Francis I to his rival Charles V in 1528, which gave rise to the custom (until the recent war broke it up) of having every Frenchman think that he was called upon to use his sword or pistol to defend his honor against the slightest imputation.

The duel was to have been fought by pistols.

Complete confidence reigned in the camp of the challenger—the colonel. He is a crack shot.

The challenged lawyer learned about this. He insisted upon duelling with swords. The challenger, not a dumb cluck, refused. Result: A difference of opinion.

How did they settle it? By challenging one anew?

No. They went to court.

And what did the court say?

The United Press reports:

"France was deprived of its first postwar duel today (Jan. 29) when both participants acquiesced to an unofficial court decision that neither had sufficient grievance to merit any spilling of blood."

— Just as we had expected!

S.

JOIN THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASS'N. DC IT NOW!

A HISTORY OF UKRAINE

by

MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY

Published for

THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

by

THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

(\$4.00)

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Death of a Peasant

By LES MARTOVYCH

Translated by PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

"You know, that woke me up, and there I was sweating, soaked, as wet as though I'd been in a bath. The door stood open, a cold draft was blowing on me, and my head and teeth ached fit to split. I sat down by the stove, you know, and I began to wonder what the dream could signify. I thought and I thought—how long I thought. I've forgotten. The children were sleeping, and Hryts was breathing so heavily and groaning. Oh, my children, I thought, what's going to become of you? You'll have to go begging along the hedges, at people's doors, and then when you get a bit older, you'll have to go into service at the squire's or at some Jew's. It would be better if you died befo'ehand, then it wouldn't be so hard for me to bear. I'd have bitter sorrow once and for all. But to have to see with my eyes all my life how the children would roam homeless along the hedges, or to see them at the squire's or at a Jew's, unwashed and uncombed, wearing their young lives away—that, neighbors, that is dreadfully hard. What can they expect in the squire's service? As long as they're young and able, they'll work, but as soon as their strength begins to fail just a bit, then it'll be: Get out, take your wallet, and go and look for good people who'll have pity on you and give you a crust of bread. I thought about it a long, long time, and I felt so bad, it was as though someone had stuck a knife into my heart. So I kept on thinking and listening to what Hryts was doing. I listened and he began to snore so heavily, as though he were passing out. 'Hryts, are you asleep?' I said. 'No, I'm not asleep,' said he. 'Shall I make a light?' I said. 'Maybe you want something?' 'No,' said he, 'I don't want anything. I feel a bit easier.'—But I know, neighbors, he's just deceiving me. He's uneasy, very uneasy because he's brought us into such trouble.

"See, Hryts: you're giving the children a fine start in life. Yeryna will have to go to the squire's and grow up there. People will point their finger at her and say: 'poor trash.' And the gendarmes will drag Mykola off to jail for being a tramp, as they did to Dzina the Gypsy's children."

"Yoy-yoy, wife, what are you doing to me?" groaned Hryts, trying to turn over to the wall. But he couldn't manage it, he could only turn his head a little to one side.

"Don't, neighbor, don't! Leave him alone, don't pester him!" said Semenykha. "It's not as bad as that yet... People can get as sick as that and still they get over it. Hryts'll get better. God's good."

But Hrytsykhya would not be convinced.

"Why do you talk like that, Semenykha? Sure, I'd be glad if he did get better. But how can he? Don't you see what he's become? Skin and bones! No one like that can get better. Let it come as soon as possible, it would be better than to live on like that."

"So you say. The man looks terrible because he hasn't been shaved—makes him look as shaggy as an old tramp. Why, if he got shaved, you wouldn't recognize him."

Hryts turned his head and looked at her with tearful eyes:

"Ah, neighbor, you say well; God give you health. I haven't been saved for three Sundays."

"There you see!" said Semenykha. "He ought to get shaved. Of course! He's got to make his confession anyway, and he can't do it unshaved."

Hryts turned his head again to the wall and whispered:

"Why... why must I make my confession? I'm not going to die."

"That's all right, that's all right!" replied Semenykha. "But who knows what the morrow may bring? You ought to make your confession. Confession never hurt a soul. Yes, God grant it mayn't be so.—But who can tell?"

Hrytsykhya sighed:

"Oy, it must be done. You're right, neighbor. I've been thinking so a long time now. Suppose he should pass out tonight? Then people would say it was my fault he died without making his confession. I'll go for the priest; let him hear his confession. Ivanykha, you run and get your husband to come and shave him."

