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HOW TO IDENTIFY A COMMUNIST?

The answer to the above question is: Ask him to name ten things wrong with the United States. Then ask him to name ten things wrong with the Soviet Union. His answers will show him up even to a child. Communists will denounce the President of the United States. They will never denounce the Soviet Union.

The above is one of a series of questions and answers in an official report entitled "100 Things You Should Know About Communism in U.S.A." released to the press last week by the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and soon to be published and distributed throughout the country to Government, civic, religious and other groups. Other reports, to be later released by the Committee, will deal with reds in religion, education, labor and Government.

These reports should engage the special interest of our younger generation.

The current report, unanimously approved by the Committee, accuses United States Communists of "cold war treason."

It is prefaced by a quotation from a speech by William Z. Foster, national chairman of the Communist party.

"No Communist, no matter how many votes he should secure in national election, could, even if he would, become President of the present Government. When a Communist heads the Government of the United States—and that day will come as surely as the sun rises—the Government will be not a capitalist but a Soviet Government, and behind this Government will stand the Red Army to enforce the dictatorship of the proletariat."

Some of the questions and answers in report are as follows:

How many Communists are there in the United States?

There are approximately 100,000 out of a population of 145,340,000 people. J. Edgar Hoover has testified that "in 1917 when the Communists overthrew the Russian Government, there was one Communist for every 2,277 persons in Russia. In the United States today there is one Communist for every 1,814 person in the country."

Do the Communists pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States?

The present head of the Communists in the United States says they do not.

What kind of people become Communists?

The real center of power in Communism is within the professional

classes. Of course, a few people respond to the Communist claim that it is a "working class movement." But taken as a whole the party depends for its strength on the support it gets from teachers, preachers, actors, writers, union officials, doctors, lawyers, editors and even from millionaires.

How can a fellow traveler be identified?

By his defense of Communists and communism.

What would happen if Communists should come into power in this country?

Our capital would move from Washington to Moscow. Every man, woman and child would come under Communist discipline.

Would Communist give me something better than I have now?

Not unless you are in a penitentiary serving a life sentence at hard labor.

Could I own my own home?

No. Under Communism all real estate in the city as well as the country belongs to the government, which is in turn run by the communists. Living quarters would be assigned to you, and you would pay rent as ordered.

What would happen to my insurance?

It would go to the Communists. What would happen to my bank account?

All above a small sum would be confiscated. The rest would be controlled for you.

Could I leave any property to my family when I die?

You wouldn't have any to leave.

Could I travel around the country as I please?

No. You would have to get police permission for every move you make, if you could get it.

Could I belong to a church?

In Russia the Communists have for 30 years tried every way they could to destroy religion. Having failed that, they are now trying to use religion from the inside and the same party strategy is now operating in the United States.

The detailed record of this will be published in "One Hundred Things You Should Know About Communism in Religion," of this series.

Could I start a business and hire people?

To do so would be a crime for which you would be severely punished.

Could I teach what I please, as a matter of academic freedom?

You would teach only what the Communists authorize you to teach. You would be asking for jail or death to try anything else.

UCCA Sends Greetings To Israel

As a body devoted to the Ukrainian liberation movement and consequently naturally sympathetic with the strivings of other peoples to win their national independence, the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America dispatched last Tuesday, June 15, a message of greetings to Dr. Chaim Weizman, President of the State of Israel at Tel Aviv, Palestine.

Text of message follows:

"Sir:

"The Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, composed of Americans of Ukrainian descent and dedicated to America's peace effort and also to the cause of the national liberation of Ukraine, is happy to note that at long last the Jewish people have managed to establish their own free and independent State of Israel, and today are making valiant efforts to preserve it.

"The Ukrainian people, who for centuries have been struggling for their national freedom and independent statehood, can well appreciate this great achievement of the Jewish People.

"As for you, Dr. Weizman, Israel is fortunate in having selected as its first president a man who has unsparingly devoted his whole life to the advancement of human rights and especially to the national rights of his people.

"The national plight of the homeless Jewish people has been a matter of concern to the Ukrainians. When at times the Ukrainians managed to regain control of their national destinies, they did their best to alleviate this plight.

"Thus, during the period of their short-lived national independence at the close of World War I, their Ukrainian National Republic granted national-personal

autonomy to the Jewish population of Ukraine, and in pursuance of this policy created (January 9, 1919) the office of Secretary of State for the Jewish Affairs.

"Israel Zangwill, noted writer and President of the Jewish Territorial Organization, writing in a letter to a delegation of the Ukrainian National Republic (October 20, 1919) declared that the 'national rights you have given to the Jews are a manifestation of true statesmanship, and I can only hope that your Republic will be preserved to give the rest of the world an example of the strength and exalted patriotism that comes from the cordial cooperation and mutual respect of all the varied and religious elements that make up a modern state.'

"Unfortunately that hope was not fulfilled. Attacked by an overwhelming force of its enemies, the armed forces of the Ukrainian republic, including some Jewish detachments, waged a heroic but losing fight. As a result, Ukraine today is in the fell clutches of Soviet Russia, a worthy successor of Nazi Germany.

"As those who know well the meaning of liberty, and enjoy it to its utmost measure in this country of ours, the United States of America, we extend to the new State of Israel our best wishes. May we add also that we welcome the present truce in the fighting between the Jews and the Arabs and have confidence it augurs well for an eventual amicable settlement of the conflict between the two, one which will allow the State of Israel to live in peace and security as a sovereign and independent state."

The message was signed by UCCA head, Stephen Shumeyko.

REDS TO TRY UPA COMMANDER

According to a dispatch received from Prague by the Svoboda, Burlak-Shigelsky, commander of a unit of the U.P.A. (Ukrainian Insurgent Army—a guerrilla force fighting the Reds for Ukrainian freedom), will be put on trial in Red-dominated Czechoslovakia, together with four of his comrades-in-arms. When the Czech Reds get through with them, they will be sent to U.S.S.R. to stand another trial.



Burlak-Shigelsky

Burlak, a heroic figure of legendary proportions, was captured last September during a raid. Later he escaped and then was recaptured again. He and his companions have been interrogated for several months by Czech, Polish and Russian Reds.

It requires little imagination to foresee the results of both trials, particularly of the Soviet trial.

Sally, Irene, Mary - by G. H.

SALLY'S wedding is remembered

for the good time enjoyed by a very large number of guests. That was its outstanding feature: more people attended Sally's wedding than any of the weddings in the immediate past. Another important feature, important to Sally, was a mound of gifts that were brought by the guests. It actually grew into a mound, and, although Sally was not avaricious, her thoughts fondly projected into her future nest every time she saw another gift added to the pile. Then, when a plate (it was really a basket) was passed among the guests and returned heavily laden with greenbacks, Sally's happiness had no bounds. She secretly wished for a repetition of the whole affair, which of course was out of the question.

But just as food needs salt and

all growing things need rain in addition to sunshine, so Sally's ointment had to have a proverbial fly. The disappointments came when Sally discovered that the cheapest of all gifts came from her well-to-do aunt. If Sally's chin on her aunt rested merely on family relationship, the sting would have been less acute. But Sally had at one time worked days and nights to bring her aunt back to health, and now—this was the gratitude!

Irene was getting married—modestly, plainly, with only the nearest relatives of bride and groom invited to the wedding dinner. "Let's give her a shower" said Irene's girl friends, "she gave plenty to other girls when they were being married, it is now her turn to get some gifts." Irene had been generous to other girls and her gift to Sally not so long ago left a

diabolical cleverness, the engineers of this movement have succeeded in painting roseate pictures of a "blissful life" at home!

It's not that women don't like to be at home. But it is the idea of being insidiously nudged back through the door into the kitchen. Since it is the duty of the newspapers to inform the public, Trivia has taken it upon herself to uncover and present this clever plot to the female readers. You don't mind being guillotined for a noble cause, but after all, why commit suicide? So don't think, girls, when the proverbial horn of plenty is offered to you on a silver platter that it's all for your benefit. See through the thin veneer, then if you still want to dig your own domestic grave, by all means, do so. But remember: you have only yourself to blame.

Editorial

THE KEY-NOTE

A few months hence, over the Labor Day weekend to be exact, the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, will hold its 11th national convention—an annual affair except during the war. Akron, Ohio, is to be the convention site.

Since preparations for it are well under way, by both the League executive board and the convention committee in Akron, it would be well for us at this not too early a time to consider some of the more important aspects of it.

We have in mind here, first of all, the guiding line of the convention program.

