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Toronto Youth Rally Features Concert

The three-day convention of the Ukrainian Canadian Youth Association (SUMK) held at King Edwards Hotel in Toronto, Canada concluded on Monday evening, June 30, as delegates from various parts of Ontario and some guests from United States, pledged themselves anew to the advancement of goodwill between nations, the strengthening of understanding between each other, and the cultivation of their Ukrainian cultural heritage, the Toronto Evening Telegram reported.

The Eastern Division of SUMK is headed by Miss Jean Harasym of Toronto, a contributor to these pages.

Among the speakers at the forum session of the convention was Miss Sophia Demydchuk (Sophia of the Weekly column) of Brooklyn, N. Y., who extended greetings from young Americans of Ukrainian descent.

At the banquet at the King Edwards Hotel two other groups, the Ukrainian Women's Association and the Ukrainian Self Reliance League joined forces with the young people. John Yaremko was toastmaster.

Pretty Alexis Ciotka, of Toronto, was chosen Miss SUMK for 1947 in a beauty contest. Eugenia Hryciw of Montreal was runner-up.

Main feature of the banquet was the fashion parade presented by the Ukrainian Women's Association under

the guidance of Mrs. Paul Tutzulak. The affair also featured a concert, which the local press described as one of the "most interesting concerts of this season." It was held at the large Massey Hall. Feature of the event, according to the press, were the Ukrainian folk dances. The dancers were directed by Nick Worobetz, and choreography was by Victor Moshuk, of Toronto.

Two choirs appeared on the program, directed by Rev. W. Sluzar. Their numbers were "delightfully presented," the press reported. Members of the choirs were from Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and Grimsby.

Soloists were Olga Luciw, soprano, and Eugene Lazar, tenor. Both were well received.

One of the "most pleasing aspects" of the concert was the violin work of Miss Olia Cuzman, who won acclaim at a recent recital.

Luba Sluzar, pianist from Montreal, also appeared on the program, and the local press wrote that she approached her work "with amazing ability."

Matilda Lazarowich and Ann Gaba presented a difficult vocal duet in "a delightful manner."

"Sympathetic accompaniment" for all the performers was given by Stella Olynyk of Toronto.

Gets B.S. Degree

Walter Masnik, Ukrainian by descent, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Masnik of Perth Amboy, N.J., graduated on



WALTER MASNIK

June 13 last from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass., with a Bachelor of Science degree in mechanical engineering.

While attending the M.I.T. Masnik won the New England Intercollegiate heavyweight wrestling title.

During the war he served as a

ATTENTION VETS

The 10 questions most frequently asked by World War II veterans about G.I. home loans were answered today by Veterans Administration.

VA compiled the queries in a survey it conducted recently to learn how much veterans know about their Federal benefits.

The questions and answers follow:

Q. Where should a veteran go to get a G.I. home loan?

A. He first must find a bank or savings and loan association or other private lenders willing to make loan.

Q. Where does the Veterans Administration come in?

A. VA guarantees up to \$4,000, but no more than half the loan, made by the private lender to the veteran. This guaranty helps protect the lender from loss. VA does not lend money to the veteran.

Q. How much can the veteran bor-

row?

A. As much as the lender is willing to lend, but the maximum VA guarantee will be \$4,000.

Q. What are some of the advantages of a G.I. home loan to the veteran?

A. (1) Because of the VA guaranty, the lender is more willing to make a loan; (2) the VA guaranty encourages the lender to make the loan without requiring a down payment, and (3) the interest rate (4 percent maximum) is low.

Q. Doesn't the veteran also get a gratuity payment of some kind?

A. Yes, VA pays to the lender, for credit to the veteran's loan, an amount equal to 4 percent of the guaranteed portion of the loan. For example, if the guaranteed portion is \$3,000, the lender will receive \$120 from VA to credit to the debt of the veteran.

Q. Must the veteran have cash to make a down payment?

A. No. But if a down payment is required by the lender, it will not

Bullitt's Testimony on Soviet-Fostered Famine in Ukraine

Former American Ambassador to Russia, the Hon. W. C. Bullitt, in the course of his testimony before the Committee on Un-American Activities, House of Representatives, given on Monday, March 24, 1947, revealed how shocking to him was the terrible famine in Ukraine which the Moscow rulers deliberately fostered in the early 1930's in an attempt to break down Ukrainian national resistance to them and their policies.

His testimony was elicited in the course of questioning by Congressman Rankin.

As reported in the Congressional Record of May 1, 1947, forwarded to the Weekly recently by Mr. Alexander Yaremko of Philadelphia, the testimony was as follows:

Text

Mr. Rankin. In 1933, I think it was, they had a crop failure in the Ukraine. Do you remember that?

Mr. Bullitt. I do; very well.

Mr. Rankin. And the people of the Ukraine are among the best people in Russia?

Mr. Bullitt. Yes.

Mr. Rankin. And they went down and took everything away from them and starved five or six million of the best people in Russia to death, in their own homes; that is correct, isn't it?

Mr. Bullitt. Mr. Congressman, it was, in one way, even worse than that. They set the grain quota higher than the total grain crop. They then took the entire grain crop, but because there wasn't more, to come up to quota, the man was a criminal, and

row?

A. As much as the lender is willing to lend, but the maximum VA guarantee will be \$4,000.

Q. What are some of the advantages of a G.I. home loan to the veteran?

A. (1) Because of the VA guaranty, the lender is more willing to make a loan; (2) the VA guaranty encourages the lender to make the loan without requiring a down payment, and (3) the interest rate (4 percent maximum) is low.

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Q. Must the veteran have cash to make a down payment?

A. No. But if a down payment is required by the lender, it will not

(Concluded on page 7)

therefore, he was treated as a criminal, in addition to being starved, and his wife and children as well.

Mr. Rankin. Yes.

Mr. Bullitt. They managed to dispose, by systematically organized starvation, they managed to dispose of some three to five million Ukrainians.

Mr. Rankin. Now, the people in the Ukraine are the white people of Russia, the Nordics; are they not?

Mr. Bullitt. No; that you can't say. The Ukrainians are an extremely fine people. Russians are a very fine people. Both the Russians and the Ukrainians are extremely Nordic.

Mr. Rankin. Well, what I mean by that is that these people were Nordic people; they were not orientals?

Mr. Bullitt. Certainly not.

Mr. Rankin. The people in the Ukraine are among the best people in Europe.

Mr. Bullitt. That is right.

Mr. Rankin. Yet they went in there and took everything they made and starved, you say, five or six million of them to death?

Mr. Bullitt. Three to five million.

Mr. Rankin. Men, women, and children starved to death, eating, in their frantic misery, the bodies of their own children, of their own families; that is correct, isn't it?

Mr. Bullitt. I am extremely sorry to say that I actually have two photographs of a father and mother and the skeleton of the child they had eaten, which were taken down there in the Ukraine.

Mr. Rankin. Yes; that is what I am trying to bring out.

Mr. Bullitt. I still have two photographs of that. There is nothing more horrible.

Mr. Rankin. You spoke a while ago of there being 10,000,000 people in concentration camps.

Mr. Bullitt. I should say, at least.

Mr. Rankin. You said that they were infinitely worse off than the slaves were in the Southern States.

Mr. Bullitt. What I said was this, sir, that there were more slaves today in the Soviet Union than there ever were at the height of slavery, not merely in the Southern States but in the world.

Mr. Rankin. Yes. Well, in the Southern States I don't think it ever got higher than 4,000,000, and never were the slaves in the Southern States treated as brutally as the people are now treated in those concentration camps in Russia.

Lesya Ukrainka's Youthful Years

Freely translated and adapted from Hlib Lazarevsky

By PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Concluded)

THROUGH the open window the everyday noises of the streets outside came drifting in: workmen hammering on a building nearby, a hurdy-gurdy playing not far away, the sudden bray of a pack-laden donkey, urged on by its master's stick...

Lesya became aware that Shyshmanov was whispering to her to come aside into the dining-room. There he suggested to her that perhaps the two of them should take charge of the necessary arrangements. How about the funeral services?

This put Lesya in a quandary, for she well knew and understood her uncle's repugnance to the rituals of a state-controlled church such as he had known in Russia—a church, a spiritual institution, which had prostituted itself into becoming a mere police power in the hands of the Tsarist government for the repression of liberty of thought and worship in the name of religious authority. She replied that it would be better perhaps to have no Orthodox religious ceremony. Shyshmanov reminded her that Bulgarian law permitted no burials without a religious sanction. Therefore as both of them knew very well how much the deceased had sympathized with Protestant ideas, they decided to have his funeral conducted in accordance with Protestant rites. Shyshmanov then hurried away to make the necessary dispositions, to inform the university authorities, and to send a telegram to Kolodyazhne. Naturally, during those few days before the interment no member of the bereaved and desolated household slept except when outraged nature demanded its rights; then a heavy, leaden, unrefreshing slumber overtook them from which they awoke with a start to be reminded straight away of the dread extent of their loss.

