

СВОБОДА SVOBODA

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The Ukrainian Weekly

Supplement

ТРИ ЦЕНТИ в Злучених Державах Америки.

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THREE CENTS in the United States of America

П'ЯТЬ ЦЕНТІВ за кордоном Злучених Держав Америки.

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WEEKLY: VOL. XV

WEEKLY ANNIVERSARY

EXACTLY fourteen years ago last October 6, The Ukrainian Weekly went into its fifteenth year of existence. Its initial number appeared on October 6, 1933. The decision to publish it was reached at the U.N.A. Convention held earlier that year in Detroit. Before then the Ukrainian National Association published for our younger generation in the English language the quarterly Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine.

Over seven hundred numbers of the Weekly have appeared thus far.

We all due due modesty, its publisher, the U.N.A., feels certain that the Weekly has had a very definite influence upon our younger generation American life, activity and progress.

The Weekly has not only informed our young people concerning their Ukrainian heritage and its relation to their American way of life, but it has also helped to guide them toward the realization of their ideals and aspirations as native born Americans of Ukrainian descent.

In this field, the Ukrainian national cause, that is the winning of the centuries old struggle of the over forty million Ukrainian people to rid themselves of foreign rule and oppression to regain their national liberties, and to establish their own independent and democratic state, has been the ideal to the realization of which the Weekly has devoted itself completely, in every way possible, since its inception as an organ of our younger generation.

There is no gainsaying the fact that through the medium and efforts of the Weekly many Americans have become acquainted with the Ukrainian political situation and with the Ukrainian cultural treasures. Among them are people of prominence, particularly in the field of journalism, scholarship and statesmanship. Their acknowledgments of the same have in some cases appeared in print. And their interest in the Ukrainian cause as a result has had definitely positive results, of benefit to it.

Today the Weekly is being read by the so-called "third chapter," that is the younger element of the first American born generation of Ukrainian extraction. At the same time it is read by the "second chapter," that is the older element of that generation, whose age runs between the thirties and forties.

Between the two there is a natural gap of common interest in the matter of detail although not on basic principles. The older ones want one

certain type of material to appear on these pages, while the younger ones want something more suited to the tastes of their particular age. Obviously it is not easy to find a happy medium. The Weekly does the best it can under the conditions it finds itself compelled to operate, understaffed and without the necessary funds to enable it to come out as it could come out if conditions were better.

The Weekly readers, realizing the necessity for its publication and of its importance in their group development, could help out here quite a bit.

They could, for one, gain more subscribers for the Weekly.

They could also, and this is very important, send in reports of local or national events in their organizational Ukrainian American life, together with their comments on the same. [In a word, if you feel that the Weekly is lacking something to attract the interest of you and others like you—then in addition to "beefing" about it (to which you are entitled, for, after all, this is a land of democracy) do something about it yourself—send in to the Weekly what you think should appear in it.] Bear in mind that the Weekly is a periodical published for our young people. It is not published for profit; it operates at a loss. Aside from helping to inform and guide our young people, it likewise endeavors to reflect their thoughts and ideas. Well, then, send them in.

Finally, genuine cooperation with the Weekly entails the necessity for more of our younger folks to join the ranks of the Ukrainian National Association, publisher of the Weekly and the Ukrainian daily Svoboda. Actually the U.N.A. is the strongest bulwark of Ukrainian American national life, having close to 48 thousand members and about 10 million dollar assets. The more members it gets, the better resources and facilities it will have in putting out a better Weekly. Joining the U.N.A. is definitely a sound investment, no matter from what angle one looks upon it, be it life insurance protection, organizational, cultural, patriotic, and, of course, the Weekly angle.

UYL-NA WANTS CONVENTION SITE

The Ukrainian Youth's League of North America invites all cities interested in obtaining the 1948 Convention, September 4 to 7, to submit their bids with the requirements listed below.

A first class hotel willing to reserve 500 to 600 rooms. Banquet facilities for 800 to 1000 people. A sessions room to accommodate 500 people. A auditorium seating 2,000 people.

Unidentified Planes Aid UPA

According to Czech press reports, General Ludwig Swoboda, War Minister of Czechoslovakia, stated before the Parliament in Prague early this month that he has no positive information as yet as to the recent reports there that unidentified planes have been aiding detachments of the UPA (Ukrainian Insurgent Army) which in fighting against Soviets found their positions untenable and forged into Czechoslovakia.

Swoboda gave a detailed report to the Parliament concerning the recent

activities of the UPA, which has as its primary objective the freeing of Ukraine of Soviet rule. It is a heroic guerrilla force against which the armed forces of Soviet Russia and its Communist satellite nations have been using waging war in an unsuccessful effort to exterminate it.

Clashes between the UPA-ites and the Russian NKVD-directed Czech armed forces, Swoboda also stated, have resulted in considerable casualties.

Philadelphia Ukrainian Tag Day

5,000 Solicitors Needed

A minimum of 5,000 solicitors are needed to cover the principal streets of Philadelphia on November 1st which has been proclaimed by Mayor Samuel as "Ukrainian Tag Day."

In order to obtain this figure and make the drive a success, Dr. Walter Gallan, executive director of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, has issued an appeal to all Ukrainian organizations in Philadelphia and the neighboring communities to respond with volunteer workers for this day.

Calling Other Cities

National Homes (Community Centers), churches, youth clubs, benefit societies, veterans clubs, choirs, institutions and independent groups are urged, to enroll their members as solicitors. The cooperation of the Ukrainians from the neighboring cities of Camden, Bridgeport, Chester, Bristol, Wilmington, Coatsville, and Trenton is especially requested. This

is one big opportunity to collect a sizeable fund and the more volunteer collectors there the more successful it will be.

Register Now

Meetings in connection with the Tag Day are held every Friday evening at the Ukrainian Club at 847 N. Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Those who cannot come to the meetings, can register by phoning PEN-nypacker 5-5367. Remember... this is the biggest event to be conducted by Ukrainians in Philadelphia in many years. So let's all cooperate to really put it across!

Radio and Press Will Cooperate

As a public service, all the radio broadcasting stations in Philadelphia have consented to make "spot announcements" from October 24th until November 1st about the Ukrainian Tag Day. Likewise, the city newspapers will inform the public about this big day dedicated to the relief of Ukrainian displaced persons.

Urges UN to Bar Reds in DP Talks

Rising American sentiment to ignore completely Russian demands to forcibly repatriate or to persecute the displaced persons in Europe, among whom the Ukrainian DPs are very numerous, is finding expression in Congressional circles in Washington in form of recommendations that the Soviets be barred entirely from discussions at the United Nations Assembly over the problems of the DPs.

According to recent press reports, Representative Frank Chelf (D-Ky) has urged the banishment of Russia and Communist satellite nations from United Nations conferences on issues and problems relative to Europe's displaced persons.

At the same time Representative Karl E. Mundt (R-S.D) warned that Russia is betting on three eventualities to win communist control over Western Europe:

That the entire program of U. S.

economic aid to European will collapse; that America will suffer a major depression, and that Britain and the U. S. will "pull out of Europe and leave a vacuum that Russia can fill."

Chelf and Mundt has just returned from traveling through Europe to study what aid is needed to preserve peace.

Chelf said he would ask Secretary of State Marshall to put the displaced person problem before the UN. Because the "very great majority" of DPs are "violently anti-Communist and anti-Russian," he will ask Marshall to bar Russia and the Red-dominated countries from UN discussions of the problem, he said.

Chelf claimed his stand was backed by Representatives Jacob K. Javits (R-N.Y.) and James G. Fulton (R-Pa.), who accompanied him to Europe.

