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SMOOK URGES ACCELERATED AID FOR UKRAINIAN DPs

Roman Smook, of Chicago, European field director of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, stated emphatically at the UUARC Board of directors meeting held in Philadelphia, Sunday, July 11 last, that the Ukrainian American people have to really buckle down to the job and cost of taking care of the Ukrainian displaced persons in Europe if the latter are to be saved before it is too late.

Recently returned from Europe in order to report upon the Ukrainian DP situation there, Mr. Smook stirred his listeners with his description of the plight of the Ukrainian displaced persons in the American British and French zones of occupation in Germany and Austria, and evoked from them expressions of determination to redouble Ukrainian American support of the DPs over there and also efforts to resettle them in the Western Hemisphere.

Among the chief achievements of the UUARC team in Europe, which he heads and which also includes Julia Konick of Wilkes Barre, Pa., Wasyl Gina of New Haven, Conn., was the agreement signed by Mr. Smook with the IRO and American military authorities as well, which gave the UUARC a formal legal standing

in the relief work in Europe and which enabled it to obtain for the Ukrainian DPs a store of food enough to fill the large warehouse the UUARC has at its disposal over there.

In his three hour report, Mr. Smook also revealed that the UUARC was instrumental in providing food, clothing and medicine to the members of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA) who had escaped from the Russian occupied territories and surrendered voluntarily to the American military authorities.

The report of Mr. Smook was accepted unanimously with the commendation for a job very well done. Mr. Smook is scheduled to return to the UUARC field headquarters in Munich and Frankfurt-on-Main early this week.

Reports given and accepted also included those of Dr. Walter Galan, executive director of the UUARC, the Controlling Committee consisting of Roman Slobodian, Antin Malanchuk and Wasyl Dowhan, as well as of various individual members of the Board of Directors.

The meeting, held at the Hamilton Court Hotel, was presided over by Mr. Nicholas Muraszko, vice-president of the UUARC.

COLEMAN QUILTS FACULTY POST 'OVER POLISH GRANT

Widely publicized throughout the country has been the recent resignation as member of the Columbia University faculty of Dr. Arthur Prudden Coleman, assistant professor of Polish Language and Literature, and also lecturer and writer on Ukrainian culture and literature. Dr. Coleman resigned in protest against Columbia's acceptance of a grant from the Soviet dominated Polish government for the founding of a new chair of Polish studies. Text of his resignation follows:

TEXT OF DR. COLEMAN'S RESIGNATION

"On June 1st, 1948, Acting President of Columbia Fackenthal announced in the New York Times and other papers that he had accepted from the present Polish regime in Warsaw an initial gift of five thousand dollars toward the establishment of an Adtm Mickiewicz Professorship of Polish language and Literature and the appointment of Manfred Kridl to this Professorship. This action has now been ratified by the Trustees of Columbia and President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

"I am opposed to the policy represented by the acceptance of this gift and cannot continue working in a department financed in this manner. I am unalterably against the acceptance by Columbia or any other American university of money from Poland or any of the other satellite governments of Moscow.

"To continue teaching in a department financed by Cominform regimes would be to fall into the error for which we blame the German professors who, by remaining in their chairs in obedient silence, gave tacit approval of the Nazi regime. I do not wish to appear to condone any totalitarian regime, Fascist or Communist.

"As the national Secretary-

Treasurer of the American Association of Teachers of Slav and East European Languages, I have signed the non-Communist affidavit, giving my word under oath that I do not support any organization that believes in or teaches the overthrow of the United States Government by force. One has but to read any day's batch of the papers issued in Poland today to know that the regime in power in Warsaw would like nothing better than to do just this: to overthrow not only our government but our whole way of life, under the leadership of the 'glorious Red Army.'

"There are many ways of working toward the overthrow of our government and one is by academic infiltration. This is the method we see being undertaken with the above gift. I cannot conceive in any such business, or seem to approve it, by collaborating amicably with the professor who is to be the recipient of the subsidy.

"I have taught at Columbia twenty years, and in that time, in accordance with the policy laid down by the late Nicholas Murray Butler, have been free to teach whatever I have felt to be the truth. Can one believe this will be the case in the future, as more and more men are brought in, paid by regimes having as one of their main principles Marxian thought-control? I do not think so.

"It will not be long before professors free to think as they please will be outnumbered by those behind whose backs we can see the shadow of some dictator. In some departments the time is close at hand when this will be the case. "Apparently Columbia is selling its birthright for the Greek gift of totalitarian subvention. I want no part of this."

UCCA Delegation Heard by Democratic Platform Committee

A delegation of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, consisting of Miss Eve Piddubcheshen and Bohdan Katamay, was given a hearing July 9 by the Resolution Committee of the recently concluded Democratic National Convention held in Philadelphia.

The Democratic platform committee was urged by the UCCA to include in its platform a condemnation of Soviet Russia for pursuing a policy of genocide against the Ukrainian people. Other planks advocated by the delegation for inclusion in the Democratic platform were of a nature similar to those proposed by a UCCA delegation at the earlier Republican convention (see Weekly—June 28). Aside from this action, the UCCA president, Stephen Shumeyko, wired June 8 the Democratic convention resolutions committee urging it to put in a plank into the platform "calling for investigation of the policy of genocide pursued by Soviet misrulers in their enslaved countries behind the Iron Curtain, especially against the over forty million Ukrainian people."

ON RECORD
By TED VICTOR

THUNDER STORM

I began writing this article about the lack of cooperation among our Ukrainian American youth. However, after making about four starts I decided to give up and turn my attention to something which wasn't as important but which at the moment was much more interesting.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the sky became a bit cloudy. The muggy heat that had been bearing down on everything and everyone became just a bit more unbearable. It definitely looked as though we were in for another one of those hot, humid days during which the sun beat down upon damp clouds like a hot iron on a wet pressing cloth. Suddenly! without any warning gusts of wind shrilled by, a bristling whiplash of white lightning flashed across the steaming heavens. A sharp ear-wrenching crack rent the air as though someone had split the brittle upper sky with a huge axe. As this first crashing blast reverberated into the distance, bolt after bolt of crackling lightning cleaved through the ever darkening clouds. Finally, to the accom-

panyment of deep, rumbling, booms of ponderous thunder the rains came. The first drops were huge, like so many crystal pellets that formed miniature fountains as they fell by the millions on the empty street. With each passing second they multiplied in number and fell with renewed intensity. Soon the entire outside was one mass of pouring rain. With each new peal of thunder the rain would fall all the harder, until it seemed as though it would never cease.