The university took upon itself all the expenses of the funeral. And now in the center of the sitting-room where all the recently arrived jubilee gifts were draped in black crepe, a gilded leaden casket, almost buried in flowers and wreaths, lay on a bier. The dead scholar's face was visible, looking yellowish, worn and eciated.

At six o'clock in the evening, after a brief Protest service, a squad of students lifted the casket up onto their shoulders and carried the master of the house out of his home for the last time. The narrow street outside was crammed with people; hundreds of students stood in rank, constituting an escort of honor; the entire teaching corps of the university appeared in a body to pay their tribute of respect to a well-loved and honored colleague. Picked groups of students took turns in carrying the casket while others bore the innumerable wreaths in their hands.

Halfway on the march to the ce-

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metery a heavy downpour of rain mingled with hail began to fall, and the casket was placed on a covered bier, but scarcely anyone dropped out of the procession. By the time they arrived at the cemetery the downpour subsided, but there was now a great deal of mud underfoot. By the side of the freshly opened grave the cortege halted and the farewell addresses began, the solemn leavetaking from the mortal remains of what so recently had been a warm, living human personality. The cover of the casket was screwed down. Carefully and tenderly it was lowered by ropes into its last resting place in the bosom of mother earth. Almost mechanically Lyudmylla Mykhaylo cast a wet clod of earth on the casket, her daughters did likewise, and Lesya too. The handfuls of earth either struck with a dull thud on the casket or fell with a splash into the water which had gathered at the bottom of the grave as a result of the preceding heavy downpour. Then the gravediggers went to work with spades, the earth thudding down until the grave was filled up level with the surface and a small mound piled above it. They covered the mound all over with the memorial wreaths. The first one bore the inscription: "From your wife and children"; the second: "To dear Uncle from his Lesya."

Lesya was unable to tear her eyes away from her aunt who had aged and withered so much during these last few trying days. Something like a pang of discord passed through her heart as she gazed. This aunt of hers, to be sure, had dearly loved her uncle, and for her his death meant that life was over, done with and finished for ever. Lesya, too, had loved her uncle no less deeply and would not have hesitated a moment to give up her own life if that could bring him back again. But when she perceived what to her seemed a dull insensibility on the part of her aunt, Lesya, startled by the sound of a locomotive whistle echoing loudly in the surrounding hills, realized involuntarily that life was not over as far as she herself was concerned, there must be something in the future for her. She felt a vague sense of shame at such a thought because it brought her a ray of comfort...

The sun, breaking through the clouds, bathed the cemetery in a glorious burst of evening sunshine, lighting up the flower-covered grave, the people who were now streaming out of the cemetery, and the panorama of the austere Balkan mountain ranges off in the distance.

There is no greater intimate personal woe than to lose a near and beloved friend, no sharper crisis in it perhaps than the moment of saying farewell to his mortal remains as the clods fall into the grave and the casket disappears to view for ever. But far more intolerable is the grief that is experienced on one's return home from that last resting place, when one is struck by the emptiness in the family circle, when one realizes that the dear one's absence is a permanent one... When at every step one is reminded of his so recent presence and activity in the home...

Lesya found it impossible to recover from the shock all at once, could not even find strength at first to write to her father without a great effort of will. However, she

did write to him thus: "Dear Papa: I do not know whether you received our telegram about Uncle's death. No one here at present has any plans as to what is to become of Aunt Lyudmylla and the children. It would be best if you could come, and if not, then write to us with good advice as soon and as fully as you can. It will be a great help to us. Tell Mother all about it and let the others know as well. Write to me how she takes the news. We are all headless now, so to speak. Forgive me for not writing more just now. I will so later. Don't worry about my health; no one here has fallen sick. Prepare to break the news gently to Grandmother. It's hard for us to write the news, so help us please, won't you?"

However, it was not necessary to break the news to Yelysaveta Ivanivna. The old lady, without knowing anything of what had taken place in Sofia, in the presence of her daughter Olha Petrivna and her sons Ivan and Oleksander, on June 11, passed away into the great beyond to overtake her dead son Mykhaylo.

Dejected indeed was the prevailing mood in the Drahomaniv household in Sofia—still more depressing and gloomy for Lesya when a letter arriving from Lila which was little more than a cry of despair from the heart of an eighteen-year-old girl, stricken by a sense of irreparable loss. Lila wrote: "Dearest Lesya. How many times have I tried to write you and simply couldn't. I couldn't find the words and phrases to express what I feel in my heart. Put yourself in my place and imagine what my feelings were when I read a telegram like that which came from Ivan Shyshmanov. I was the first to see it. Now you can realize why I didn't write. I was only too glad that Mother wasn't at home then. Of course, Lesya, I loved Uncle no less than you. But, I cannot write. Why torture myself and you as well? Just tell Auntie all of them—every one of them—how much I love them; so much so that I cannot express it except to say that I would give all I have, body, soul and happiness if it would only help them a little to bear this loss. It breaks my heart to know that I can do nothing really to help. If you only knew how hard it is for us to pretend to be calm and collected so that we can help Mother to bear up. Forgive me for not writing more, but I simply cannot. Yours, Lila."

It wasn't easy to read letters like that!...

At last the moment of departure had come. Lesya cast a final look around the small rooms of her uncle's home, so cosy and agreeable such a short time ago but now so lonely, dreary and desolate... The last warm embraces had been exchanged on the station platform (the same place where a year ago there had been such a joyous meeting with Uncle, all the Drahomanivs and with the Shyshmanovs, too)...

Now already the wheels of the uncomfortable Bulgarian train were clicking monotonously over the rails, leaving Sofia with its bitter-sweet memories farther and farther behind—the memories of events, places, persons speeding into the past. They were going, gone, already they belonged to memory alone...

Ah, it is better not to dwell on the past! Much better not to think of it!...

The Disciple's Vow

What a joy it was for Lesya on a fresh, sunny morning to see again the well-known railway station of

Radyvyl, to peer anxiously from the window at the platform still wet and shining with the dew of night to see if anyone from home was there, and at last to perceive the short, stout figure of her father in his official uniform hastening at full speed towards the train, waving his hand!

What a joy it was for her to rush into his embrace, to clasp him closely, to smell again the mingled odor of tobacco and eau-de-cologne emanating from his person, an odor she had associated with him from her earliest recollections!

"Why, come, Lesya! Calm yourself! As big as you are, writer, a traveller who's been all over Europe, and here you are crying like little Isydora!"

In a few moments they were sitting together in the local train to Kovel. Dear Papa, how elderly he seemed to have become! His beard entirely grey... But he still wore the same black cravat, the same old-fashioned top boots were visible at the bottom of his trousers... The same kind kind eyes, which, however, when they smiled now revealed a network of tiny wrinkles around them! And those corded, shrunken hands covered with fine red hairs! But she seized those dear hands and kissed and kissed them, not heeding that her tears dropped on them... Yet, ah! those tears were not like the ones of former days, not charged so deeply with feeling as now, nay, even sometimes pleasurable!

"Lesya, my child, pray calm yourself!..."

Oh, how slowly the horses trotted from Kovel to Kolodyazhne, and oh, how slowly they moved past the houses and frontyards when they reached to town!

"Lesya, take care! You'll fall, getting out like that!"

"Mother! Mother!"

And again another torrent of weeping in another dear embrace. This time both wept, mother and daughter mingling their tears together... Then a round of embraces with Lila, Oksana, little Isydore, Mysha, and Mikos, who felt somewhat aggrieved at being left until the last.

Afterwards came the talks, long, long talks—lengthy narrations, for each wanted to tell in detail what had happened during the year that was past—handkerchiefs in hand, much blowing of noses, something coming up in one's throat that halted speech at times, but laughter bubbling up all through.

Olha Petrivna (alas! how many strands of silver were now gleaming in her black hair!) began to tell her story with a renewed outburst of emotion ("Now, Mother, take it easy"—this from Lila) and when she finished she said: "And now after all her long life all that remains of her is a little mound beside Father's. I never thought a mound of earth could mean so much, but now I understand it fully, especially that last day when I felt I simply could not come away for home until I had once more said farewell to Mother lying there in the quiet cemetery."

Her mother's words brought vividly to Lesya's mind the eve of her recent departure from Sofia, when she and Rada paid a visit to the cemetery there, and how it seemed incredible to her then that beneath that little heaped-up mound of earth lay the body of her Uncle Mykhaylo, of no further use to anyone and which had to hidden quickly from human sight.

Yet none the less life reasserted

Concluded on page 4)

Summer Suggestions By G. H.