"...You Have Done It Unto Me"

By EUGENE ROHACH

(Address delivered at Forum session of the 10th convention of Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, held during the past Labor Day weekend in Philadelphia. Mr. Rohach is vice-president of Ukrainian Congress Committee of America and treasurer of United Ukrainian American Relief Committee.)

TODAY, when the world is emerging from its tragic blood bath, today when humanity is endeavoring to rid itself of the shackles of disease, death, and destruction, today when countless nations and untold millions of people awake to see the dawn of a new day, they realize that what was only a ray of hope, has become a reality, that they once again may enjoy liberty, freedom of speech and worship, and the inalienable right of pursuit of happiness. Today there still remain a stricken people of some 40 million souls, who have been forgotten by the rest of the world, have been forsaken by the powers that be, and who in reality have been condemned to a slow living death.

These people are today paying a horrible price because they have dared to seek the same rights as all freedom loving people of the world enjoy. They not only have been persecuted by the oppressors in their land, but the oppressors' blood thirsty claws have stretched into other lands, and forcibly abducted Ukrainians to be taken back to the invaders' hell, and there without any due process of law they have been exiled to far off Siberia, or executed, because their only crime was the love of liberty.

In the course of Ukraine's recorded history, the Ukrainians have been privileged to govern themselves at different times, and just as often they were destined to lose their independence because their powerful neighbors coveted the wealth that is Ukraine's and the abundance with which God has blessed this land. This, however, did not discourage the Ukrainians, for they have always come back with renewed vigor against overwhelming odds, in their attempt to regain their freedom.

The United States of America was founded by patriots whose desires in creating this great republic were no different than those of the Ukrainians. We Americans owe a debt to the Colonial Army who threw off the yoke of foreign domination by means of an uprising and battling on through to victory, in what we proudly call today the Revolutionary War. The Ukrainians, at the close of the First World War, aspiring to freedom, sensed the opportunity that was near at hand, they risked everything, including life itself, revolted against the oppressors and organized a free government of Ukraine. This Republic was short lived, but the aspirations, dreams, and hopes of the Ukrainians did not die.

Today at this gathering of American youth of Ukrainian descent, it is my privilege as a representative of the United Ukrainian Relief Commit-

tee to speak to you and endeavor to project your thoughts to those who in the battle for their freedom, national history and traditions, found themselves beyond the boundary of their native land, to suffer untold agonies and the uncertainties of the future.

We cannot, and must not forget, that today scattered throughout Western Europe are hundreds of thousands of Ukrainians, mostly youth. This youth represents the cross section of the Ukrainian population, laborers, farmers, students, technicians and professionals. This youth is the flower of Ukraine who like yourselves had dreams of life in their native land with all freedoms that we cherish. This youth was and still is full of energy and desire to build and to promulgate Ukrainian art, cultural and economic life; but, at the present, this youth has been condemned to idleness and inactivity.

We Americans at all times have had freedom of action and speech, and the opportunities of learning an employment. At the same time the Ukrainian youth had none of these privileges, but rather life consisted of endless terror, whether tomorrow would bring exile to Siberia, or to Nazi concentration camps, slave labor battalions or execution. It must be assumed that not all of us are acquainted with the horror of such an existence, for if the Ukrainians were aware and were able to perceive life among the so called displaced persons, their reaction certainly would reflect itself in far greater efforts on behalf of those wretched souls. You may ask what has been done on behalf of these people? The answer on the surface may seem that the job done has been of great magnitude but in reality it is not so.

Truly, Ukrainian Americans have raised a quarter of million dollars, most of which has been transmitted for direct relief. Also there has been transmitted relief in kind, that is, clothing, shoes, medical supplies and food, the value of which may reach a half million dollars. Taking the total value of relief and apportioning it among all the Ukrainian displaced persons, we have an average relief distribution of slightly under \$2.00 per refugee for the last three years, or less than 70 cents per year. In other words we have paid for one dinner per displaced Ukrainian in three years.

Let us take a glance at our fellow Americans of Jewish descent. Their brethren suffered just as much as any other racial group as a result of the war. In numbers there are less among the Jewish refugees than the Ukrainians, and yet you will recall when the campaign for funds was opened several months ago the goal of the Jewish Allied Committee was 200 million dollars for relief work for one year which amount was oversubscribed. Compare that with our puny efforts.

Let us also take the example of the Lithuanians of whom there are

Parson: "And which of the parables do you like best, my boy?"

Johnny: "The one where somebody loafs and fishes."

far less among the refugees or in

The Eagle

by G. H.

THE ancient Aeschylus was probably the first poet who wrote about the eagle that was struck with a dart winged with his own feather. The translation of the particular stanza runs like this:

So, in the Libyan fable, it is told
That once an eagle, stricken with
a dart,

Said, when he saw the fashion of
the shaft,

"With our own feathers, not by
others' hands,

Are we now smitten."

Whoever was personified by the ancient eagle may be shrouded by the lapse of centuries since the poem was written, but there is a bit realism when the events within the span of these few lines.

the United States than the Ukrainians, but who were able to practically transplant an entire university to the United States with all of the faculty.

Could we not do likewise, since there are hundreds of scientists, professors, and able advisers from Ukrainian universities among the displaced persons? These could be transplanted just as the Lithuanians have done in order that our culture, art and science may be studied at first hand and at the same time become a part of the treasure of the United States, this country of ours.

Allow me to cite some pertinent figures. There are among the displaced persons at least 500 orphans. There are 25,000 minor children. At least half of the present number of Ukrainian displaced persons are young people like ourselves, numbering about 150,000. There are over 3,000 university students studying in extreme heat or cold who often collapse during classes from lack of nourishment. Among these people there are about 5,000 survivors of the horrible Nazi concentration camps. Over 5,000 young boys and girls are organized in the Ukrainian Scout movement whose publications you can see at the convention exhibit. These are the young people that we as American youth of Ukrainian descent should especially care for and assist in any way possible as they will carry on our common cause and struggle.

The ways and means by which you can accomplish this in conjunction with the established organizations will best be left to you, but do not put off for another moment any constructive plan for assistance to these needy people. Their needs are problems. Little children cry for bread, boys and girls stretch their hands to you for assistance. You cannot deny them that help. Give your time, give of your wealth, give of your volunteer services, give a kind word. Giving all these, will make you happy and great will be your reward on Earth and in Heaven.

Let us look to the greatest teacher and humanitarian this world has known, our Master, Christ the Lord. Nearly 2,000 years ago, speaking to the multitude that followed Him, Christ in exemplifying charity said that on the Judgment Day, before the Lord there shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divides his sheep from the goats, and He shall set the sheep on his right hand and the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto those on his right hand, come, you blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom pre-our own generation are reflected in

The piece of shrapnel imbedded in the body of G.I. Joe on Iwo Jima may be the "feather" of steel that once was the pillar supporting the New York "Open-Air-Line." Small consolation to the G. I. Joe if he thought of it. Perhaps he was better off without any such ideas. Let those think of it at their leisure who were motivated by greed when the scrap was sold to Japan.

But what about the Joes who were shot down with American ammunition while flying over the mountains of Jugoslavia? Here the fable of the eagle hits the bullseye. Tito's stooges, fed with American food they obtained through UNRRA, equipped with American eagles of the air! Now comes Mr. Big himself. His army resembled a mob of tramps when he went into partnership with Hitler and invaded the eastern frontier of Poland. His soldiers used rope instead of leather belts to hold up their breeches when they invaded the Ukrainian territory. No wonder they were swept clear back when the partnership broke up. It was the American Lend-Lease and the American food that put them on their feet again and enabled them to sweep over Europe like locusts. Now they are ready to use the American darts against the American eagles.

