



The Ukrainian Weekly
Supplement

Se в Зл. А. Америки; 5с Загородном.

Тел. „Свобода“: BERgen 4-0237 — 4-0807 — Тел. V. H. Союз: BERgen 4-1016

3с in the United States; 5с Elsewhere

WEEKLY: No. 27

JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JULY 6, 1948

VOL. XVI

UCCA ACTION ON BEHALF REFUGEES

The Ukrainian Congress Committee of America has initiated action to help free Ukrainian refugees held in an Italian concentration camp upon the request of the Soviets, who are trying to extradite them. As reported here last week, Italy President de Nicola has issued a special decree that before these refugees are extradited they will first be given a fair trial before the Appellate Court in Rome on the Red charges that they are "war criminals."

On June 25 the UCCA sent telegrams to Italian, French, British embassies in Washington, to the State Department, and cables H. E. Alcide De Gasperi, Italian Premier, and H. E. Carlo Sforza, Italian Foreign Minister in Rome. Italian Ambassador, Alberto Tarchiani immediately telegraphed a reply to the UCCA that he had cabled his Government in this matter.

Signed by UCCA president Stephen Shumeyko, the telegrams and cables read as follows:

"Twenty-six Ukrainians now at Lipari Concentration Camp in Italy are in danger of being turned over to Soviet Union as alleged war criminals. In view of repeated statements of Western Allies that no fair trial is possible under Soviet totalitarian regime, Ukrain-

ian Congress Committee of America, representing over a million of Americans of Ukrainian descent, urges your government not to yield to Soviet pressure. Such surrender would be violation of basic principles of civilized justice. The Ukrainians arrested by Italian police upon request of Soviet embassy in Rome are not even Soviet citizens. Their only guilt is their refusal to return to Soviet-dominated Ukraine. If there be some among them who are guilty of crimes against humanity they should be tried by the Western courts. United States, Great Britain and France which together with Russia are signatories of the Italian Peace Treaty obligated themselves to respect principles of human rights and of Western Justice.

"We appeal to your government that any yielding to communist pressure would have incalculable consequences upon rest of political refugees from Eastern Europe. We would urge your government to intervene in behalf of Ukrainians interned at Lipari Concentration Camp so that they could be released and could begin their normal life which would be denied them under the despotic totalitarian rule of Soviet Russia."

UPA—TERROR OF REDS, HOPE OF TERRORIZED

The embattled UPA (Ukrainska Povstancha Armiya—Ukrainian Insurgent Army), spearhead of the Ukrainian liberation movement, is reported in the latest dispatches from Europe to have become a veritable terror for the Reds in the Soviet Union and its satellite nations and, at the same time, a bright hope of freedom to come for the enslaved peoples behind the Iron Curtain.

The UPA raids have attained such proportions that even the Czech Communist party organ "Tvorba" has come out with an open criticism (in its June 9, 16, 23 numbers) of the combined Russian, Polish and Czech Soviet military forces, especially their commands, for their ineptitude in running down to ground the UPA forces, for failing to alert to the shifting tactics of the latter, and finally for not being able to pro-

duce any slogans which would be more catching among the populace than are the UPA slogans of national freedom and individual liberties.

In an attempt to create anti-UPA sentiment among the Czechs and Slovaks, the "Tvorba" writer suggests that it would be well to spread among them that the aim of the Ukrainian liberators is the establishment of an independent Ukrainian state whose territories would also encompass those of Czechoslovakia.

Although UPA raids and attendant fighting is on the increase, there is less about it all in the press behind the Iron Curtain than there used to be. Reports of its exploits are passed by word of mouth, and then very cautiously, for red security guards quickly clap into jail anyone talking about UPA.

Americans First - - - by G. H.

WE should be primarily interested in the welfare of America if our aim is to aid the national aspirations of Ukrainians in their native land. Wholesome conditions in America are a blessing that flows upon the whole population, including Americans. Wretched citizenry of an impoverished country is not in a position to render help to another nation. On the other hand the Ukrainians in the United States have given more aid to their kinsmen than those Ukrainians of all other Americas put together. It is logical then to say that our primary interest should be the American interest.

This would be a very narrow argument of token alone. We must not forget that America became an adopted country of our parents, a haven where they found freedom to live their own lives and pursue happiness which was denied to them in their native land. There is gratitude owed to America by the immigrant and his descendants, gratitude and undivided loyalty, which demand of him to be American first.

The generations of Ukrainians born in America are spared any emotional conflict in their resolve to be Americans first. They know no other country, and their ties with Ukraine are weak. Of all nationalities represented in an average American community the

young Ukrainians seem to have the weakest ties with their parental nationality. They are Americans first in a self-centered, self-interested way.

Too many young American Ukrainians see no connection between the welfare of America and the moral duty to aid Ukraine. We do not see them at mass meetings or at other affairs which require some sacrifice for the sake of distressed Ukrainians. Their type of Americanism is used as a cloak to hide their self-interest or lack of any interest. As we are in the habit of pointing to Jews for a worthy example, let us quote from the commencement address of former Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau Jr., delivered at Yeshiva University last month:

"In my view, the Jew who is true to his faith, to his people, will be true always to America. The Jew who hastens to disavow his fellow Jews, by direction or indirection, cannot be a full American in the sense that we expect Americans to be forthright, upstanding and honorable."

In these days, when the resources of many American Ukrainians are strained in the effort to help the Ukrainian DP's, many of our young generation ought examine their particular brand of Americanism and come across.

On Record - - - by Ted Victor

CONVENTIONS:

IT seems that this year will have more conventions than any of the former years. There certainly must be a reason for this gradual growth in the number of our conventions. Although they may vary as to the sponsors and to the participants, their motives are primarily the same. I shall not

attempt to go into detail concerning the purposes, rather I should like to cover briefly the methods that should be employed to fulfill these purposes. By going over these methods I think you will come to understand just why we have conventions.

Despite the honest efforts and the hard work of many a convention committee, too many people think that all conventions are held merely to have a good time and to raise some money. To a large extent this has turned out to be a necessity. However, despite this feeling among some people there are others who believe in the serious objectives of the convention. So it is, that at all of our conventions we have two distinct types of persons present. One that is down merely for the fun and the other, that is interested both in the fun and the serious.

In order to gain the most benefit from these types our conven-

A JOINT FUND RAISING CAMPAIGN

Something has to be done, and pretty soon too, in the matter of coordinating the fund raising campaigns of our nationally representative Ukrainian Congress Committee of America—which is devoted primarily to America's peace effort and with it to the Ukrainian national liberation movement—and the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, which devotes itself primarily to the giving of aid and succor to Ukrainian displaced persons and refugees in Europe and elsewhere beyond the boundaries of their native but Soviet misruled land Ukraine.

Both of these worthy organizations admit that their fund raising drives suffer from lack of coordination. Each one is on its own, independent of the other and, unwittingly of course, hindering the other.

One of the chief sufferers here is the average Mr. (Mrs.) Ukrainian American, who down through the years has out of the goodness of his heart donated a substantial portion of his hard-earned income to various worthy Ukrainian causes, not to mention those purely American.

Take the present time, by way of example. Mr. Ukrainian-American comes down to his lodge or community center meeting and before long he is being implored to donate to the current \$50,000 drive of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America. And then virtually in the same breath he is urged also to help fill the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee's quota in the current \$60,000,000 fund drive of the American Overseas Aid and United Nations Appeal For Children, which if successful should pour about a half-million dollars into the coffers of our Relief Committee.

Mr. Ukrainian American naturally wonders why aren't the two drives coordinated, why aren't they being conducted jointly by the two committees, with mutual understanding and agreement, be-

tween them as to the division of the sum total of the contributions. It is then correctly explained to him that in this present instance this is impossible, for our Relief Committee is but a cog in the Appeal for Children Drive and until this drive is finished in cannot coordinate its fund raising action with that of the Congress Committee.

Still, Mr. Ukrainian American, while recognizing the logic of this argument cannot see any reason why such coordination between the two committees cannot be inaugurated at the first possible opportunity. After all, he says, both of these organizations were brought into being by him and many others like himself, each to serve its specific purpose, and yet both designated for the common good of the Ukrainian people. Why!—the exchanges, even the executive and directors' boards of the two committees interlock in a quite a number of instances; a treasurer of one committee is the vice-president of the other committee, a president of one is a director of the other, etc. Since such close coordination exists between the two bodies, surely, he says, that coordination can be carried over into the field of fund raising.

We thoroughly agree with this line of reasoning, and we know it for a fact that responsible persons in both of these organizations, are looking forward to the day of this sort of coordination. There was a time when that was not feasible. But now there is no reason for the lack of it. Its arrival will be beneficial for everyone concerned.

BEGIN NOW

More and more of our young people are beginning to realize that no matter where they live in this far-flung land they are confronted with well-nigh the same problems, springing from their Ukrainian background and American environment.