To be sure, there will be the usual talks and deliberations over purely organizational matters, such as planning activities for the coming year, or considering the question of how to get new member clubs. There will be also what in all probability will prove to be a fine cultural program, in the presentation of which "imported" talent from the New York metropolitan area, from Detroit and from elsewhere will take part. Finally there will be the usual round of social functions, arranged by the very hospitable Akronites.

But aside from all this, what will be the main purpose, the key-note of this League convention? What will be its most serious part?

The answer here is important, in the light of the fact that the League conventions usually give the direction, the slant to Ukrainian American younger generation life and movement in general.

Since that key-note has not been decided upon, we would suggest—"Cooperation between the young and old and the newly-arrived."

By the first we mean our younger, American-born generation of Ukrainian descent, by the second we mean their old-country born parents, and by the third—the newcomers to our shores, former Ukrainian DPs.

If Ukrainian American organizational life is to serve its pur-

poses well—and these purposes are too well known to bear definition here now—it is imperative that in these crucial times it be integrated and coordinated to the utmost degree. This means that the fullest mutual understanding and cooperation and good faith between the old, young and newly-arrived must prevail. There must be the highest type of teamwork among the three.

To push this need into the limelight, to focus the attention of all our people upon it, to dramatize it, would be a worthy task for the League convention to perform.

As for the mechanics involved, we would suggest that the usual list of younger generation speakers who address the convention forum sessions should be supplemented this time and for this specific purpose by an outstanding older generation Ukrainian American and by some prominent person from among the newcomers who has had by now acquired some acquaintance with Ukrainian American life. Each, including a younger generation speaker, would present the views of his particular group. If rightly handled, a fine discussion will ensue, then crystallize itself in form of resolutions, which would include a plan of action, and then through our press be made publicly known to all.

We offer all of this in form of a suggestion, as something to be thought about.

We invite our readers' comments or suggestions of their own on—What should be the key-note of the coming 11th convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America?

On Record - by Ted Victor

MEETINGS:

HAVE you been to many meetings? Up until a few years ago I was not the least bit familiar with this form exchanging ideas. Once I got started though, I was surprised to learn that one did quite a bit more than exchange ideas. In fact; often these meetings did everything but exchange ideas. True, efforts were made but too often parties and personalities that should have been accepting the exchange of ideas were too busy offering their own and not paying the slightest attention to anyone else's.

Our Ukrainian meetings in particular are a constant source of amusement to me. It is simply uncanny how much time can be consumed, nerves distraught, and tempers stirred by a simple meeting of some organization. Responsible for these vocabulary marathons are a number of species of human beings. All of them I cannot cover, nor can I possibly hope to do them justice. Still here they are for better or for worse.

First of all we have the Meeting Lover. He is the fellow that just eats, sleeps, and dreams of meetings. For him, the only method of accomplishing anything is through the medium of the meetings. Without a doubt, he does accomplish much but only after the entire assembled group is on its hands and knees begging for the completion of the meeting. This particular type is very interesting and a great aid to one's social life. The reason being that one never knows when he will call a meeting and so the constant possibility of seeing your friends is most enticing. Of course he may go to the other extreme, and plan for months ahead of time. However, I feel certain that the most zealous Meeting Lover has learned that this method merely gives the people advance warning. More often than not, he relies on the old army theory, "take them by surprise." Despite this mania, most of this species' friends look kindly upon him and wonder, "Does he hold meetings before doing everything?"

A firm believer in the power of words (the quantity more often than the quality) is the Meeting Prolonger. A strict adherer to the slightest detail he embellishes them with multitudes and multitudes of quaint sounding words. It does not matter to this species whether there should be a meeting or not at some future day. But; it does matter when the meeting is in existence and he is part of it. That is when the minutes stretch into hours and the hours, well, they too stretch just as most of the people that are assembled. It must be noted here that a combination of these two unique species of Meeting personalities is quite dangerous. To say the least, the results that must necessarily follow are most unpredictable. Without a doubt the Meeting Prolonger is in a class by himself. There may come a time when people might wish that this were actually so. But despite all this everyone will admit, things would not be the same without him.

The Meeting Reformer is definitely an asset to any assemblage. Even though little attention is paid to him still he tries to cut as much red tape as possible. He also makes attempt after attempt to face facts for what they are worth. As the words ricochet across the table he merely sits and listens. Suddenly, with a "I'll try once more look" he raises his hand. He speaks; after the Prolonger and the Lover stubbornly give up the floor. He finishes; and the Prolonger and Lover once more have the floor. A series of explanations and the poor Reformer mutters, "I should have known better."

The Meeting Exploder is another intriguing figure to be encountered in assemblies of all sorts. This species enjoys a good meeting but prefers quality rather than quantity in the discussions. When things are not moving along in this preferred vein the Exploder begins to smolder. Finally when the air is dense with nouns, adjectives, adverbs, and propositions he explodes. The force of the eruption quiets everyone for a short period but just as soon as the smoke clears all returns to normal or perhaps abnormal.

As for the rest of the assemblage, neither time nor space permit me must make allowances, dear, for she is Ukrainian like ourselves. Her shabby treatment of you was not intentional, only thoughtless.

(Concluded on Page 8)

Trivia - - - By Sophia

ONCE upon a time, it was taken for granted by all that a woman's place is in the home. It was that for centuries, even ages, until one day the seed of rebellion was planted in woman's head. That seed sprouted and grew, resulting eventually in the "emancipation" of women; they could now go to work in factories, stand on crowded trolley cars, vote, etc. This "emancipation" came about as the result of long years of arguing, speech-making, and struggling. Since the women got their freedom, they haven't quit boasting of it. The height of their liberation occurred during the recent war, when women held vital positions in war plants and made fabulous salaries, sometimes bringing home more than their husbands.

With the conclusion of the war, women returned to their homes, some of them happily, others sadly. Most of them have remained at

home, totally unaware of the insidious plot being laid against them. Looking over today's conditions at close range, it is evident that all efforts are being directed towards sending women back to a long bygone era; back to the home.

It's not as though only men were guilty of the plotting. Women themselves, perhaps unwittingly, are fostering this "back to the home" movement. They're not aware that they are building cages for themselves.

There are new trends that are indicative of this movement, many of them disguised as boons to the housewife. Among the sly tactics engaged are the electric washing machine, dishwasher, automatic ironer, and pressure cookers. All these gadgets lead the housewife to believe her domestic tasks are being simplified, as perhaps they are. But the comfort these machines produce is only a by-product. Their

# Memorandum on "Divisia Halychyna"

BY THE ASSOCIATION OF UKRAINIANS IN GREAT BRITAIN, LTD. CONCERNING UKRAINIAN P.O.W. IN GREAT BRITAIN, PREVIOUSLY "SURRENDERED ENEMY PERSONNEL" IN RIMINI, ITALY.

## Part I. Introduction

It is necessary and desirable to record certain fundamental facts and information concerning this particular group of war victims who constitute a particular category in themselves.

It is hoped that the information herein contained will prove of value and of interest and will aid in gaining favourable consideration with regard to the suggestions and recommendations made in the conclusion.

## Part II. Historical Background

1. The Division was organized towards the end of the war by the Germans in circumstances well known to everybody, exploiting in particular the natural and inborn anti-communist and anti-Russian feelings and convictions of the Ukrainians.

2. When it appeared inevitable that the Germans would organize such a Unit, leading and outstanding Ukrainians for national, patriotic, humanitarian and religious reasons, interested themselves in the Unit in as much as it was possible for them to do so.

3. The first conversations that the Germans had with the Ukrainian concerning the formation of such a Unit were in March 1943. Prior to that, the only Ukrainians serving with the German forces were:

a) individuals scattered throughout various German Units who had been drawn in between the period 1941 to 1943,

and

b) the so-called "Ukrainian Legion" which constituted a battalion of about 800 persons formed originally illegally and underground in 1940-41 preparatory for the Russian-German clash. In 1941 small parts of this Legion were legalized and came to Galicia with the "regional" unit, of the German Wehrmacht.

Note: The conviction among all Ukrainians at that time was that the Germans would assist, or if not assist then at least tolerate, the establishment of an "independent Ukraine." This, however, was soon proved to be false hope. The "temporary Government" which established itself in 1941 (without public support) was disbanded, all leading nationalists were arrested or liquidated and the remnants of the "Ukrainian Legion" were disbanded, arrested and placed into concentration camps. Those who managed to get away went underground into the Ukrainian partisan army.