The Americans have begun to learn the communist moral code, if it can be called moral. They could not penetrate the iron curtain or they were reluctant to do so. It was too unpleasant. But the moral code, or its absence, could not be concealed very long. It came into the open from the lips of the chief hangman, accompanied with name-calling and vituperation. Perhaps it is well that it came when it did; it opened the eyes of many misinformed Americans to the brutal reality.

Of all the nations, whose fate brought them under the heels of the communist hordes, the Ukrainians suffered the most. The worst of it was that no one believed them, no one would listen to their pleas. But now the pendulum is swinging the other way. Now is the time when truth can be told and the world will listen. For the abuses that are coming to America now are the same that were directed against Ukraine two decades ago. Ukraine was subdued by the same methods that are employed in the conquest of other countries. Ukrainian food was used to feed the Kremlin hangmen. In return, the Ukrainian population was starved or exiled to Siberia.

Let us not be deceived by a few demented ultra-liberals. Stalin is not building a Slav hegemony. If he were, he would not settle the Ukrainian lands with Asiatics after depopulating the country by wholesale deportations to Siberia.

pared for you from the foundation of the World. For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, I was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came unto Me. Then shall the righteous answer Him saying, Lord, when saw we Thee hungry? And fed You? or thirsty? and gave You drink? when saw we Thee a stranger, and took You in? or naked and clothed You? or when saw we Thee sick, or in prison, and came unto Thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, verily I say unto you, inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto Me.

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NATIVES AND NEWCOMERS

(Opinions expressed here by the writer are her own.
Comment invited.—Editor)

By MARIE S. GAMBAL

(Concluded)

AHAPEY Honcharenko may have been one of the first Ukrainians to arrive in this country (and Ivan Makohon another), but the first real wave of Ukrainian immigrants toward the end of the last century. They came from the villages of what is now known as Carpathian Ukraine and from East Galicia. Rusyny? Rusnaky? Russians? Uhrorusy? Little Russians? Ruthenians? Galicians? The newcomers know about the development of the unifying concept of the names Ukraine and Ukrainians more than we the oldtimers, natives and semi-natives do. It took a long, long time before the "Rutenetz" and the "Maloros" began calling themselves Ukrainians. No other people had to cope as much as the Ukrainian with the multitude of misnomers which tagged after them even to this land of the free and the brave. The organization that publishes this little weekly was first known as Russian and later as Little Russian, still later as Ruthenian and finally in 1914 as Ukrainian. A youngster who was told at home how great Ukraine was, how glorious, the bulwark of Western civilization, was surprised to learn that the teacher never heard of the country.

And yet despite all the shortcomings tagging after the first immigrants from the Old World, it was those untutored and unlettered, the nameless, who laid the solid foundations for the organizational life that exists today in this country. While other groups had large numbers of intelligentsia, our leadership was in the hands of fewer than a dozen clergymen and two or three laymen. Fortunately, it was a particularly fine group of "popiky radikaly" that gave impetus to activities during those early days, fifty and sixty years ago. They had organizational talent and a journalistic flair and they had a love for their less fortunate fellow-humans that we of this sophisticated age (of course!) might consider overly-sentimental, but which nevertheless rang clear and true. Those "little men" whom they so courageously championed were the peasants in the villages, and the Ukrainian immigrants here, the miners, factory workers, shop workers.

The Ukrainian immigrants did not intend to make the new land their own permanently. Most of them remained, however, they married, raised families.

Their children grew and their children's children and other waves of additional immigrants arrived. If all of them had been of the same caliber as those first pioneers our organized life, cultural, economic, social may have been a good deal the richer. Too many patterned their ideologies on those that were current at the time on the Old World continent. There was no end to dynamic ideas, world-shaking verbosity, arm salutes. There were manoeuvres with wooden canons, airplane schools, uniforms and all of this for the deliverance of Ukraine from bondage, in the name of a free and independent Ukraine, beloved fatherland. Added to all this a super-super nationalism, my nation right or wrong, the concept of racial superiority. This writer often wondered whether the leaders who were behind some of these stagey enterprises believed in them or not. If she had not been present at one of those shows where a plane, painted blue and yellow, (but definitely), was

blended and sent up in the air and lauded as a great patriotic achievement, a sort of forerunner of the air force that was going to free Ukraine from her enemies, she would not have thought that such theatricals could have been possible. When people talk about the wonderful work done by the immigrants and emissaries between the two wars, we wonder. God knows there was plenty of work to do. But it seems that during those years it centered almost entirely around politika of the unsavory sort and the worst that could be said about anyone was that he "ne rozumie sia na polititsy." A would say about B that he's a fine fellow but he doesn't know anything about politika and B would say about C that a dandy chap is he but as a politik, no good, definitely a "nulia." Of course, there were exceptions, but on the whole the in-between immigration was not culture-conscious or economic conscious, but politically conscious.

There were definite gains in the growth of the organizations that already existed and informational propaganda (is "information" propaganda? improved and the numerous mass meetings, exhibitions, presentations and so on achieved a higher degree of perfection than before, but nothing was done in the way of child or adult education, in the way of co-operatives, publications and so on that would have as permanent value as those first "soyuzy" and the first religious institutions have.

The resources that might have been kept to build up our organized life here were sent abroad for a hundred and one causes, some of them very good and some of them not so good. When the newcomers tell us that life over there changed unbelievably during the last three-four decades, we grant this, but it is also true that much of this change was due to the help that was sent from this country. To a certain extent it was the young who paid the bill.

This is only facetious of course, for the problem of the children and grandchildren of immigrants goes much deeper than the fact that they did or did not have schools in their own language. Many immigrant groups had their own schools right from the age of six to high school age and beyond, yet their problem is not much different from that of the Ukrainians. When a newcomer deploras the fact that the young are "zamerikanizovany" we would like to make a slight correction. Nothing of the sort! These young people are not "zamerineelzovany." They are "amerikantsy." Americans. For better or worse this is their country. Here they will live and here they will probably die. The parents of many are buried in some corner of this land. They cannot be expected to have that same or even a similar emotional attachment to a country they have never even seen that the immigrants had or that the newcomers have. The latter must remember that these young of all ages do not spend their time among Ukrainians. They spend their influen-

tial years among Americans of Swedish, Dutch, German, Russian, Polish, Slovak descent, among Catholics, Orthodox, Protestants, Jews, the followers of Confucius, in a word among Americans, which again means among people of all the world backgrounds. This fact has never been properly understood not only by newcomers but by those leaders whose activities are all connected one way or another with the Ukrainian environment.

This isn't our story in particular. The immigrants, their children and grandchildren, whatever the group faced this problem of emotional and spiritual tug of war. On the one hand the young wanted to belong to that large America which was the land of their birth and consciously or unconsciously they were "nagged" for not yet being a part of it and on the other hand they were nagged by parents and leaders for that they shy away from their Old World environment, that they don't speak the language of their parents, that they are not interested in the land from which their parents emigrated.

To refer to the children of Ukrainian immigrants as Ukrainians who "happened to be born in America" is ridiculous, as it is ridiculous to say that no, no, the young ones cannot, must not follow the pattern of other immigrant children! They must not be "denationalized." And yet many a visitor and even an old-timer thought in just those terms.

It isn't that the young of Ukrainian descent have shed all their interest in their people's heritage. Ukrainian folk culture is both colorful and of a very fine quality. The young people "took" to the folk song and the folk dance and the folk art. To a certain extent they were interested in the plight of the country from which their parents emigrated but many were repelled by the narrowly nationalistic trends among the older people, the chauvinistic flag waving, the hysterical slogans, that were brought here by all sorts of self-styled "representatives."