The gutters on the houses were overflowing, the lawns were submerged, while both sides of the street resembled two swollen rivers, full of dirt and floating debris hurtling down to the sea. Occasionally a car would pass slowly up the now submerged street. The driver, his hands firmly wrapped around the wheel and his head straining forward, trying intently to peer past the solid sheet of water that was pouring down his windshield. The two wipers resembling futile hands, flapping back and forth, back and forth, not making the slightest dent in the spilling curtain of rain. Finally when the storm seemed still pregnant with greater fury the rains unbelievably ceased completely. As though it were a signal, a huge clap of thunder blasted its way across the tops of the receding clouds and before you could say "Na zdorovia!" the sun came out. With that I finished my article and began getting ready for a meeting in New York. At which I might mention, we were going to discuss the lack of cooperation among our Ukrainian American youth.

Editorials

UKRAINIAN CONGRESS COMMITTEE OF AMERICA FUND DRIVE

If ever our younger generation had a chance to fully display their devotion to the Ukrainian cause—that is the Ukrainian national liberation movement—and their moral and material support of it, now is the time. That they can do by cooperating with the UCCA in its work on behalf of our kinsmen in their native but Soviet-enslaved land Ukraine who aspire to win for themselves the individual and national rights and liberties which constitute the birth-right of every man.

Such cooperation with the UCCA takes in also the matter of contributing generously to its current \$50,000 fund raising campaign. That sum, incidentally, is the minimum it requires if it is to continue to do its work efficiently. As our readers well know, the UCCA is a nationally representative organization, elected to office at national congresses, held every several years by delegates representing Ukrainian American communities and societies throughout the country.

Down through the past eight years, that is since its founding in 1940 at the first Ukrainian American congress held in Washington, the two principal purposes of the UCCA have been (1) the support and promotion of American national interests and way of life, and (2) the support of the Ukrainian national liberation movement.

Concerning the first purpose, one can cite the UCCA support back in 1940 of America's war preparedness program. This was at a time when isolationism in this country was at its height, and when the Reds and their fellow-travelers fought the program tooth and nail. Next, during the war, the UCCA won for itself an enviable war record, even securing for its services the naming of two Liberty ships after two Ukrainian pioneers in this country, Bishop Ortynsky and Ahaply Honcharenko.

Since the war the UCCA has been a stalwart champion of America's peace effort. It has, for example, been constantly expounding the unassailable argument, through its many memorandums or delegations, that a firm, resolute American stand toward the ruthless Soviet Russian expansionist policies is the only method of halting it from overrunning the rest of Europe as well as other parts of Eurasia. However, even at its best this is but a stop-gap measure. The only way to really stop the Russian drive is to deprive Russia—and we use the term Russia advisedly—of its war potential. And that is by enabling Ukraine to become free and independent of Russian or any other possible foreign rule. Without Ukraine, Russia will in an instant become relegated to a power incapable of even thinking of waging an aggressive war against the Western democracies. And thus lasting peace will be secured.

A CLEAR-CUT FOREIGN POLICY

William Henry Chamberlin, who is one of the best informed and most dispassionate of American writers upon foreign affairs, recently discussed the very vital problem of continuity and consistency in our foreign policy, in a column appearing in the Wall Street Journal. As he writes, "An America that wobbles and vacillates will not carry the weight in world affairs that is appropriate to its political, economic and military power."

This is not, however, as simple a matter as it may appear on first glance. For, as Mr. Chamberlin also says, "There can be no continuity in inconsistency." And the glaring inconsistencies that appeared in our foreign policy both during and immediately after the war have undoubtedly weakened our prestige, and aroused suspicions as to our motives and our wisdom in quarters whose whole-hearted cooperation is necessary if the Western powers are to present to the world a strong and unified front.

Ms. Chamberlin discusses Yalta where, in his opinion "a high point of hypocrisy was reached." At Yalta, Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin again affirmed their faith in the broad principles of the Atlantic Charter. The most important single provision of the Charter is that all peoples shall have the right "to choose the form of government under which they will live." Another, of almost equal moment, is that all the nations, (Concluded on page 3)

quote the last paragraph of Sokolsky's article, as a sort of encouragement: "Nationalism will gain strength in every country in Europe and Asia that is not independent and sovereign, for human beings do not long accept tyranny and fight, overtly or by any means, for freedom."

Trivia - - - - By Sophia

"YA HAPTA GO TO COLLIGE?"

Children go to school, these days, and start preparing in grammar school for their careers. They plan the high schools, colleges, and business schools they must attend before they can accomplish their goal in life. It used to be that once primary school was finished, the education of most children was complete. Later, it became customary to send the children to high school, and when the value of education was realized by the masses, it was taken for granted that it was the obligation of the parents to send their offspring through four years of high school. Those who could afford to do so, sent their children further to college, or to business or vocational schools, but the foundation of an education lay in primary and secondary schooling.

Schooling became increasingly important. New industries were developed which required a high degree of skill, and when competition in the employment field increased with the depression of 1929, the general public realized that formal education was a genuine asset. The trend continued through the Thirties, when there was again a boom in defense industry, which required the employment of the less educated, as well as of the highly educated. Employment during the war years reached a hitherto unknown peak. Some parents again tended to neglect the education of their children in favor of the high wages offered. Today again, keen competition for employment is evident, and schools are crowded to capacity with students eager to get ahead of the next fellow, and through their education make their lot a more pleasant one. One of the incentives to advanced schooling is the monetary motive, but people little realize that money can be made without a college education; in fact, without any education whatsoever. All that's necessary is a little native intelligence, a little general knowledge, and a lot of persistence.

Some cities won't let you make money can be topped by a legal method, which also involves high stakes. This sure-fire way to make a quick thousand or two goes under the name of the Quis Program. By hitting the jackpot on one of these shows, you not only get your complete household furnished, plus a thousand in cash, plus a new automobile, but the sponsor also pays your brother-

in-law's alimony, puts up the ball to get your uncle out of the clink, and sends your poor relations a case of canned beans. It's simple: you have just to answer a question, or guess the right name of some silly tune you've whistled all your life. And before you can do any answering or guessing, you must be either selected from an audience of two thousand, or be the one in eleven million whose telephone number is selected by some intricate system. But again

money gambling. For example, they outlaw pinball machines and so-called "one-armed bandits," coin machines which can return you a hundred dimes for one. The former, pinball machines, can be manipulated by a skilled operator to register higher than chance would permit. The skill required is knowing how to give a strong nudge (so as to raise the score) yet nudging gently (so as not to forfeit the game.) There's a lot of money to be made in pinball machines, especially if you're expert, and you have friends also interested in pinballs.

The "one-armed bandit" is so called because it is operated by a long lever to one side of the machine. It's called a bandit, I suppose, because so many people lose money on it. But there's the trick — persistence. Having a pocketful of nickels and dimes also helps, but think of the satisfaction when you hit the jackpot!