Semenykha got up from her bench: "No, you sit down, Hrytsykhya dearie; it hurts you walk. I'll run in home and get a heavy coat and go myself. Before Ivan's finished shaving him I'll be back."

Protsykha also went with Semenykha.

Ivanykha remained. She had something of importance to say, she hesitated about saying it. She was very bashful. And besides, being only recently married, she was not accustomed to talk with the assurance of a married woman. She waited until Hrytsykhya should speak to her. However, Hrytsykhya paid no attention to her and talked to Hryts:

"You see, Hryts, you've no longer any reason for trying to avoid the truth. Here's a neighbor says you ought to make your confession. You've squandered all your property, lost all there was, and driven us into misery and poverty."

"Ach, wife," whispered Hryts, "you gnaw away at my vitals like a worm, day after day."

Hrytsykhya perceived Ivanykha beside the door:

"Run, Ivanykha, please go and get your husband."

Ivanykha's heart pounded in her breast.

"I'm going at once. I came to tell you the newspaper's arrived. There's a piece in it about Carp and Hryts."

"How?" marvelled Hrytsykhya. "Ah, it's true, you do read the paper."

Ivanykha blushed, drooped her head and covered her face with her hand.

"What does it say?" asked Hryts.

"It says that Carp got his hands on the property by fraud in the first place, and now, in addition, he's trying to liquidate you unlawfully."

Hryts looked at his wife reproachfully, but Hrytsykhya asked:

"How did it get into the newspaper?"

"Petro wrote it. Mykhaylo and Akhtemy and Ivan told him what to say and Petro wrote it down. They said they would swear to it under oath."

"Ha, there's good people for you!" said Hryts. "May God reward them a hundredfold. Eh, if Petro would only come to see me, I'd like to thank him properly. He's a fine fellow!"

"I'll tell him by Varvara; she comes to see us."

"Tell him, Ivanykha dearie!" cried Hrytsykhya. "Varvara comes to see us. She can read the newspaper, too."

With these words Hrytsykhya smote Ivanykha. She turned swiftly and heaved a heavy sigh as tears welled into her eyes. "I'll go for Ivan."

But at the same moment Ivan entered, bringing his razor. Semenykha had told him to come and shave Hryts. Ivanykha felt better now, as if her husband had come to defend her from a pack of wolves.

"You want a shave, Hryts?" asked Ivan.

Hrytsykhya answered for her husband: "Yes, give him a shave, because he's got to make his confession."

Hryts fumed weakly: "Pish!..."

"Don't be downhearted, Hryts! You'll get up to beat your wife yet. When I've finished shaving you, your wife won't get enough of dancing with you."

"God grant that He's speaking through you!"

Shortly thereafter, Petro came to visit the sick man, Hryts. There was no one else in the house, for Hrytsykhya had gone off somewhere in the village to deliver her spun yarn, taking Yeryna with her. Vasylyna was working in the fields and Mykola, as usual, was playing in the street with the other children.

Hryts had built up high hopes on Petro. But Petro, however, was unable to tell him anything about the liquidation.

"I wrote to the newspaper. Mykhaylo and Akhtemy and Ivan told me what to say and I wrote it down. Varvara told me to come to see you. And Mother told me as well."

That was all that Hryts learned from Petro. And Petro felt a good deal of trepidation: Hryts looked so dreadful. Petro looked more at the holy picture on the wall than at the sick man. The picture, painted on glass, represented St. Nicholas with staring, piercing eyes. But Hryts has conceived a great liking for Petro since Ivanykha had told him about the letter to the newspaper. He gazed fixedly at Petro with his humid eyes and whispered:

"There's no help... no help left for me. Oy, no help. I'm an old man; I've lived out my time. For the grave."

Then he looked fearfully around the room as though he had betrayed an enormously important secret and was afraid that someone might have overheard him. But there was no one present except Petro, no one had heard his whispered words. Hryts heaved a sigh. With difficulty he turned himself face upwards, fastened his eyes on the ceiling, and languidly, laboriously got the words out:

"Oy, if I only could... if I only could die... like a human."