It is encouraging to note that the most recent arrivals are thinking in terms of revitalizing and enriching our life along cultural, educational and economic lines. Shall we hope that our "politika" will meet the test of the times and will assume a deeper and broader concept of world-mindedness and democratic ideology. Extremist groups (communist included) there always were and always will be. The verbal slugging they are handing out concerning the daring escapades abroad leaves a sickening stench. There is no reason why the rest of the Ukrainian Americans should give them any moral or material support.

With mutual understanding among the oldtimers, natives and newcomers, among those whose thinking is along the more humble but more constructive lines of building and informing rather than along impassioned flagwaving and delivering Ukraine from bondage, there is no reason why the Ukrainian immigration shouldn't take on new life. All of us would be the better for it, native or adopted land the richer in spiritual values, and, and Ukraina about whom the "patriots" are so concerned would be served in a way for which we never need blush.

A sign over the junk shop near a New Jersey railway grade crossing reads:

"Go ahead; take a chance! We'll buy your car."

Trivia - - by Sophia

RAH, rah, rah! Sis boom bah! And once more we find ourselves in the football season. It seems that the football season never has a beginning, but all of a sudden we are plunged right into the middle of it.

Professional football is big time, and is played mostly for the mature, but despite the high calibre of the players in "pro" games, the thrills afforded are not as many and half as great as those of other kinds of football. College football, for example, requires not only the team, but the whole student body as well, which comes out en masse to the college stadium to root for a team whose out-of-town opponents have brought no great following with them. Although college football games are no longer the raccoon-coat-and-chrysanthemum affairs they once were, and although the hip flask is past its prohibition heyday, students still come to the field to freeze on cold November afternoons. Cheer leaders help the crowd shout their team to victory, and hoarseness as a result of the cheering is only bothersome when the home team loses. After the end of the game, the star players are usually surrounded by admiring feminine fans, who after ten minutes of "ohs" and "ahs" return to their weak-looking escorts, who for some vague reason or other didn't make the team. The day ordinarily culminates in a party at the frat houses, with the same participants as the party that painted the goal posts on the night before.

It's funny, but the younger the crowd, and the less the understanding of the game, the more the fun. High school football, then, which is dismissed as the extreme in amateur contests, affords the greatest amount of excitement and pleasure for the crowd to which it caters. It's a "big deal" to the embryonic athletes, and to the adolescent fans as well. Tickets for the game sell for a quarter (at least they did in those days) and by saving a nickel from each day's lunch money, the price of the ticket was accumulated. This, however, goes only for the stags, and if some well-to-do Romeo could afford a ticket for his girl, it was the first thrill of the high school career for the big shot and his "date." No chrysanthemums this time—the thrill of being escorted to a football game is enough to make her head spin. No flowers for the skirt and sweater crowd, not to mention the ever-present bobby sox.

The high school game is all the more exciting because the young boy, knows little about football, and the girl knows less, thereby providing the Joe with a sense of importance when he is able to explain the game to the naive young thing.

Getting down to the most infantile form of football, we have the kind that is played by the grammar school set in empty lots and in the parks. The first club these boys join is the football "team," in which each member owns one piece of equipment.

Football is sometimes a dangerous game, and boys are early initiated into the school of hard knocks. Seems they have no choice in the matter, though, because if they play football and come home beaten and bruised, they are reprimanded, and if they shy away from football, they are branded "sissies." The only possible solution is to abolish football altogether, and I guess there's no chance of that ever coming to pass.

IN QUEST OF HIS SISTER

(ZA SESTROYU)

(A Story of old Kozak times for Young Folks)

By ANDREW CHAIKIVSKY

(Freely translated by S. S.)

(Concluded)

(15)

To Crimea with the Tartar Traders

AFTER drying his tears, Pavlush sat down on the ground, and propping up his knees beneath his chin, began to meditate upon his predicament.

One of the Tartars traders brought him a pancake and a bowl of milk.

Pavlush being very hungry, fell to the food with great appetite, and after finishing the pancake, drank the milk with gusto, unaware that it was not cow's milk but mare's milk.

"Maybe it's better this way after all," thought Pavlush, "that I fell into the Tartars' hands. They'll make my search for Hannah all the easier."

Seeing that his captors were not as fierce looking as those whom he had encountered so far, Pavlush thought it would be a good idea to try to get a bit of information from them.

"Where are you taking me?" he ventured to ask one of the Tartars.

"We are going to Crimea, and you are going with us. If you will behave you won't have any trouble with us. But if you don't..." answered one of the Tartars. He spoke in the Ukrainian language, with which most Tartars traders were well acquainted.

Pavlush emboldened by this assurance that he would not be mistreated if behaved, began to question the Tartar further. His manner and the apparent desire to please made a favorable impression upon the traders, and after a few days, they grew to like him. In every way possible he helped them with the many tasks, as the caravan slowly wound its way across the steppe. By listening carefully, he began to pick up the Tartar language. He was very bright, and the Tartars could not get over their wonder over him. The other captives were wild, always weeping; while Pavlush was always cheerful, and after having learned a little of the language, was of much greater service to them.

"Will you try to run away from us," asked an old bearded Tartar, evidently the leader of the traders. This was an about the third day. Although they were still in the steppe, yet Pavlush already could detect a change in the air.

"Why of course not," replied Pavlush. "Without a horse and without weapons? How could I? It's good enough for me here with you. I did not know that there are such good people among you."

"We are traders," explained the Tartar, evidently pleased at Pavlush's reply. "Stay with us, and it will be good for you. But you must adopt our religion."

"But I don't know what your religion is, as yet. Anyway, you have Christians among yourself, haven't you?"

"None," the Tartar replied, emphatically. "You must forsake Christ, and desecrate his images."

Pavlush would have spit into the Tartar's eyes for uttering such a sacrilege, but he did not dare show his anger.

"Oh, but I must learn your language first," he answered, "and then..."

"Good!" said the Tartar. "And when you become a Mussulman, you'll be allowed your freedom; and later you can attain a high rank among

us, for you are a bright boy. Many of you Ukrainians became high viziers among us. The Khan in Tsarhorod promotes those that are worthy of promotion."

"And who is the Khan?" inquired Pavlush, curiously.

"Don't you know? The Khan is the Turkish ruler, a great lord: in a word—a king..."

"I never heard of him," replied Pavlush, not the least perturbed at this seeming ignorance of his. "In our Ukraine," he continued "we have not Khan, but we have a Hetman, and a Otaman in the Sitch."

"Yes, I know that," replied the Tartar, "but our Khan is higher than your Hetman, because your people can always depose the Hetman or Otaman from his office and elect another in his place, while the Khan can never be deposed. He is born a Khan and he remains one until his death."

"By the way, how much did you pay to that dog that sold me," inquired Pavlush, turning the conversation into a different channel.

"Twenty gold pieces."

"Oh, but that was not enough!" said Pavlush, smiling.

"Why, are you worth more than that?"

"Not that. But I would have given you much more for myself than he did."

"How could you? You did not have any money."

"Don't be so sure," replied Pavlush. "I had about ten times as much as that brigand gave you. I had it hid in the saddle, and he took it away with my horse when he left."

The Tartar uttered an imprecation, upon realizing what had slipped through his fingers.

"Why didn't you tell me this in the first place," he exclaimed, exasperated.

"You did not ask me," replied Pavlush, enjoying the latter's discomfiture.

Another Tartar approached at this juncture and called the one conversing with Pavlush over to the side. They began discussing something between themselves.