In playing these machines, however, you can't get rich; the stakes are paltry. So you advance to another more remunerative sport: book-making. Being a bookie has its advantages, which are both financial and otherwise. Think of not having to sweat over a machine all day long—just sitting back answering the phone. "Two bucks on the nose of Teitelbaum in the fifth." "Til play Salutation across the board." All you have to do is take these bets — and starve if these nags should happen to come in. So all you have to do is pray for them to lose, and for the police to be too busy to bother with small-fry bookies. Unless, of course, you look good in horizontal stripes....

The Dawn - - - - by G. H.

"There is no truth in the world except in God and in myself." That is an old Ukrainian saying. Evidently the world was in need of truth from times immemorial just as it is afflicted with deceit and lies at present. This generation in particular has passed through an era of glorious deceptions unequalled in history. Just to mention Yalta there is enough implication to make you dizzy and wish to forget what age this is.

Calling the spade a "spade" meant something at one time but not any more. We had a certain brand of "democracy" stuffed down our throats when we knew well that Russian democracy is a travesty and the greatest deception of all times.

Or take Imperialism. It has always meant an expansion of one nation at the expense of another. But that does not seem to apply to the conduct of Soviet Russia in grabbing by nefarious methods most of Europe. At the same

time it is Russia that is screaming "imperialist!" and pointing the accusing finger at America.

For centuries the world "Ukraine" was rejected by the nations responsible for keeping our people in bondage. Both the Russians and the Poles have done their utmost to confuse the world about the existence of a distinct nationality which prefers to be called "Ukrainian."

The word "nationalism" has been kicked around during this generation by confusing its meaning. Our own Ukrainian "liberals" used the word with many unsavory imputations to combat their opponents. So did the American press in general, decrying nationalism and attributing to it all the evils of this age.

Along comes George Sokolsky the other day to justify nationalism in its true meaning. The League of Nations and its successor the United Nations, he says work for internationalism because

let me assure you: no college education is necessary! As a matter of fact, you don't even have to make a career of quiz programs, because one win will set you up for life. If you're lucky, you'll have enough left after paying income taxes to retire, providing you already have a few million shares of American Tel. & Tel. Remember: all you need, in case you're forgotten, is persistence.

A VISIT TO ANCASTER, ONTARIO

Dr. A. T. WACHNA

WHILE attending the Canadian Medical Convention in Toronto recently, my wife and I planned to leave our children with the Ukrainian Sister Servants of Mary Immaculate at Ancaster, Ontario.

Besides the children there was also their grandmother from Florida, with them, who likewise wanted to see how the Ukrainian Sisters managed such a big institution in Canada.

Well, it so happened that our visit to Ancaster was the best part of our trip. Even father and mother enjoyed it more than ever after the fast-moving convention spirit.

A Stately Building

This stately building is situated on a mountain overlooking Hamilton, Ontario, (population 300,000). It is surrounded by one hundred acres of beautiful mountainside and precious evergreens.

Before long, you are welcomed at the door of this fine institution by Sister Superior Lawrence. Smilingly she leads you to a reception room where you can ask hundreds of questions.

As you follow Sister Superior Lawrence, you are awed by the beauty and culture of all the massive structure and of the refinement and pleasantness of the Library, the dining and drawing rooms and, of course, the chapel.

During the war the Royal Canadian Air Force used the place for an ideal convalescent hospital and made many changes to the benefit of the Sisters, who now have accommodations and classrooms in two other large buildings on the campus.

Probably by now, you are wondering just how our Ukrainian Sisters ever got this place and the answer is a simple one. It's a success story that starts with courage, a perseverance, thriftiness and diplomacy, which our Sisters unquestionably possess.

As you leave the woodland you come to an area that's planted with what is usually spoken of as a typical Ukrainian field of buckwheat. This buckwheat really looked good, and it was interesting to know that it was sown by hand by a D.P. Father, to bring him back memories of Ukraine.

To Make Things Grow

It was most fascinating to see all these things on our little tour and here again, one was impressed by the unconquerable spirit of Ukrainian people of always wanting to make things grow, to make things live.

The gardens and greenhouse are simply superb. They even grow their own lettuce and radishes in February. The strawberries are plentiful and delicious and you can have as many as you want to pick.

One thing stands out in Ancaster and that is that our Sisters have accomplished a great deal in three years, simply by working, planning and working some more. It seems that they really get their happiness out of their work.

As to the orphans, some are small and need supervision, others are anxious to help and converse freely in English or Ukrainian.

The requirement of the place, the ingenuity of the Sisters, and the hospitality of this orphanage is a great credit to the Sisters Servants of Mary Immaculate and now are working hard to make it a landmark for Ukrainians not only in Canada, but for Christian Ukrainians all over the world.

ABU KASSIM'S SLIPPERS

By IVAN FRANKO

(Continued) V. Through the window! What the hell!?" He jumped up, with one quick motion, From the bed into that ocean, Wading in it on tip-toes.

An Invitation to Professionals

Before we all parted for home, we felt that more Ukrainians would be as proud of Ancaster as we are, if they only saw the place. Therefore, we are planning to invite the Ukrainian professionals of Canada and United States, especially those living out east, to meet for a friendly reunion on Sunday Oct 10, 1948.

ARNOLD SHODA

Some years ago Arnold asked day he would skate to fame and that he did. Arnold Shoda, now twenty-two years young, was born on New York's lower East Side of Ukrainian parents Mr. and Mrs. Hnat Shoda.

MAKES THE BRIGHT LIGHTS OF BROADWAY



ARNOLD SHODA

All the hopes I had are scattered, Swept away in just one stroke! Through these boots, these pedal nazas, All the perfume went to blazes; Mine of wealth went up like smoke!

At the present time Arnold Shoda's name appears on the marquee of the Roxy Theater. The critics acclaim him to be a great performer and the management has held the show over for several more weeks.

Like the Jews, those man-blood users, Heretics, and God-abusers, I'll burn you, you dirty clogs!

With this firm determination To speed up their consumption, Abu Kassim brightened up; Pitched them up like a toiler Leaning forward 'proached a boiler— Suddenly he made a stop!

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The Thief... By Marko Cherehshyna

Translated by C. H. Andrusyshen

AFTER the feast of Epiphany his father died; his mother did not tarry very much longer; and finally, whatever he inherited was taken away from him to pay off the debts.

When his father was still alive, Yura used to tend a goat and take it out to graze along the edges of fields and on the banks of brooks, until the goat was taken away for debt.

And so he walks down the street, making a cracking sound with his whip. And when some farmer observes him doing that and scornfully ridicules the boy, saying: "What do you think you're doing, boy, taking dogs to pasture?"—Yura lowers his head, hides the whip behind his back,

greets the farmer politely, and passes him by very quickly. And then again the same cracking sound of the whip is heard.

So eager indeed is he to be a shepherd. But nobody wants to hire him as a shepherd. An aunt of his came from the neighboring village, where she serves in the priest's household, and took him to the rich Krechun to see if he would hire the boy to herd cattle.