4. The first announcements of the Ukrainian Division "Halychyna" were made to the Ukrainians in May 1943 by the Ukrainian Central Committee. In the first announcements it was clearly pointed out that the Unit was the beginning of the Ukrainian National Army and that the service was for the Ukraine. A popular motto used in the recruiting was "if you are being given arms—take them." Another was, "take advantage of your only opportunity to destroy communism and free your native land."

5. The appeals were directed firstly and primarily to the Ukrainian war veterans of the 1918-1922 independence struggle and it was these veterans who formed the nucleus of the Unit.

6. Posts were established throughout Galicia by the Germans where "volunteers" could submit their applications. The methods in which young men were "recruited" and the motives which prompted or persuaded men to join this Unit are dealt with in more detail further in this memorandum. The Germans insisted, however, that regardless of how the men happened to be "recruited" and regardless of what the motives, reasons or circumstances, he was compelled to sign an "application form" declaring that he "voluntarily applied to serve in Divisia Halychyna."

7. Recruiting was restricted mostly to Ukrainians from Galicia and mostly from the districts around Lviv. The chosen emblem for the Division was the Lion which is the historical and national emblem of the Province of Galicia (Lviv). Only later was recruiting extended to take in Ukrainians from other regions and territories.

8. On July 17th the first transport of about 2,000 was despatched for training to Czechoslovakia. Training was conducted by the Germans in German training centres.

9. In November 1943, two companies were despatched for training in France in the Bay of Biscay regions which, after training, were brought back and stationed in the area around Tarnopol.

### Fought Only Against Reds

10. By agreement made between the Ukrainian leaders and the German high command, the Ukrainian Division was to be used only and exclusively on the Eastern Front against the Russians. This agreement was publicly announced and proclaimed and is on record as announced by Himmler on the instructions of Hitler. Records of the proclamation are still available in the Vatican.

11. The oath required to be taken by the Ukrainians was (freely translated), "I swear before God and my native land to continue the fight against communism to the bitter end..."

12. In March 1944 the Division was beginning to take form. The smaller units which were scattered for training purposes in various parts of Czechoslovakia were assembled together at Neuhammer in Western Poland (Schlesien near Breslau). In accordance with the general policy for all non-German "foreign" units, the unit was termed Waffen S.S. This should not, however, be mistaken for the actual German S.S. in which only "pure bred" Germans could serve. The Ukrainians, like other nationality Waffen S.S. groups, were permitted to have priests in their units, they were not given any S.S. identity marks whatsoever and the terminology of their ranks and titles were those of the Wehrmacht.

13. In June 1944 the first and only "pre-action" manoeuvres were held at Neuhammer. It was during these manoeuvres at a conference of all officers when Himmler proclaimed the agreement made that "the Fuehrer had consented to the demand of the Ukrainian Committee and agreed that the Ukrainian Division Halychyna would be used only and exclusively on the Eastern Front against the communists."

14. The Division was incorporated into the Second Corps of the German Wehrmacht and on July 14th 1944 sent to the front lines and took part in its one and only major action at Brody, East of Lviv in Galicia. At this time, the unit consisted of about 14,000 men, together with a reserve of about 2,000. It was during this period, one will recall, that the first signs of breakdown in the German political and war machine were evident. This was the period of the attempted attack on Hitler, the beginning of the major Russian offensive, the period when large numbers of German units were crossing over both to the Russian side on the east and to the Allies on the west.

### The Brody Massacre

15. In the Battle at Brody, most of the Germans, as a result of the chaos and conflicting reports which came down concerning the attempted attack on Hitler, deserted the front line units and pulled out. The Ukrainian Division was left alone to hold the line and in the battle was practically annihilated. Many were destroyed in action; many were captured by the Russians and immediately destroyed and massacred; a very small number, after being taken prisoner, managed to save their lives by

## ABU KASSIM'S SLIPPERS

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by Waldimir Semenyna)

(Translated originally for the Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine published by the U.N.A. 1927-33)

In Bagdad, that great old city. Years ago when yet the pretty Caliphs held sway over life, Lived a man who, like old Harry, Was so tight he would not marry So as not to feed a wife.

Although rich he would not reveal And was dirty as the devil, Walking around like a tramp, Muddy shirt of heavy pattern Ready to fall should he fatten And the pants of sieve-like stamp.

His bald head, instead of turban, He wrapped with a dirty ribbon, Torn, greased, and quite colorless; Coat—a tree-bark composition, Thorns for pins,—just one great mess.

Abu Kassim, merchant, dealer, So was called this money peeler, Traded with sweet perfumes, scents, And when he walked through the city Mobs would follow him with pity Like they followed once the saints.

But what drew the most attention To this miser, I must mention, Were his antique shoes, so rare. They were shoes! I don't mean Nanny! Must have served the devil's granny At her wedding or some fair!

Where he got those diver's sinkers, Long he wore them?—different thinkers In their search were moved to tears.

Only cobblers of the city Could have sworn that that oddity They had patched for some ten years.

All the patches without knowing! All the leather! All the sewing Cobbler's hands did,—without length! Dozen soles they must have padded! With which to increase the strength!

And the top of last hard layer He had charmed, like some sooth-sayer, With some nails as last resort. And what nails! Ones, shaming bunions

Or the heads of early onions, From a blacksmith he had bought.

And the heels, with their graces, Left the widest horse shoe traces When they stepped upon soft earth While the vamps, although sewn double,

Were so patched that without trouble They resembled some tree's girth.

Noah's Ark, I am quite certain, Could not present such a curtain As did Kassim's boots command. They resembled fresh cut timber And to wear them and be limber,—Just imagine bags of sand!

That's why all the population Used to watch, with admiration, Kassim's efforts to walk straight; How the beggar puffed, perspired, Dragged his feet, yet never tired—As if handcuffed to this fate.

These poor slippers, so well noted, Were, by people, so oft quoted They became proverbs in time: If one faced heavy weather: "Kassim's slippers were no better, I can't do it for a crime!"

Listen then how, in derision, Mother Fate, to clear his vision, Started to pick on his soul, Till for all his vulgar meanness, His bad habits and uncleanness He had paid his duty toll.

pretending to be Germans, (Ukrainians were automatically killed and were not taken prisoners); many committed suicide and a very large number went underground to join the Ukrainian partisan units (UPA) in the Carpathian mountains. About 3,000 of the entire 16,000 managed to save themselves and broke through, reassembled themselves gradually via Kraeov and points in Hungary at Neuhammer.

16. Upon their return to Neuhammer, they were all placed in concentration camp by the Germans who considered and treated them as "traitors." (To be continued)

One day Abu Kassim bartered The market where he cluttered Dragging the shoes with the feet. Market with him had a purpose: To sell here and there to purchase. Thus he wandered through the street.

All at once the people, humming, Ran to, where from came a drumming, Where the herald of the court Standing on a tub was drilling: "... Who has money and is willing Let him come to said resort!"

"Listen, people. At that store, Bargains you will see galore. You trades merchant Ben Omar... And to wipe out his indebtedness The court auctions his great vastness

Of sweet scents from near and far." Moslems listen to this rilling; Some feel sorry some are smiling, But no one shows eagerness. "Perfume! that belongs to women! Feeding the flesh which is human Shows our earthly meagerness!"

Only Kassim, poor old beggar, Hearing this began to stagger, Building castles in the air. "Perfumes! Perfumes at a sale! Selling for shake of dog's tale! I hope they wait for me there!"

Breathing hard and making faces, As if running in some races, He is tumbling all along Shoving others, mumbling curses, Dragging his shoes like gold purses,

As if chased by some mad throng. Having reached his destination, And without procrastination, He inquires for the price.

Then Ben Omar, wrapped with torment, Began for Kassim for a moment, Just for some of his advice.

"Abu Kassim, my dear brother, I don't want to be your brother, But you see, my household looks As it was in some collision... May God take away my vision If I ever thought of crooks.

"You know well my honest dealing But, you see, a friend begged, kneeling, So I vouched for him, with zest. Now I'm stranded and in trouble Since the scoundrel crossed me double, Disappearing like a mist.

"Abu Kassim, my dear brother, Just this once be like a father! Let me hear you... won't you tell That you'll pay this one indebtedness! Please have mercy or sure madness Will enfold me in the cell.

"If alone I would not bother But my children and their mother! You know auctions. Oh, what shame?

Our dear lives which we did cherish Seem to end and we must perish. Either way the end's the same."

But to budge the miser's feelings Would require some onion peelings; So displaying his great haste He retorted, "My dear fellow, I should save you from the gallows? I should throw my cents to waste!"

And so, leaving Omar standing, Kassim hurried where the handling Of the auctioneers began; Where they brought a large container

Of rose perfume, of which finer One could not find in the land.