Pavlush was anxious to know one more thing. And as the two Tartars began to walk away from him, he called out after the one with whom he had been conversing:

"When we get to Crimea, are you going to sell me at the slave-market?"

"I don't sell able boys, but keep them to work for myself," replied the white-bearded Tartar.

This was cheering news to Pavlush, for he did not want to be separated from these traders. If he were sold by them, he might be taken away far away, and his chances of finding his sister would be nil. He resolved therefore to be on his best behavior.

The journey to the Crimea was exceedingly long. The long caravan, loaded down with goods, creaked slowly across the undulating steppe. But the very length of the journey stood Pavlush in good stead, for by close application he learned how to talk in the Tartar language, clumsily, to be sure, yet sufficiently clear to be understood.

The traders, seeing how ambitious he was, not shirking a task, always

On My Lonely Way

By THEODOSIA BORESKY

Over the rocks

Along the sand

Wind-swept and cold

On my lonely way

Travel I

Mourning for life

For love and ardor

I never knew

Except in dreams.

The sky for a father

The earth for a mother

Loneliness for a pillow

Have I

Where is that jewel

Most precious of all

Love; a perfect mate

Two perfected halves

To be joined

Closer than close

For eternity

Never, alas, in this life

Shall it be

Until the journey's ending

Beyond.

remaining cheerful, began to take a liking to him. He answered all their questions frankly, even to the point of seeming naive. He told them all about the destruction of the village of Spasivka, his flight from the burning village during the night, the meeting with the Kozaks, the battles with the Tartars, and so on. But he never mentioned one fact, and that was that he was in quest of his sister. He realized that if he told them that they would immediately perceive that his peaceful attitude was only a stratagem to escape at the first opportune moment.

The Tartars became so accustomed to the idea that he had no intention of trying to escape, that they did not even wonder, when the caravan encountered some Ukrainian "chumaks" on the road, that he did not plead with them to buy him off the Tartar traders, but merely contented himself in asking a few questions of them. This act convinced the Tartars of his apparent sincerity in wanting to stay with them.

And thus they journeyed until they reached the sea. This was the first time that Pavlush had seen a sea, and the sight filled him with amazement and awe.

Entering the Crimean Peninsula the caravan began to encounter more and more Tartar huts or settlements. Their inhabitants often came out to watch the passing traders, and also to question them as to the events in Ukraine.

It was here that Pavlush first began to experience a feeling of homesickness. Up to this time he had been on the steppe, which although so far away from home was still the familiar steppe. But now even the ground seemed different. Pavlush could feel he was in a foreign land and foreign people. He lost some of his confidence, and nearly felt like crying.

Finally the caravan reached its destination, the Tartar village of Kodzambaku. **To be continued)**

Youth and the U.N.A.

THE MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN

For those who are interested in the current membership campaign of the Ukrainian National Association we wish to report that the results so far are encouraging. This campaign was launched in August, at a time when the U.N.A. had about 47,000 members. The official report as of September 30th shows that the 47,500 membership mark has been passed. The goal is 50,000 members in as a short a time as possible. Still 2,500 to go! Are you doing your share of the organizational work?

The U.N.A. has many members who are active in organizational work, some on a large scale and others on a small scale. The outstanding organizers of new members are Walter Hirniak of Toronto, Ont., Dmytro T. Biletzky of Pittsburgh, Pa., Anthony Malanchuk of Wallingford, Conn., and young Carl W. Gerula of Rochester, N. Y. These men bring in new members every month. They are doing more than their share of organizational work.

Any U.N.A. member may organize new members and receive the appropriate reward. Interested persons should write to the U.N.A. for full information... Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J.

Weekly is 14 Years Old

The Ukrainian Weekly celebrates its 14th anniversary this month. This paper, which is the leading Ukrainian American periodical in the United States, is published by the Ukrainian National Association for the benefit of the younger generation.

If you are a U.N.A. member and desire to receive the Weekly, just send one dollar to Svoboda, Box 346 Jersey City 3, N. J. That dollar will entitle you to the Weekly for a full year... 52 issues!

Double Indemnity Insurance

Holders of adult insurance certificates on the 20-Year Endowment, 20-Payment Life, Whole Life, Transfer Whole Life, and Whole Life with Premiums Ceasing at Age 70 plans, may apply for the double indemnity clause now being issued by the U. N. A. The U.N.A. will attach the clause to the certificate at its Home Office upon receiving a signed application and the certificate. Both old and new members may apply for the clause, which will cost only a few cents monthly in addition to the regular insurance dues. All U.N.A. branch secretaries have applications for the double indemnity clause. Apply for the clause as soon possible and be doubly protected in the event of death by accidental means. The cost is so low that you'll hardly notice the difference in your dues.

Dividends

The U.N.A. pays dividends to all its members whose certificates are in force two or more years. Consequently, all persons who are admitted on or before December 31, 1947, will be entitled to dividends as of 1949 and payable early in 1950. If you are not yet a U.N.A. member then join before the end of the year and receive your first dividend only two years from now. Remember... there will be dividends every year after the second. Very few other insurance companies pay dividends after two years. Also, U.N.A. insurance rates are cheaper than those of other companies in almost every case. That is a fact!

T. L.

A HISTORY OF UKRAINE

by MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY

Published for THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

by THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS (\$4.00)

81-83 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

Democracy and Discipline

By M. E. HAYDAK

It is obvious to every open-minded observer that at the present time a war is raging in the world. It is not a bloody war as yet. It is a war of ideologies, of two diametrically opposed conceptions of the role of a common man in the life of a nation. Not only among the nations or between the groups of nations—this war goes on within every nation of the globe.

We fight for a democracy—the right of their freely elected representatives, the right of an individual to express himself freely, without fear, either in spoken or written word; the right to worship and gather together without an interference from an outside force. We are used to this conception of life and take it for granted. We do not fully realize that an insidious attack is being constantly lead against us by the brutal forces of despotic reaction which plan to destroy our free institutions. We do not realize that it is not enough to just live our lives as we please and are used to. In order to preserve our ways of life we have to fight for the ideals which we profess as a democracy should fight—by a rigorous self-discipline and cooperation.

A democracy is not an anarchy. The will of an individual is limited by the will of the majority. We have the privilege to elect our community leaders. This privilege is meaningless if we do not cooperate and help those whom we elected to carry the burden that we had imposed upon them. It is just a question of self-respect. No organization can exist unless there is a cooperation among its members. If we do not cooperate with the people whom we, as a majority, ourselves elected, we do not respect ourselves because we either make a

mockery out of our elections or take very lightly the privilege of a free choice of the leaders in our communal life. The same goes for the absenteeism at the meeting, participation in social or cultural activities, etc.

It is not a democracy when one thinks that he can do whatever he pleases. Communal life requires participation in the organizational activities of all the members called upon to participate. Without such a participation no organizational life is possible. We have to place ourselves in the position of the members upon whom we imposed the burden of taking care of our communal life. Out of sheer self-respect we have to help them whole heartedly to carry their load of the affairs of our organizations. Elected leaders are just ordinary people, and are bound to make mistakes. Criticism is welcome and necessary, but it must be a constructive criticism, giving alternative plan and mode of action, not just a condemnation.

In a democracy it is the realization of our responsibilities to the community that urges us to participate in the affairs of the community. We should not forget that, because if we ourselves, through our negligence, laziness and stubbornness, destroy our democratic organizations, we will be forced to respect the leaders who will be imposed upon us; we will be compelled, under the threat of concentration camps, to lead the life prescribed for us, and we will be forbidden under the penalty of death, to express our thoughts unless they are in conformity with the official pattern of thinking.