Whether it be at home, with its many misunderstandings between the children and the parents, or within the boundaries of Ukrainian-American group activities, with their myriads of perplexing issues and clashes between the old and the young, or within any other sphere of Ukrainian American life, these problems that face our youth are fundamentally the same.

The need arises, therefore, for our youth to strive to exchange their thoughts, opinions and experiences concerning these problems as much and as often as possible, in order that every one of us be given the fullest opportunity of understanding them. For only through such a common understanding can any united appreciable effort be made to solve them.

To do this properly, however, some agency must be found which can serve as a medium to our youth in this matter, of communicating to each other by contributing to the understanding and ultimate solution of their problems. To an extent, of course, the various Ukrainian youth congresses, conventions and rallies can be considered as such a medium. Yet their evident shortcomings, such as that they occur but once a year and attract only a very small percentage of our youth, make them very inadequate in this respect; even though, to be sure, they are quite indispensable to our youth progress in general. And by reason of their localized character, the many Ukrainian youth clubs existing in our communities are also inadequate. A medium is needed that will contact the largest number of our young people and as often as possible.

And such a medium, we say in all modesty, is Ukrainian Weekly, which, as the English supplement to the Ukrainian daily Svoboda, has the largest circulation of its kind in America, and which, Marie Chase Cole, an authority on young people's problems, charac-

terized in the "Women's Press," as "a newspaper which is very articulate on adjustment problems of the second generation."

Here on these pages can be threshed out practically anything that affects, troubles or perplexes our youth. Here the youth can gain at least a little of that very necessary knowledge of their Ukrainian background and heritage—without which they can never fully orient themselves in relation to their background and environment here in America. And here, too, the youth can chart the course of the progress they are making in their endeavors to make better Ukrainians of themselves.

But all this can be accomplished only if the young people write in to The Ukrainian Weekly, telling of their activities, experiences, worries, desires and aspirations. For only by imprinting upon these pages all these thoughts and emotions of their personal and group lives can they bring them to the attention of others of their kind, who are in a similar position, and thereby set the stage for the proper treatment of their common problems and issues.

The matter is not at all as difficult as perhaps some of our young people imagine it to be. Every day a young person of Ukrainian descent encounters either at home, or in a Ukrainian club, school, church, chorus etc., some aspect of Ukrainian-American life that stirs within him either admiration, approbation, doubt, perplexity, criticism, wrath, frustration, or a combination of any of these feelings! Instead of ignoring or mulling over them, such a person should sit down, take a paper and pencil or pen, collect and arrange his thoughts and impressions, write them down in an orderly and readable fashion, and send the result to the Ukrainian Weekly,—if not for publication then at least for the editorial note.

What will happen then? Well, the writer of such an article will benefit by having penetrated a little deeper than he ordinarily would into the core of the issue involved, while the reader will also benefit in having learned of the writer's thoughts and experiences in regards an issue or matter that concerns him too.

Trivia - - - By Sophia

"AH, WILDERNESS!"

IT'S time, once again, to rebel against the confines of a house and leave home for the great outdoors. As soon as the hot weather arrives, everybody and his uncle itches to leave the hot pavements and head for the country and the smell of fresh air. Not everyone is lucky enough to be able to pack up and go, but there are some people who manage to lock up the apartment and just take off.

These people would give a right arm for a barren room as long as it's in the country. They ignore all hardships, such as cooking on an oil stove, sleeping on a lumpy mattress and waking up to see unpainted walls, being bitten by every insect imaginable, and crowding six in a room—all this being called "enjoying" a stay in the country. Many housewives consider themselves lucky to be able to take the offspring and stay away from the city for the whole summer, little dreaming that their husbands wait ten months to see the little women pack up and leave for the country. The first two weeks, these husbands are up late every night, trying in every way to have a good time. After that, they find there are no more places to go or things to do, and so look forward to weekends in the country.

Weekend—another kind of visit in the country! Working folks bang on typewriters, operate machines, or do any countless number of jobs for five long days, in expectation of two brief days away from the sweltering city. Then when they finally get to their destinations after a three hour drive, they swim, ride horseback, golf, play tennis and generally knock themselves out, so that by the time they're ready to depart for home they are sun-tanned but sorely debilitated. Then for the next two weeks they quietly tolerate the city in anticipation of another country weekend.

By far the most numerous is the group that gets to see a few green trees by going on a picnic. People can either make their own picnics, or they can attend one of

the ready-made variety. The first, the home-made type, induces women to rise at six o'clock on a Sunday morning to make sandwiches, roast a chicken and make other preparations for box lunches. The men are also up early, getting out of the store room all the paraphernalia necessary to insure the success of the picnic. Once there, the picnickers play ball, ignoring the heat, and eat, ignoring the ants. It's always imperative for one of the gang to pray that the car doesn't have a flat on the way home.

At the ready-made picnic, there is a "hot polka orchestra" which plays just after dawn to almost midnight. The beer is always flowing, everybody is in high spirits, and there are special Ukrainian hot dogs with plenty of sauerkraut. All these things are had at a nominal fee, and if anyone brings children, he should be prepared to have just enough money left for carfare. Kids, it seems, can eat more picnic "delicacies" than any ten adults. (Maybe the adults prefer a liquid diet.) You leave this type of picnic afterward, considering yourself fortunate if you still have the energy to trudge home.

Trudging home—that's the most disheartening aspect of a visit to the voluntary, whether it be for two months, a weekend, or a day. There are always things to pack, somebody's cuts and bruises to take care of, and weariness is written on everyone's face. It even feels good to get back to the hot city once in awhile.

TORTURE DEATH OF BISHOP REPORTED

The New York Times correspondent reported from Rome on July 1 last that news has been received in the Vatican on that day that Msgr. Joseph Koccolovsky, formerly Ukrainian Catholic Archbishop of Peremyshyl, Western Ukraine, had died in a Russian prison after having been tortured.

Monsignor Koccolovsky, 72 years old, was consecrated as a bishop in 1917. He was arrested by the Polish police on September 19, 1945, and was handed over to the Russians, who imprisoned him in Kiev. Since his arrest, the See of Peremyshyl has been officially listed by the Vatican as vacant.

A Review of the Displaced Persons Problem

By ANTHONY HLYNKA, M.P.

Delivered in the Canadian House of Commons on Monday, May 31, 1948

... This is the seventh time in the last three years that I have risen to discuss the problem of displaced persons and refugees. I do so, knowing that displaced persons, in their present position, cannot speak for themselves. In one month from now the present session will likely be concluded and up to this time in this session but few references have been made to this tragic and extremely important problem. I desire therefore, to take this opportunity to review in a sort of documentary way the displaced persons problem under the heading, "What have the democratic nations done to solve the displaced persons problem?"

First I wish to deal with repatriation. From the D-day landing in Normandy in May, 1944, to the present time the policy of the west has been the repatriation of displaced persons to the places of origin. That was the policy of UNRRA and is now the policy of the preparatory commission of the IRO...

Four methods have been used to carry out the repatriation programs of UNRRA and IRO. The first method was that of forced repatriation. For more than a year following the end of the war in Europe, repatriation was carried out by every means, including the use of force. Persons who were both citizens of and actually present within the boundaries of the territories held by Soviet Russia on September 1, 1939, were forcibly repatriated in accordance with the terms of the ill-omened Yalta agreement to which the United Kingdom, the United States and the U.S.S.R. were signatories. Many persons who came from territories which, following world war II, were annexed to the U.S.S.R. were also forcibly repatriated. This is what Life magazine had to say on this matter in its editorial in the issue of September 29, 1947:

"Life" Editorial On Herding of DPs

"The first thing that happened to them in the hectic hours after V-E day was that, wherever they found themselves outside the Soviet zones, masses of them were herded by British and American troops back over to the Russian side of the line... several millions of people who had been pulled out

of Russia and Russian occupied territory and who now didn't want to go back went back whether they wanted to or not. And quite a few went back tied up in ropes, delivered like African slaves in the black-birding days... The more loath a non-returner is to return, the more eager the Soviet union is for his return. You can guess why. Let loose in the capitalist world, he would not serve as a very good propagandist for communism. In short, these people are 'not displaced persons.' They are, in the simplest terms, political refugees. They are refugees from communism... If the American people and their representatives were agents of the Kremlin, they could have scarcely done more to deliver these refugees to the assassin and slave master."