"I don't need a tramp like him. He's liable to steal something from my house and run away, and then try to find him. You could sooner catch the wind in the field than him. I am capable of looking after my own property without his help. He is a bad lubber."

So did Krechun thunder out in reply to Yura's aunt; while Yura became so terrified that he fled from the yard before the rich man had time to finish what he had to say.

And when the aunt was saying good-bye to Yura, before returning to her village where she worked, she said: "Out of my sight, you wretch. Shame is all I get from you." And Yura continues to pace up and down the village streets.

finally finds himself ascending Klotchka Hill. On the Klotchka berries grow in such abundance that one cannot but sit down and eat them. Yura had been going there for some time for his noonday meals, but their season is now over. Now he is going there to see whether they have appeared under the top leaves.

The sun has just had its lunch period and again started out on its journey. It is beating down so hard on the Lord's earth that perspiration rolls thickly down one's face. In the meadow Krechun's old wife let the calf go to suck the cow so that the cow would release some of her milk. She herself is crouching on the other side and slowly, one after another, takes the teats out of the calf's mouth. While the calf sucks and sucks, from time to time it nudges the udder and continues sucking. While Yura looks at it all through the reed enclosure. As soon as the calf sticks its head under the cow's udder, he too pushes his head through the reed fence; and as soon as Krechun's woman strikes the calf on the mouth and it moves its head to the side, he likewise draws his head back from among the reeds.

When at last Krechun's wife seized the calf by its tall and ears and dragged it to the stall, Yura rose and continued on his way.

He walks slowly and does not make his whip crack at all. At times he even stumbles over insignificant obstructions, as if he did not see where he was going in broad daylight. By the rope which fell from his belly to his hips one might easily judge that it was hunger that was blinding his eyes.

While in the brook the water is gurgling and rushing from one stone to the other. And he recalled how his father once had brought fish from Bessarabia. It was so salty and so tasty. His mother had boiled it with onions and given him a piece the thick-

ness of two fingers. It was then that he had taken the goat out to graze along the brook. He ate the fish and time and time again drank water from the brook, so that the rich woman Krechun was jealous of him when she came to the brook with the buckets.

"And where have you been that you're gulping down so much water? At a feast?" she asked angrily.

This sweet memory was interrupted by the rope which finally determined to fall from his hips to the ground. He tied it shorter and, step by step, reached Fenchuk's meadow. And in the meadow the cow was mooing and slowly walking towards him. It may have appeared to the cow that Fenchuk's wife was coming to milk her and bringing some fodder, because it was exactly milking time, and a cow certainly knows those things.

Yura stopped and leaned against the reed enclosure. At first he lowered his head as if he were thinking of something, and then he stuck his fingers into his mouth and began to masticate them and look at the cow very, very sorrowfully.

The cow drew closer and closer to him. When she reached him, she stuck out her head and put her mouth to his hand as if to sniff him, and then began to lick his hands, face and hair. The sensation Yura felt was much sweeter than at the times when his mother used to delouse him in the sun. It is the first time since her death that he experiences such a pleasurable feeling, such warmth. Being an orphan, he has met only coldness and mockery. For the third day now he has had nothing in his mouth. If it continues much longer, the skin of his belly will get stuck to his back. Out of gratitude he began to pat the cow's forehead and say: "My Mitzka, my dear little one!" Then he climbed over the reed fence, plucked a handful of grass and gave it to the cow. The cow began

to eat it. As he looked at her eating it, he suddenly recalled his hunger. And he also recalled Krechun's calf which had been sucking its mother with so much relish; and he again remembered all the sweetness he had experienced while his father and mother were alive. And he forgot where he was, and went down on his knees at the cow's udder, drew the teats to his parched lips and sucked them, one after another, unconscious of what he was doing. While the cow stands still, chewing her cud. She is glad that she will get rid of her milk in time and that her udder will become lighter.

But old woman Fenchuk does not forget her household chores, because it is not for nothing that she has been a housewife for twenty-one years. In one hand she carries a bundle of fodder and in the other a milk bucket, and goes to her cow out in the meadow. She walks in the direction and considers if she should leave to-day's milk for cream or if she should take it to Jew Berko's wife and sell it raw and for that money buy a candle to burn as an offering to the Mother of God. She is a member of the church sorority, you know. She comes up to the cow, stops, looks, looks again, and cannot believe her eyes. So angry did she become that she let both the fodder and the milk bucket fall to the ground.

"I wish you sucked blood, I wish you did!" she shouted at him at first, just as a cow moos at a young steer when the latter draws near to its mother's teats without her permission. Following that she pounced on Yura who continued to kneel and suck, insensible to all else, seized him by the hair and turned his head upwards. "So that's the kind of a thief you are! So you're now set on stealing my cow's milk, are you, robber? My cow's milk?" She was lamenting at the top of her voice and striking Yura

indiscriminately over the face, legs, belly. Then she grasped him by the hair, raised him in the air and dashed him to the ground. In the meantime the cow moved away from the spot, walked up to the abandoned fodder and began to eat it peacefully. That sight increased the anger of Fenchuk's woman. She again seized Yura by the shock of his hair and raised him again. It was only then that Yura seemed as if he had awakened from sleep. Up to that time he was not aware of what had been happening to him. Fenchuk's woman beat him, but he did not say anything; he did not even stir. It was only at that point that he recognized old woman Fenchuk's face, which was bespattered with saliva; and he began to cry and beg to be forgiven, as he would beg to be spared if someone had begun suddenly and without cause to shower him with blows.

"I won't do it again, auntie, I promise I won't, auntie darling, I wo-o-o-ont!" Fenchuk's wife did not listen to him. She abandoned the cow and the bucket and led Yura by the hair to the house (cursing him continually: "You wretch, you fend, are you trying to rob me, rob me, you thief?!")

Inside the house old Fenchuk heard his wife's vociferation and rushed out to the gate, calling out: "What's the matter there, Nastya?" "Just think, we are in the house, and this thief is robbing us of our very subsistence," replied his wife shrilly.

"Impossible! Where did you find him?" "Why, just imagine, he glued himself to the cow like a leech and sucked out all the milk." At this explanation of his wife, Fenchuk spat into the palms of his hands, opened the gate and ran up to his wife as lightly as if he were a boy. He seized Yura by the hand and whacked him on the face, right and left. In a moment Yura began to scream even

louder and beg to be forgiven: "Uncle, I won't, I won't do it again, as long as I live, never."

So loudly did he shout that all the neighbors began to hasten to the place as if to witness a curious spectacle. Fenchuk shook Yura once more, gnashed his teeth and yelled again: "Say! I'll teach you once and for all! Nastya, just go in and get me the scissors!"

Nastya was still relating in fragments to the neighbors how she had caught the thief, and only when she had finished her account did she go for the scissors, moaning and cursing on the way.