If we are democratic people, we should show this by our action! There is no time to lose!

("Ukadet"—Minneapolis, Minn.)

The Biggest School in the World

The Army operates the most comprehensive school in the world. It occupies no single site, but is situated in many places, and the subjects covered are as varied as the American way of life itself. From small company and classes to the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, the Army maintains a complete system of schools for teaching its own.

The American soldier, who is the cynosure of all eyes today, is a man with ideas even before he joins the Army. Through access to public information and public schools and libraries, the average Regular exhibits attributes which are vital in molding citizens who are worthy of taking an active part in our Nation's well-balanced future. After entering the Army, the Troop Information and Education Program, as a supplement to official Army schools, provides the soldier with factual information on important subjects, stimulating thought to the point where he is sure his ideas are right and they become convictions.

Program's Design

The program is designed to convince him that his military service is necessary to national security, that the Army is a good employer, that promotion and self-improvement are open to him in the Army, that pride in his organization and uniform is justified, and, finally, that as a soldier he is still an important citizen of the Nation.

The needs of the Army for properly informed personnel are far greater

than those of many industries. Soldiers are much more than mere employees. The Army school system and the Troop Information and Education Program provide the mental training essential to success, and stress the basic requirements of leadership in the Army—a sense of mission.

Army schools are divided into three groups: Army Air Forces school, Army Ground Forces schools, and schools of the Administrative and Technical Services. Each month the Army conducts nearly 100 classes in more than 17 different locations. Of these, the Corps of Engineers alone offers 16 courses for technicians and specialists at Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

The Army's training mission is twofold: first, to teach the young man to be a soldier so that he can better understand the Army and his place in it; and second, to teach him to fill an important job as a trained technician or specialist. While maintaining an educational system to assure high standards of professional schooling for the soldier, the Army continues to keep abreast with private industry in scientific progress.

Today, the recruit must become adept in basic military procedures, and he is required to maintain a neat appearance; but the soldier at the Field Artillery School, the Infantry School, or any of the others does not stop his training at this point. With any initiative whatsoever he has the opportunity of becoming a trained specialist in such field as radar, radio, automotive and air mechanics,

On Record - - by Ted Victor

CHORAL music has always been a source of enjoyment, of inspiration of consolation and of beauty for Ukrainians. Here in America we too look for these same things, but we seem to have more difficulty in finding them. Of course we can talk for hours about the music itself or about its composers. But how long can we talk about the choral groups that are supposed to perform these works? Can we think of any one group so outstanding that it would warrant an equal amount of discussion? Of course, we can always go back to the famous Koshetz Chorus. In fact that is just what most of us are forced to do. If we want to impress people with our Ukrainian music here in America we find ourselves referring to the years gone by. Alas, it has reached the stage where in the field of music, we as an ethnic group in this country, are more on the dead side, compelled by circumstances to look to our past glories than to the creation of new ones now.

There are many causes for this situation. I venture to give but a few that have recently come to the fore.

If we are going to accomplish anything at all, we must necessarily have the cooperation of the older generation. There are some things which they alone can accomplish in regards to reviving our choral groups. For instance, they must drive home this fact to many of our present choir directors: Progress must be made in music and only a man who knows music can make that progress. At present there are too many directors that know a scant more than the basic principles of conducting and of music. The young people that belong to these groups will sing the way

they have been taught. When a director does not know what to teach them, how can they sing correctly? Also it is to the director to train, if only a little, the individual voices of the people so that we don't have listen to a harsh rasping type of singing, encountered in some of our groups.

This past Sunday, October 12th, I attended a concert in New York City. Potentially the chorus that sang is of the finest in the country. Actually it was far from attaining that goal. The singers did not know their songs well. They didn't seem to know what they were singing about. And the choice of songs in general was not too good. However, the main fault lay in the organization of the concert. Because of this factor, the chorus suffered, the people etc. No one seemed to know what was going to happen next or who was going to make it happen. This sort of program might be all right for someplace like Osh Koshky, USA but definitely not for New York City.

I have merely mentioned the above incident to bring out the necessity for proper organization and proper presentation. And I want to emphasize this point to those of our young people who happen to read this. If you enjoy singing, join as many groups as you possibly can. You have nothing to lose but much to gain. Your voice will develop, your repertoire of Ukrainian songs will grow, and, what is most important, you will help break down the barriers of narrow-mindedness, prejudice and intolerance which, unfortunately, is a segment of our heritage and which it is our obligation to do away with.



FOUR GENERATIONS—A recent dinner party at the home of Mrs. Genevieve Kufra of Jersey City celebrated the 80th birthday anniversary of Mrs. Paul Pyrenski. Shown in the picture, reprinted here through the courtesy of The Jersey Journal, are four generations present at the celebration. Left to right rear: Mrs. Genevieve Kufra and her mother, Mrs. Alexandria Skoczypiec; seated, Mrs. Paul Pyrenski, grandmother to Mrs. Kufra and guest of honor, holding her great grandson, Simon Kufra Jr. Mrs. Kufra is a former employee of the Ukrainian National Association, and is a past president of U.N.A. Branch 287 of Jersey City.—T.L.

meteorology, drafting, and machine shop work.

Like Universities

In order to facilitate the training of these specialists, the Army's schools are organized in a manner similar in many ways to large universities. For instance, the Field Artillery School differs slightly from the average university. Instead of colleges of engineering, medicine, fine

arts, etc., this school has been divided into the Departments of Combined Arms, Gunnery, Materiel, Motors, Observation and Communications, and the Army Ground Forces Air Training School.

The Signal School at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, founded in 1919, is one of the finest technical schools in this country. It is, and always

(Concluded on page 6)

U.N.A. Bowlers Off to a Good Start

The newly-formed U.N.A. Bowling League of Metropolitan New Jersey and New York held the second in the series of bowling matches last Sunday, October 12th, at the Elizabeth Bowl in Elizabeth, New Jersey. All member teams participated, and the same intense spirit of competition and excitement which was so obvious at the opening matches of the week before seemed to continue unabated. That the new league is attracting attention among our people is attested by the number of rooting spectators present at the matches held thus far.

Among the highlights of last Sunday's matches was the winning of three games by the Elizabeth Sitch team from the Ukrainian Vets Team "A" of Perth Amboy, leaving them undefeated in a single game, having registered six wins thus far. Jersey City came through with two victories over New York's Friendly Circle to go into second place with our victories and two defeats thus far.

M. Kowalczyk of Elizabeth had 232 in the first game and a 585 set

to become the leading bowler of the league. The Ukrainian Vets Team A of Perth Amboy were definitely handicapped by having to bowl a man with a third score.

G. Berwick, with a 182 game and a 510 set, led Jersey City S.A.C. to a 2 game win over Friendly Circle Br. 435 of N. Y. W. Pytlowany and T. Gulka of New York came through with 157 and 153 respectively in the second game thus enabling New York to obtain a victory.

After dropping the first game by a close margin 672 to 659 the Penn-Jersey Club came back strong to win the other two games from the Irvington C and S club. Newark had 882 in the record which is the high team score of the season. Elizabeth is close behind in this department with 858. W. Rewiski and J. Trybus were the big men in the high game set having 195 and 178 respectively.

Br. 14 of Newark, with the Molinsky brothers getting plenty of help

from B. Magalis, managed to win 2 games from Ukrainian Vets of Perth Amboy "Team B", taking the final game by a close margin—693 to 660. The victories put Br. 14 in a tie with New York for third place. P. Gadek of Perth Amboy had a 193 in the second with J. Rogalchek post-

ing 164 to enable Perth Amboy to win the second game.