After a year of this bloody business, which is so vividly described in the editorial just quoted, the west discovered that most displaced persons would rather commit suicide than return to their places of origin. Many actually committed suicide; but finally the horrible tragedy stirred the conscience of true Christians in the United Kingdom, the United States, Canada, France and above all in the Vatican, and as a result appeals were made to the British and United States governments to terminate the policy of forced repatriation. Consequently forced repatriation was largely discontinued, except for three classes of persons, namely only those persons who were both citizens of and actually domiciled within the territories held by Soviet Russia on September 1, 1939; that is (1) those who were captured in German uniforms; (2) those who were members of the armed forces on or about June 22, 1941, and were not subsequently discharged therefrom; (3) those who, on the basis of responsible evidence have been found to be collaborators with the enemy, having voluntarily rendered aid and comfort to the enemy.

The second method which was used in repatriating a large number of defenceless and unfortunate DPs was a practice privately arranged between the U.S.S.R. repatriation officers and some camp and area directors. Under this scheme the director would be conveniently absent from the camp when the Soviet repatriation teams

called. With the use of firearms the Soviet officers would round up a number of DPs and load them on trucks, and that would be the last anyone would see or hear of them. This kidnapping method of repatriation was employed until about a year and a half ago.

Soviets' "Educational Plan"

The third method followed in the matter of repatriation is still being used to this very day. Under this scheme the Soviet repatriation personnel are granted permission to carry on in camps what is called an "educational campaign." This is done by means of the distribution of literature depicting the "happy life" under communism. The moving-picture technique is also being used. Following the showing of a movie, or an educational program, appeals are made to DPs by Soviet officers to return to their places of origin. In the past Soviet repatriation officers have been assisted in this work by UNRRA officials, while at the present time the IRO personnel is under obligation to render such assistance. However, this system of repatriation brought disappointing results, and for that reason still another system was initiated two years ago and is still being used.

The fourth system is called voluntary repatriation by incentive. The nations of the west adopted this system as a face-saving scheme. However, in the net result its operation is very much similar to forced repatriation. Under this method of repatriation, food rations are reduced considerably below the number of calories required by a normal person. The second step of this softening-up process as used in certain areas is the transfer of DPs from camp to camp several times during the year. Orders are issued to move the occupants from one camp to another in order to break their morale. Following such food reductions and camp movements, extra rations of food and better clothing are offered those who volunteer to be repatriated.

Keenan's Statement

To those who have not followed this problem closely, my statements undoubtedly appear somewhat far-fetched; but let me quote what was said on this matter by Mr. T. J. Keenan, former Canadian UNRRA Officer, in his submission to the senate committee on immigration and labor, as it is recorded at page 108 of the proceedings of that committee for April 30, 1947 Mr. Keenan said:

"My work dealt chiefly with Polish repatriation. We established a

Means Changed, Not Objectives

A few months ago, in Kiev, the capital of Ukraine, the pro-Russian government honored the thirtieth anniversary of the communist authority in appropriate ceremonies. Thirty years ago, however, as the record of history shows, Ukraine was under its own national government. On January 22, 1918, in its famous Fourth Universal, it had proclaimed the complete independence and sovereignty of Ukraine. A year later, on January 22, 1919, Western Ukraine, known then as Eastern Galicia, and the Ukrainian lands of Bukovina and Carpatho-Ukraine, united into one sovereign and democratic republic of the Ukrainian people. The complete domination of Ukraine by the Bolsheviks followed the defeat of the Ukrainian armies in 1920.

The present rulers of Ukraine celebrated, then, the "30th anniversary" of their bloody and barbarous conquest of the Ukrainian people.

Of immediate importance to us is the fact that the Kiev celebration was characterized by extensive use of vicious anti-Anglo-Saxon slogans. The occasion was given special importance by the presence of Foreign Minister Molotov himself, dispatched by the Kremlin to deliver "a message of friendship" to the Ukrainians by the Russian dictator. In Molotov's presence, Premier Khrushchev delivered a lengthy harangue against

policy in Lubeck... of moving Poles from one camp to another simply to overcome the inertia of those people wishing to remain in one place. Always we had more Poles for repatriation when we had such a camp move."

As you will gather, Mr. Speaker, Mr. Keenan was describing what was done in the Polish camp of which he had charge, but the same practice was followed in camps in which Ukrainians, Yugoslavs and others were housed.

Another Canada, the Reverend Ian McKay, also a former UNRRA worker, in a statement to the immigration and labor committee at page 68 of the April 24 1948, issue of the report quotes from a letter from his UNRRA co-worker as follows:

"During the early months of winter most of our DPs were shunted unmercifully around the country under a plan to hand back as much accommodation as possible... Necessary, but hardly humane, as some of them have suffered five moves in three months.

(To be continued)

the Ukrainian nationalist underground, and, of course, against the United States and Great Britain, which, he claimed, are actively supporting the Ukrainian anti-Soviet resistance. After admitting that these anti-Russian resisters had been giving some serious trouble to the MVD and the entire Soviet administration in Ukraine, Khrushchev called upon the Ukrainians themselves to "exterminate" the Ukrainian nationalist elements, "lackeys of the Anglo-Saxon powers, the worst enemies of democracy and humanity."

"Lackeys of Anglo-American Powers"

The last appellation—"lackeys of the Anglo-Saxon powers"—is significant because of the time as well as the linking of the United States and Great Britain with the Ukrainian liberation movement. First, it becomes evident that the opposition against the totalitarian power of Soviet Russia in Ukraine is not negligible; second, the Russians apparently intend to identify the Ukrainian movement with the United States and Great Britain, now the No. 1 enemies in the Russian hate-campaign against the West.

But this is not the first time that the Russians have found it expedient to tag the Ukrainian movement as a foreign intrigue, as some sort of import dumped upon Ukrainian soil. For example, after the fall of the Ukrainian democratic state in 1920, all Ukrainian patriots were branded "agents of capitalist intervention" and dealt with accordingly. In the early thirties, when fascism and nazism appeared on the horizon, all Ukrainians wishing liberation from Russia conveniently became "Hitler's and Mussolini's sympathizers." Significantly, this calumny was artfully disseminated by Russian agents in the countries of the West, especially the United States. As a result, even today, when one country after another falls under Soviet despotism, there still are Americans and sundry "experts" who cling to this pro-Soviet line.

Now it is a matter of record that when the Germans came to Ukraine, they set up neither a puppet regime nor allowed the Ukrainians to have even a minimum of the freedom for which they fought while in Soviet slavery. Germany went, and in its wake the Russians not only strengthened their hold over Ukraine, but spread their despotic and enslaving net deep into Europe.

The Russians would use any and

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE UKRAINIANS

(Concluded)

The Form

In the Ukrainians, the tall slender form is coupled with breadth of shoulders and great chest-measurement. From the material gathered by Ivanosky, it is evident that in this respect the Ukrainians surpass all their neighbors. The average chest-measurement of the Ukrainians is 55.04% of the length of the body, or the Poles 54.11, of the White Russians 53.84, of the Russians only 52.18.

In respect of length of arms and legs the Ukrainians again occupy an independent position among the nations of Eastern Europe. In the White Russians, the length of the arms is 45.1% of the length of the body in the Poles and Ukrainians 45.7 in the Russians 46.0. The length of the legs is greatest in the Ukrainians (53.6%), much less in the Poles (52.1) and White Russians (51.7), and least in the Russians (50.5), which again indicates considerable mixture of Finnish-Mongolian blood. (The length of leg of the Moravians is only 49%, that of the Altaic Tartars 48.6).

The Skull

The most important anthropological characteristic was for a long time thought to be the shape of the skull. The Ukrainians belong (as do all Slavs, for that matter) to the class of Brachicephalites (short heads). The average skull index in the Ukrainians amounts to 83.2. Among the neighboring peoples, the Poles (82.1) are least short-headed, then follow the Russians, almost the same as the Poles (namely 82.3), and then further away the Ukrainians (83.2). The greatest Brachicephalousness appears in the White Russians (85.1). The height of the skull is greatest in the Ukrainians (70.3), smaller in the Russians (70.1), smallest in the White Russians (66.1).

all means to conceal the struggle of the Ukrainian people for their freedom and independence from the world. In doing so, they not infrequently change their methods. But the objective—to keep Ukraine in complete subjugation—remains always the same. It is encouraging to note that their task not diminished in difficulty.

(Courtesy, "Ukrainian Bulletin," published bi-monthly by Pan-American Ukrainian Conference, 50 Church St., N. Y. C. Subscription \$2 a Year)

The skull index of the Ukrainians shows a similar territorial distribution as the stature. The greatest brachicephalousness is found in the Hutsuls; it decreases continually as we go northeast and east, so that in the Don and Kuban region the skull index is smallest. Besides, the shortness of head of the Ukrainians decreases regularly on the Polish and Russian borders, as result of centuries of proximity. In the Russians the shortness of head is much less marked than in the Ukrainians, because of the Finnish strain, in the Poles because of the commixture with Finns and a primeval European long-headed and light-haired race.

The Nose

Just as in the shape of the skull, so also in the form of the nose, the Ukrainians reveal distinct differences from their neighbors. In the Ukrainians the nose is usually straight and thin: The nasal index is 67.7, and consequently somewhat greater than in the Poles (66.2). Then follow the Russians (68.5) and the White Russians (69.2).