He lay motionless on the bed with his eyes turned to the ceiling. It could be seen that he was lost in thought, that all sorts of visions were weaving through his mind. His face had taken on a tranquil though sad expression. It could be perceived that he was looking yet seeing nothing, that he was wholly absorbed by his reveries, and tears glittered in his eyes. Petro sat quietly without moving, all the more because he was convinced that Hryts was dreaming of happy things.

Not only has every people its own peculiar dialect. It is not a matter as to how words are pronounced, but as to how they are understood. For example: the word "House." To a

Weatherman

I've always thought that the weatherman has been a much too maligned a person. Sure, some of his weather "predictions" have been wrong. But, whose fault is it? Is it his? Or is it of the daily or the radio which announces it?

Sometimes I'm inclined to believe the latter. Just look. Last Tuesday afternoon I turned on the radio, in time to hear the news announcer say: "But first we shall have the weather report." Incidentally, he was announcing from a spot about a half mile away from this desk. To continue with what he said: "Here in New York it is cloudy."

Startled, I looked outside. Sure enough, just as I thought, "blue skies all the day long." Nary a cloud in sight.

And he's telling me it's cloudy outside.

Most charitable conclusion to draw from this is that the announcer was reading what the weatherman had given him—yesterday.

S.

person who has grown up in a large city the word conveys the idea of a building, several stories high, while by it a peasant is reminded of a low, thatch-roofed cottage. When the word is used to arouse feeling in the auditor, a different response is given by the city-bred person from that which is called forth in the country-bred individual. And similarly, each would give a different expression to the feelings aroused.

Hryts wanted to die, for he felt himself unwanted any longer in this world, but he wanted to die with human dignity, not casually or furtively. He wanted to part from his own people like a father, who after a farewell feast, parts from one of his family who is leaving to dwell in another village: "You are going to live there, and I here; may good fortune attend you."

Hryts was imagining to himself the moment when a man, mortally sick, says to his family:

"Go, call in my neighbors that I may take leave of them.

He pictured the scene when the neighbors would gather around the sick man and would listen to him earnestly as to one who no longer belongs to this world. Hryts put himself in the place of the dying man and in imagination talked to the neighbors who would be standing around his bed:

"My dear and kind neighbors; forgive me! Perhaps there is one of you to whom I have said a bitter word, perhaps one to whom I have done evil. Perhaps there is one of you whom I have injured, or insulted, or slandered. Forgive me! In this world you will never more experience either good or evil from me. Forgive me!

"May God forgive!" Semen would reply.

"Say it again."

"May God forgive!"

"Say it a third time."

"May God forgive!"

And at each time Hryts would kiss Semen's hand.

"You, too, Ivan, forgive me."

"May God forgive!" Ivan would reply.

"Say it again—a third time."

And once more, as with Semen, he would kiss Ivan's hand three.

(To be concluded)

JOIN THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASS'N. DO IT NOW!

Beware of Red Propaganda

I hear people often say that the people of Europe should be left to starve, that they have asked for it, now the United States is helping them. For what! The fault of maniac dictators should not be thrown upon the innocent, in particular the displaced persons, that is the reason of my writing. Hoping the following will find room in your paper.

I have always pressed for freedom of small nations and denounced all dictators that suppress the people.

We have fought a war to keep our freedom and to free the innocent people from the hands of the dictators, many of these nazi and fascist leaders have paid with their lives for the death or innocent people.

THE great international tribunal which included justices from the United States, England and Russia, has disposed of those unwanted leaders yet. Russia herself is under dictatorship always crying throughout the world to wipe out fascism. Spain is claimed by Russia to be a fascist country under dictatorship of Franco. The Franco regime has not grabbed smaller nations as has Russia, neither is it forcing slave labor as is Russia. Russia has taken over where Nazis were forced to leave. Russia under the communistic dictator has not only closed freedom of religion, speech and press from its own Russian people but has made slaves of the people of the countries she has taken over, Ukraine being her largest prize. The thousands of displaced persons who include Ukrainians, White Russians, Latvians, Lithuanian and Estonians, do not want to go back to their homelands because of fear, as they have had the communist rule before being taken by the Nazi, they have seen their relatives tortured, killed and deported to Siberia. Is that not enough reason for refusing to return to their native land. We Americans do not look to run away from the United States as we have no reason to do so. Then we should understand these displaced persons, for they too would like to return to their native land if they were free, but not to become slaves again.