Made by well known Shiraz masters It was worth some tens of plasters But not one would start a bid, So our Kassim, with some whining, Bought the vessel, his eyes shining, Feeling happy as a kid.

Parting with his third plaster And yet fearing some disaster He runs home as if with gold, While Ben Omar gently whispers, "For your mercy and good cheer God will pay you many fold."

(To be continued)

"Quick, doctor, I was playing a mouth organ and I swallowed it." "Keep calm, and be thankful that you weren't playing the piano."

# Yes, I Was There—"Na Rodinye"

By OLEKSIY ANDRIENKO

(Freely translated by S. S.)

(Continued)

THE grey barracks were encircled by a chain of barbed wire. That barbed wire fence and the barracks seemed symbolical of the life of the 20th century man in our parts. Millions, nay scores of millions, nay hundreds of millions of people languish within its confines.

We Ukrainians were the first to be driven into these barbed wire enclosures. We, who were descended of a peasant stock, who were accustomed to free movement, who looked at the horizons unhampered by any fences or barriers between them and our eyes, now found ourselves in a concentration camp, restricted in every possible sense of the word. One could recognize the justice of imprisoning, or of beheading thousands of war criminals. But not that of us, especially since we were common folk, who had been impressed into slave labor battalions by the Germans, who had committed no crime, and who certainly had naught to do with "politics."

Mounds of dust covered the camp. A hubbub of voices and outcries dinned into one's ears. Since the barracks could not accommodate all of us, there quickly sprang up between them various pup-tents, leans-tos of canvas, blankets or whatever other non-descript material was on hand. Here and there were wagons with the horses tied to them. Under them children crawled in the dust. When night fell everyone went to sleep wherever he was, men, women,

children, young and old, all intermingled. In daytime, when the hot sun burned into the flesh of the half-clad camp inmates, they would go rummaging about for some pieces of rotting clothing to protect themselves from sunburn. And then those lice. How much blood they drained from us.

Yet if one mingled with this poor downtrodden mass of people, one could not hear a word of complaint, no expression of discontent with their lot, or of a desire to rise to their feet and cast off the tethers that bound them and millions others like them to a despotic regime.

"Perhaps they're sowing now back home?"

"But of course."

"Just to be once more in our wheatfields... God grant it will be soon."

"Imagine how wonderful our life would be if each one of us were given a modest home to live, twenty hectares of land, and freedom too!"

The one who was saying this was a peasant about forty years of age, with a goat-like beard, and bright eyes in which there always lurked a bitter smile. He had long given up hunting for lice and his thoughts of his future were definitely not of a cheerful kind. He had given up hope that good fortune was ever to grace him. Vast distances separated him from it in his imagination. He felt that his lot would never improve.

"Why kid ourselves. We'll never

get any such things as you say. It's the kolhoops for us, that all."

Lying alongside me on the ground was Trokhym. We had trudged together in that "battalion" from Dresden. He was a thoughtful man who had seen a lot and passed through a lot. Hardheaded by nature he likewise commanded respect.

"It seems to me," he picked up a previously interrupted conversation, "that there are about twenty thousand of us here."

"Twenty thousand? I raised my eyebrows in disbelief, but upon looking around carefully had to admit that "there are even more than that."

"And how many are there of them?" Trokhym asked.

"Who's 'them'?"

"Why, those 'smerashi' of course, those who are supposed to provide us with protection here."

Without waiting for an answer, Trokhym said, quite soberly: "You know what, a crowd of us could overwhelm the guards easily and break out of this camp."

"What are you talking about!" I exclaimed in alarm. "But wait," I added as the idea of possible success of such a move struck me, "do you think we would have a chance of breaking out of here?"

"Is it possible, is it possible," Trokhym spoke sarcastically. "That's the whole trouble with us. We're too cowardly, and afraid to take a chance, and that's why we are where we are."

(To be continued)

\* 'Smerashi' were the officials of Soviet administration in Germany.

## Ukrainian Canadians in Statistics

Statistics recently published throw some interesting light on the Ukrainian Canadian scene, writes "Opinion," published by the Ukrainian Canadian Veterans' Association, and continues as follows:—

### Intermarriage

Intermarriage between religious and ethnic groups is generally recognized as the greatest force working for assimilation and homogeneity of the population. Figures in the Canada Year Book, 1947, show that Ukrainian Canadians intermarry at slightly over the average Canadian rate. Thus, 37% of the brides and bridegrooms of the Greek-Catholic and so-called "Eastern" Orthodox churches marry outside their church. (Among Jews outside marriages are only 3%; among Roman Catholics, 12%; average Canadian outside marriages number 30%.) First choice as an outside church on the part of both Eastern Orthodox and Greek Catholic brides and bridegrooms is the Roman Catholic Church. Next in preference is their own opposite church; that is, the Greek Catholic chooses the Greek Orthodox next to Roman Catholic next to his own; and the Greek Orthodox chooses the Greek Catholic next to the Catholic, next to his own again.

In reference to this percentage of intermarriage it is worth noting that the total Greek Catholic and Greek Orthodox in 1941 were 326,283, while the census shows only 305,929 population of Ukrainian origin in Canada in the same year.

### Students

How do the number of Ukrainian Canadian students in the universities compare with the average Canadian figure? According to a hard-working student in the University of Manitoba, 327 students of Ukrainian origin were enrolled at the University in 1947. 45 out of a total registration of 6,732. They therefore form 6% of the student body. Inasmuch as there are 89,762 Manitobans of Ukrainian origin, or 8.13% of the total Provincial population of 729,744, the number of students the Ukrainians would have if the average Manitoba rate were applied to them, would be 547. That leaves the Ukrainians behind in this sphere.

One reason for this lag may be the scarcity of farm help, and the necessity for a farmer's sons and daughters to remain in the farm

instead of to go on in search of higher education (as two out of three Ukrainian Canadians live in rural districts in Manitoba). It is to be hoped that this lag is temporary, as higher education is a pretty good index of adjustment and progress.

### Population

Lastly, there are some figures from the pen of Dr. V. J. Kaye. He points out that the highest number reasonably possible that Ukrainians can achieve in Canada would be half a million people, or roughly three and a half per cent of the total. Today they represent 2.68% of the total.

It would seem that Ukrainians can never impose themselves numerically on the Canadian scene, especially as many members will stray from identification with the group as time goes on. But few as they are or ever will be, their field of progress is not restricted. The problem strongly brought to light by these recent statistics, remains: how to retain an indi-

## JUST A REMINDER

For years, Ukrainians young and old, have been talking about a free Ukraine. Now that a committee exists for this purpose, with men willing and able to work towards the attainment of that goal, are those same Ukrainian individuals correctly performing their patriotic duty by contributing to the "Congress Committee Drive." They must not fail to give now. For now is the hour, in this nation-forming era, to work, so we too can attain, that something called—our own.

Send contributions to: Ukrainian Congress Committee, P.O. Box 721 Church St. Annex, New York 8, N. Y.

MYROSLAVA

vidual richness of tradition in an era of rapid progress and assimilation? One recognized way is co-operation and unity between the different societies within the ethnic group. The way of dignity is the way of chaos; while, a joining of efforts and energies can accomplish great things.

## What They Say

Chester Bowles, former OPA Administrator, speaking before representatives of the food distribution industry:

"If we expect to double world food production in the next generation and at the same time free tens of millions of farmers for work on industrial projects, we will need nothing less than a revolution in world agriculture."

"We will need broad planning for river valley developments on the model of the Tennessee Valley Authority on all the great rivers of the world. We will need greatly to increase the production of modern farm machinery. We will need bold irrigation projects, tremendous new fertilized plants."

"We will need to develop wider understanding of farm cooperatives so that small farmers can produce together on a more efficient basis. In some countries, we will need land reform programs so that the land can be owned by those who work it, rather than by absentee landlords."

Secretary of State George C. Marshall speaking before the General Federation of Women's Clubs:

"It is of the utmost importance that all Americans realize the significance of our position in the world today. Our leadership is recognized the world over but the

obligations of such leadership are not completely recognized by us Americans ourselves. We are generous, sometimes to a fault, but it is just as important that we be understanding. By this I mean that we must try our best to realize the situation of other peoples and their inevitable reactions to many things that are publicly proclaimed in this country.

"We often defeat our own generosity or aims by ignoring the sensitivity of people, their national pride and the utterly different surroundings in which they live compared to ours here in America. This applies not only to the nations of Western Europe, it applies also to those behind the Iron Curtain."