The width of the face in the Ukrainians is on the average 180, that of the Poles, 181, of the Russians 182, of the White Russians 186; the facial index in the Ukrainians 78.1, in the White Russians 78.2, in the Poles 76.3 in the Russians 76.7. Here, too, we note the great difference of the Ukrainians from their neighbors and the similarity of these to one another.

The Color

The color of hair and eyes is by far not so sure an anthropological characteristic as the above-mentioned, yet constitutes an important complement. In this respect, too, the position of the Ukrainians among their neighbor nations is just as independent as in regard to the above discussed characteristics. Among the Ukrainians dark shades predominate, so that out of 100 individuals only 29.5% have light hair and eyes, 35% medium color, and 35% dark. In the Russians the percentages run 37% light, 41% medium, 22% dark; in the Poles 35% light, 46% medium and only 19% dark. Thus the light type is much more common in the neighboring races than in the Ukrainians.

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

In The Watermelon Patch

(A Fragment from the Novel, "The Clouds")

By IVAN LEVITSKY

AFTER the driver had harnessed the horses to the large cart the lad and his father drove to the "bashtan," the watermelon field, in the steppe. The sun stood high in the sky. There was the usual harvest heat. The air was dry, but wholesome and warm, and so transparent that the eye could embrace the steppe without any limit. The sky, blue and hot, hung over the steppe like a round cover, turned on a lathe. There was not a cloud in the sky, and not a drop of mist on the steppe. The golden sun alone floated between the sky and the steppe, like a ship over a bottomless ocean. The cart turned from the wide steppe road and rolled over the hardly noticeable balks. Soon the balks, too, disappeared and the wagon ran on over the level steppe. From behind clumps of thistles and all kinds of weeds there rose "bashtans" with long rows of high sunflowers. Behind the sunflowers there appeared even rows of corn, planted around the "bashtans" in straight files. Rows of wheatfields crossed the "bashtans" in various directions.

The horses came close to the "bashtan". There could be seen on the outskirts of the field a frame of long pumpkin-vines, where amidst the leaves long, white pumpkins showed their sides, like oxen basking on the deep grass. Farther on the field seemed to be covered with plaid, where lay green trail-vines of watermelons, thin as crepe, where in light-green leaves glittered yellow squashes and stood

white and green powerful watermelons.

The watermelon field guard sat under his hut and whittled. They could see how his elbows moved backward, as he worked with his knife.

"Let us see, sonny, whether our Onysko guards the melon field well. Let us go straight to our watermelon patch to steal our melons, while the driver goes straight towards the hut."

Saying this, the father leaped off the cart, and the son followed him. They stole behind the cornfield and pretended to seek watermelon. Onysko continued to sit without stirring. Soon, however, they saw a spotted dog running straight at them over the pumpkin-vines, raising a dust cloud behind him. And behind him trailed Onysko, running.

"What do you want there, such-and-such! Now I'll give it to you. To break into the watermelon field in the daytime! Sic them, Ryabko, sic!" the old man was setting the dog at them, cursing without stopping. The dog rushed at young Radyuk and caught the young man's boots with his teeth. The dog was angry as a snake; living in the steppe, he had grown completely wild. Radyuk kicked with his legs, but the dog dragged after the leg, tearing up the pumpkin-vines. Father rushed to help him, up-rooted a stout stalk of corn and struck the dog across the back with it. Ryabko crushed the stem to bits with his powerful jaws.

"Well, of all things, why are you around here?" Onysko called, dropping his arms, as he recognized his master.

"Why, old man, we just wanted to try you out!" the son said.

"Oh, that you should fall upon such a thought!" the old watermelon-field guard said. "Has the dog hurt you? And how many pumpkin-vines have you spalled? Oh, my God, you are like children."

"Don't be angry, old man!" said Radyuk junior. "We have brought you a treat."

The three went towards the hut, leaping over thick vines, like people who cross a brook by leaping from stone to stone. Ryabko fawned on the servant, wagging his tail, but he still kept on growling at the master and baring his fangs at him.

"Have you some ripe watermelons?" young Radyuk asked.

"The squashes have been ripe for long, and the small watermelons—well, we'll find some."

With these words, Onysko quickly walked to the field and brought a big watermelon. It was completely white on one side, as Onysko had hidden it in a hole in the ground, and even covered it with some dry stems lest some one should find and steal the first watermelon. Taking his clasp-knife, which hung on a strap from his belt, Onysko cut the watermelon in two. It was ripe and its pulp was fire red.

Onysko handed the watermelon with pride to his masters, as one hands over trophies taken in a war.

"Thanks, old man!" the masters said.

The younger master cut the watermelon into thin slices and spread them on the grass. They all sat on the ground and ate.

"And now, would you give us some squashes, eh?" the young man said.

"Oh, no, squashes are no good after a watermelon! You should have eaten the squashes first," the old man said, bringing out of his hut a big yellow squash.

The young man cut the squash, and the seeds fell out in long, thick rows. The air became filled with the aroma. Soon not a slice was left of the squash.

"Now we can start to work," the old guard said in an angry tone to the young master. "Let's carry squashes and pick cucumbers."

"Well, if you say work, work it is," the young master said. "Let me have a sack, and I'll help you to pick cucumbers."

"Oh, no, I was merely joking," the old man said in somewhat softer tone.

"What? Do you think I am slow to work?"

"Eh, you better sit down and smoke your pipe."

"Oh, no, the conditions of the world have changed. It is not right for the masters to sit, with their arms folded. They, too, should put their shoulders to the wheel, and divide the work with the common people, and you should take to books, to learning. When we divide the work, there will be something good going on in the world."

"May God grant it! But now you still should lie down and smoke."

The young master was vexed by the old man's jokes. He took a

sack, tied a rope first to one corner of the bottom, tied the rope then to one of the corners of the open end of the sack, and slung the sack over his shoulder, just as workers picking cucumbers do.

"But put your gloves on, or else you'll prick your hands," the old man joked.

"Never fear, I won't."

"Then at least take off your boots or you'll stamp out the vines."

The young master took off his boots and went into the field in his stockings.

"Oh, how my back hurts!" he said, a few hours later, throwing the sack off his shoulders and lying down in the shade.

"And what would you say, if you had to reap wheat?" the old man said.

"Hold on, I'll help you to pick squashes. But you must first sing me some songs. All right?"

"An old man singing songs? Let younger ones sing them. I have sung mine."

They went to pick squashes. The evening drew closer. The sun burnt no longer, with its slanting rays; it was warm as if in a well-warmed room. Long shadows stretched from the corn. Horses grazed on the steppe quickly; they were not annoyed by flies. Onysko built a fire from dried weeds. A thick smoke rose in billows driving away the mosquitoes.

"I heard that you know all kinds of songs, Radyuk said. 'And old ones, too. Couldn't you sing me some so that I may write them down into my note-book?'"

"And what is that for?" the old man said in a low voice, looking at young Radyuk askance.

"Just so..."

"Well, if so, so let be just so..." the old man said, taking an angry look at the note book.

"I heard you know all kinds of old folk stories."

"I am not an old woman to tell stories," the old man said still more angrily. He had seen similar books in the most harassing moments of his life, as when his son was drafted in the army, and his days of servitude were entered into just such a note book.

To break his distrust, Radyuk produced from his pocket several small booklets and selected a volume of Shevchenko's poetry. He began to read the poem entitled "The Servantmaid."

"Lo! By God, it's written in our native tongue!" the driver called out, lying on his stomach on the grass, and he rolled over closer to the young man.

Onysko listened. His pipe died out and dropped upon the grass. His head drooped as he listened how Marko grew up on the farmstead of the old man and woman, how a young married woman came to serve there, how Marko married and went traveling, how the maid confessed on her death to Marko that she was his mother. Onysko never showed emotion. He never stirred a finger, never winked an eye; he acted as the Ukrainian usually does when overpowered by emotions.

The red flame shone upon the group, flooding with red color the white shirt of the old man, his white beard, his dark gloomy face, and his overhanging eyebrows.

Radyuk finished reading and closed the book. Onysko sat on motionless, the driver kept on lying and staring at the book. Young

and staring at the book. Young

and staring at the book. Young

"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, 1914, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for Section 1103 of the Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 31, 1948. Classified Advertising Department, 597 - 7th Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

ABU KASSIM'S SLIPPERS

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by Waldimir Semenyak)

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

(Continued)

IV

Kassim's misery was endless:
Coming home he felt so friendless
He just wept, and wept again.
Why was pinching branded steal-

ing
And besides why hurt his feelings?
That would drive the best insane.

"God Almighty!" cried he, kneeling
"Did you ever see me stealing?
Have I done a thievish deed?
Did I ever change a turban
Or adopt a thing that's urban
For my own domestic need?"