Ukraine and White Russia are full members of the United Nations. It is not the true vote of these people, it gives Russia three votes. Are we going to continue to help this great dictatorship? We fought dictators. Are we going to help these leaders to continue their fight against freedom?

THE Atlantic Charter has become a dead issue. It should come to life again, if the lives of millions of people are to live under their own rule. If the Atlantic Charter stays dead it means the death of thousands if not millions of innocent lives. If Russia were not hiding her crimes, people of other nations would be permitted to visit their relatives as well to see how the Russian people live, also there would be no displaced persons. Their propagandists make life so admirable, and many of those communist propagandists never saw life in Russia. They should go to that Bolshevik country and live there, and make their living there. We have freedom of speech and press, however when these propagandists talk of sweet life in a Bolshevik country it is time to shut them up before they end all our freedoms. We should demand freedom of all the countries overrun by Russia. Ukrainians and

Youth and the U.N.A.

THE U.N.A. YOUTH RALLY

Several times, during the years preceding the war, successful youth rallies were sponsored by the more ambitious branches of the Ukrainian National Association. These rallies attracted wide attention... they drew large crowds and received much publicity—and did much to promulgate the aims and aspirations of the U.N.A., the largest and strongest Ukrainian fraternal order in the country. As a result of the rallies many young American Ukrainians were attracted to membership in the U.N.A., and others, members and non-members alike, became better acquainted with the facts concerning the U.N.A. These rallies produced other results, too, such as mutual cooperation between members of different U.N.A. branches, which in turn promoted fraternalism, one of the main principles upon which the organization was founded.

Speaking matter-of-factly, a U. N. A. youth rally is fraternalism in action. At such an affair one receives the genuine feeling that he is part of something really important and

White Russians fought in this war, is it not proper for immediate freedom for them. If they were capable of fighting against the Nazis, I firmly believe that they are capable to rule themselves as their cultures are one of the finest in the world. Their vote in the United Nations would then truly represent the people.

I recently spoke to a few of Russian Foreign Minister Molotov's helpers which included his guards, chauffeurs and others. This took place by the Russian Consulate in New York while Mr. Molotov was in conference with his staff, after one of the big four foreign minister meetings held in the Waldorf Astoria.

I went there purposely to find out for my satisfaction how the people of Russia live. In my experience I found them all alike and very cagey. They did not speak English, however I spoke in their language which was a help to me.

MY MAIN question was how life was in Russia and to my surprise they all seemed to have the same answer, that they were unable to tell me, I should read the newspaper if I wanted to know how life existed in Russia. I feel if life was anything to speak about in Russia, they would not be afraid to tell me how good their freedom was, as I know if I were in Red Russia and someone approached me as I did approach these young men of Russia I would feel free to explain our freedom in the United States of America.

Once again, I ask all Americans to refuse to listen to the Communist propaganda and denounce them in every way as they are the greatest threat to peace loving nations, we must demand freedom to all nations overrun by Russia, and greatest of all we must help the people in displaced persons camps; we must find room for them in countries with freedom, for it is no fault of theirs for living in those camps. Republicans and Democrats, we are Americans, let the world hear our call for freedom. Only together can we keep our freedom.

WILLIAM NESZOWY, JR.,
P. O. Box 771
("Morning Herald,"
Gloversville & Johnstown, N. Y.)

worthwhile... he realizes his U.N.A. membership means something as he and his fellow members cooperate and participate in the rally. Fraternalism ceases to be a mere word and becomes full of meaning. Youth rallies accomplish much simply by promoting this spirit of fraternalism. Therefore, now that the war is over and U.N.A. members everywhere have returned to their normal ways of living, there should be bigger and better U.N.A. youth rallies!

The Supreme Officers of the U.N.A. would very much like to see the younger members take as great an interest in the organization as they did before the war. It is a fact that such interest was extremely low throughout the war, but this was a natural and expected result. It was thought that interest would return in leaps and bounds soon after the end of the war, but interest is actually returning very slowly. Nothing would quicken interest as much as several youth rallies in different parts of the country, and the time for such rallies is right now... the sooner the better.

How to Arrange One

How does one go about promoting a successful rally? First, the matter should be brought up at a regular U.N.A. branch meeting. The officers of this branch should then contact officers of other local branches who in turn contact their members, asking them to attend a meeting of the combined branches. At this meeting a rally committee consisting of every interested young member should be formed. This committee then meets as often as possible; it should elect its chairman, secretary, and treasurer, and plunge into work immediately.