JOIN THE UKRAINIAN NAT'L ASSOCIATION. DO IT NOW!

## "SVOBODA" (UKRAINIAN DAILY)

FOUNDED 1893  
Ukrainian newspaper published daily except Sundays and holidays by the Ukrainian National Association, Inc., 81-83 Grand St., Jersey City 3, N. J.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Post Office of Jersey City, N. J. on March 10, 1911 under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Classified Advertising Department, 597 — 7th Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

# Youth and the U.N.A.

## JERSEY CITY BRANCH 25 EXCEEDS QUOTA

The Svoboda Society, Branch 25 of the Ukrainian National Association, located in Jersey City, N. J., admitted 18 new members since March 30th, 1947, and has exceeded the quota set for it by the parent organization as its goal in the current extensive membership campaign.

Anton Dragan and Theodore Lutwiniak, each with 5, accounted for 10 of the new members; Miss Olga Maceluch organized 3, and Miss Mary Boychuk received credit for one. Four new members joined by direct mail. The organizers are Branch 25 members and all are employed by the U.N.A.

Branch 25 is maintained for the convenience of members living in localities where there are no U. N. A. branches. Its members, 97 in number, including 17 juvenile certificate holders, are scattered throughout the United States; many members live in California. All branch business is conducted by mail.

The officers of Branch 25 are Dr. Luke Myshuha, president, and Theodore Lutwiniak, secretary.

### A new U.N.A. Member

Peter Paul Haurus, who was born on May 5th, 1948, is a new member of the Sons of Ukraine Society of Jersey City, Branch 287 of the Ukrainian National Association. He is the son of Paul and Mary T. Haurus of Rutherford, N. J.

Mr. Haurus is a World War II veteran who had served in the South Pacific. Mrs. Haurus is a former U.N.A. employee and a former president of U.N.A. Branch 171 of Jersey City.

### The Pen Pal Club

The latest reader of the Ukrainian Weekly to join the Pen Pal Club is Nicholas Tomchuk, Institute of Design, 632 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

"I am greatly interested in contacting Pen Pals who are interested in the constructivist paintings and constructions, abstract and futurist sculpture and the architecture like that created by Mies Van Der Rohe and Le Corbusier. Am 24 years old and art student in architecture."

Nich, who is a member of Br. 287 of the Ukrainian National Association, is the 24th member of the Pen Pal Club. To date the club consists of 10 girls and 14 boys.

Readers who want Pen Pals are invited to write directly to the club members whose letters were published, and are also invited to join the club by submitting letters for publication. So far there are members in New York, Connecticut, Ontario, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio.

Keep the Pen Pal Club idea going by submitting your letters for publication. When the letters stop coming in, it means no more club. The letters of members who have not received Pen Pal mail will be reprinted on request.

All communications intended for the Pen Pal Club should be addressed to Theodore Lutwiniak, c/o U.N.A., P. O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J.

### Write for U.N.A. Information

The Ukrainian National Association membership campaign is still going on, as the goal of a membership of 50,000 has not yet been attained. It is expected that the goal will be realized in the near future... probably within 90 days.

Are you a U.N.A. member? If not, the time to join this worthwhile organization is NOW! Write for the latest English-language information pamphlet, and learn the facts about the organization which has been of service to the Ukrainian people since 1894. The pamphlet will be sent without any obligation on your part. Write for it today... and after you have absorbed its contents you will no longer hesitate to join!

### IVAN FRANKO'S "MOSES"

Trans. by Waldimir Semenytsa With a biographical sketch of Ivan Franko by Stephen Szumylo Price 50 cents

# Dear Homemaker . . . by P. D.

FRESH fruits or vegetables harmonize to make smooth eating for food lovers everywhere. Their magic melodies call for repeated encores on your menus. Their blended harmony is enthusiastically applauded by everybody. The daily appearance of these fresh bright foods is indeed a "benefit performance" for your family. There is no "sweeter music" than a crisp, cool salad. Your season ticket is good the year 'round.

For cool, crisp, colorful salads service chilled foods on chilled plates. Have the greens for your salad crisp, clean, and dry. Keep salad vegetables and green fresh by storing in a covered container in your refrigerator until used. Keep salad vegetables and green fresh by storing in a covered container in your refrigerator until used. Keep cooked vegetables firm in texture. Cut fruits in uniform sizes, fairly large, with clean cut edges; drain before chilling. Prevent discoloration of fruits by coating with lemon juice or other acid juices. Mix salads with two forks to keep an inviting appearance. Add the appropriated dressing to greens just before serving or they will wilt. Dress green salads with only enough dressing to coat each leaf. Marinate (let stand in dressing) mixed salads such as potato, meat or fish to develop good flavor.

Many delightful, satisfying meals may be arranged around a healthful salad plate. The "protective foods"—vitamins and minerals—are the "high notes" in these nutritious medleys. For a well-blended rhapsody in flavor, try some of these combinations:

**Fruit Plate:** Bed of lettuce; Halves of pear or peach, fresh or canned; Section of grapefruit; Sections of orange; Garnish with red cherries, dates, nuts, raisins or ball of cheese; Dress with French Dressing.

**Raw Vegetable Plate:** Mixed shredded greens, as cabbage, chinese cabbage, chicory, endive, spinach; Shredded carrots on lettuce; Cottage cheese or hard-boiled egg in lettuce cup; Sliced tomatoes; Celery; Choice of dressing.

Some of the "Picking up" that must be done around the house is difficult or even dangerous if done by hand. Because burns and cuts are some of the most frequent home accidents suffered by women, more care should be taken with hot and sharp articles. For safer and easier pick-ups try these suggestions:

Tongs to pick up hot articles at the stove, outdoor fireplace or sink. Use tongs to lift jars from hot water in canning, large vegetables from cooking water, baked potatoes from the oven, hot grates, or lids from the fire. Use tongs to lift silveware from hot rinse water.

Damp cotton to pick up fine particles of brokenglass.

Magnet to pick up pins and needles in home dressmaking.

Did you know that the color of fabrics changes with the kind of light in the room? Most stores today have fluorescent lighting, a

cold, not very flattering light. When you see the material under incandescent lamps—that's the kind in most homes—you may be astonished and either pleased or dismayed at the change in color. So, don't purchase rugs or draperies or wallpaper until you've seen them under your lamps at home.

Rebecca McCann speaks with deep insight when she says:

"Each common day has moments we can treasure

A laugh, a lovely sight, a friendly speech.

They're like those gold flecked pebbles we discover

Among the dull grey pebbles on the beach."

## WEEKLY BANTER

After he had finished his sermon the colored pastor made the announcements for the next week.

"And now, bred'ren," he said, "next Sunday I will speak to you upon the condition of the church and my topic will be 'The Status Quo.'"

"Pardon me, Parson," interrupted Deacon Jones, "but what do dat Status Quo mean?"

"Well, Deacon," rejoined the Parson, "dat's Latin for we's in a heck of a fix"

Said the artist: "I'll give you five dollars if you'll let me print you." The old mountaineer shifted his tobacco from one cheek to the other and back again. "It's easy money," said the artist. "Thar haint no question 'bout that. I was just a wonderin' how I'd get the paint off afterwards."

I have lived a long time but I have yet to see a man lost on a straight road.

"This spanking is going to hurt me more than it will you," said the father.

"Well, Father, please don't hurt yourself too much," replied the son.

"When I was twenty, I made up my mind to be rich."

"But you never became wealthy."

"No, I found it easier to change my mind."

Patient (after dentist put fillings in):

"Are't you going to grind them?"

Dentist: "You'll grind them yourself—when you get the bill."

The only person we know who makes a success in running other people down is the elevator boy.

"And so I told her that I loved her and we'd be married in the Summer."

"July?"

"No, I meant it."

**UKRAINIAN SELF-EDUCATOR**  
BY HONORE EWACH, B.A.  
PAGES 91—PRICE \$1.00 AT "SVOBODA"  
BOX 246, JERSEY CITY 3, N. J.

# UKRAINIAN SPORTS NOTES

By WALTER WM. DANKE

## BOXING:

Pete Zadak, 19 year old middleweight puncher who is called by sports writers as Canada's "Little Jack Dempsey" continues to show improvement as he posted good wins over Joe Lazana and Claude Flager, and drew with Rudy Turner, all in Buffalo (consensus of newspaper opinion of this "draw" decision was an easy win for young Pete). Later, heading a card at Waterloo, Ontario, he scored a smashing win over highly-touted Len Wadsworth, Canadian middleweight champ. On the same card, Pete's brother Billy, promising 21 years old southpaw slugger, lowered the boom on Ray Miller, colored N. C. middleweight prospect in 2 rounds. To me, these hard punching Zaduk boys are very refreshing in that they have what it takes to reach the top, including youth, punch and ability to withstand the rough going when necessary. Still another Zaduk is coming along in fine style and his name is Mike. He has scored several fine wins around Hamilton.