MOST of us feel that reading, like the summer diet, should be light, without involving the reader in deep philosophy or intricate problems. We want reading for pleasure with some knowledge thrown in, for without knowledge or facts of life presented in a different form, reading would hardly be worth while. In our indolent state of mind, dulled by the summer heat, we crave reading that is familiar to us through association of ideas with our past experiences, so that the new lessons may figuratively flow from the book to the mind without much effort on our part.

All this leads up to a book that answers the purpose of summer reading, a book that once read will entice you to read it again and then tell others to read it. That book is Prof. Manning's *Ukrainian Literature*.

"Aha," you will say, "just another plug for something to be taken like bitter medicine." A plug it may be, or even a hint to the source of pleasure and satisfaction that you will experience while reading the book. It may be regarded as medicine too, though not bitter, because the book leaves the mind healthier concerning things Ukrainian.

In a few chapters Prof. Manning gives us a comprehensive study of a dozen outstanding Ukrainian authors. The chapters are brief, but packed with interesting accounts of the characters responsible for modern Ukrainian literature. Besides being brief, each chapter is a complete reading unit, and the reader may enjoy one chapter at a time at intervals without losing interest, which is just what you want when frequent interruptions in reading take place.

Saying that each chapter is a complete unit does not mean that the chapters are isolated and entirely foreign to one another. From the beginning to the end of the book there runs a current of historical sketches, describing the setting and political environment which influenced the life of each author. This is the important feature of the book, for it makes history of Ukraine easy to understand and retain in memory.

If you want to understand Ukrainian history read the *Ukrainian Literature*. In the Introduction, Prof. Manning prepares the reader for that happy combination of history, biography and excerpts from the works of Ukrainian authors. Literature, he explains, shows the effects that history has had upon the people and their reaction to the conditions under which they are compelled to live. To those of us who find Ukrainian history difficult to grasp, Prof. Manning's book is a relieving medicine that is easy to take.

We have become accustomed to hearing the names of Shevchenko and Franko, sometimes of Lesya Ukrainka, but the significance of these names is rather hazy to us. We take it for granted that they were great to Ukrainians but mean hardly anything to the world at large. We could not name another Ukrainian author if we were asked to do so. But let us read what Prof. Manning writes about them:

"No one in modern literature can produce a memorable work without making clear the innermost workings of his own soul and thoughts and feelings. When we look from this point of view at such men as Shev-

chenko and Franko, we realize that we are dealing with real spiritual and intellectual leaders with a real faith in democracy and that these men have a message not only for their own people and age but for the entire world."

After reading the book we are bound to revise our estimate of Ukrainian authors, for they assume the stature of world proportions. It is really a pleasure to get acquainted with them, and it is a pleasure to read Prof. Manning's *Ukrainian Literature*. Get it from Svoboda and you will not regret it, for you will enjoy it.

On Records - - - By Ted Victor

SUMMER LISTENING

HOW often have you been plagued by your neighbor's radio or record player while sitting on your front porch? No doubt it has happened so many times you no longer pay any attention to it. And yet it is a fact that if neighbors played better music the world would be a lot happier. Too often the family that fights and yells all day long puts on something soothing like a boxing match for example. Boxing matches are very fine providing you don't have to listen to the brittle, ear rasping voice of the announcer. And so as you try to relax by looking up at the high heavens filled with millions of twinkling stars your ears are subjected to a series of, "he's up, he's down, a left, a right, he's up etc."

As you can readily see, the above situation can and does give many people nervous prostration. In fact I would not be surprised if it is not one of the main causes for the ever increasing disappearance of front porches in modern housing. That is why in my own humble way I offer a few suggestions to you and your neighbors.

Most certainly everyone enjoys a nice leisurely stroll in the cool of evening. When you begin to feel a bit tired you naturally wend your way home. As you begin to climb the stairs to go into the house you cannot help but notice how remarkably brilliant the sky is at the moment.

Toronto

WELL, "Trivia" is back, even though nobody noticed it was missing last week. "Trivia" was on vacation, having a hectic time for herself, and now, although she's still on vacation, it's hard to get out of a routine, so here she is again.

You know, they say travel is broadening, and anyone who has traveled by coach will readily agree with the statement. Trivia also traveled by coach, from New York to Toronto. "See the beautiful Mohawk Valley," the ad reads. Ah, the beautiful Mohawk Valley. Would that thou were shorter! Nothing but trees to one side of the train,

and water to the other; all this while there's not a breath of fresh air let into the train. Finally, when they do let you out for air, you find yourself in some smoky old railroad yard, ten miles from the nearest tree. You take your fill of soot for ten minutes, and then repair to the train to see more of the "scenic Mohawk Valley." This goes on until you reach the Canadian border, where official-looking, uniformed men ask in a bored manner exactly where you're going, why, how much money you have, etc. They then hand your case over to the customs inspector, who asks more questions and goes through your luggage at the same time. At long last (after a lateness of over an hour) you arrive in Toronto.

Toronto is a nice town, as they say in the vernacular, or perhaps I should call it a nice city, for the benefit of the Torontonians. It's big time, for those who like big cities, and yet it has its peculiarities. For one thing, the place is full of banks. Almost every bank in Canada is called "The Royal Bank of someplace-or-other." There are four banks at each busy intersection, and only three at the not-to-busy intersections. All this leads one to believe that residents of Toronto are very wealthy, but I think such an abundance of banks tends only to produce embezzlers.

The main street in Toronto is called Yonge Street, and for the first few days you break your neck to find it, not daring to ask anyone. The reason is, that the out-of-towners don't know how to pronounce it, and rather than embarrass himself (or herself) in front of a native, the visitor will search high and low for it. There are several possibilities, the first being the French "Yonj." You say this to yourself a few times, and then give it up in favor of "Yongie," which sounds Indian-like. Not satisfied with this, you revert to a corruption of the French, "Yon-jie," then after writing the three possibilities on paper, you close your eyes, and point to one. This is what you intend to call the street, when five minutes later someone spoils all your well-laid plans and tell you that it's pronounced "young." Frustration rides again!

Another peculiar thing about the Ukrainian population in Toronto is that every other person is a dentist, though once in a while a physician can sneak in unnoticed. It is a distinction to be neither, because it helps people remember you. Very few people talk to these dentists, trying to keep their teeth covered as well as possible. (All this after they notice the forceps in the breast pocket of the eager dentists.) Upon discovering the pliers are there just for show, smiles glisten and everyone is happily relaxed again.

Before concluding on the peculiarities of Toronto, we couldn't bypass the flickering lights. One gets to dread nightfall in Toronto, because that's the time the lights must go on, and oh, do they flicker. The explanation for it is unimportant, but you find soon that you flicker, along with the lights. After five days, we found we were developing a nervous disorder, and so, before the condition became aggravated, we shakily took our leave of Toronto. We sadly and nervously prepared for our trans-Canada trip. But more about this next week.

"PROFESSOR CLARENCE A. MANNING, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, IS RENDERING A SERVICE TO INTERNATIONAL LETTERS IN MAKING AVAILABLE, IN ENGLISH, A BRIEF BUT COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE. IT IS A TIMELY TASK, COURAGEOUSLY CARRIED OUT."

PROF. WATSON KIRKCONNEL
Hamilton, Canada.

UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

STUDIES OF THE LEADING AUTHORS

By

Clarence A. Manning

Acting Executive Officer of the Department of East European Languages, Columbia University

With a Foreword by

PROFESSOR WATSON KIRKCONNEL

Published for the Ukrainian National Association by the Harmon Printing House, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Our young people of Ukrainian descent who are alive to their responsibility to become fully acquainted with their Ukrainian cultural heritage for its own sake and in order that its finest elements may be introduced into American culture, have long been asking for an authoritative work in English on Ukrainian authors and their writings. Such a work has now appeared—Prof. Manning's "Ukrainian Literature." Everyone of these young people should make it his business to get himself a copy of it and read it. Much will be learned and much will be enjoyed."—*Ukrainian Weekly*.

\$1.50

Svoboda Bookstore, P. O. Box 346, Jersey City 3, N. J.

IN QUEST OF HIS SISTER

(ZA SESTROYU)

(A Story of old Kozak times for Young Folks)

By ANDREW CHAIKIVSKY

(Freely translated by S. S.)

(Continued)

FAR out in the limitless, rolling sea of sun-dried vegetation known as the steppe, there stood like some lone island a high "mohela," (ancient burial mound) known as Sveredova.

No one knew its age, who was buried in it, whence came its name, nor did anyone care. It was a landmark known to all who roamed the steppes. Situated in the midst of a quiet grove, near a gurgling, shimmering stream which eventually found its way into the Samara river, the Sveredova was indeed a most welcome sight to the weary traveller. Here he could stop and rest, pasture his horse in the luxuriant grass, and even find an excellent hiding place in the nearby thickets in case of danger. And for these reasons it was very popular among the Kozaks.