The committee does all the work. It contacts speakers for the rally session, selects an orchestra for the rally dance, arranges for the hall or assembly room (usually in a hotel) as well as the ballroom, prepares the necessary program, arranges for the printing of tickets and other material, and attends to advertising and publicity. A lot of work is involved and many discouraging problems will turn up, but a really ambitious committee can clear the way for a successful U.N.A. youth rally, and that alone is worth the effort.

A youth rally usually includes a rally session, a banquet, and a dance. There was a two-day affair in Newark, N. J. (on November 26 and 27, 1938, which included a concert in observation of the Ukrainian 1st of November holiday, but a one-day affair is considered best for all practical purposes. If the rally committee could arrange a ball game between two U.N.A. teams as part of its program, so much the better. Admission should be charged for the banquet as well as for the dance; admission may be charged for the ball game, but the charge for this event should be kept at a minimum, if possible. These charges are necessary as the rally must pay for itself. It should not be necessary for the branches sponsoring the rally to provide funds to defray expenses. A successful rally is one which pays for itself. Should there be an excess of funds, it should be equally divided and deposited to the account of the branches concerned.

U.N.A. Will Help

The Ukrainian National Association will help the rally committee in every way possible. Advertisements

To Honor Ex-Service-man Lawyer

At a regular meeting of the Ukrainian American Veterans Post of Newark last month, it was decided to run a Testimonial Dinner and Dance in conjunction with the Ukrainian American Businessmen's Association, to honor Michael J. Hynda, Attorney at Law, recently returned from overseas duty with the Armed Forces. As he is a member of both organizations, it was decided to honor him jointly.

The Veterans picked a committee of four, consisting of Michael Lytwyn, Walter Kurk, Harry Yanchyshyn, and Michael Gwiazda. It, in turn, was augmented by a committee of four from the Businessmen's Ass'n composed of Myron Lytwyn, John Romanition, S. K. Kain, and John Atamanec. Michael Gwiazda was picked as Chairman of the Committee, Myron Lytwyn as treasurer, and John Romanition as toastmaster.

The affair will be held at the Ukrainian Center, 180 William Street, Newark, N. J. on Sunday, February 16. A wonderful dinner and program is being arranged, including some real Ukrainian folk dancing. There will be dancing during the last half of the evening. Tickets are on sale at the Ukrainian Center and the Ukrainian Sitch, or maybe obtained from any member of the Committee.

We sincerely hope that all those who know our talented young Ukrainian attorney, will make it their business to attend.

Watch for our advertisement on these pages next week.

MICHAEL GWIAZDA, Chairman

Uncle Sam Says



What a turkey, mom! So you want your Uncle Sam to slice off a thick chunk of white meat for you, son. What a Thanksgiving feast! So you want the Wishing-bone, Mary! Lots of folks will be making a silent wish on this great holiday. I'd like to make an open wish. I wish for all my nieces and nephews, young and old, long life, health, happiness and good fortune. You can help make my wish come true by building a strong financial foundation of U. S. Savings Bonds for your home and every home. Buy your extra Savings Bond now! U. S. Treasury Department

in both the Svoboda and the Weekly will be inserted free of charge, and both papers will publicize the event as much as possible. Also, the U.N.A. will print throwaways free of charge and cooperate on other printing jobs. The rally committee may depend on the U.N.A. Main Office for every aid and consideration within its means, and will send one or more representatives to attend the affair in an official capacity.

It will be interesting to see what U.N.A. branches and which city will be the first to sponsor the first post-war U.N.A. youth rally!

Elizabeth Leads in N. J. Ukrainian League

The Ukrainian State Basketball League of New Jersey is reaching the primary stage of play in the first half with the League leadership being closely contested by the Ukrainian Social Club of Elizabeth, the Ukrainian Social Club of Carteret, the St. Nicholas Club of Passaic, and the Ukrainian Athletic Club of Bayonne.

All four Clubs have lost but one Contest to date, with Elizabeth leading the list by winning four games and losing but one. Carteret and St. Nicks have won three—while losing one, and Bayonne has won two out of three contests.

The competition has been keenly fought and Sports Director Eugene Wadiak is satisfied with the results to date. The outcome as to the

first half winner is no where in sight at the present time.