"Have I ever kept relations
With some burglars and their relations,
Or have come to horse-thieves near?"
Did I have a bad intention—
Break into the caliph's mansion?
Have I wronged the great vizier?"

"May I never see a nickel
If my palms have felt a tickle
From belongings, not my own!
What could I have done to merit
Such abuse? Why disinherited,
Drain me of a sum so grown!"

"Allah, was it my intention
To give cause for apprehension?
Have I really done a crime?
I would not have touched them—
never!"
If that culprit did not sever
By both sides, from me, that time!
"Now I see it very clearly
That the shoes I cherished dearly
Have been causing me to sin!
Pumps I needed—that's the chatter
Of the man, who framed this matter—
May he swing below the chin!

"New ones I had wished to carry
But the price my hand did tarry.

My poor soul is tightly clamped
To these cursed clumsy tackles
Which bereft me of my shekels;
Shekels that had just been stamped!

"Boots, it's time that we have parted
For the trouble that you started,
When you took my sight away!
You have led me to privation!
May the Satan, for his ration,
Take you from this very day!"

Thus, with gloom and downcast feeling,
He, with rope hung near the ceiling,
Tied the boots by their great hooks;

Then he placed them o'er his shoulder
And departed to a boulder
Where the Tigris deepest looks.

"Was not far that he was going
As the foaming and the flowing
Of the river could be heard
From his place of nightly slumber.
There he stopped, threw down his cumber
And at them began to gird:

"Boots! (and now he got excited)
You, through whom I have been slighted—
Have forgotten my good care;
How I wore you—always watching
If you needed some retouching;
Patching every new found tear!"

"I suppose you saw my blindness
And repaid me thus, for kindness!
Since just malice you have brought
Then don't let me see you ever,
Drown then, damn you, in yon river
And find him whom you have sought!"

(To be continued)

WEEKLY BANTER

In a phone-call to the editor of a local newspaper a man explained that his uncle had been a regular subscriber for a half century. "He's always been a model of propriety—doesn't smoke or drink; never uses strong language and hasn't ever been to a theater or the cinema," the nephew explained. "In fact, my uncle has

absolutely no vices or excesses. And he's going to celebrate his 80th birthday tomorrow."

"How?" asked the editor.

"A priest had occasion to reprove a small boy for swearing. 'If you feel you must say something just say 'Eother!' he said. 'Your father doesn't swear does he?' 'Oh, no sir!'

"Well, if he were working in the garden and suddenly stepped back

"NOTES AND QUOTES"

"AKRON TIME VS. UKRAINIAN TIME"

We are all too well familiar with the so-called "Ukrainian time"—people arriving to meetings or social functions an hour late. But have you heard of the "Akron time"? One of our eager-beaver committee women was so anxious to start on the job, she arrived an hour early for a meeting, embarrassing? Not at all, for Julie Tresidder and John Pulk were able to iron out the finer details before the others arrived; even though he missed his meal. But the Convention comes first. An orchid to you—Julie!

Now that Gene Woloshyn of Farrell, Pa. has added 500 smackers to his bank account, he should have little or no "gal" trouble. Not only is he a bachelor, free, white and over 21, but he also has a pleasing personality, a winning smile and he can worm his way into any woman's heart with no effort at all! If you want to meet G. W. in person—don't miss the Akron Convention.

"Oh how we danced," the theme song of Boris Pishko and "sister" Olga Boyiwka of Monessen, Pa. They made a fine looking couple on the dance floor at the "June Nite Whirl."

Paul Medianewsky of Cleveland wasn't trying to get a tan at the Akron picnic—merely drying off. It seems that the "Admiral" and Paul decided to take a ride around the lake with the Pa. girls. But the boat would not cooperate. While Bill Andrews rowed, Paul hailed water—and, to make a long story short, Paul happened to be on the wrong end of the boat, the one that trailed in the water. Thank heaven the sun was nice and hot, eh Paul?

At the Cocktail Party in Cleveland sponsored by the Ukrainian Youth League of Ohio we got our first glimpse of the artistic talent of one of our young men—Tommy Szczepko. The wall murals were significant portrayals of Ukrainian life and customs and created the "Ukrainian" atmosphere for the party. We are proud of our up-and-coming artist from Ohio.

Estelle Gnot, Chairman of the committee which planned the Cock-

backwards on to a rake which flew up and hit him from behind, what would he say?"

"He'd say: 'You're back early, dear!'"

tail Party in Cleveland, Ohio and all her co-workers deserve to be highly complimented. It was a grand success and we hope it will become an annual affair in Ohio. Nicholas Yurchuk of Youngstown, Ohio and his dancing group displayed a bit of their talent at the Cocktail party. An impromptu exhibition of Ukrainian dancing was staged by Cleveland, Youngstown and Akron groups. As a result, we take off our hats to Youngstown—we hope you enjoyed performing for us as much as we enjoyed watching you. The "grand prize" and all-day sucker about foot in diameter was presented with gusto and flourish by the M.C. of M.C.s, none other than our own Michael Zaderecky, President of the U.L.L. of Ohio. It was lots of fun and I'm sure everyone had an enjoyable time.

The main topic of conversation at the Akron "June Nite Whirl" was the Ukrainian Youth League of North America's eleventh annual convention to be held in Akron, Ohio September 4, 5, and 6. "We're all rarin' to go!"

The all-girl Akron church choir had some male voices Sunday June 13, the day after the "June Nite Whirl." Thank you fellows for participating. You should have heard the complimentary phrases voiced by the parishioners. Any time you're in Akron, we would be glad to have you join us again.

Can you imagine! People were inquiring what the "A's" meant which the Akron Convention Committee members wore at the Pre-Convention June Dance. Of course 'A' is only the first letter of the word Akron, but if that doesn't suit you, we can go one step further and explain that it is the top grade of various classification systems. Ho-hum, how nice to be in the top bracket: A for excellent. Not that we're egotists—oh NO!

And now an orchid to the co-chairman of the "June Nite Whirl," Mr. John Tomko and Miss Eva Zepko of Akron, Ohio and fellow committeemen did a bang-up job putting on that dance. It will be the talk of the town for months. We realize all the time, work and effort that went into it, but the results show it was well worth it. Everyone had a wonderful time and are clamoring for more! Well—Eva and John!

Youth and the U.N.A.

U.N.A. CHRONICLE

On several occasions in the past we presented in chronological order the more important events which took place from March 19, 1938 (the date the first "Youth and the U.N.A." column appeared) to the end of 1947. In today's column we continue this chronicle concerning the Ukrainian National Association and its branches and members by listing the important developments for the first six months of 1948. The chronicle is offered simply to illustrate what the U.N.A. and its members have accomplished.

The incidents reported below are listed according to the time they were reported in the Weekly:

Mr. Kasey (Memo: Mr. Peter Kasey, Vice-President of the UYLA-NA) we trust you were able to wear your hat after that heat treatment Mother Nature gave you on Sunday at Silver Lake. I'll bet you didn't realize the sun could get that hot! You'll have to remember that Akron, Ohio is south; south of Detroit that is. Well shut my mouth!

Oh girls—Wallace Konicky (also of Detroit) has the nicest eyes, if he ever lets you see them. He keeps them well hidden behind dark glasses. But that adds just enough mystery to his personality to make him that much more attractive to the feminine populace. Smart boy! Have you heard of Club 620?? You haven't? Well now just you come to Akron, Ohio in September and learn all about this fascinating new group! No more hints or clues supplied! See us September 4, 5, and 6th in Akron, Ohio!

I am sure Dorothy Mychishin of Ford City, Pa. enjoyed wading in Silver Lake even though she wasn't exactly dressed for the occasion, silk dress and all; but the company was nice. I wonder how many fellows danced on her feet Saturday night at the "Whirl!"

Anne Chudick of Youngstown, Ohio is a true Ukrainian through and through. She insists on walking barefooted, be it on the city streets or in the country. I wonder what it does for the feet? It seems to do wonders for the morale!

SOPIE KUDERA, Chairman Publicity and Public Relations UYLA-NA Akron Convention Committee

January, 1948: A "Ten Pin Dance" was sponsored by the U. N. A. Bowling League, composed of Jersey City, Newark, Irvington, New York, Elizabeth and Perth Amboy clubs. Jersey City leads the 8 teams in the U.N.A. Bowling League with 22 wins and 11 losses. The Youth of U. N. A. Club of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., sponsored a Ukrainian New Year's Eve PaParty. The Elizabeth club forged ahead of Jersey City in the Bowling League with 25 wins and 14 losses.

February, 1948: Elizabeth Stith wins U. N. A. Bowling League Championship; Perth Amboy and Jersey City tied for second place. U.N.A. observed its 54th birthday. Numerous U.N.A. branches elected officers for 1948.