George Mazurenko, 22 year old lightweight champ of the province of Alberta, has decided to go further west (Vancouver and Spokane) in search of work for there is a lack of boxing activity in and around his hometown of Edmonton. In his first start at Spokane, the classy Mazurenko showed that he was "rusty" as a result of his long lay-off from the ring when he lost a close decision to good Wilfie Desjardins, whom he had trounced handily in a previous bout. However, George expects to return to winning ways shortly.

Nick Melnick, veteran Winnipeg middleweight who fought around the mid-western states for the past year or so, is now campaigning in and around Montreal. He stopped rugged Tony Mancuso in 8 rounds and, in the middleweight elimination series at the Coliseum, was eliminated in the finals when he lost a close "hairline" decision to Al Evans.

Al (Alex Dorchuk) Delaney, former Canadian heavyweight champ from Winnipeg, seems to have finally retired as an active participant in the ring.

Lee (Frank Ozajewsky) Oma, boxing's handsome clown-prince from Detroit, recently embarked upon a comeback program and lost a disputed verdict to Henry "Snow" Flakes, who looks like "the goods" so far, at Buffalo ring officials had it 5 rounds for Flakes, 4 for Oma and 1 round even. Ten days later, Lee, whose folks came from Kiev, the ancient capital of Ukraine, again lost to Flakes, this time at N. Y.'s Madison Square Garden. Oma, whose good looks led him before the movie cameras for awhile, would at present probably be knocking on the door leading to Joe Louis' tottering throne if he ever stuck to strict training for any length of time, as he could, both punch and box, and had loads of that indefinable something that all promoters love, color and box-office appeal.

Looks as though Philly's big Ben Moroz (7'1" and 300 lbs) former boxer will not be given a

chance to show in the movie version of Budd Schulberg's best seller "The Harder They Fall," as REKO has decided to scrap it. The reason advanced for such action was that all scripts prepared for the picture sounded like "Body and Soul," the picture that is now playing the country's 2nd run movie houses at present. Ben, who fought in the pro ranks from September '39 to January '46 with fair success and who looked promising for awhile, never reached the top because he lacked a "killer instinct" and was a bit too slow (according to my brother Al, who is a walking encyclopedia on sports and who knows his way in and around the ring). Speaking of Philly, the Quaker City had another "Uke" heavyweight in Johnny Myhasuk, who showed lots of promise prior to the war. Last I heard of Johnny was when, as a Coast Guardsman on liberty ships making the runs to North Africa, he boxed exhibitions on board ship, the last one with Bill Weinberg, Boston heavyweight who is now going good around the East.

Another promising Uke heavyweight before the war, Charley Ketchuck of Endicott, N. Y., who spurned many college football offers to turn pro as a borer, has disappeared from the active scene. Charley, whose relationship with his manager, Jersey Jones, was described by fite-scribes as a beautiful father and son like combo, won his first 18 of 20 bouts (drew one and lost another) in Jersey, N. Y., and Scranton rings. Then something busted up the "idyl" with manager Jones and Charley quit in disgust, blowing Jones for his 9th round TKO defeat in Scranton in November 1940 at the hands of the Finn, Gunnar Barlund. Charley later bobbed up at the Sampson, N. Y. Naval Training Base as the "center" of the good base football team and was on the 1943 "All-Uke" team compiled by Al Yaremko of Philly.

While all 5 of the above named Uke heavyweight boxers, Delaney, Oma, Moroz, Myhasuk and Ketchuk, were rated as very bright little prospects at one time or another during their respective careers, the Uke most nearly approaching the heavyweight championship was Steve Hamas, who was rated number one contender in '34 and '35. Steve started his athletic career at Passaic Hi where, along with his brother Mike, he starred on the national championship high school basketball team in 1923 or so. Steve later went to Penn State where he won letters and participated in football, basketball, boxing, track, etc. In '30, he turned pro boxer and won 29 straight (28 by KO's, including a sensational 2 round KO over the former light heavyweight champ, Tommy Loughran at the N.Y. Sq. Garden). He later beat Loughran again, Lee Ramage, Art Lasky, and ex-champ Max Schmeling, among others. However, where in '30 he fought 11 times and won all; in '31 fought 16 times and won all; in '32 fought 6 times, winning 4; and fought 5 times in '33, winning ad boxing to a draw twice each; Steve relaxed a bit and fought only twice in '34, beating Schmeling and Lasky, both top contenders.

Rated number one contender for a shot at the title held by Max Baer whose playboy tendencies were responsible for his losing his valuable crown in his first defense of it to boxing's "Cinderella man" Jimmy Braddock, Hamas, with nothing to win but a measly \$25,000 and everything to lose (the title was worth about a million or so) went over to Schmeling's backyard in Germany and fought him again, losing the bout on a 9 round TKO and almost losing his life. Apparently the German schnapps did not agree with Hamas, for Schmeling (exhibiting a typical mind of the still growing Nazis) mercilessly and needlessly cut Steve to ribbons and gave him a very bad head beating. Hamas was in a semi-coma for weeks and it took a long time for Steve to fully recover. He finally did, but never returned to the ring as an active participant.

However, in the past war, Steve held the rank of Major and had charge of the recreational program of the 8th Air Force in

# U.N.A. BOWLERS TO PLAN NEW SEASON SCHEDULE

At a meeting held on Friday, June 11th, in the Ukrainian Center, 180 William Street, Newark, N. J., the U. N. A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.J.-N.Y. Area decided to open its season in the latter part of next September. Unlike last season's short schedule of 16 weeks duration, the new tourney will be held over a period of 31 weeks, with approximately 14 teams participating. The permanent locale of the matches, which will be held on Friday evenings, will be the city of Newark at alleys yet to be designated. The teams comprising the league agreed to centralize the tournaments in that city for the reason that it is judged to be most easily accessible for all team members.

Another important meeting of the U.N.A. Bowling League will be held this coming Friday, June 25th, at the Newark Ukrainian Center commencing at 8:30 P. M., to which all teams are urged to send their representatives with \$25.00 to be posted with the league treasurer as a forfeit deposit. Clubs within the metropolitan area desirous of entering a five-man bowling team in the proposed tournaments, should have their representatives attend this meeting, since reservations of the alleys will be made at that time. A portion of the evening will be devoted to the election of new officers, for the coming year, and also to drawing up of a prize list for outstanding teams and individual bowlers.

STEPHEN KURLAK

# Vet News Roundup

Q. When is National Service Life Insurance considered lapsed?

A. It is lapsed when a veteran fails to make a payment of premium within 31 days from the date it was due.

Q. If I do not receive National Service Life Insurance premium notices or receipts promptly, should I continue to send my premiums?

A. Yes. You also should clearly identify your payments by giving your insurance policy number, but if that is not available, you should give your rank, organization and your service serial number.

Q. If I filed a change of address with the VA hospital or regional office where my claims folder is on file, will the same change be made on my insurance records?

A. No. Change of address for purpose of compensation or pension is not a notice of change of address for insurance purposes. VA Form 889, "Change of Address," should be executed by the insured to notify the Insurance Service in the appropriate Branch Office.

Q. When may a veteran decide whether he will pursue training under the Servicemen's Readjustment Act (G-I Bill) or under the Vocational Rehabilitation Act?

A. After eligibility has been established under both laws.

## ON RECORD

(Concluded from page 2)

to write about them completely. Suffice it to say, they are always present. They live, breathe, and more often than not end up by doing the work. I must admit that even breathing is at times quite difficult for them, due to the subversive smolderings of certain cigars. Still despite all of the hazards this nuclei comes down time after time. Always there is something interesting, thanks to the above mentioned species. One night the general assemblage may have a name and then after the Meeting Prolonger gets done with them they may not. At times they may vote and at other times they may not. Their again they may vote in an organization that does not exist and yet which each and everyone is positive that it does exist. Ah yes! Everyone becomes a bit confused but that too is fun. No matter how confused everyone may be though, you may rest assured there will be someone who will remember to say, "I move we adjourn the meeting." About all I can say now is, "May that someone continue to adjourn with all his might for ever and ever Amen."

member of one of Philly's Ukrainian American Veteran's posts.