*

It was early dawn. The sun was just peeping over the horizon, dispelling the soft darkness of the night when a Kozak who had been sleeping under an ancient oak tree in the shadow of the Severedova awoke from a deep slumber. He rubbed his eyes sleepily, threw off the coat covering him, and slowly, with much yawning, rose to his feet. Crossing himself, he pulled on his boots, and then gazed around him to see if all was well.

Looking through sleep-laden eyes he perceived in the west a bright glow illuminating the sky. He blinked his eyes in bewilderment. What's this, — he thought to himself — last night the sun set in that direction, and now it is rising from there.

To see, better, he climbed up on top of the "mohela." Immediately he perceived what was the matter. A village was burning. Most certainly the Tartars had fired it, and now were banqueting, no doubt. Oh God, save our people—he thought.

Reciting his morning prayers he descended the "mohela" and went to the stream to wash himself. His fleet horse, tethered nearby, neighed in pleasure upon seeing his master.

"Good morning, comrade! Did you sleep well?"—the Kozak spoke to his mount, interrupting his prayers. The horse neighed in reply.

Reaching the bank of the stream the Kozak knelt down, rolled up his sleeves, disclosing brawny arms, and washed himself. Then pulling a comb and a bit of mirror, he started to comb his queue, which he braided and wound around his ear. His long moustaches came next. Combing them carefully, he arranged them in true Kozak fashion, with the ends hanging down and then curving upwards. His ablutions completed he then went over to his horse, untethered him, and led him to water. The horse drank its fill slowly, pausing occasionally to snort, or poke his master playfully with his muzzle.

Semen the Helpless—was the Kozak's name. He was a muscular man of about thirty years of age. He was dressed in the typical costume of the Kozaks, prodigiously wide, "as wide as the sea," trousers, held in place by a wide satin belt wound many times around his waist. His feet were shod in flexible horse-hide boots. His shirt had seen much wear, and was torn in many places, disclosing a deep, tanned chest.

Down in the Sitch he had a reputation of being quite a strong man. He could bend a steel bar, or lift a

horse as easy as one would lift a sheep.

Although his very appearance, courage and fighting ability belied it, he was known by the curious name of Helpless. The explanation for this curious name lay in the fact that once, in his earlier days as a Kozak, during a skirmish with the Tartars, he, in the heat of the fighting, recklessly plunged into the midst of the Tartars. Surrounded by enemies he quickly was overpowered and made helpless. He was just about to be killed when a Kozak rally saved him. Since then he had been known as Helpless.

But this appellation did not worry him in the least, nor cause him any embarrassment whatsoever. For in those days the Kozaks believed that "the name does not decorate you—you decorate the name." The greatest source of pride for the Kozak was the time when he was able to conclusively show by some valorous deed that he was not as he was dubbed at the beginning...

Having fed and watered his horse, the Kozak led him back and tethered him. Then he began to prepare his breakfast. Going over to the stream he cut himself three stakes in the thickets, which he stuck into ground in such manner that their tops met in the centre. From the center he hung a copper kettle, filled it with water, and then poured into it some "kasha"-meal. Gathering up a pile of dried reeds from the nearby bank he placed them under the kettle to serve as fuel. Then he pulled out of his belt a piece of flint and steel, with which he started a fire. In a few moments he had a fine blaze roaring under the kettle. He was careful to make it small, however, for fear that the Tartars might detect it.

— Well, by the time this meal finishes cooking, my friends will come,—he thought to himself,—and certainly there will be enough to eat for five of them.

He settled himself comfortably on the ground, pulled out his pipe, and began to fill it up with tobacco.

Just then his horse suddenly snorted twice, lifted up his head and pointed his ears, as if hearing something.

Semen jumped upon his feet. The horse tossed his head towards his master and then back in the direction where he heard something. Helpless ran over to where he had slept, picked up his musket, and then climbed to the top of the "mohela." Now he distinctly heard something himself. It was the thumping of a horse's hoofs. Straining his eyes he perceived in the distance how the tall grass, high enough in that part to cover both horse and rider, swayed from side to side. Somebody was coming through. Was it friend or foe?

Suddenly the grass parted and out galloped a horse, running in the direction of the camp. On his back Helpless perceived a small, white-shirted boy hanging desperately on. On came the horse. Before him appeared the stream. With one mighty leap the horse cleared it and landed heavily on the other bank. But the shock of the landing was too much for the boy. He lost his hold and fell to the ground, where he lay without moving. The horse, feeling that his rider was no longer on his

back, slackened his pace and trotted over to Helpless' horse. Soon both horses were rubbing noses like old friends.

Helpless clambered down from his perch and ran over to the inert figure of the boy. Reaching him he perceived that blood was running from the boy's shoulder. He ran back to the fire, picked up a cup, hurried over to the stream, and filled it with water. After first divesting of the boy his coat and shirt, he washed his wound with water. Taking up some leaves he placed them on the wound, and tied it up with a bit of cloth torn from his belt. Then he took the boy in his arms and carried him over to his rough bed and placed him tenderly thereon.

The boy lay quietly for awhile. His face was very pale. Only the slight movement of his chest showed that he was alive. Helpless took some whisky, opened the boy's mouth and poured a little in, and then proceeded to rub the boy with some of it. He knew that the lad must be a fugitive from the burning village whose glow he had seen before.

The boy made a wry face as the whisky went down his throat. He gasped, choked, and his eyes fluttered open. Gazing blankly around him he perceived the face of the Kozak over him. He did not know whether he was real or perhaps this was all a dream.

"Tell me 'diadehku,'" Pavlush spoke, for it was Pavlush, "where am I, and am I still alive?"

"Yes, yes, sonny, you are very much alive. Where are you from," the Kozak added.

"From Spasivka... The Tartars attacked and burned everything, robbed, killed... They killed my mother and 'dyid' Andriy, and took my sister..." The boy covered his face, as if to shut out the horrible memory. His body began to tremble.

"There, there, quiet yourself, my boy. Everything will be all right. You are safe with me," the Kozak cheered him.

Pavlush quieted down.

"Were there many Tartars?"

"Yes, 'diadetchku,' a whole cloud of them. They set fire to village at its four corners; the people ran out; they then butchered them—oh, it was terrible, terrible!" and the boy once more began to tremble.

"I am not doing very wisely," thought the Kozak. "By asking him questions I only make him feel worse. Best let him sleep until he has recovered a bit, and then I can find out more information."

"Come, come sonny. What kind of a Kozak will you be if you are going to learn to cry. Stop your crying, try to sleep a bit. You are as safe with me as behind God. And others will be here in a few moments. So sleep now..."

Helpless took his heavy coat, and covered Pavlush with it. The latter soon grew quiet again. The weariness of his body took its toll; slowly he began to drift off into slumberland.

(To be continued)

BUY ALL THE BONDS YOU CAN...



Youthful Years

(Concluded from page 2)

itself and claimed its rights. The time was drawing near to arrange the winter schedule of education for the younger ones. Soon Olha Petrivna, taking with her Lila, Oksana, and Mikos, left for Kiev to get them established for the season.

Left behind at Kolodyazhne with Isydora, Lesya devoted a good deal of time to her, and supervised the household affairs, somehow feeling no inclination to take up her own personal work again. However, one peaceful evening when the long rays of the setting sun were gilding the interior of the sitting-room at Kolodyazhne and Petro Antonovych and Isydora were drinking tea on the veranda looking into the garden, Lesya approached the piano to straighten the music on it which Lila had left in confusion just before leaving. Suddenly her glance fell on Tchaikovsky's "Barcarolle"... Her heart began to pound, a mist swam before her eyes. But she compelled herself to sit down at the piano. She set the rack in position and placed the sheet of music on it... but felt she could hardly breathe, much less play...

She rose up, walked about the room feverishly for a moment or two, then sat down again resolutely and began to play the "Barcarolle."

She played and the music came to life, the harmonies vibrated in the air, then melted away; and as she played it seemed to her that Uncle Mykhaylo was sitting behind her, listening, with his dear sagacious grey eyes fondly fixed on her and as though smiling with pleasure...

She finished... In the pause that followed the ticking of the old grandfather's clock sounded louder and more insistent than usual.

She turned round, and there in the doorway leading to the verandah stood her father and Isydora.

"How marvellously you played that piece!" said Petro Antonovych.

Without a word of reply, Lesya rose from her seat and walked out into the garden. After a few turns there she began to speak aloud to herself:

"Uncle, I promised you that I would be your loyal follower and disciple, and that I will be, cost what it may. I will labor to fulfill your aims; I will keep faith with what you have bequeathed to me." And Lesya said this aloud to herself, not in an access of adolescent fervor, but consciously, solemnly, deliberately. It seemed to her at that moment that a new life was opening before her, fraught perhaps with difficult experiences; that the years of her youth now lay in a past that was gone for ever; that the obligations and responsibilities of grown womanhood were hers to bear henceforth...