Next week's matches will be held at Elizabeth again and will be the final games rolled without a handicap. When the handicap goes into effect the games will definitely be even closer contested.

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION BOWLING LEAGUE

Team Standings:

	Won	Lost	Pc.	High Game	Total Pins	Av.
1—Sitch, Elizabeth	6	0	1.000	858	4727	787.8
2—Jersey Coty, O.S.C.	4	2	0.667	752	4194	699.0
3—Br. 435 U.N.A., N.Y.	3	3	0.500	760	4002	667.0
4—Br. 14, U.N.A.	3	3	0.500	693	3862	643.7
5—Penn-Jersey Club, Newark	2	4	0.333	882	4355	725.8
6—Uk. Vets. P. A. Team "A"	2	4	0.333	795	4283	713.8
7—Irvington Uk. C & S Club	2	4	0.333	771	4151	691.8
8—Uk. Vets P. A. Team "B"	2	4	0.333	760	3929	654.8

THEODORE OHAR

THE BIGGEST SCHOOL IN THE WORLD

(Concluded from page 5)

has been, one of the pioneers in individual student progress training, and applies this method to train Signal Corps and other Army personnel in the many phases of communications.

A book of great length might be written about Army schools. A recent War Department publication devoted to education in the Armed Forces contains 1,097 pages. The subject, therefore, cannot be covered in this limited space. However, the road to a more complete education is open to every man in the Army. There is no "royal road to learning," but each day opportunity stands and knocks at the soldier's door, inviting him to enroll in the biggest school in the world. Not only is there no charge for tuition with all textbooks furnished free, but the soldier-student receives the regular pay of his grade, plus the usual allowances, while he goes to school—whether he be a private or a master sergeant.

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Saturday, October 25, 1947

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MUSIC BY JOSEPH SNIHUR

COMMENCING 8 P. M.

ADMISSION 65¢

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tendered by the

Daughters of Ukraine C. Y. A. Br. 53

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Ukrainian National Home

216 GRAND STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Saturday, October 25, 1947

MUSIC BY JACK KULAWY & HIS ORCHESTRA

DANCING 9 to 2

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What They Say

Secretary of State Marshall, head of the U.S. delegation, in his opening address to the United Nations Assembly:

"The attitude of the United States towards the whole range of problems before the United Nations is founded on a very genuine desire to perfect the organization so as to safeguard the security of states and the well-being of their peoples. These aims can be accomplished only if the untapped resources of the United Nations are brought to bear with full effect through the General Assembly and in other organs. The Assembly cannot dodge its responsibilities; it must organize itself effectively, not as an agency of intermittent action but on a continuous basis. It is for us, the members of the Assembly, to construct a record of achievement in dealing with crucial problems which will buttress the authority of the organization and enable it to fulfill its promise to all peoples. The large powers bear special responsibilities because of their strength and resources. While these responsibilities bring with them special advantages, the great powers must realize that restraint is an essential companion of power and privilege. The United Nations will never endure if there is insistence on privilege to the point of frustration of the collective will. In this spirit we have indicated our

own willingness to accept a modification of our special voting rights in the Security Council. In the same spirit, we appeal to other permanent members of the Security Council, in this and in all matters, to use their

privileged position to promote the attainment of the purposes of the organization."

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STARTS 8:30 UNTIL?

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own willingness to accept a modification of our special voting rights in the Security Council. In the same spirit, we appeal to other permanent members of the Security Council, in this and in all matters, to use their

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1ST

9:00 A.M. to 10:00 A.M. — Church Services
10:00 A.M. to 10:30 A.M. — Registration of Delegates
10:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. — Pre-Convention meeting
12:30 P.M. to 2:00 P.M. — Lunch at St. Vladimir's
2:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M. — Pre-Convention meeting with Election of Officers
5:00 P.M. to 9:00 P.M. — Recess
9:00 P.M. to 1:00 A.M. — Halloween Masquarade Dance

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10:00 A.M. to 12:00 Noon — Church Services
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Петро Волиняк.

Де предки спочили...

(Фрагмент).

Була весна. Пізня весна в степу. Пора, коли все аж лізло з городів, коли лани не вмщали рослин: росло все вгору і в ширину. Бачила це все Марійка. Дуже бачила.

Коли дивилася з могили на лани, то чаділа від того. Тужно ставало. Щось щеміло коло серця.

Приходили на думку давні часи, коли ще дівчачим-підлетком доріжками степовими росянинами ходила увечорі і співала:

„Ой, летіла галка
Через круту балку,
Та й сіла на сосну,
На пілку розкошну...”

Гарна пісня. Настрій творила вона. Сум радісний викликала.

Стояла коло воріт і дивилася в степ. Дивилася у виразну лінію обр'ю.

— Чого це ти, доню, сумуєш? Чи за містом журно тобі? — Це мати, підійшовши, запитала з тривогою.

— Чи за містом журно мені? Ні, мамо. Я не журюся. Я... радію. Дивувалася мати:

— Чи то ж так радіють людські дочки? — подумала і пішла, нічого не сказавши.

А Марійка стояла. Стояла і дивилася у простір.

Зайшло сонце і фіялькові сутінки падали на степ. Тихо на селі.

Повернулася на південь і побачила, як сиза пелена туманів піднімалася над пишними плавнями.

— На Січ поїду — сказала собі Марійка і пішла через город на леваду.

Шла левадою і всміхалася до себе. Вогкі трави ноги голубили, ніжні смілки під коліно доскотали.

Зупинилася над річкою. Замислилась. Тоді рвучко відчепила ланцюг від пакока, одною ногою в човен стала, а другою відштовхнулася від берега і попливла.

Пливе човен давньою рікою козацькою, а Марійка стоїть ззаду і лиш кермує ним.

Стоїть, ліву ногу трохи вперед відставила. Гордо дивиться на плавні, що зазирають у Підпільну. Володарка відчувається в поставі її. Завмерла вся в сназі своїй. Лиш ніздрі її з невиразними лініями носа, що дрижали, та світлий погляд великих сірих очей зраджували в ній живу людину, що монументом здавалася.

Співати почала. Власне кажучи, не почала, бо весь час її тіло співало. Лиш назовні тепер той спів вийшов.

Добре тобі, галко,
На сосні сидіти”...

Гналася пісня рікою, вдарялася в плавні і верталася до Марійки. Тишило це Марійку. Гралася вона своїм голосом. То підніме його високо і штучно, то кине ним вниз, до матері-землі його опустить.

Тишилася, що ніхто не чує її, лиш оці верби та явори плавневі, та ще бистрі води Підпільної...

Вже з імди за Дніпром повний місяць вийшов, коли човен Марійчин раптом повернув на південь і пристав до крутого січового валу (там, де пологий Павлюк припав до широкого лона сестри своєї — Підпільної).

Скочила на берег, піднялася на кручу січову і зупинилася. Стояла так хвильку — другу, а тоді заклала руки за голову і пішла. Ніби шукала чогось, а не знала чого.

Вітер зі степу чебрецем і полином дихнув. Ворохнулись ніздрі Марійчині. Очі, сірі і м'які, розширилися і п'янка туга блиснула в них.

Ніби струм чебрецевий пройшов тілом.

Млосно стало. Хотілося жити. Жити!

Всі частини тіла бреніли тугою невлостию за життям. Отой дух степовий, що вітром кинутий сюди, заграв її кровю, збудив щось давнє, правічне.

Сіла на траву. Не памятаючи, що робить, косу розплітала. Русий волос вітровому подихові підставляла, кажучи:

— Пийте пахощі степові! Ловіть запахи чебрецеві, що степ правічний, козацький дихає ними.