March, 1948: William A. Klapko of Br. 287 of Jersey City graduated from Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken; he received his B.S. degree in engineering. *The Rossford, Ohio, U.N.A. Basketball Team is in first place in the Coast League of the Toledo Amateur Basketball Federation with 8 wins and no losses. Supreme Assembly of the U.N.A. held its annual session at the U.N.A. officers in Jersey City. U.N.A. Bowling League held a buffet-style "blow-out" in Jersey City in honor of its leading bowlers; U.N.A. officials attended.

April, 1948: Branch 361 of New York sponsored Shatkovsky's historical drama, "Charivnytsio." Rossford U.N.A. Basketball Team romped to a 9th straight victory to capture the Coast League Championship of the Toledo Amateur Basketball Federation.

May, 1948: "The Story of the Ukraine" by Clarence A. Manning, publication of which was sponsored by the U.N.A., was commended by the Book Survey of the Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee. Br. 242 of Carteret, N. J., sponsored a "Grand Spring Dance." Branch 130 of New York sponsored its 44th Annual Dance.

June, 1948: "The Fraternal Monitor," in its survey of fraternal benefit societies, mentioned that the U.N.A. had made considerable increases in both assets and membership. Branch 420 of Belfield, N. D., held a rally as part of its membership campaign. Marcel Wagner of Branch 270 of Jersey City was elected grand knight of Jersey City Council, Knights of

Columbus; Stephen J. Magura of Branch 287 of Jersey City was elected advocate in the same election. Michael Dandis of Branch 287 of Jersey City graduated from Cooper Union, New York, and received a degree in electrical engineering.

Such are some of the highlights concerning the Ukrainian National Association, its branches and members of the first six months of 1948. All the material presented here was extracted from The Ukrainian Weekly.

Non-members desiring information as to the benefits and privileges of U.N.A. membership should write directly to the Main Office.

As illustrated by the chronicle, the U.N.A. is an organization worthy of the support of all serious-minded Ukrainian-Americans and Ukrainian-Canadians.

The Pen Pal Club

"I have been reading the Weekly for quite some time and have spotted The Pen Pal Club," writes Miss Pauline Sulak, 214 Reed Ave., Campbell, Ohio. "I became interested in the club because I would like to know and meet different kinds of Ukrainian people. I belong to the Ukrainian Boyan Choir of the Holy Trinity Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church of Youngstown, Ohio, and participate in Ukrainian dancing activities. I am 18 years of age. I would be very glad and interested in receiving letters from some nice Ukrainian friends."

Pauline is the 25th member of the club. Write to her, by all means. Remember, however, that we welcome letters for publication... so, in order to keep the club going, let us have your description and we'll print it in this column. In due time you'll receive letters from readers who want to be your Pen Pals. Send us your letter right away, as Pauline's is the last we have on hand. If no more are received the The Pen Pal Club will be withdrawn. The club consists of 11 girls and 14 boys. Let's increase this membership! There are no dues or fees... simply send us your introductory letter for publication.

Pen Pal Club mail should be addressed to Theodore Lutwinski, c/o U.N.A., P. O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J.

DONATE TO THE UKRAINIAN CONGRESS COMMITTEE FUND DRIVE,

50 Church Street, New York, N. Y.

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.

(Continued)

Part IV. Statistics and Chief Characteristics

1. Introduction. On the basis of a survey conducted recently, certain information concerning the various camps in the United Kingdom where Ukrainians are located might prove of interest. It should be pointed out that while the information is not final and complete, it does give a fairly good overall picture of the chief characteristics.

2. The final date of the survey is March 3rd 1948. At that date there were 8,361 Ukrainian POW in the United Kingdom, in 24 different camps.

3. According to qualifications and professions of the various camps, the following roughly was the distribution: Agricultural workers 4,322; Ordinary unskilled labor 816; Technicians and skilled workers 2,216; Tradesmen 89; Teachers 91; Administrators 147; Other trades 680.

4. As an additional supplementary survey, there is the attached appendix showing in detail the various trades and skills available.

5. Classification according to age: Under 20 years 44; Between 20 and 25 years 3,341; Between 25 and 30 years 2,588; Between 30 and 40 years 1,574; Between 40 and 50 years 110; Unknown (information not available) 250.

6. Information concerning dependents, close relatives and next-

of-kin—figure given refer to WPs. Those who have: Dependents and close relatives in the Ukraine or in various other territories of the USSR (Siberia, etc.), 4,914; Dependents and close relatives in other countries under Soviet occupation, 873; Dependents in Germany, 348; in Austria, 80; in other European countries, 145; in Canada, 649; in U. S., 312; in Argentine, 147; in other non-European countries, 48; Without dependents or immediate close relatives, 579; Unknown, (information not available), 250.

8. According to religion the following is the classification: Ukrainian Greek Catholic (Uniat), 7,234; Ukrainian Greek Orthodox (Autocephalic), 860; Other religions, 17; Unknown (no information), 250.

9. It is interesting to note how the study of the English language has improved since the last survey made in October. At present the picture is somewhat as follows: Those who know English well, 232; Those who know well enough to read and understand, 835; Those who are studying in and know elementary principles, 2,600.

10. Classification according to health was as follows: Seriously ill, some long term, 170; Mild illness, 135; Invalids and those partially or wholly unfit for heavy labor, 182; Total 487.

Note: Since their arrival in the

United Kingdom 12 persons have died. 117 persons have been "repatriated" on their own request to Germany.

11. The following was the picture with regard to employment: Those employed in physical labor outside of camps, 4,262; Those employed in camp administration, 1,434; No information concerning, 965.

12. Social, Cultural and Spiritual Welfare.

a) Throughout the camps available for the use of the PWs there was a total of 20 church chapels, 17 theatrical halls, 21 suitable halls for reading rooms, etc., 13 suitable sports groups, two suitable classrooms, 2 billiard halls. In addition to these, 7 different camps had permanent organized exhibitions of arts and handicraft.

b) 19 camps or hostels had libraries (no information is available from 5 camps). These libraries contained a total of 2,979 Ukrainian books, 2,537 English books, 2,739 German books and smaller quantities of books in other languages.

c) Among the enterprises organized and operated by the men were 13 choirs, 11 orchestras, 6 dramatic groups, 5 dance ballets, 7 woods carving clubs, 14 football teams, 2 ping-pong teams, as well as various competitions in chess, etc.

d) Since their arrival in the United Kingdom, the following entertainment has been organized and provided: 65 concerts and festivals, 36 stage and dramatic revues, 25 picture shows, 205 speeches and 32 shows provided by guest artists.

In addition to these, the PWs have given a total of over 25 concerts for charity and welfare purposes to voluntary workers and to the British public, usually sponsored and organized by the local

churches, neighboring EVW hostels or by the Association of Ukrainians in Great Britain.

e) 8 camps have their editorial boards and publish bi-monthly journals in the Ukrainian language, 2 camps have organized daily radio broadcast of news to every hut and one camp publishes its wall newspaper.

f) No permanent educational courses were conducted but 18 camps held fairly regular courses for teaching English, 3 camps operated courses to teach driving and chaffering, 4 camps had organized self education and social welfare, 1 camp operated a secondary school, 2 camps conducted studies of English literature, 1 camp organized a study group in history, 1 operated a study circle in physics and mathematics and 1 operated a class in national folk dancing.

13. Emigration. The following were the emigration sentiments shown by the men: a. Voluntarily preferring to remain in the United Kingdom, 2,618; b. To emigrate to countries in Western Europe, 296; c. To emigrate to Canada, 2,980; (only 644 have the necessary affidavits of support); d. To emigrate to United States, 1,185; (only 365 have the necessary affidavits of support); e. To emigrate to Argentina, 551; (only 55 have the necessary affidavits of support); f. To emigrate to other countries 186; (of these 8 had affidavits of support); 9. Undecided, 545.

14. General Characteristics.

a) All the men are very strongly and permanently Western minded and fairly well educated and developed in the democratic way of life as understood in the West. This is chiefly due to the large number of relatives and friends in Canada the United States and in countries in South America, and also to the fact that most of them

are pre-war Polish citizens (Ukrainian Province of Galicia). Their religious Catholic training also had bearing on these characteristics.

b) They are all very religious, mostly of the Eastern Catholic (Byzantine rite). Their demands for spiritual welfare surpass all our means and abilities to provide these services.

c) Politically they are almost violently anti-communist and opposed to all forms of autocratic Government. They have practically all experienced Russian occupation during the period 1939-41 and practically everyone has suffered directly (either personally or through his family) from the communist regime in the USSR.

d) The majority are of peasant stock with agricultural training or experience to a greater or lesser degree. All of them are potential settlers and colonists.

Part V. Effects of the Past Three Years.