Over there on the highroad beyond the garden, a cloud of dust was rising and filling the the air—there had been no rain for quite a little time—the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep were heard. It was her father's live stock coming in for the night from the fields. "All things towards eventide turn homeward for rest and repose," she thought. "That's what Uncle Mykhaylo and Grandmother have done, but my task still lies before me." With this, Lesya Ukrainka, despite all her handicaps, consciously and valiantly said goodbye to her youthful years and entered on a new stage of life and creative work for her beloved Ukraine.

(The End)

Text of Brief Submitted by Ukrainian Canadian Committee to Canadian Senate's Standing Committee on Immigration and Labour June 1947

(Continued) (4)

Continuing the list of occupations, trades and businesses in which Ukrainian Canadians are engaged, we find that in —

TRANSPORTATION AND COMMUNICATION:

This heading includes those persons who are following transport occupations regardless of the industries in which they are employed.

There are 6,675 men and 47 women of Ukrainian origin in this industry, as follows:

	Male	Female	Total
Owners, managers	58	1	59
Foremen	78	—	78
Inspectors	13	—	13
Agents—ticket, station	9	—	9
Aviators—not in armed forces	8	—	8
Baggagemen and expressmen	5	—	5
Brakemen—railway	31	—	31
Bus drivers	15	—	15
Captains, mates, pilots	5	—	5
Chauffeurs and taxi drivers	98	—	98
Conductors—steam railway	1	—	1
Deliverymen and drivers, not elsewhere stated	1	—	1
Dispatchers — train	6	—	6
Engineering officers—on ships	7	—	7
Firemen and trimmers—on ships	46	—	46
Linemen and cablemen	18	—	18
Lockkeepers, canalmen, boatmen	21	—	21
Locomotive firemen	60	—	60
Longshoremen and stevedores	105	—	105
Messengers	143	1	144
Radio announcers	2	—	2
Radio station operators	6	—	6
Seamen—not elsewhere stated	47	—	47
Sectionmen and trackmen	3,902	—	3,902
Operators—electric railway	14	—	14
Switchmen, signalmen	85	—	85
Teamsters and carriage drivers	319	1	320
Telegraph operators	11	1	12
Truck drivers	1,373	4	1,377
Yardmen — railway, not elsewhere stated	92	—	92
Other transport occupations	54	1	55
Total	6,675	47	6,722

5,279 or 78.53% of those in transportation and communication are sectionmen, trackmen and truck drivers.

TRADE:

A total of 3,508 men and 955 women of Ukrainian origin are in this classification, as follows:

	Male	Female	Total
Owners, managers—retail	1,857	125	1,982
Owners, managers—wholesale	83	—	83
Floorwalkers and foremen	12	3	15
Advertising agents	4	—	4
Auctioneers and appraisers	2	—	2
Brokers and agents, not elsewhere stated	11	—	11
Collectors—bills	6	—	6
Commercial travellers	73	—	73
Hawkers and pedlars	102	—	102
Inspectors, graders	59	46	105
Window decorators	3	3	6
Newsboys	17	1	18
Packers, wrappers	173	198	371
Purchasing agents and buyers	219	2	221
Canvassers and demonstrators	47	5	52
Sales persons in stores	835	569	1,404
Other trade occupations	5	3	8
Total	3,508	955	4,463

46.27% of those under this heading are owners or managers in either wholesale or retail business and 39.77% are packers, wrappers and salespeople in stores. Manitoba leads in the number of persons of this group in trade occupations, with Ontario in the second place.

FINANCE:

A total of 109 are in finance occupations, as follows:

Owners, managers	8
Insurance agents	53
Real estate agents and dealers	46
Stock and bond dealers	2

Total 109

There are five women in the above group reported as real estate agents and dealers: one in British Columbia, three in Alberta and one in Manitoba.

What They Say

Secretary of State Marshall, in his statement on proposed inter-American military cooperation:

"At no time in the history of this country have closer bonds been found between and among the nations of the Americas than at present. During the war the interdependence of the economies of the American nations, which has long been recognized required the Latin American republics and the United States to coordinate their military activities. Without military collaboration, the defense of the Americas would have been dangerously weakened. Our cooperation during the war, was... made more difficult because many Latin American countries had received military equipment and training from Germany and other European countries. We may be sure that if we are not willing to assist our Latin American friends, as well as Canada, to which the terms of the act also apply, in the procurement of arms and in obtaining instruction and training for their military personnel, they will of necessity seek this help elsewhere."

Secretary of War Patterson, speaking on the value of preparedness at anniversary celebrations of the Battle of Monmouth, New Jersey:

"I take it that at no time in our history has it been more clearly evident that weakness does not insure peace. A trained military force not only spells the difference between victory and defeat, once war is joined; a trained military establishment offers the best hope of escaping war, with all its losses in men and treasure. We know to a certainty that we would have no World War II had we been armed, disciplined and ready to fight. We know from captured records that the Germans and the Japanese planned their conquests on the presumption that the United States was not prepared to oppose them. They were sure they could win before we could muster and train the armed forces necessary to defeat them. While the Axis powers were wrong, it cost us 400,000 lives and \$300,000,000,000 to prove it. Our will for peace is tried, tested and enduring, but unilateral will to peace is not enough, as history so conclusively proves."

PROFESSIONAL SERVICE:

1,478 men and 905 women of Ukrainian origin are in professional service, as follows:

	Male	Female	Total
Architects	6	—	6
Artists and art teachers	15	8	23
Authors, editors, journalists	25	1	26
Chemists and metallurgists	46	3	49
Clergymen and priests	205	—	205
Dentists	12	—	12
Draughtsmen and designers	28	—	28
Engineers—civil	17	—	17
Engineers—mechanical	21	—	21
Engineers—mining	14	—	14
Engineers — electrical	20	—	20
Lawyers and notaries	38	—	38
Librarians	2	2	4
Musicians and music teachers	100	16	116
Brothers and Nuns, not otherwise specified	25	53	78
Nurses—graduate	3	105	108
Nurses in training	—	126	126
Osteopaths and chiropractors	2	—	2
Physicians and surgeons	57	2	59
Professors, college principals	5	—	5
Religious workers, not elsewhere stated	7	8	15
Social welfare workers, not elsewhere stated	2	10	12
Teachers—school	760	553	1,313
Veterinary surgeons	3	—	3
Other professional occupations	65	18	83
Total	1,478	905	2,383

81.41% of those rendering professional services in the above group are in the three Prairie Provinces. 55.09% rendering professional services are school teachers. Alberta leads in the number of school teachers with 457, Saskatchewan comes next with 425, and Manitoba ranks third with 357. Manitoba leads all the other provinces in the number of authors, editors, notaries-public, and social welfare workers. Ontario leads in the number of artists and art teachers, chemists and metallurgists, dentists, draughtsmen, and designers, civil, electrical, mechanical and mining engineers. Alberta leads in the number of clergymen, priests, brothers, nuns, graduate nurses, physicians and surgeons.

PUBLIC SERVICE:

202 persons of Ukrainian origin are gainfully occupied under this heading, as follows:

Firemen—fire department	9
Policemen and detectives	53
Postmasters	36
Postmen and mail carriers	32
Public service officials	56
Other public occupations	16

Total 202

Manitoba leads in the number of firemen, policemen and detectives, postmen and mail carriers. Saskatchewan leads in the number of postmasters and public service officials. Included in the above are 8 female postmasters and 2 female public service officials.

A Future Canadian Views Canada

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Recently, the Ukrainian Relief Bureau in London, England, received a letter from O. Ochnevich, a displaced person, now residing in Bavaria, Germany, American Zone. The letter was inspired by the receipt of an "affidavit of support" from a relative who is a Canadian citizen. Such an affidavit, under present regulations, permits the recipient's entry into Canada. Highlights from the letter are given below.)

Dear Sir:

I want to thank Mr. Bassa, Professor of Music on the staff of the University of Montreal, for sending me that affidavit. My father had helped Prof. Bassa once long ago, and now Mr. Bassa wrote that he felt it his duty of gratitude to help my family in our need... Once in an English book I read "A friend in need is a friend indeed." I can find no better words to thank the Professor.