P. S.—All questions or comments should be addressed to the writer at: 347 Avenue "C", Bayonne, N.J.

# PROGRAM

First Convention of the Ukrainian Orthodox Youth League OF THE U. S. A.

(Member of American Ukrainian Orthodox Autocephalous Church in United States)

**VANDERBILT HOTEL**  
34th Street and Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

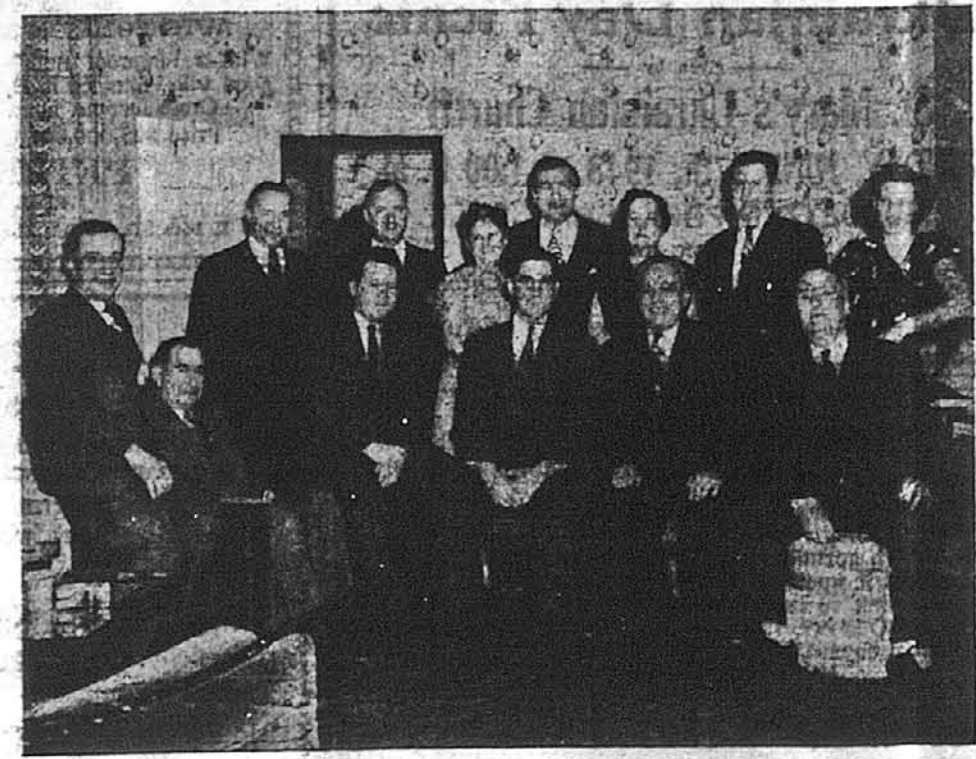
**FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 25**  
7 P.M.-10 P.M. Registration at Hotel

**SATURDAY, JUNE 26**  
(All events at Della Robin Room, Hotel Vanderbilt)  
7:30-10 A.M. Registration  
10 A. M.-1 P. M. Session  
1-2 P.M. Recess  
2-6 P.M. Session  
7-9 P.M. Banquet  
9 P.M. Ball (Dress optional)

**SUNDAY, JUNE 27**  
9 A.M. Pontifical Liturgy—Archbishop Theodorovich assisted by clergy at St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Orthodox Church, 334 East 14th Street, New York City  
2-5 P.M. Session (334 E. 14th Street, New York City)  
6 P.M. Cultural Program  
9 P.M. Farewell Gathering (334 E. 14th St., N. Y. C.)

**MONDAY, JUNE 28**  
10 A.M. Meeting of Executive Board, 334 E. 14th St., N.Y.C.

Hotel Reservations: Miss E. Dyczko, 3504 108th Street, Corona, N. Y.  
Banquet and Ball Reservations: Miss E. Dyczko.  
Delegates' and Guests' Authorization and Certification: Registrar: Miss Olga Dydio, 120 Howard Ave., Passaic, N. J.



Philadelphia volunteer workers preparing food bundles for shipment to Ukrainian DPs in Europe. (Picture courtesy "America")

Вадим Лесич.

# ІНТРУЗ

Стиснувши міцніше холодний валець ручки та відчувши в долоні гладку металу, Гліб усвідомив собі, що саме в цю хвилину він входить на східні трамваєвого вагона. Перед його очима сіро кохалися розпалені обличчя людей у трамваї. За віконними шибими — перекакували нервово цегляні будівлі несиметричних руйн з обсмаленими боками, юрмились звали цементових брил, зруділого заліза і прерізної форми череп'я, що втратило власну барву та стало сіре, таке сіре, аж брудне. Іноді майорили гранчасті зариси — дивним якимось дивом — ошіліло будови. Здавалось вона чужою, непотрібною серед усіх отих бурх звалищ. Все це, якесь ярке та наче б рухоме на синьому фоні неба в обрамленні віконних квадратів — нагадувало Глібові споловату мертвоту полотноці ландшафтів, що миршавими плямами прилипли до стін його кімнатки на передмісті.

Це порівняння приходило до голови силою яскравого контрасту двох вимовних протилежностей, двох різних відходів від життя — героїчного, чинного та задулого, бездушного, предметного.

Гліб почував себе добре і самозадоволено серед цього мертвого оточення, що героїчний свій перехід від розмашистого ритму важкостопних будівель до неокресленої безформності розвалених руйн значило на кожному кроці якусь крикливу дистармонію, якимось несамовитим, неймовірним високом з привичних вихованих форм.

Ось довгий рудий комин, самотній, як голос волюющего в пустині, а зараз поруч — розбитий, проте у власній своєрідній формі кадуб водеркалозету з блідою потресканою мушлею. Ось — яма, вирва в піщаній площі, а над нею — обірвані доверки, відкриті висіячі ступені сходів, що виходять з невідомих нетрів зва-

верствами шодених пережильвань, отих Глібових гулів, що залишили по собі тільки доволі невнятний посмак чогось хвацького, молодецького.

Гліб плівні ліву руку пальцями вгору і націпомітним рухом випрямленої довгастої долоні погладив себе по круглій лисині над тям'ям. Потім рішучим рухом ступив з платформи до середини вагона і сів на м'якій трамваєвій лавочці.

Мисль, що заблала в його очах, не погасла. Жевріла в прижмурках, гралась в ліжмурки по кутках його очей, провітлювалась. Проте Гліб, звязаний усіма посторонками душі з довільною дійсністю, не сприйняв ще до своєї свідомості — променів розжевіліої мислі. Він ковтав клапти голубого неба що перестрибували у вікнах трамваю, мов світлі плями на стяжці, яка з швидко вітру розвивається з клубка. Сприймав повним відтінком кучеряві припливи квітня іблуні і груші, що шугали час від часу обабіч вагону на рухомій стрічці неба. Пив пристрасно й доскоху ніжні пахощі весни і напував ними негаснучу спрагу людини, яка насолоджується усією добродійністю високоякісного напитуку. Сприймав усі барвисті вияви весняних гонів. Сприймав невідомо, безмислено, не зваяючи. Здавалось, що Гліб не думав якраз тепер зовсім, дивя відрухами, порушався, ніби манекін.

Проте оця вперта мисль, що зродилась, наче поза Глібом в його весняному оточенні та шукала в Глібові пристани, добуваючись до нього тропами розбуджених усіх змислів, оця навісна, мов свердло, думка починала просвердловатись і врешті кільчнитись десь на дні його свідомості.

Гліб дивився на людей, що сиділи навпроти нього, що стояли кругом і кохалися під такт стукоту, що проходили повз рейки пощербленим нервовим пішоходом — але не бачив їх. Не спостерігав їх, так наче б їх і зовсім не було. Дивився протяжним нерухомим зором почерез них, як через скляну шибку: і коли його зелений погляд падав на невимовно біле квітня дерев, що вздовж вулиці кидали мінливі кристалі мережі тіней на скрегітливий вагон, тоді наче перелопувався хвилювання в його очах, і мисль тривожило, навшпиньки вросла в пасивну, бездіяльну свідомість.