1. The Division crossed over from Austria to Italy during the latter part of May and the early part of June 1945. While about 2,000 or so stragglers, camp followers and workers from labor camps, etc., attached themselves to the unit in order to get across to Italy a large number of soldiers from the Division itself did not go to Italy but stayed behind in Austria. Of these about 5,000 went straight into civilian life and became DP's, having joined with their families or relatives or friends who had also evacuated westward as refugees, while about another 3,000 were taken by the American as POW, kept as POW from a minimum of 6 months to a maximum of 1 year and subsequently released as civilians. These latter also became DP's and went into DP camps.

2. Of those who went across to Italy and were subsequently in-

terned in the SEP cage at Rimini, about 1,000 to 1,500 left the camp during the 2 years in Italy. Most of these made their way across the Alps back to Austria or Germany; others "settled" in Italy; still others were picked up by the Italian Quasture and placed into Italian concentration camps such as Lipari, etc.

3. Of those who were successful in getting across to Austria and Germany and legalizing themselves there as DP's, a fair number have emigrated to various countries. Some are coming to the United Kingdom as EVWS.

4. The group of 8,500 who are now in the United Kingdom are the remainder of those who were most disciplined, most honorable, most loyal to their unit and to the traditions of solidarity which they had always displayed, and those who chose to follow the true, honest and legal path. They had opportunities to stay behind in Austria but they remained with the unit. Many more could have escaped from Italy but they remained loyal to British discipline. They could have been much more difficult to handle and had many opportunities and reasons for complaint, but they managed to restrain themselves and to control themselves. The fact that many others of their wartime comrades have long been free and many of them resettled is well known to them and they rightly ask themselves now—does it pay to be honest and loyal and disciplined?

5. During the 2 years in Italy they were kept as "Surrendered Enemy Personnel" (SEP). This did not give them the common privileged of pay for officers, etc., allowed to prisoners of war under the Geneva Convention. On the other hand, they psychologically felt themselves a category higher than prisoners of war, not having

at any time fought against the Western Allies and not having been captured as war prisoners. To a certain extent, therefore, they felt that even the classification of SEP was to some extent acknowledgment and reward for having voluntarily surrendered and for not having ever taken part in any action against the Western Allies.

6. On being brought over to England in May and June of 1947, they were reclassified as "Prisoners of War" (POW), their date of capture being their date of arrival in the United Kingdom or departure from Italy. This category of classification they rightly feel has been a "lowering" of status and they wonder why?

7. The Yugoslavs who constituted a similar unit of about 12,000 were moved to the British zone at the same time when the Ukrainians were moved to the United Kingdom a year ago. They were all released almost immediately in the British Zone as DP's, many of them have emigrated and are still emigrating under IRO auspices. Many are coming to the United Kingdom as EVWS.

8. Literally thousands of Yugoslavs (ex-German forces) who "went into civilian status" on their own initiative in Italy were granted DP status, made eligible under IRO constitution and have emigrated at IRO expense. Those who could not or would not, are still in DP camps under IRO care and maintenance in Italy.

UKRAINIAN SELF-EDUCATOR
BY HONORE EWACH, B.A.
PAGES 91—PRICE 61.00 AT "SVOBODA"
BOX 345, JERSEY CITY 3, N. J.

ПЕТРО БАЛЕР

Непереможні

Із споминів повстанця

Старі добрі часи...

Господь його знає, чому це так, що все минуле гарне тобі, а я б сказав — добре. Лихе стає добре тому, що пройшло і не зломлю тебе, а гарне й приємне дстає з часом досконалим смаком добре вистояного меду, і ти не оминеши на одній огазі, щоб не пошастувати ним своїх любих гостей.

Тільки велике, відпливаючи щораз далі в минуле, розростається, палахкотить щораз яскравіше, і тобі гордість і диво, що адже був ти при його народженні, носив його на руках чи тримав до хрищення на своїх долонях. Різно було... А тепер стоїш перед своїм „похресником“ і пригадуєш собі його ім'я...

— Героїзм! — викрикуєш з захопленням.

— Безумство, — відповідає тобі луною довілля...

Але приходить час, коли ти побожно здіймаєш шапку і мовчки хилиш голову перед тим великим, а разом з тобою й все твоє довілля. І це воно, коли минуле перебірає владу над теперішнім і перегукується з майбутнім. А тобі все в пам'яті цей великий старий добрий час, коли для тебе не мало найменшого значення, яке надворі небо, яка погода й чи світить сонце, чи ні. Ти усміхаєшся тужно і з гордим почуттям співучасника до тих днів, коли кожний мав свою власну погоду, власне небо і сонце. Погоду в душі, небо, повне зір, як спасівок на врожайній груді, а сонце було теж своє, що ніколи не заходило і не ховалося за жадні хмари. Смерть шкряпала до тебе зуби, а ти говорив: „Бачиш, як сміється відьма!“

Тільки й живеш, як згадаєш той бурхливий час та тих хлопців-характерників...

Тоді я зустрівся з Невидимком. Дивне прізвисько, а ще дивніше, що так сам себе називав. Хлопець — як тур, що й за п'ять кілометрів його побачиш, а в очак вогонь і талани. Воляцький талан, душа козацька. Скаже було слово, а ліс заговорить і зашедежить...

„Під доброго командира попадати!“, — подумав я собі, побачивши його вперше.

Виструнчений перед лавою своїх хлопців голюшу рапорт, а він очима зорить — то на мене, то на моїх... А було на що глянути. Хлопець ж булив у мене, як громи. Чорта водив би кожний по базарі, як цуцика, коли б треба... У кожного сила і дотеп. Отож відрапортував я перед Невидимком, а в нього очі сміються.

— Дякую вам, друже Саво, — каже, — подобалося ви мені, хлопці! — І більше нічого, а в моїх хлопців загорілись очі, наче б їм сам генерал золотих медалей понацілював...

Зникли ми в неустанных боях та затискаях яних нічлігових ночей, і полюючи він мене, а я його.

Раз повернувся він з половиною свого загону з виправи похмурий, як ніч. Передав мені хлопців розташувати, а сам подався в поле. Пішов і пропав на самоті. Ніч уже глуха — як то в нас буває — при-

пала до землі і випила з неї всю чорноту її, а Невидимка й далі немає. Знав я, що якусь велику раду відбуває, що питається своїх думок. „Велику роботу матимемо“, — подумав я собі й вийшов на поріг. Темно, аж густо, лиш здалека клекотить щось глухо, як джерило в чорній криниці. Три-воно мені стало за командира. „Чи не вислати стежі?“ — почав я роздумувати, коли враз побачив його перед собою. Ні, брешу, — не його, а його очі, що виблискували в темноті, як дві скалки порохона. „Го-го!“ — подумав я, — „такі очі й світ заладуть, куди голова захоче“. А він до мене:

— І що ж, Саво?

— Усе гаразд, — відповідаю. — За тебе тривожився, командире.

Здалося мені, що він усміхнувся.

— Ходимо в хату. Світла хоч, — сказав.

Коли я глянув на нього, був би присягнув, що звів він важкий бій з польовими духами та з пахлявою землею, яка цвіте лиш від шумкої крові своїх дітей. На його одежі чорнозем залишив сірі плями, ніби від убитих поцілунків, коли стискав його в жилахвих обіймах; за гудзиками відшморжені колоски жита й шустряки ячменю, як стрипці бича польового демона; чоло порізане зморшками, наче від нігтів ошалілої коханки.

„Боровся ти з землею, голубе“, — майнуло мені, а він жмурить до світла очі, і на устах у нього посмішка.

— Що нового, командире? — питаю несміливо. — Глянувши на мене, не розуміючи.

— Гризоту, бачу, маєш, — докинув я.

Хитнув головою.

— Своєю власну, Саво, — сказав коротко.

Не було що далі випитувати. Я знав, що в своїх болях не буде сповідатися. Зажду, поки сам розіллється поза беріги його душі. Але того дня таки не дочекався.

— Пора вже спати, — сказав Невидимко, відвертаючись від світла.

— Спочивай, — кажу, — а я перевірю ще стійки...

Вранці виструнчилися ми у лавах і чекали командира. Прийшов блідий, з підкуженними очима. Махнув рукою на мій звіт і до братії:

— Хто хоче мені допомогти? Справа моя власна, тож на охотника!

Рванулись усі лавою допереду. Всміхнувся і почервонів.

Вибери мені, Саво, десять найкращих, а я за цей час приготуюся, — сказав і зник у квартирі.

Обступили мене хлопці, а всі вони один в одного — самі найкращі. І як же його вибирати?!

— В лаву, хлопці! — крикнув я. — Жереб кінемю. І потягли жереби. Поки скінчили, Невидимко з'явився, приготований, як на великий похід. Доручивши мені команду, видав останні накази і звернувся до своєї десятки:

— Вперед, хлопці, щоб не забувати, як відьма шкряпала зуби.