Many Ukrainian refugees and DPs want to go to Canada, because to them, both the soil and the climate of Canada are very much like those of the Ukraine. But for me it is more the spiritual climate that I look forward to in Canada. A great Ukrainian political thinker and leader once taught us about "the democratic monarchy of a working people." For years we have looked forward to such an independent, democratic, and free country in which lord and farmer would be represented equally. But to us it has remained a dream. We know, however, that although the Ukraine has not been so fortunate, there are countries in the world that have been blessed with such a truly free and democratic government, and we look with respect, and perhaps even with forgivable envy, at England and Canada, where the "King reigns, but the people rule." The great Ukrainian thinker, Lipinsky, taught us that there must be friendly rivalry between conservative thought and progressive thought in every country, and the stronger that the conservative thought becomes, the stronger is the progressive thought as well. It seems paradoxical, but it is true. And that is the way we see the Governments of England and Canada—Conservative, Liberals, Labour, and Social groups, all developing in competitive and friendly rivalry towards the greater benefit, progress, and development of their country. In his letter to me, Prof. Bassa wrote: "I see that Canada, as compared to many other countries, is like heaven compared to earth." And so surely it is.

Among the largest national groups in Canada are the English, French, and Ukrainian-speaking people. Our teacher once taught us that differences of language and race are not so important. The important thing is the common love for the country, the common economic interests, and a common sense of responsibility towards the nation of which these people form a part. Today, Switzerland is a good example of one of the best organized united countries in the world, although its people speak German, French, and Italian. So it is in the British Commonwealth; so it is in Canada. I know the Ukrainian, French, and English languages, and I love them all. I see that they are the languages of the best nations in the Europe of today and yesterday. The English are born political leaders and strong fighters. The French are most cultural and with a great diplomatic sense. And the Ukrainians have special cultural abilities, and a strong love for the soil. To

me, these people represent the best and noblest from all the races—English from the Nordic, French from the Latin, and Ukrainians from the Slavic. And I see on the basis of these three peoples a still stronger and more splendid Canadian nation grow and develop.

I love my own native town, Ternopil, the town of my youth. And I am very glad to hear that there is in Canada, in the Province of Saskatchewan, another town of the same name—a new Ternopil. Years ago, Ukrainians from Ternopil in the Ukraine went to Canada, and it seems that on the wild prairies of the West another Ternopil has been born. If God does not allow me to live and to work in my own dear native Ternopil in the Ukraine, then I hope He will grant me the opportunity to live and work in Ternopil in Canada.

The Ukrainian immigrants went to Canada and changed the wild prairies into rich farms. They have become good Canadians. We have heard that in this last war, as proof of their Canadian patriotism, almost 40,000 Ukrainian Canadians served as volunteers in the Canadian armed forces. We have heard it said that well over 3,000 of them gave their lives and their blood for Canada. Their dead bodies lie in Dieppe, in France. They lie in Normandy, in Belgium, in Holland, in Switzerland, and in Italy. We humble refugees hope and pray that Canada will not forget them. They were the best sons, O Canada, that we could produce... They were our brothers. We heard a famous American commentator say yesterday, "Men who love their mothers usually make the best husbands." And so it is with the people who love the country of their origin and the country of their parents... they will make good citizens of a new adopted fatherland. Well over 250,000 Ukrainian immigrants have now been forced to leave their native Ukraine because they loved her. They are looking for a new fatherland, and the greatest majority look with longing eyes towards Canada. Let them come to you, O Canada. You need the farmers and the workers, and we will farm and work for you.

I was in a Canadian canteen the other day, and I took away with me a little emblem, the Maple Leaf, and I have pinned it on my coat. Perhaps it is childish, I know. But I also know what luck and good fortune it is to be a free citizen...

And so let us come to you, O Canada, and be your free citizens, and we will be thankful. I will give the best and the dearest that I have—my own children—for my new fatherland. I will teach them to be good citizens of the country I have not yet seen, and which I already love so dearly—Canada.

Yours truly and sincerely,

(Signed) O. OCHNEVICH.
(Reprinted from "The Refugee," London, England)

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Youth and the U.N.A.

A WORTHWHILE ORGANIZATION

The Ukrainian National Association is undoubtedly the most outstanding Ukrainian fraternal benefit society in the United States and Canada. It has a membership of 47,100... it has 470 branches... and it has assets of \$9,000,000. It publishes the "Svoboda," the leading Ukrainian daily newspaper. It publishes the "Ukrainian Weekly," an English-language supplement, which is dedicated to the younger generation. It publishes books, magazines, and other periodicals for members and non-members alike. It has subsidized a considerable number of baseball, softball, and basketball teams composed of its younger members. It gives stipends to those of its members who are attending colleges or universities. It gives dividends to its members. It gives financial aid to those of its members who are suffering from chronic incurable sickness or permanent disability. It has paid out millions of dollars in death benefits during its 53½ years of service to the Ukrainian people and their American-born children.

The U.N.A. rewards those persons who organize new members for the fraternal order. It aided Ukrainians when floods threatened their homes. It has consistently endeavored to help the Ukrainian cause in Europe, and was instrumental in obtaining financial help for worthwhile Ukrainian institutions. During World War II it made heavy investments in War Bonds and urged its branches to do likewise with such excellent results that it was commended by the Treasury Department. The U.N.A. was one of the very few organizations to pay death benefits in full to the beneficiaries of those of its members who were admitted after Pearl Harbor and were killed in World War II.

The U.N.A. employs a considerable number of men and women, all members, at its home office in Jersey City. Its officers are elected at conventions held every four years. It is not owned or controlled by any individual or groups, as its branches are represented by delegates at conventions who have the power to vote, present ideas, amend the by-laws, and voice the wishes of the members whom they represent. The U.N.A. executive committee meets frequently to make plans for its future and to discuss important matters. Everything is accomplished at or through the home office, which handles many thousands of pieces of mail monthly, both incoming and outgoing.

The U.N.A. is classed among the most financially sound fraternal benefit societies in the country. It issues the most modern types of insurance certificates, both adult and juvenile, with cash surrender, loan, extended

insurance, and paid up insurance privileges.

The U.N.A. is recognized as the very basis of Ukrainian life here in America. Its 470 branches are located in 21 States and three Canadian provinces. A U.N.A. branch exists as far west as Oregon. These branches have done much in the way of organizational work, particularly where Ukrainian National Homes and the like are concerned. The branches have meetings and affairs. They elect their own officers. About thirty of the branches are composed of the American-born element; these branches are also represented at the conventions of the U.N.A.

A person under 15 years of age can be a juvenile U.N.A. member for as little as 25 cents per month. A person 16 years of age can be an adult U.N.A. member for as little as 83 cents per month. Also, the U.N.A. now offers double indemnity insurance to adult members for only a few cents more monthly.

★

In view of all this, how can anyone hesitate to join the Ukrainian National Association? Who can be indifferent to an organization as worthwhile as the U.N.A.?

The U.N.A. has consistently proven that it has interests of its members foremost in mind. It shall always strive to be of service to the Ukrainian people.

Should the reader desire information concerning the U.N.A., or any of its branches, he is urged to write directly to the Main Office of the Ukrainian National Association, P. O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J. He will not be under any obligation at any time. All questions will be answered promptly.

The reader is urged to write while the facts brought out in this article are fresh in his mind.

Join the U.N.A.—a worthwhile organization!

T. L.

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**The UYL-NA Welcomes
You to Philadelphia**

LABOR DAY WEEKEND 1947

The Philadelphia Convention Committee cordially invites you to attend the annual convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. This three day event will be held at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel located at 9th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. during the Labor Day Weekend, which will cover Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 30, 31 and September 1, 1947.

Plans are being formulated to house all the delegates and guests under one roof. The hotel management will cooperate in every way to make your stay as pleasant and comfortable as possible. However, it is not too early to make your hotel reservations now. This can be done by writing personally to the reservation manager of the Benjamin Franklin Hotel.

Business sessions will be conducted during the day on Saturday and Monday. The discussion during these sessions will be of a serious nature and will be of great interest to the delegates and guests. Our American youth of Ukrainian extraction will have an opportunity to exchange ideas to further a better understanding of those having a background similar to their own. At the business session on Monday, the convention will be climaxed with the elections of national officers for the ensuing year.

As in former years, the Banquet and Ball on Sunday evening will be the highlight of the convention's activities. This affair will be held in the Crystal Ballroom of the hotel which has a seating capacity of over one thousand persons.

For Sunday afternoon, the committee has planned an unusual feature which will be known as the "Parade of Talent." This event will be a competitive affair between Ukrainian choral and dance groups from various cities. Music critics will judge the presentations and prizes will be awarded.

There will also be a Welcome Dance which will be held on Saturday evening at the Ukrainian hall located at 847 N. Franklin Street, which is only eight blocks north of the hotel.

Undoubtedly, your prime interest at the moment is "what will this convention cost me?" The Philadelphia Convention Committee is pleased to announce that a flat rate of ten dollars will admit you to all activities. This includes your tickets to the Welcome Dance, the Banquet and Ball, the Parade of Talent, and also entitles you to receive a copy of the Year Book, Convention Badge and it will cover your registration fee as well.