The managers met on January 19th at Carteret to iron out the Second Half schedule of the League, as well as to provide for the winner's trophy.

The success of this year's tournament will go far in providing other sporting tournaments in New Jersey and on a national basis as well since it brings the Ukrainian groups more closely together:

Standings		
Elizabeth	4	1 800
Carteret	3	1 750
St. Nicks Passaic	3	1 750
Bayonne	2	1 666
Perth Amboy	1	4 200
Orth Ukes Passaic	0	5 000

Result to Date:

Elizabeth	51	Orth Ukes Passaic	38
Carteret	46	Perth Amboy	38
St. Nick's Passaic	45	Elizabeth	41
Perth Amboy	43	Orth Ukes Passaic	29
Elizabeth	47	Perth Amboy	34
Carteret	50	St. Nick's Passaic	41
Bayonne	61	Orth Ukes Passaic	31
Elizabeth	45	Carteret	40
St. Nick's Passaic	41	Perth Amboy	23
Carteret	39	Orth Ukes Passaic	18
Bayonne	52	Perth Amboy	25
Passaic St. Nick's	38	Orth Ukes Passaic	30
Elizabeth		Bayonne	

WEEKLY BANTER

Little girls want an all-day sucker; big girls want one just for the evening...

Customer: "What's wrong with these eggs?"

Waiter: "Don't ask me. I only laid the table."

Love's young dream had come to Mary, and she was telling Jane all about it.

"And then," she finished with a soft light in her blue eyes, "he said he would lay the earth at my feet."

But the light in Jane's grey eyes were on the hard side.

"Sounds all right," she commented, "but it's not very practical. You have the earth at your feet already; what you want is a roof over your head."

It was a tense scene in the film. The British audience sat enthralled. Suddenly the hero slapped the heroine in the face. In the stunned silence which followed, a little voice piped up:

"Mammy," it said, "why doesn't she slosh him back like you do?"

A new patient at a sanitarium for the mildly deranged complained to the attending physician: "What's the idea of sticking me in a room with that crazy guy over there?"

"Well, I'll tell you" said the doctor placatingly, "it's the only room we have available just now. Is your roommate troublesome?"

"Why, the guy's crazy. He keeps looking around the room and saying 'No lions, no tigers, no elephants'—and all the time the room's full of 'em."

Another who may be said to have his ups and downs is the unfortunate chap who happens to get an aisle seat at a movie.

The old negro drayman's mule had balked in the middle of the road, completely blocking traffic. After

working and pleading in vain, the old fellow made his way to a telephone in a nearby farmhouse. Calling his employer in town a few miles away, his conversation went this way:

"Boss, ol' Puddin'-Head done sulked ag'n. Ye'suh, I's give 'im a whip-pin'—I's built a fire under 'im too.

"Ye'suh, I done tried tawkin' wid 'im. Don't do no good. I's promised 'im 'bout ever'thing us got in de barn.

"Dat's righ. I's twisted his ears till dey's knotted lak ribbons.

"Nawsuh, I do lak you say—I aint gonna twist his tail. A gent'mun who driv'up an' got out to help me done tried it. Dey's tuk him to de hospital. He looked lak a city-bawn gent'mun."

We all make footprints on the sands of time. Some leave the imprint of a great soul—others just the mark of a heel.

A gentleman visited the house of an old friend, where the butler, an Irishman, paid him every attention, and finally saw him into his motor. The gentleman who was miserly, did not tip him. As a delicate reminder, the butler said:

"Faith, sorr, if you lose your purse on the way home, remember you didn't put it out here."

The best way to forget all your other troubles is to wear a pair of tight shoes... Nobody knows the age of the human race, but everybody agrees it is old enough to know better.

Chemistry Professor:—What is the outstanding contribution chemistry has made to the world?

Student:—Blondes.

Of a distinguished general it was said: "He can hold his tongue in ten languages."