Tears streamed down Yura's face. He screamed in an unnatural voice. He knew that it was the custom to cut the hair off the heads of the principal thieves in the village, and he also knew that it was a great shame. And for that reason he could not contain his tears.

Fenchuk's woman brought out the scissors and gave them to the old man. The neighbors at once seized the boy by hands and held him fast; while Fenchuk cut Yura's thick growth of hair close to the skin, even closer than one shears the sheep in spring.

Such a clamor rose when he was being sheared as if the sound were coming out of a seething cauldron. Those who are holding him heap all the curses upon him, as one usually curses thieves. Nastya curses him even louder than do the others. Yura now moans only from time to time with his hoarse, tearful voice. And those who have nothing else to do, go up and down the street and inform the vagabonds from the highlands about this event.

"We're caught a thief!" "Priymak's Yura!" "Yes, yes, the one with buck teeth!" (Ukrainian Quarterly, published by Ukrainian Congress Committee of America. Subscription: \$4 per year. 50 Church Street, N. Y. C.)

A Review of the Displaced Persons Problem

By ANTHONY HLYNKA, M.P.

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

(Continued)

(3)

BEFORE leaving this point I should like to put on record a decision which was made by the preparatory commission conference of IRO and which appeared in a statement issued to the press on October 15, 1947. Included in the list of classes of persons to whom IRO is forbidden to give any assistance is found the following clause:

"Persons who, since the end of hostilities, have become leaders of movements hostile to the governments of their country of origin."

May I ask to which governments have the leaders of displaced persons been hostile? Obviously to the communist governments in the totalitarian countries. It follows therefore, in fact, that this IRO resolution prohibits displaced persons from opposing communist regimes. I leave that statement to hon. members to ponder over.

I now come to the third phase of my discussion namely, the one on emigration. Millions of people having been repatriated and some thousands having been settled in the various countries of the world, in January-1948, there still remained in the camps, supervised by the preparatory commission of IRO, 626,200 D.P.'s. An additional 79,200 receive care and maintenance from sources other than the preparatory commission of IRO. A further 846,500 D.P.'s of various classifications do not receive care or maintenance from any organization. The net total of all D.P.'s is, therefore, 1,551,900. Of the last group mentioned, only a portion will qualify for emigration. For practical purposes a figure of 750 is the immediate concern of the countries that signed the IRO charter.

If at the end of my speech the house would permit me to put the latest table on the record showing the number of D.P.'s of various origins and where they are, I am sure that those who are following this question closely would appreciate having these figures.

Keeping Them In Camps Costly

Keeping these people in the camps is costly, in spite of the fact that many of them live on a below-subsistence level, and to continue keeping them in the camps will not solve the displaced persons problem. The obvious thing to do is to resettle them in the various countries which will accept them. The task of resettling this remaining number of D.P.'s was commenced about a year and a half ago by the inter-governmental committee on refugees. The work of IGCR has, however, been taken over by the preparatory commission of IRO, together with the responsibilities which were formerly carried by UNRRA, namely, those in connection with the caring of the D.P.'s.

The preparatory commission of IRO has in the past few months made a beginning in what may be considered an ultimate solution of the problem. It is a source of satisfaction to know that in the course of the past year or so a number of D.P.'s have emigrated to the United Kingdom, Belgium, Holland, France, Canada, the United States of America, Australia, South Africa, Switzerland, Guatemala, Argentina, Brazil, Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, Paraguay, Peru and Venezuela. The last nine countries mentioned have agreed to admit refugees and immigrants in considerable numbers, under mass settlement agreements, or as individual migrants. The United Kingdom, although in a weak economic position, is leading all countries in accepting the D.P.'s. The South American countries have made offers to accept large numbers of D.P.'s, but climate and settlement conditions in some of these countries are not entirely suitable. In a press report from Lake Success, of May 13, 1948:

"Guatemala" offered to accept 50,000 European refugees, but on closer inspection the offer looked more like the harsh indenture contract... For five years D.P.'s accepting the Guatemalan government's offer would have to work in clearing and farming the remote Ixcian valley at a wage of 16 cents a day. There would be guards to see they did not escape to commercial centres."

Thus far the United States of America made no special provision for admitting D.P.'s. It has, however, admitted a number of D.P.'s under the existing United States regulations, under a quota system. I notice in the press that the United States is now considering legislation which, if adopted, would provide for the acceptance of a substantial number of D.P.'s over and above the quotas provided for under the immigration act.

Canada's Role

Canada has made a beginning in accepting D.P. settlers. According to the statement included in the proceedings of the committee on immigration and labour of April 28, 1948, out of a total of 16,010 D.P.'s who arrived in Canada up to April 26, 1948, 10,336 were workers brought over by various industrial firms through the Department of Labour. Of the remaining number, 5,168 were relatives of Canadians. I need hardly comment on the number admitted, except to say that it is also in Canada's interest to help in the solution of the displaced persons problem. At least one of the many considerations is that it is in the interest of the west to remove the D.P.'s from Germany and Austria as early as possible and before the peace treaties are signed.

At this point, on behalf of those who have already been admitted to our country since the end of the war I wish to express sincere thanks to those who in any way made it possible for these unfortunate, but now fortunate people to come to Canada. I should particularly like to pay tribute to those industrialists on whose responsibility and through whose initiative a number of displaced persons workers were brought to Canada and for offering them employment. I quite realize that there may be an odd employer who may be taking advantage of the D.P.'s, but I have met a large number of D.P.'s who expressed gratitude to the management of their firms for bringing them here, employing them and for the treatment they receive.

FOREIGN POLICY

(Concluded from p. 1)

including victor and vanquished, shall have access on equal terms "to the trade and raw materials of the world." These great principles presumably were the rock-bound basis on which the war aims of the great powers rested.

Of course, hind-sight is easy. During the war there was an understandable eagerness to keep Stalin happy, and this unquestionably led to over-optimism as to the sincerity behind Soviet pledges to work with this and other countries for world peace and rehabilitation. Even so, the fact that the acts of the great powers nullified the Atlantic Charter even as their representatives praised it in general and meaningless terms, did us no good abroad. And it helped the Communists, who are experts at making capital out of human disillusionment, to build up their large followings in France, Italy and elsewhere.

In the last year or two, fortunately, something more nearly resembling a consistent and continuous foreign policy has come into being. It has been forced on us by the dire necessity of stopping Russia before her sphere of influence goes clear to the Mediterranean and the Atlantic ocean. The idea of permanently destroying Germany as a major economic power has been abandoned. And there has been a very real effort, bipartisan in character, to reaffirm through positive action the principle of the self-determination of peoples—a principle, curiously enough, which hasn't changed in

COME ON IN!