We know your stay in Philadelphia will be a memorable one and are looking forward with pleasure to seeing you over the Labor Day Weekend.

DAVID CHMELYK,
Chairman, Public Relations

UKRAINIANS IN ENGLAND

To the Editor of the *Manchester Guardian* [Manchester, England]

Sir, In your issue of May 31, you refer to the arrival here, from Italy, of some 4,000 Ukrainians. They are described as having "fought with the Axis forces." As this is an ethnic group hitherto almost unknown in England (though there are over 300,000 of our fellow-subjects farming in Canada, with a fine war record and intermarried with "Anglo-Saxon" stock). It is important that the background of this group should from the outset be clarified in the interests of good labour-relations and racial understanding, based on our best traditions.

These newly-arrived Ukrainians were part of a group of about 9,000 who were put into German uniforms and, for good reasons, not classed by us as prisoners of war, but as Surrendered Enemy Personnel. What were the "good reasons"? This Division was organized towards the end of the war when the Germans were still occupying South Poland and were desperate for lack of men. The division was organized from Ukrainian patriotic and religious reasons, primarily in order to save Ukrainian youth from being, as were so many Poles, forcibly conscripted into German regular forces which would be used anywhere by the Germans at will, and also in order that as far as humanly possible, these boys of Christian ethic and Western tradition should not be used against the Western Allies. Both these aims attained some success. Delaying tactics were applied under pretext of need for longer training and organization than was even reasonable and thousands of Ukrainian youth were saved from actual service in the German forces, for a cause which they had no reason to love or to respect. At the same time, advantage was taken of the German military predicament to get from them a special agreement, so that this Division was never used in the West.

At the first opportunity the whole unit moved West and surrendered voluntarily to the British and American authorities who have now brought them here. It is reported that their officers only were handed

over to Soviet demand. Before this war, neither these people nor their forbears were even Russian or Soviet subjects. For two centuries up to 1918 they looked West to a relatively enlightened liberal Vienna, for their standards of agriculture and education. They also looked West, to Rome, for their religious, Christian ethic and ideals. Their home-country (Galicia-Halych) was never a part of Germany or of Russia. It has now been annexed by the expanding Soviet Empire, which has announced that they are not to reestablish their old homes.

These Ukrainians are strongly Western-minded folk, many of whom have relatives and friends in the countries of South America, the United States, and Canada. They are "practicing" in their religion. The majority are of Eastern Catholic cult and with no tendency towards dictatorship whether of German or Russian brand, since they have experienced three years of each. Their attitude of mind is Western owing to their religion, owing to their Austrian and then Polish citizenship, and because of their numerous and long relations with the United States and Canada. The bulk of them are healthy young people, between the ages of 18 and 30. They come from some of Europe's finest farming folk. By self-reliance, they built up at home a remarkable non-governmental cooperative system of their own.

Their camps in England are reported in the Ministry of Labour to be fast becoming models of cleanliness, self-discipline, and good order. Their sturdy womenfolk, many of whom are still stranded in the British and American zones, are in habit and value the equals of the Baltic girls who have made themselves such welcome workers here, and they are anxious to take up field and house work in the United Kingdom. Love of farming is in these men's blood and they are itching to get their hands into the soil and to see it bring forth fruit in due season—

Yours & c.,
TRACY PHILIPPS
46 Pall Mall, S.W.1.
(Manchester Guardian, June 12, 1947
Manchester, England)

**ATTENTION VETS
(Concluded from page 1)**

prevent the veteran from obtaining a guaranteed loan.

Q. Who pays the appraiser's fee?
A. The veteran. This fee usually is about \$15 or \$20.

Q. Can a veteran join with a non-veteran to buy a two-family home?

A. Yes, provided the veteran's interest is properly protected to prevent any loss to him in event the non-veteran defaults.

Q. How about a loan where the FHA insures the first mortgage for say 80 percent of the price of the house and the veteran wishes to borrow additional money to cover the balance?

A. VA can guaranty a secondary loan for the balance, provided the secondary loan does not exceed 20 percent of the purchase price.

Q. Can a veteran repay all or part of his loan at any time during the life of the loan?

A. Yes, and without paying any fee or premium.

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

WEEKLY BANTER

The only real argument for a marriage is, that it remains the best method for getting acquainted.

During the war, a popular G.I. saying was: "If it moves, salute it. If it doesn't move, pick it up. If you can't pick it up, paint it." Now it seems that veterans have revised it for postwar days: "If it cries, change it, if it's on wheels, buy it, if it's hollow, rent it."

"Well, bless my wool," said the ram as he plunged over cliff, "I didn't see that ewe turn."

A young man, having imbibed too freely, draped himself around a lamp

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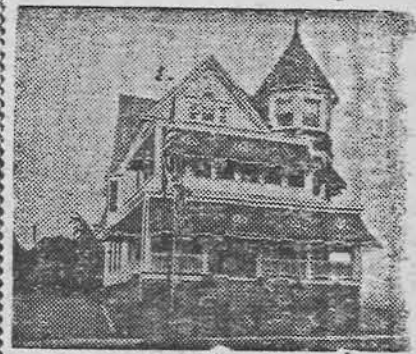
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post when a priest walked up to him. Said the priest, "Young man, what do you mean by being in such a condition? What one earth have you been drinking?"

To which the youth replied, "These Fathers, feather."

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РОЗБІЖНІ ШЛЯХИ

Вже тоді доля наша креслила нам шляхи, цілком протилежно біжучі... Шляхи далекі, далекі, а нам невідомі. Ми сиділи притулені до себе, щасливі. Безмежно щасливі. В печі блимав огник, облизував сирі березові поліна, що сичали вужами. Вже догоряла свічка, розлившись воском по столі... А мороз розвив стокolos на шбах вікон, об які стукали стебла загати.

Ти говорив тоді повільно, кладучи натиск на кожне слово, мабуть, тому, щоб вони глибоко заховались у моїй пам'яті. Я пам'ятаю їх, не забуду ніколи.

Ти говорив про далекі казкові краї, моря, безраї степи, які тебе манили; про волю, таку далеку, яка здавалось тобі, вже сходить; про наше життя, любов, майбутнє...

Я слухала тебе й, здавалось мені, що того дня ти для мене дорожчий, як завжди. Ні, мені не здавалось — так було в дійсності. Кучер твого чорного волосья доскотав твоєю повіку, що безупину дрижала. А очі... вони були неповорухні. Чому — я не довідалась ніколи...

Ти вже хотів відходити, а я здержала тебе.

Така безконечна зимова ніч... Не відходи! Чого снішишся? Кожна хвилинка, перебута з тобою, — для мене дорога. Дорожча як сон. Самотність навіває на мене сумні думки, наводить візії страшні, страшні. І, коли ти відходиш, здається мені, що вже на все, що наше життя зруйноване, що ми розійшлись. Я так боюся цих думок, бо... бо люблю тебе. Смішне... Я знаю... можливо, що лише я так думаю...

І ти остався. Послухав мене. Не мав чого спішитись. Та неспокій душі, якийсь дивний, досі незнаний, не давав тобі спокою. Ти вставав, сідав, говорив, мовчав і всміхався напереміну.

Хтось глянув у вікно, стукнув необережно в снігах. Відчинив двері. Я бачила, як у них стали постаті, червоні, червоні. Зо штиками, спрямованими в твою сторону. Я бачила як ти виходив із хати. Не самий, разом із ними, а цівки їх крісів спочили на твоїх плечах. Я чула це слово... сотанне слово: „прощай“... і більш нічого.

Свідомість, страшна свідомість мучила мене довго, довго. Я ж тебе здержувала! Я винна всьому!

Ми не сподівались, що розбіжні шляхи нашого життя починаються в цій хаті. Коли б знала, була б запобігла... Розпуття в моїй такій хаті! Чому ж це так?

Ти пішов на схід, не за своєї волі, а я — на захід. Пощо? Шукати за тобою. Вправді, не зразу; чекала довго — думала, вернешся. Не вернувся, Ти не писав. Знаю, — ти не міг. Проте, я знала кожний твій крок, кожне твоє переживання. Дізналась із листів твоїх товаришів неволі, що були менш небезпечні для „родини“ як ти.

В люту сніговію ти йшов із сокирою в лісі, а біля тебе сторожі твоєї волі. Голод і холод. Фізичні та психічні болі — ось зміст життя твого. Терпів, не видержав, утік двічі, і двічі зловили, а це лише погіршило твоє життя. І так плели дні за днями.

Спалахнув світ... Війна... Пожежі... Кров...

Радів ти, раділа й я. Ми бачили крізь дим пожежар волю, щастя, що його розірвали червоні. І ця зоря — воля, яка, здавалось, сходить, це другий етап нашої мандрівки шляхами розбіжними. Ця зоря вела нас даліше в невідоме.