(St. Josaphat's Catholic Advocate)

Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER W. DANKO

FOOTBALL:

A few more Ukrainians have been uncovered since the 1946 "All-Uke" College Football Team was published. Johnny Wolodzko, Ace-Back and Captain-elect for Toledo U. in 1947, scored a touchdown to help defeat unbeaten Bates in a post-season "Glass Bowl" game last December. Incidentally, Tony sends word that his father comes from the Poltava region of Ukraine. Another "Uke" uncovered was Ed Sikorsky of Muhlenberg. Operating from the fullback position, Ed scored 3 touchdowns and a point after touchdown, to almost

single-handedly beat St. Bonaventure, 26-24, in another Post-Season Bowl Game. The last "Uke" to be identified was Benny Reiges, a big back on U.C.L.A.'s Rose-Bowl Team. He played Freshman Ball at Georgetown U. before entering the service and transferred over to the coast team upon being discharged.

Continuing along the "All Uke" team idea, I'd like to put together an "All-Pro" team composed of Ukrainians in professional football ranks. So here it is.

The 1946 "All-Ukrainian Professional Football Team:

LE—Steve Pritko	Los Angeles (N.F.L.)
LT—John Kuzman	San Francisco (A.A.C.)
LG—John Badaczewski	Boston (N.F.L.)
C—Ed Korisky	Los Angeles (A.A.C.)
RG—Alex Schibinoff	Jersey City (A.F.L.)
RT—Joe Stydahr	Chicago (N.F.L.)
RE—Nick Susoeff	San Francisco (A.A.C.)
QB—John Dzitko	Jersey City (A.F.L.)
LH—John Baranchok	Bethlehem (A.F.L.)
RH—Andy Dudish	Buffalo (A.A.C.)
FB—Joe Muha	Philadelphia (N.F.L.)

Reserves:

T—Roy Diduk	Jersey City (A.F.L.)
T—Mike Kochel	Newark (A.F.L.)
C—Leon Gajewski	Jersey City (A.F.L.)
B—George Cheverko	Jersey City (A.F.L.)
B—George Pastuszak	Long Island (A.F.L.)
B—Mike Kostynick	Paterson (A.F.L.)

BASKETBALL:

Bill Rudick, a Buffalo, N. Y. boy who appeared on the 1946 "All-Uke" Football Team, is now "sparking" the U. of Buffalo basketball team. Bill, a returned serviceman, is a member of the "Joseph Hriczko V.F.W. Post No. 6245," a vet's group composed of Ukrainian-Americans who served overseas during the late war and named after Joe Hriczko, who was the first "Uke" from the up-state N. Y. area to give his life for his country... Walt Budko, who was on the 1942 "All-Eastern" college basketball team, is now back from the Navy and is the captain and high-scorer for the crack Columbia U. quintet... John and Joe Kindzierski, a brother combination from Carteret, N. J., play for Stevens Tech of Hoboken, N. J. These two boys also perform for the Carteret Ukrainian Social Club in the N. J. State Ukrainian Basketball League which is composed of six clubs at the present time.

HANDBALL:

In the "Annual National A.A.U." ratings, Walter Plekan of Buffalo, N. Y. placed third behind Trulio and Lewis in the "singles" section and second with Lewis behind the Coyle and Linz Duo in the "Doubles" group.

BOXING:

Steve Hamas, heavyweight title contender of over a decade ago, is now boxing instructor at Iona Prep in N. Y.

BASEBALL:

Young Peter Karpuk of Toronto, Canada, was acclaimed the "strike-out king" of the Border "C. League" for 1946. Pete was a terrific worker, having hurled more innings and more games than any other pitcher in the league and had a 14-won and 14-lost record for the season. However, in the all-important earned-run average department, Pete was third in the league with a 2.68 mark. Also, whenever Pete wasn't working on the mound, he was either in the infield or outfield and he attained a

neat batting mark of .327 in 67 games... Joe Antolick, who served as playing manager for Strousbourg in the North Atlantic "D" League in 1946, signed to serve in the same capacity for Dover in the Eastern Shore "D" League.

HOCKEY:

Pete Horeck, husky forward, was recently traded by the Chicago Black Hawks to the Detroit Red Wings... Rugged Bill Juzda, since his "recall" by the N. Y. Rangers from their New Haven Farmclub, has developed into one of the best defensemen in the N.H.L.... little Tony Leswick, scrappy forward, is still the leading goal-getter on the Ranger Club... Bill Mosienko, one of the best wings in the game, is slowly but surely moving up among the league-leaders in total-points scored.

All questions, inquiries or data on "Ukes" in sports should be addressed to the writer at 347 Avenue "C", Bayonne, N. J.