Ho hum! Summer. The beach occasionally. Maybe a picnic on a Sunday or a movie with your best beau. Gosh, these summer nights are so lo-o-ong. Ho hum. No rocker on the front porch or an exchange of gossip over the back fence. Your bestest friend on vacation, club, choir, dancing class and everything that kept you busy all winter, gone, closed up shop. Seems a long time to next fall. What to do, what to do?

Summer, winter, rain or shine, there's one organization which, like the proverbial brook, goes on forever... the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of NY-NJ directed by Stephen Marusevich. No laggards here, there's always open house on Thursday eves at the 23rd Street YMCA and everyone is welcome to "sit in" on the rehearsals, sing a few old songs, learn some new ones and exchange greetings with friends. What pleasanter way to spend an evening?

The annual meeting and election of officers held recently came up with the following results: president, William Chupa, who during the past year has been extremely active not only in this chorus, but in the Festival Chorus of the Metropolitan Area Committee, the Music and Arts Guild, the Ukrainian-American Veterans and the Theatre Group, Vice-Presidents, Anne and Theodore Shumeyko. This brother and sister team is so well-known among the young Ukrainians that anything said here would be repetitious, suffice to say that both are members-in-long-standing of various groups in both New York and New Jersey. Secretary Lil Baran of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a comparative new-comer to the Chorus, but her enthusiasm and willingness to cooperate got her the job, and the Chorus is certain she'll be good at it. Harry Polche has proved himself so able at hanging on to money (and then too, he's so safe, being a cop!) that there wasn't even a doubt as to who should be treasurer. A three-time winner. Looks like a lifetime job.

There is a stipulation in the unwritten code of the Chorus that an advisor should have been a member of the Chorus for at least 10 years. What better choice than Walter Bacad, former president. Knowing the faults, strong points, aims and desires of the group, Mr. Bacad will help to channel the work into the proper course for a bigger and better and more progressive organization. Delegates were also chosen to the convention in Akron, Ohio; Mary Bonar and William Chupa; and the Metropolitan Area Committee: Gloria Surmach and Bill Rybak.

Despite the fact that Stephen Marusevich has again been asked to direct the Festival Chorus in their presentation of the "Vetchernitsi" in Akron, Ohio over the Labor Day Week-end Convention of the Ukrainian Youth League of N.A., he comes faithfully on Thursdays, removes his jacket, rolls up his sleeves and he's ready for all comers.

So how about it? You've met the officers, you know the place; the 23rd Street YMCA on Thursdays at 8:30. There are social activities as well as more serious works planned by these new, ambitious officers. One evening out of the 365 might be the turning point of your life, and next Thursday may it be. Come on in... the Chorus is fine! SKR

significance since World War I, when Woodrow Wilson made his courageous but doomed fight for his 14 points.

It is certainly clear that the Soviet Union has not, and has never had, any desire for self-determination. Her policy lies in encouraging, and giving material support to, revolutions inside nations where small but beautifully organized minorities take over all the reins of power and later justify them with the phoniest kind of elections. This technique has been the means of giving Russia all of her tremendous gains since V-E day. Yet, from the Kremlin's point of view, it may not all be rosy. There is every evidence that millions of Ukrainians, Poles, Czechs, Yugoslavs and others hold the bitterest hatred for Russia. The Communists can liquidate the

leaders of the opposition, but they can't clean out all the dissidents among the rank and file. In the event of war, or any internal emergency, the Soviet Union certainly could not depend on her satellite countries for enthusiastic assistance. There are some who believe that these countries might prove to be an intolerable drain on Russia, by forcing her to police them with armies of trained men.

In any event, there is more and more talk of the need for an absolutely clear-cut American foreign policy which will say, in effect, that we will help the cooperating nations recover, and will support them in selecting governments of their own choosing,

Youth and the U.N.A.

U.N.A. NEARS 50,000 MARK

Almost 400 new members were admitted to membership in the Ukrainian National Association during the month of June. The organization now has 36,515 adults, and 13,133 children, for a total of 49,648 members... only 352 short of the 50,000 mark.

The extensive membership campaign of the U.N.A. will be continued vigorously throughout the Summer months. With 50,000-mark within sight, all U.N.A. officers, branch officers, organizers, and active members will redouble their efforts to enroll new members. The U.N.A. expects to announce the goal... a membership of 50,000—as attained in the very near future.

The campaign began some time ago when the U.N.A. had slightly more than 47,000 members. As a result of much hard work on the part of numerous branch officers and voluntary organizers, the U. N. A. now needs only 352 members to attain its goal.

An interesting feature of the campaign is the fact that a considerable number of Ukrainian refugees have enrolled as new members. Branches all over the United States have admitted refugees as members, and many applications have been submitted by Canadian branches.

It has also been noted that the enrollment of juvenile members has been especially heavy, and this is gratifying to those who are interested in the future of the organization. A strong Juvenile Department is assurance of a long and eventful future.

Once again we urge non-members to join while this all-out campaign, which will go down in U.N.A. history, is still under way. Low, pre-war rates are still in effect, and several attractive membership benefits are offered. The time to join is now... definitely. Write to the U.N.A. Main Office for complete information without obligation. Do it NOW, while this message is fresh in your mind.

MAHANAY PLANE BRANCH EXCEEDS QUOTA

U.N.A. Branch 28 of Mahanoy Plane, Pa., admitted 15 new members during the campaign, which is 5 members over and above the quota designated the branch by the Main Office.

The branch secretary, John Gallida, who is of the younger generation, was mainly responsible for the impressive showing of the group. He has always demonstrated keen interest in U.N.A. affairs.

JERSEY CITY BRANCH MEETS QUOTA

Branch 287 of Jersey City, N. J., reports that it had admitted 9 new members during the campaign and that it will add to this record before the drive is ended. All 9 members were organized by Theodore Lutwiniak, a U.N.A. Main Office employee.

Branch 287, a youth group organized in December, 1936, has admitted new members consistently throughout the years. Originally composed of only a handful of members, it has a total of 87 at the present time.

NOTE TO PEN PALS

No doubt the fact that it is Summertime is responsible for the lack of Pen Pal mail for this column. The Pen Pal Club has not a new member for two weeks.

The club has a total of 25 members so far. Whether or not this total will be increased is entirely up to the reader. The purpose of the club is to print the letters of persons desiring to make friends with other readers by mail. If you're interested, simply send us a letter giving some information about yourself; we will print the letter and invite readers to write to you. That's all there is to it.

Make friends via the mails by joining the Pen Pal Club, and keep the club idea going at the same time. Send your letters to Theodore Lutwiniak, c/o U.N.A., P. O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J.

What They Say

President Truman speaking on Foreign Aid Bill:

"As finally enacted, this appropriation is substantially in accord with the program presented to the Congress six months ago. It represents the combined judgment and will of the executive and the Congress."