— Радь, Саво! Що порадиш, те й зроблю.

Радь!.. Легко сказати... Шкода мені командира, а тут як же його торгувати присягою друзів та такого ката з рук пускати?... Чужу біду, то й руками розведи, — кажеється в приповідці. Та не так воно, коли біда хоч і не твоя, але й не чужа.

— Ні, командире! — відповідаю, — радити будеш собі сам. Я лише розкажу тобі притчу про душу, що ще від небіжки баби заслухав.

Невидимко здивувався такій відповіді.

— Як доживеш, вникам будеш казки розповідати. Я хочую тверезої поради, — блиснув очима.

А я йому: — Не помітай, командире, мудрість батьків, бо жили вони на світі довші від нас і очі мали кращі від наших.

Сів він, втопивши очі в землю, а я почав розказувати про того одинака, що любив свою матір над усі. Коли вона захворіла і не допомагали ніякі ліки, а смерть щораз виразніше виглядала їй з очей, вийшов одиннак на перехресті до роги, розвів вогонь і промовив на чотири сторони світу: „Коли не допомагають ні молитви, ні ліки, — до тебе звертаюся. Врятуєш мене — заплатиш собі душу“. Лиш що скінчив, з'явився перед ним чорно влягнений панок і вдарив по витягненій руці одинака: „Згода! Давай душу! І почав порпатися в одинакову душу. „Що ти там перебіраєш?“ — дивувався одинак.

„Бери цілу“. Панок засміявся. „Не треба мені цілої. Вибираю все, що в ній найкраще“. Серце кралялося в одинака, коли побачив, як скарби поваймавав панок з його душі, але вже пізно. Панок заховав скарби в скриньку та й зник, а одинак, лудчи додому, потішав себе, що врятував собі матір. Коли підійшов до хати, дивиться, — а матір умикається по подвір'ї, гожа та здорова. „Мамо!“ — припав до неї, а вона дивиться і не пізнає його. Став він її толкувати, а вона відходиться від нього, як від зачумленого. Не пізнала сина. Кинувся він до приятелів, а й ті не пізнали його. Він до людей, а люди від нього, як від незнамого й чужого. І побачив одинак, що втрапивши душу, втратив усе. Ось тобі, командире, й притча, — заклячив я, — а ти й радь собі, як знаєш.

Подумав Невидимко, встав та й знову подався в поле. Цілу ніч перебудував насамоті. По третій днів застукав хтось до його квартири. Я знав — це він прийшов.

— Не світи, Саво, а слухай, — промовив хриплим голосом. — Раненько збереш суд і будеш ним проводити. Хой розсудять, що зробити з „генералом“, бо самому мені — важко. Скажеш, щоб судили по душі. Таке моє прохання до суддів.

Не встиг я слова промовити, як Невидимко обернувся і зник в сірній досвідку.

Не по серці був мені той суд, але наказ — наказом. Вибрав я шістьох найстатечніших, а сам я сьомий — голодував. Привели „генерала“, поставили ми йому оборонця і вислухали обвинувача. Як суд,

— Радь, Саво! Що порадиш, те й зроблю.

Радь!.. Легко сказати... Шкода мені командира, а тут як же його торгувати присягою друзів та такого ката з рук пускати?... Чужу біду, то й руками розведи, — кажеється в приповідці. Та не так воно, коли біда хоч і не твоя, але й не чужа.

— Ні, командире! — відповідаю, — радити будеш собі сам. Я лише розкажу тобі притчу про душу, що ще від небіжки баби заслухав.

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Не встиг я слова промовити, як Невидимко обернувся і зник в сірній досвідку.

В. Барка.

ДУМИ МАНДРИВНИКА

Гори — як фортеці та замки, а над ними світлана містерія.

Тисячами кадилиць куряться гори. Сосни і пасовиська в дощових краплях, за оселями.

Служиться в храмі. „Розділи ризи мої і кинули жеребок... поклали мене в гробі, в темряві глибокій смертній...“ — так фидеє Сян Божий.

Горе — горе! Чого ми весь вік терпимо, ніби ножі пронизують середину серця?

В храмі молитва: „Господи, Боже мій, і вдень і вночі зливаю до Тебе!“ — чийсь голос.

Темнокриваві лампади, свічі запалані, тисячами кадилиць.

то хай буде, як належить. Зрештою, — як на військовій порядки й очевидні злочини „генерала“, той суд тривав надто довго. Я не намагався його вкорочувати. „Хай кожному стане ясно і утвердиться в своїм переконанні“, думав я собі.

Перед самим голосуванням суду війшов Невидимко у кімнату. Блідий, невиспаний, — лиш очі палахкотять. Щось зашемило мені під серцем.

„Що ж важливіше тобі, Саво, — подумав я, — шастя цього сокола, чи смерть одного німецького пуцьвірка?“

— Ну! будемо рішати, — звернувся я до суддів. — Першим ставлю пропозицію обвинувача. Хто за розстріл обвинуваченого?

Трое підняли руки.

— Хто проти?

Знову троє.

Я утримався... Може, коли б не побачив його білого обличчя, не утримався б. А так... не міг. Дивна людська натура, що й вовча доба не годна її переробити.

Настала важка мовчанка... Невидимко випростався і підійшов до стола. Блідий-блідий, як вибілене полотно. Здалося, що чує удари його серця. А він, усміхаючись, промовив:

— Розповідав ти мені, Саво, притчу про душу, а тепер сам ти стиснув її в кулак... Пишіть: чотири за!...

Я бачив, що говорить він крізь затиснені зуби.

— Командире, — спротивився я, — мене призначив ти головою.

— Так, Саво. До цього часу... Тепер я перебіраю головування. Пишіть: чотири за!... — звернувся ще раз до писаря...

„Ех, чорти чоловіка рвуть, коли згадуєш тих соколів і дививши на розкудкучену навкруги мізероту!“

Позбирались були того вечора хлопці гуртками, а Невидимко до них:

— Вряте, хлопці, про тог не обабного, що „проміняв жінку за тютюн та люльку“. Але так, друзі, щоб із стріх мох позлітав!

Згадаєш, і очі туманом зайдуть...

Дурні очі, пuste життя стало на яловій чужині!

(Арка).

Дунай летить шестіркою зарпінених коней. Швидко летить Дунай, а ще швидше час іде.

Що ж обрадує мене? Анічогісінько нема... Тільки день: проходить, гарний, з буркетом айстрок, що зросли на небі.

А сонечко дописало поему, поблагословило сад і пішло спати.

Тоді над річкою заметалася блискавка.

Як перестала гроза, то в олартарному промені, коло гір, прокреслили три горлиці — три круги.

Кульбаби, мов сусідоньки, похитали головами і знову жаріють.

А в найспілючішому просвіті: синьому озері з мармуровими берегами: жайворонкова капеля.

Затріпотала пташина чорно-сірими крильцями, розповідает про злагоду.

І сонечко цілком погоджується.

Хіба ж то правда, що над нами — безтронне небо?

— Ні! — он над сценою безтронне небо.

Хтось мучиться про око, і всі вірять, плачуть у темноті. На світі люди весь вік мучаться, — ніхто їм віри не йме.

На сцені за всіх терзається душа: в довгий, аж до землі, суконок кольору квітучої гвоздики і в длащину — вітрильниць, двокрилонць срібний.

І ліра в руці ридает, як горлиця.

Годі страждати!

Я думаю: так само, як по статі на сцені ображають і

ранять одна одну людські душі на землі.

Люблять, мучатьсь, складають пісні і кидаються в прекрасне море смерті...

Думають: над нами — безтронне небо.

Вербичка приросла на бетонну стіну, біля водоспаду.

— І так це ти живеш?

— А що? Привітається сонце, вихор докине грохи пилінок, а д'водоспаду бризок дощить, щоб напиться.

То так і ти, вигнанський народе!.. живеш на чужині: тільки пиліни та бризки життя тобі дано.

А живеш. І трудися.

(„Час“).

ВСТУПАЙТЕ ГРОМАДНО В ЧЛЕНИ УКРАЇНСЬКОГО НАРОДНОГО СОЮЗУ.

По ваших ділах нас судитимуть ваші діти. Ви зробіте велике і благородне діло, виславляючи не гайно свою жертву на допомоготвий фонд З.У.А.Д.Комітету.

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First Bus leaves 10 A.M. - Last Bus leaves 11:30 A.M.
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In the event of rain dancing will be held at Clubrooms.
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— відбується —
В НЕДІЛЮ, 11. ЛИПНЯ (JULY 11, 1948)
В IDORA PARK.
Початок у год. 12. вполудне. Бесідники і гарна програма.
Хор Боян під проводом проф. А. Когута. Українські танцюристи під проводом Анни Когут і Н. Арсенія. Спорт і перегони.
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