Вітрець зі степу водами прозорими грався — сребрив плесо ріки проти місяця.

Місяць пірнав у Підпільну, а після зривав свої промені і кидав ними в плавні. Тоді тіні казкові простягалися від дерев на піски. Полохливий Павлюк сизо-срібною стрічкою тікав від них: то вдариться в один берег і під кущі сховається, то раптом скочить на широке річище, блисне срібно-золотою струєю, і знову подався під другу кручу. Під корчами старого, як січ козацька, явора ховається.

Дивиться Марійка на цю химерну річечку і смішно їй. Погратися з ним хоче. Зривається на рівні ноги і мавкою степовою на золотий пісок річища павлюкового сcribeа. Русе волосся її коси розпушеної купається в промені місячному. Вітер степовий ворухить його, а вона, пахощами міцними, степовими збуджена, бредє по воді прозорій і п'янку дивиться у степ, що чебрецем і полином дихає.

Тихо в плавнях. Лише Павлюк хлюпоче та листя яворове до його озивається. Про славу козацьку розмовляють.

Тиха і радісна розмова їх. Тишається, що не зникла ще сила козацька січова: ще живе вона в крові Марійчиній. Живе і житиме. Аж поки степ чебрецем та полином дихатиме, а місяць у Підпільній проміння купатиме. Капулівська Січ, 1943.

Олексій Сацюк.

КОЛОСКИ

(Оповідання)

„Суди, Господи, тих
що зобижають мене...”

(Псалом 35).

Суддя нервово стукнув кулаком по столі.

— Востаннє питаю вас, громадянко: розтягали ви народне добро?!

Мовчала. Біде обличчя ставало байдужо-кам'яне. На запалених щоках не здригнув ні один м'яз, не зацвіла кровю ні одна клітинка.

Понуро мовчала.

— Розтягали? Га?!

Уста Маріянни легенько заворушилися.

— Крали народний хліб?!

— Ні... — тихо впало на судовий стіл.

— Ні? А свідки ж бачили!

— Я тільки колоски збирала... На вижатому, на стерні... У мене діти...

— Збирали?

— Збирала...

Знову замовкла і тупо дивилася в одну точку понад головою судді.

Запала коротка павза.

На столі шестів папір і подратовано поскрипувало перо.

Заля напружено чекала. Чекала на вислід, хоч він уже й так був майже кожному відомий: його можна було вицнути з різкого шесту паперу, з судорожного здригання пера і з нервових стрибків пальців, які те перо стискали. Проте, зорі кількох десятків із присутніх пильно стожили за кожним найдрібнішим рухом судді та хвилинами допитливо спочивали на спокійно-кам'яній постаті Маріянни.

Іван Петрович непомітно сидів під стіною і тихцем зиркав поміж голови публіки на обвинувачену. Її спокій, повага і витриманість будили в його душі ще більше співчуття до неї. Жаль було цієї виснаженої, голодної жінки. І діток, лишила вдома. І вони голодні... Голодні діти чекають матері. І вона чекає... Чекає на покарання. Він — колишній суддя, а пізніше адвокат — знає, здогадується, на яке покарання заслуговує по сучасному закону збиральниця колосків...

Тихо зітхнув.

Коли б він мав змогу виступити зараз на її захист! Виступити і свобідно заговорити про цю людину, проаналізувати її душу, заглянути в її серце і розкрити в ньому все, чим воно в цій хвилині наливається. Змалювати картину злиденного життя і провести перед столом у пластичних образах обідраних, голонних дітей, для яких вона цей злочин учинила. Ех! Коли б...

Суддя підвів голову. Обкинув свердлюючим поглядом публіку, гостро змівив Маріянну і почав читати присуд. Окремі слова і речення наголошував з притиском, злобу свою випромінюючи в залю щілинами невеличких сірих очей.

Іван Петрович уважно прислухався.

Суддя читав.

Уже сухо прозвучали особові дані обвинуваченої, кваліфікація вчинку. Уже покликуються на законну підставу і ось-ось наступить суттєва частина...

Голос судді забарвлюється гнівом.

На залю важко падають слова:

— ...і Маріянну Степанівну Сидоренку визнати винною в розтяганні народнього хліба та засудити її...

Іван Петрович стримує віддих.

— ...на п'ять років поправного табору.

У цьому моменті глянуло на себе дві пари очей: одні — повні душі, прихованого жалю і тихого докору, другі — бездушні, скляно-холодні, гнівні і ненависні.

Це зір Маріянни зустрівся з зором судді.

Не благала, не просила, лише докірливо дивилася і мовчала. Але в кутках її очей збиралася вогкі краплини і росю сідали на ві.

Публіка мовчки розійшлася. Судова зала спорожня.

Лишилося тільки троє: за столом суддя, перед столом, мов заворожена, збиральниця колосків, а біля дверей — міліціонер...
(З „Літаврів”)

СМІХ — ЦЕ ЗДОРОВ'ЛЯ

Шоколада

Написав Степан Підкова.

Він, Петрусь, любив її, як голуб голубку. Вона, Ганнуся, його, Петруся, кохала, як голуба. Вечорами говорили вони очима, розмовляли серцями, зітхали грудьми. Причиною гіркою кінця стала солодка шоколада.

Купив Петрусь за всі свої гроші для своєї Ганнусі шоколаду. Коли він ішов у неділю поплудні на побачення, серце йому тріпалося і тьохало. Коли вони зустрілися за табором, він опустив очі і ніжно-ніжно:

— Добрий вечір, Ганнуся!

— Добрий вечір, Петрусь!

В корчах весело цвірінькали... горобці. Петрусь на повні груди захопив вечірнього повітря і заговорив:

— Ганнуся!...

— Чого тобі?

— На, візьми ось...

— А що то?

— Шоколада...

— Не візьму.

— Чому?

— Це ж не випадає...

— Як не випадає?

— А так: я дівчина порядна, а це нижче всякої гідності брати від хлопця шоколаду.

Тоді він, зворушений до глибини душі, сказав благально:

— Ганнуся, візьми... це ж подарунок від мого щирого серця... Галочко, не роби мені прикрости...

— А Ганнусі наче сам дідько закопирив нижню губу.

— Не візьму!

— Чому?

— Не випадає.

Тоді дідько закопирив вижню губу Петрусьові.

— Викину!

— Ану...

— Йй бо, закину!...

— Закидай!

Спересердя Петрусь шпурнув шоколаду через високий паркан у бурян.

Ганнуся ураз метнулася і зникла.

Петрусь їй услід:

— Яка мені порядна!

Зайшов ображений хлопець за ріг, поглянув на бурян і роз-

В. СКОРМІСЬКИЙ

ЩАСТЯ

До озер — лиш крок один:
Можна щастя осягнути —
Тільки підійти і дзвін
Веж затоплених торкнути.

Тільки місяць, що на дні,
Вилити враз руками,
Потім сколихнути сні,
Пливучи поміж зірками.

Що? Уява зачудна?
Людам оповісти — смішно?
Скорше, серце, до стерні!
Завтра може бути пізно.

думався:

— І чого це має моя шоколада пропадати? Полізу!

Плигнув у буряни і, рачки на всіх чотирьох, почав шукати своєї шоколади.

Та раптом він звівся на ноги і підняв голову.

А в цей час з бурянів підняла голову і... Ганнуся.

— Так оце ти так не хотіла брати? — Петрусь з докором.

— Так оце тобі так не шкода було закидати? — відповіла Ганнуся.

І вони червоні, як маки, мовчки дивилися одне одному в вічі.
(„Запроторений Комар”).