"It was evolved in the spirit of cooperation and not of partisan conflict. It demonstrates the united determination of our people to make good our pledge of cooperation to those who, like ourselves, are striving to achieve enduring peace and prosperity among all nations."

John Foster Dulles, member of the American delegation to the United Nations, speaking at Union College, Schenectady, New York:

"I hope the day will never come when the American nation will be the champion of the status quo. Once that happens, we shall have forfeited, and rightly forfeited, the support of the unsatisfied, of those who are the victims of inevitable imperfections, of those who, young in years or spirit, believe that they can make a better world, and of those who dream dreams and want to make dreams come true."

Dr. Vernon Nash, Vice-President of the United World Federalists:

"Federalism is one thing which

has been able to produce a dependable peace in what are fundamentally international conditions. Every nation which has thus created unity out of diversity is a federal system much like that of the United States."

Charles E. Bohlen, Counselor of the Department of State: "It is obviously impossible to set out in detail exactly how each concrete problem in the vast and complex postwar situation can be most wisely and effectively dealt with in the future. The broad outlines of our policy, however, are, I think, well and clearly established. We must continue to assist and support the free nations of the world in their efforts to recover from the ravages of the war and to recreate their national lives in accordance with the principles of our common civilization. With their return to health and strength will come a progressive readjustment of the present artificial unbalance in international affairs."

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"The significance of this fact is by no means confined to the field of political science. The record is perhaps even more important culturally for this reason: Most empires and most unitary states have striven hard for homogeneity within their populations, especially in the promotion of a common language. Federal systems have not only tolerated cultural variety; they have supported and encouraged it."

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"The fundamental conditions will then exist for the type of genuine lasting settlements which have thus far eluded us and for the emergence under the Charter of the United Nations of that peaceful and stable world which is the constant goal of our foreign policy."

through free and secret election. The emphasis would be on constructive action—rather than being based on more or less unrelenting program designed to help contain Russia. We have made progress in that direction, and the

SOUNDING BRASS

ETAOIN SIBDLU

REVISED BRIDGE RULES

Male players shall be allowed only twenty minutes for post-mortem explanations of the way their partners should have played the preceding hand.

Female players may devote half-an-hour to discuss their absent friends, the New Look and the latest millinery creations.

Disputes arising under any rules shall be settled by the onlookers, preferably by one who doesn't play any bridge at all.

Holding three aces and some assorted kings, the player is required to ask in a woe-begone voice: "Who dealt this mess?"

A bid of two in any suit over-calls a one-no-trump bid, except on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

The partner of a player who has doubled an original bid of three clubs may ask: "What am I supposed to do?"

Opponents of a player who announces: "One in the well-known spade (or club or diamond or heart) suit," are entitled to call for a new deal.

A player who excuses a bad bid or play by saying: "I'm afraid I have no card sense," may amend the statement by omitting the word "card."

Players who insist upon having something to say about the bidding shall be held financially liable for their partner's losses.

When in doubt as to whether a double is (a) an informatory, (b) a business, or (c) a bluff, double, the partner of the doubler is allowed three guesses.

No penalty shall be imposed for a revoke when the revoking player explains to the room in general: "That card was hidden in my diamonds."

Playing against a no-trump bid, a partner's lead should be returned as soon as all the other suits have been exhausted.

Players, who with a weak hand, bid two no-trumps, to intimidate their opponents, must pay for repairing the game room furniture.

All players shall be governed by these rules except in such cases as they choose to ignore them.

MOSTLY POLITICS

...Well, Ike not only slammed the door shut, but he also locked it and bolted it and then piled all the furniture against it.

...We never went to college but if college life is anything like that Hollywood portrays, Ike will have a lot more to do at Columbia.

...When a politician says the country is going to rack and ruin, he generally means that it is going to ruin him if he doesn't get to the feed-rack.

...The Republicans claim they saved the tax-payers several hundred million dollars. Say, what ever becomes of all those vast sums that are saved for the tax-payer?

...It really is peculiar that the President can't do better. He certainly gets enough advice from the newspapers and radio commentators.

...The safest course to follow this summer is to believe everything each of the parties says about the other.

...We cry loudly for a man of vision and when we get him we call him a visionary.

...From the looks of things the third party will be lucky to finish third.

...In the cities they call the fog and smoke which obscure the vision "smog." In politics such things are called "defining the issues."

...The conventions have proved one thing. A politician may straddle the fence but he is unable to

hope is that the next year will see a real job done.

-oO-

According to a Business Week review, the military orders for planes came just in time to save the aircraft-manufacturing industry. Most of the companies have been in the red, many were facing a complete shutdown.

New orders for the current year will touch \$2,000,000,000, and are going to 12 makers. Other concerns well get welcome subcontracts.

ride on two hand-wagons at the same time.

...Profiteers live off the fat land—and politicians off the fat-heads of the land.

...We just can't get excited over the sensational equilibrium unveiled by Ringling Brothers this year. He's an amateur compared to a politician standing on his past record.

...Pity the poor Congressman. After all these months wherein he spoke lightly of billions and hundreds of millions of dollars, he is back home where people still speak with respect of dimes and quarters and nickels.

...Europe Worried Over Congressmen's Action — Headline. Well, they can't feel any worse about it than we do; we have to live with them.

...One who likes a keener excitement than is being furnished by the presidential campaign might try knitting.

...After reading about the financial troubles of the Tucker Corporation we have come to the conclusion that the difference between a melon and a lemon is the arrangement of the letters or the books of the company.

...We've often thought what a pity it is that a man can't dispose of his experience for as much as it cost him.

...Habit in often mistaken for loyalty.

...One may safely assume that many of the people flocking to the battlefields of Europe this summer couldn't have been dragged there when the war was going on.

...If you want a thing well done don't do it yourself unless you know how.

Prof. Doornaholova

Dear Professor Doornaholova:

I read with interest your column here last week. Nov I have a problem.

At our local Ukrainian National Home, we have some minor problems that perhaps you, with the help of your cell-keeper, can help us solve or rectify. One of these problems concerns some of our unfed pretzel-tasters, who insist on demonstrating their athletic prowess soon after they have loitered around the beer spigot for a few minutes. The balmy zephers that float from the general direction of the bar, are enough to leave some of our best customers in a slightly inebriated condition. When this happens, they have the unpleasant habit of slamming the pool table against the wall. This is a decided nuisance, as it usually wakens the president who is invariably sleeping on it. However, realizing that it is all in fun, he usually just curls up in the side pocket and continues taking his nap. But this many times proves embarrassing as he keeps rolling down the trough.

Our vice-president is a problem also, as he keeps juggling the pool balls, a trick he learned from the treasurer, who is usually juggling the books. The rest of the Board of Directors is practically normal, as they are always poring over their books, charts and diagrams. I wish they'd stop this as the beer they waste in this manner amounts to a considerable sum.