Із усевітньої війни Сибір був

виключений. Там мусів ти працювати для своїх гнобителів, в їх військовій індустрії. Та думка, шалена думка, проведена в чин звільнила тебе. Не було іншого виходу. Ти став вояком Другого Корпусу. Не на те, щоб рятувати життя, ні! Ти рятував одну одиницю твого народу, людину, яка крізь Владивосток, океани, Африку й Італію, мала зо зброєю в руках увійти в Україну. Ти розраховував на воєнні несподіванки, так, як твої брати, що боролись у рядах німецьких французьких, англійських, американських і в усіх арміях воюючого світу. Не бракувало їх ніде. І немає сьогодні країни, де не видніли б могили синів великого народу, народу нашого.

Під чужим прапором Ти боровся за Україну, під чужим одностроєм твоє серце билось для неї, дарма, що на твоїй шапці видніли чужі знаки. Такі часи...

Не сповнилися твої сподівання. Не довелося тобі вернутися в рідну Україну. Не жалуй! Нема чого вертатись. Там червоний, новий терор, смерть, застання.

Твоє молоде життя розпрошалося зо світом під голубим небом соняшної Італії, в тінях кипарисів. Шум моря заколисав тебе до вічного сну.

Ось твій життєвий шлях. Я бачу його в своїй уяві. Його креслила доля ще тоді, коли ми сиділи разом у моїй хаті-розпутті.

Мій шлях, хоч біг у протилежний бік, був дуже подібний до твого. Коли ти став вояком Корпусу, я влягнула однострій Української Національної Армії з Тризубом на рукаві. Я знала, що таким чином наші шляхи зійдуть в один шлях, шлях в Україну.

Ти йшов із крісом, а я з перев'язками. Ти був на фронтах, я теж. Ти вбивав і ранив, а я рятувала життя. Така вже доля.

Я перейшла Карпати, вже й Альпи видніли на небосклоні, як світ підняв білу хмару. Затихли стріли та не мовкли ридання. Мені аж лячно стало. Хіба ж це можливе? Те, що здавалось, буде досягнене, в одній хвилині змінилось унівець. А крові, що стільки крові полилось? Щоб скріпити тирана? Ні, ні! Ще не кінець! Боротьба ще кипить.

Новий етап розкрився перед мною, нові шляхи, мутні, мутні, як весняна річка. Полон... Не для мене одної, а для всіх друзів, які носили однострій, такий як я. Стиснені в підніжжя Альп, ми боролися ще, щоб не потрапити в руки червононим. Там певна смерть. Нові надії веліли нам відступити на захід, в англійський полон. У час відступу не було вільно стріляти, щоб не сплямити білого прапору „миру“. Та нам це байдуже. Для нас він значить — неволю. Нова неволя на довгі роки.

Почались сирі будні. Довгі, довгі, безконечні, як ніч зимою. Кругом нас дрти, колючі, холодні. На вежах стійкові, англійські. А цівки скорострільів сміялися з нас, сміялася з нас і доля. Я гляділа крізь дрти й бачила, як сонце купалося в морі. Думками була з тобою.

Пробігли дні. Непевні перші дні...

Я стала працювати в лікарні; вийшла за дрти, стрінула друзів твоїх. Вони ще тут були. І я довідалась про твою славу смерть і місце вічного спокою...

Ось, я прийшла. Не плакати — відвідати тебе й кинути грудку рідної землі на твою могилу, щоб легше було тобі лежати. Я все втратила в останніх днях війни, але цю грудку здержала при

Юхим Мантич.

НЕЗНАЙОМА ДАМА

Весь танковий екіпаж був закоханий в одну незнайому даму. Ніхто з них її ніколи не бачив, тому кожен уявляв собі цю красуню на власний кшталт.

Один казав, що вона висока, худорлява з променистими чорними очима. Другий, тільки-но заплющив очі, бачив перед собою завжди усміхнену гладеньку руську молодичку.

Третій вважав... та що там перелічувати! Відомо, що кожен має свій смак, свої нахили, свої симпатії.

Проте всі були закохані і завжди з великим хвилюванням прислухувались до голосу незнайомої дами.

Голос ішов з повітря, з далечини, ніби дама жила, як птах, на якійсь гілці.

Дама співала по радіо, і танкісти, затамувавши подих, вслухались в чисте звучання її голосу.

Мов струмок пробивався з глибини...

Мов метал входив у свіже дерево...

Закінчилась війна, і танкісти, виконавши всі свої справи в міліції, де прописувались, у військоматі, в якому ставали на облік, та в деяких, інших адміні-

стративних установах, пішли розшукувати незнайому даму, в яку всі були закохані.

Тут можливі різні сюжетні несподіванки, до яких давно звик читач. І вже напевно всі здогадалися, що незнайома дама виявилась літньою, сивою жінкою, проте дуже доброзичливою і симпатичною.

Так трапляється в усіх вигаданих історіях, але оскільки перед нами стоїть вимога дотримуватись суворой правди, доводиться визнати, що незнайома дама була дійсно молодою і красивою.

Вона дуже гостинно прийняла закоханих в неї друзів і познайомила з якимсь не дуже вже молодим громадянином.

Вона сказала, ніжно усміхаючись:

— Знайомтесь з моїм чоловіком. Уявіть собі, що цей дивак закохався в мене, слухаючи мої пісні по радіо! Хіба таке може трапитись з кимсь іншим? Неймовірна історія.

І закохані танкісти делікатно потвердили:

— Дійсно! Це дуже неймовірна історія!

І вони побажали щастя закоханому подружжю.

Сміх — це здоров'я...

Цю стару засаду добре розуміють наші „запроторені“ брати на скитанні в Європі і хоча як їм не до сміху, проте вони таки добре вміють посміятися. А вже найбільше зі своєї власної недолі.

Про це переконують їх гумористичні видання. Крім деяких „солідніших“, як наприклад збірка гумористичних оповідань І. Керницького під заголовком „Циганськими дорогами...“, недавно випущено перше... і останнє число гумористичного журналу „Люшня“. „Люшня“ тому, бо її, кажуть, можна відчіпити від воза і нею сусіда по лобі потягнути. Опісля появилася „Іжак“. „Іжак“ — як відомо — коле. Вкінці „Іжак“ оженився з „Люшнею“ і „сплодили“ „Запротореного Комара“. І цей „Комар“ тепер кусає два рази в місяці, і кусає всіх, дотепними словами і такими ж ілюстраціями. Подаємо кілька прикладів.

Кажуть, що...

...українські скитальці в Європі створили Діловий Комітет для матеріальної і моральної допомоги нашим братам в Америці, Канаді й Аргентині. Діловий Комітет розпочав уже збірку старих одягів і харчів. Членам Комітету заборонено літати за море й організувати різні допомогіві імпрези. Справу розв'язано по-американськи: кожний скиталець допомагає одному заокеанському українцеві. Українські скитальці, виконайте свій харитативний і національний обов'язок супроти наших давньо-запроторених братів.

собі. Вона для мене найдорожча.

Тобі тут тісно. Повно могила на терасах. Над ними орел простягнув крила. І я клянусь, що, коли дійду моїм шляхом до рідної землі, до вільної України, заберу й тебе туди. Бо ти згинув у боротьбі за волю цієї землі, і вона має право до тебе, лиш вона одна може пригорнути тебе.

Я вірю — не довгий уже той час... — („Батьківщина“).

Посмертна згадка

„Люшня“ м. і. друкує такі оголошення:

Ділимося зі всіма сумною вісткою, що далеко від Рідної Землі, на непривітній скитальщині, змордований війною, в наслідок до- і відокремлюючого струму згинув трагічною смертю Наш Найдорожчий Опікун

Здоровий Розум,

якого похоронено на шпальтах української преси. Брак Покійника болуче відчувають усі наші політично-громадські провідники.

Хай Йому легкою буде газетна плахта, на яку ллють свої гарячі сльози.

Обездолені Сироти.

Конкурс

З метою плекання внутрішньо-національної дисципліни наш Найвищий Громадський Суд розписує конкурс на найгрунтовніше побиття анархістів, які не підчиняються вирокам Суду.

Розписані такі три нагороди:

- 1) Афідавіт до Канади,
- 2) Цуцуггенемігунг до Мюнхену і
- 3) Пачка американських папіросів.

Участь у конкурсі можуть приймати всі фізично справні українці й українки, за винятком професіоналів-відокремленців з Фюріхшуле і впорядчиків з Мюнхенського комітету.

В склад жюри входять визначні лікарі, боксери, а також представники наших політичних партій.



Українські скитальники дожидають Вашої допомоги. Чи Ви вже зложили свою жертву?

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