ELIZABETH WINS 8 STRAIGHT

In an afternoon game last Sunday, Elizabeth (N.J.) five kept up their straight winning streak in the New Jersey State League by trouncing the Perth Amboy team, 55-34.

With Johnny Kunka directing the play and feeding Dan Alexea and Al Bowczyski for frequent goals, the Elizabethans had no trouble with the Amboyans, outscoring them by a wide margin in every period, the Elizabeth Daily Journal reports.

Elizabeth team manager Peter Pilat reported a check for \$75 has been turned over to the Infantile Paralysis Fund as proceeds of an earlier game with a Y.M.H.A. quint.

Elizabeth	10	18	12	15—55
Perth Amboy	4	13	6	11—34

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Former Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, in an article in *Foreign Affairs* on the war crimes trials at Nuremberg:

"International law is not a body of authoritative codes or statutes; it is the gradual expression, case by case, of the moral judgements of the civilized world. As such it corresponds precisely to the common law of Anglo-American tradition. We can understand the law of Nuremberg only if we see it for what it is—a great new case in the book of international law, and now a formal enforcement of codified statutes."

Pundits on a Rampage

The other day we glanced through the pages of a New York City daily, one that is quite serious, in a self-conscious sort of a way, and we ran across a row of pictures of four speakers addressing some a very "powazhni" gathering.

The first three of them were women and the last was of the opposite sex. They presented quite an imposing array. The first, a rather stout woman with horn-rimmed glasses, was pictured reading her speech, apparently with some difficulty, for half-way between her glasses and the manuscript she held a large reading glass. Her facial expression seemed to indicate that she was definitely determined about something. The second woman, wearing a monk-like cowl about her head, appeared to be a starry-eyed visionary intent upon seeing that justice was done. The third woman speaker quite elderly, also shown speaking, was wearing a most peculiar thing on her head. I presume women call it a "hat." Finally the fourth figure, was just a man. Oh yes, they were allowing him to put his two cents in.

Together the four of them presented an imposing array of wisdom, profundity, and a desire to cure this world of its ills.

"Hmm," I thought, "they're probably discussing the United Nations organization, or the Atom Bomb, or how to write a peace treaty with what is left of Germany."

But then I looked closer at the caption.

What were these pundits discussing?

"Should dogs be vaccinated!"

What They Say

George Catlett Marshall, speaking to newspaper men on the day he was sworn in as Secretary of State:

"I think this is as good a time and place as any to terminate speculation regarding me in any political way. I am assuming that the office of Secretary of State, at least under present conditions, is non-political. I am going to govern myself accordingly. I will never become involved in political matters..."

Warren R. Austin, United States representative to the Security Council of the U.N., in an address to the Council of State Governments in Chicago:

"I have heard it said that the veto legalizes aggression by a permanent member (of the U.N. Security Council) because that member can prevent enforcement action against himself. Far from legalizing aggression, the use of the veto, either by an aggressor or by another member, to protect the aggressor from the consequences of his crime, would in itself be a violation of the charter. It

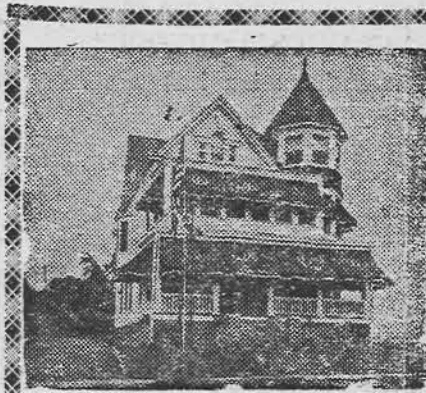
RED MENACE

(Concluded from page 3)

your plants! Prevent governmental strike breakers from resuming work! Railroad men, refuse to handle war materials to transport troops! Marine workers, do not load either men or ammunition! Truck drivers, refuse to assist in war work; Workers of other industries, help the strikers! Farmers, refuse to give your foodstuffs and raw materials to be used for slaughter!"

The communist teacher then observes, Mr. Hoover states, that in this way "capitalists with their armed forces" will strive to break the deadlock, that attacks on strikers will mean civil war, and that "Victory in the civil war spells the doom of the capitalist state." (NC)

would be nullification. You well know the meaning of nullification in our own history, and you know that there is only one certain answer to nullification—war in support of the law and of the union, whether it be the union of our States or the United Nations."



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