Врешті Гліб усвідомив собі несподівану думку. Діялось це коротше, ніж опис цього дивного стану. Сталося. Гліб почув, як весінні соки влились у його кров та вхопили його в свій круговорот. Зродились прагнення, від яких він ніяк-вив. Він, людина з усіма прикметами й досвідами непоправ-

ного металерійного реаліста. Він, Гліб Олександрович, четвертьсторишній шукач життєвої гавані поза межами рідної батьківщини, вибагливий актор у житті власному й на зустрічних, хорунжий степових загонів у бурні роки революції та невпинний стерничий власних пристрастей і хотів, безоглядний недовір, що ніколи раніше не повірив, доки сам, власноручно, як Хома невірний, не переконається, — коротко — людина співзвучна епохою, він, оцей людський протертий вже дещо механізм, — з лисиною на лобі та не однією мозолею на душі й руках — ніякось, як школяр, коли мисль добувалась до нього.

Забалось Глібові, от так собі ніби дивчав, з весняної забаванки, бо дерева усоте квітнуть, бо земля усоте запашно ряхтєть, бо — просто він ще, мабуть, молодий; — забалось Глібові ще раз (заблаторий же це раз?) пережити його диме досі, давно вигасло, е ще до коліс, хлоп'яче кохання. Забалось йому тієї гучної Варки, яка ще досі перед довгими роками, коли не дещо зміну погоди, була для нього єдиним джерелом життєвого надхнення.

Це було тоді, коли ще Глібові не треба було пілюль на уговтання розстуканого серця, а привиділа його до рівноваги й м'яка і ніжна доляна, доторкаючись тепло його руки!

Скільки то Варка дала йому переживань! Скільки снаги! Іноді ходила закосичена квітани, була струнка і дзвінка, як сама весна. Суконка мінливих та сочистих барв огливала її гармонійну постать, як муселіновий вітер, квітучий і мерехтливий, — польову царівну. Її очі жатіли вогнем якогось героїчного життя, впертого та горючого тривання, а водночас зберігали матові відтінки якогось неадекватного, але живого захвату. А уста, уста ж були — тільки для нього! Були келехом, з якого він у нестамі пив еліксир життя. Аж прийшла революція, війна — і все перекинула шкеребет, запалила Гліба вогнем, стояким, скелестримим, вогнем боротьби за своє я, яке чоїно в палахкотінні пожеж та в гримучому гуркоті невпинних фронтів відроджувалося і прибирало реальну форму бездіяльної досі протягом довгих десятиліть, ба навіть століть романтичної України. В цьому вогні гартувалась нова Глібова душа і спалувалося все, що не мало прикмет сталі. Приходили нові події, змінювались люди, життя робилось цупке, шорстке, непримирне. У цьому вирі, мов у горні, перетоплювались різні вартості, перемішувались, творились нові, щораз новіші сполуки та змінювали іноді до невпізнання давні переживання, досвіди, спогади. А потім — все давнє забулось.

Аж тепер от несподівано, раптово так і зиченя весняний легіт, як давній добрий знайомий, знову навіяв — якесь розпливне, як павутиння, невловне й безтілесне, як сон, — видиво його колишньої Варки.

Розкусивши зерно мислі, Гліб жував її, любуючись і згадував. Так, це почалося було такої самої весни! Точно, як тепер! — Ех, Варко, Варко! Де ти

поділася? Давно вже згубив сліди за тобою — роздумував з досадою Гліб. І на прозорій шибці вагону малювались образи їх захопливих зустрічей. Малювались і цежали. І малювались наново. Квітуче віття дерев, зелені виниці на узбіччях горбовини, якесь вино майбутнього медобору, хвилююче в настояному повітрі, і понад усе переливний подув якоїсь невольної, кичучо зеленої свіжості, що віяла з кожної грудки квітучої землі, — усе це зливалось з майже живим образом розмареної Варки в один могутній життерадісний струмінь. Це був барвний і духмяно запашиний, майже цілком живий, як довілля дійсність, переможний спогад.

Спогад став перед Глібом — живий і невідступний, необритий, як тинь Глібова, як биття його серця — і від нього тремтіли кучочки Глібових уст, і тремтіли руки, — і Гліб поринав, тонув у цьому безрежому припливі. Щось спало до його біля надшарпаного серця, щось колірало в ньому, щось трепітало шеміло.

— Побачити б тебе ще раз, Варко! Ось тут, — сказати тобі все, усе, що тепер ще почуваш і — мало не прошепотів заміснено Гліб, підвівши, мимохіть голову.

Щось штовхнуло його тримати голову, підведену вгору, непорушно й надхненно. Він не бачив нічого перед собою. Бачив лише свої думки, що наче живі істоти рушались навпроти, створивши для Гліба театр спогадів з живими людьми й реальними подіями.

— Глібе Олександровичу! Глібе Олександровичу! — радісно одбилось од гулу чужинної мови і добулось, наче з провалля, до Глібових вух.

— Глібе Олександровичу! Не вже це не ви? Не вже не впізнаєте? — прорвалось тремтучим жіночим голосом до Глібової свідомості.

Гліб, не розуміючи нічого, глянув навпроти. В пом'ятому полинялому обличчі жінки, що стала проти нього, ввійшовши до вагона, впізнав чийсь знайомий риси. Карі, живі очі сивої, сіро, до непомітності сіро влягненої жінки — нагадували йому якусь дову зупинку в бігу його життя. Але яку? Хто це?

Гліб став. Стояв важко, врісши ногами в долівку трамваю, й вагався. Хто це?

— Пробачте, пані! Ми знаємо, це певне, але не можемо впізнати. Не може пригадати. Ех, роки, чужина, усічнини чимало... Ви з України? Пробачте, хто ви будете? — щиро спитався Гліб, виштовхнутий з орбіти спогадів.

— Не пізнаєте? — А я... вас пізнала! По очах, по обличчю, по постаті! Відчула вас... Я — Варвара Андріївна! Попала сюди тепер, як і ви, мабуть, колись... Така доля! Не вже справді не пізнаєте? Я — Варка! — і простягла з тремтінням худорляву руку.

— Це ви, ви... Варка... — розчаровано промирились заскочений Гліб, не свій і дивно не радий, що Варка прорвалась, як жива дійсність, у світ його невірподкованих спогадів.

Він етояв далі непорушно. Чув, як його стопи стають щораз важчі, як кров з гуркотом відпливає з серця, мов з водопадку — до ніг, і ноги пучняють, набрякають до непо-

мірної величини. Стають колодами. Гліб чув виразно, що починає в цій хвилині немилосердно старітись, що обличчя його тисне якесь сіть незрима, і чув, як важко обвисають йому вим'яті торбини під очима і сіріють і як він корчиться на обличчі, морщиться, — наче переспіле відстоєле яблуко, коли досягне його несподівано задушливе тепло натопленої кімнати.

— Це ви... Варка... — повторив безбарвно кутком високих уст, дивлячись тупо на інтруза.

Потім раптово, мов проширтий електричним струмом, випрямився, витгнувся, як добре вишколений джентелмен, праву руку до онімлої і блідої Варвари Андріївни, кинувся по-вагом годуючо, і при цьому відомо було, як на його чолі росли й винурялись прозорі зерна поту. Він витер хустиною піт з чола і, поволі складаючи її в трикутник, почав з пришиклою хвилюваною Варварою Андріївною нещавку розмову чужих одне одному людей.

**АКШО БАЖАЄТЕ ДІСТАТИ ТАКЕ ОБЕЗПЕЧЕННЯ, ЯКЕ БУЛО ПЕВНЕ ТА МОДЕРНЕ. А ЗА ЯКЕ ТРЕБА ПЛАТИТИ ЛІЗЬКУ ОПЛАТУ, ТО ОБЕЗПЕЧИТЬСЯ В УКРАЇНСЬКІМ НАРОДНІМ СОЮЗІ.**

## ПОСМЕРТНА ЗГАДКА

Для 9 червня 1948 померла в 59 році жінка **МАРІЯ ДІДИК**, членка Бр. св. О. Николая, від 175 У. Н. Союзу в Дітроїт, Міч. Похоронилась з села Угрина, пов. Чортків, Зах. Україна. Похоронилась в смутку дні Володимирів, Романа, дочку Параскєвю 15 вуніи. Похорон відбувся 12 червня при участі родичів і членів Бр. св. О. Николая від У. Н. Союзу в Бр. св. Йосафата від. Провидіння, до церкви св. І. Хрестителя і на цвинтар св. Хреста. — В. Я. П. В. Бартош, секр.

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**NEW BRITAIN, CONN.**

## Ukrainian Day Picnic

— given by —  
**St. Mary's Ukrainian Church**  
SUNDAY, JUNE 27th, 1948 at 1:00 P. M.  
**SCHUETZEN PARK, BARNSDALE**  
— MUSIC BY —  
*Ray Henry and his Radio Broadcasting Orchestra*  
A varied program is in store for you so DON'T miss the FUN!

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