We also have our problem patrons, who come in to watch television. Some of the boys come in just to see Mike Mazurki wrestle.

I could go on and on, but I see my glass of beer is going dry. Excuse me, while I send out an urgent appeal for a glass of Piel. Hey Nihk, set 'em up again... Dubiously,

P. Yak

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Володимир Крипський.

Життя починається завтра

(Уривок з повісті).

У Страсний четвер, в четвертій годині ранку, поліційна автомашина затрималася перед сірою кам'яницею на вулиці Пекарській...

Він був у світлому пальто, без піджака і білий комір сорочки трепетав безпомічно, мов крильце білого птаха. Лице худорляве, очі повні перебою, ясні безвиразною фарбою, мов вицвілі, дитячі. Поліція сілою воліла його до автомашини...

Раптом ранкову тишу розірвав на двоє сухий постріл. Один. Одиний. Людина замахала руками й на уста вибігла кров. За червонів і комір сорочки, мов крильця раненої пташки, поліція глянула на вікна кам'яниці по той бік вулиці, але все було там тихо...

Небо червонилось раннім сонцем. 15 хвилин пізніше автомашина спинилася перед кам'яницею на вулиці Янгівській. Чоловік увійшов у кімнату, скинув пальто, зняв телефонну трубку. Накрутив число.

— Гарзд... треба може й допомогти... — Це уже запізно... — Гарзд... Трубка повисла на апараті. Доктор Мричків подзвонив зараз на число 55-7-33.

Корчин повернувся до Бориса, що сидів біля стола. — У вас є що закурити? Сивий дим. Корчин сидить хвилину мовчки, а далі: — Романчук не живе, сьогодні застріляв. Устав і загасив вогонь сигарки. Майже сам до себе: — Це ж було краще, він знав, як на нього, забагато...

інших міряв людські діла. Він будував пляни майбутнього, але це не врятувало його від недостачі повнокровного життя. Пригадалися роки закордоном. Роки перед тридцять дев'ятьма. Корчин замислився над цим останнім словом. І в голос сказав ще раз — тридцять дев'ять... Рік нових цілковитих змін, рік початку нових катастроф, рік, що про нього говорять тільки колись, як про осінь, коли впади на землю перші стовпи минулого...

Ліси жайворон із високости Тобі дарує перший спів. Та волохатий джміль у гості На мить до тебе прилетів. А ти і їм шумиш прощання, Печально дивлячись на світ, І наче трепетне зідхання, На землю ронити білий вівт.

ЛІС Любить не кожний лісу задуму: — Що за краса? Декорація, фон... Сосни шумлять? То як хочеться шуму, Можна й удума крутити патефон.

— Пі ніколи не буде замало. — Так я вам подбаю. Знову розмова увалася. Дармасюк не любив багато говорити, шукати, добирати та розцінювати слова. Він, відірваний незрозуміло волею партії від добасякого вуглевидобутку, виповняв тут свої окремі завдання з постійною гадкою про своє владство діло. У світлі вуличного ліхтаря Корчин побачив, що обличчя Дармасюка було куди менш похмуро, як під останню зустріч. Здавалося, він віднаходив давно розгублену радість.

Вам треба поспішати, ваших вивозить із Львова. — Яких наших? — запитав Корчин. — Ваших двадцять сім. Я бачив декого з них. Трималися цілком добре. — Звідкіля у вас ця турбота? — запитав з недовірям Корчин.

Дармасюк поглянув в обличчя Корчина. — Чи вам не доволі цього, що я готовий вам допомогти? Корчин почував себе незручно стояти так посеред вузького коридору та говорити з Дармасюком, він повернувся, щоб йти вперед.

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Мих. СЕМ.

Зустріч з Чорноморцями

(репортаж з гавані Гамбург)

Водяне кладовище. Сліди минулої війни ще й досі чорніють на хвилях Кільської затоки. Ген, куди не кинеш оком, аж до сонного обр'ю, гойдаються, розбиті бомбами та торпедами, бойові кораблі колись могутньої держави. Ти, що при самому березі — так і не встигши підняти свої якорі для втечі, і тепер над ними квітять білокрилі чайки. А ось, напівзанурившись у воду, лежать іржавий обгорілий лінкор. Коли море бушує, тоді біля самого носа, на правому борту хитається занурений дзьоб орла. Над тим орлом знуцаються і далі хвилі.

«Ми тоже руські українці!». В гавань причаляють різні чужоземні кораблі: англійські, американські, данські, голландські шведські з жовто-синім прапором на шоглі. До них я вже звик. Але той, що з червоним прапором! Він уже мене не лякає — репаратія минула. Він мене лише цікавить, а може на нім земляки? — Ей, товариш, ти руський? — перервав хтось мою думку і поклав на плече велику вузлуватую руку. Я стрепенувся: біля мене стояли три матроси, засмагли, високочолі, мідні в одному з них на англійській стрічці безкозирки було вишиті срібними нитками назву корабля. Всі троє були не в однакових штанах, і не в однакових взутті. Лише матросські сорочки та безкозирки стверджували, що це такі дійсно союзу матроси, а не якісь прохачі.

— Ти руський, чи як? — почув я повторене запитання. Як це раз приглянувся — збрів в них ніби не було. — Ні, я українець, — якось урочисто відповів я. — Ну, ето всьо-равно, — всміхнувся він, — ми тоже руські українці. Значить, земляки... — А як же ви вгадали, що я українець? — А хіба німці несять вишиті рубахи? — засміявся другий. — Ти звіни, пожалуйста, що я балакаю по-руському. Я знаю, што ви здесь не любите кацапов.

Знаеш, брат, шість літ служу в армії, у воєнній школі зв'язу був — а там з рідним язиком не потикайся. А я сам з Кривого Рогу. — Маеш якийсь барахло чи самогонку? — раптом перервав нашу розмову перший моряк, — требаються штани або ботинки. Обміняю на білу муку ілі папіроси. Не бійсь. Всьо буде в порядку, ми не комісарі, ми прості. Ми домовилися зустрітись рівно о 5-ій вечора.

Заграла рідна кров. Я прийшов з двома товаришами, зацікавленими у виміні муки за «барахло». — Молодці, ребята, здержали слово, — почув голос з руїни, і ми підійшли до наших знайомих. Той, що з нашавкою на безкозирці, шугнув між руїни й виніс звідти велику торбу з білою мукою та коробку цигарок. Почався обмін. Один одному намагався догодити. Особливо втішений був той, що достав штани. «Оце так матеріял! Настояще буржуазське сукно, не те, що наше союзуське тряп'я! Невже ето робочі штани?!» — вигукнув матрос.

Потому ми випили, і горляка розв'язала язики союзуським матросам. Дійсно, ці хлопці були чорноморці: один з Одеси, другий з Кривого Рогу, а третій, що вмів найкраще по-українськи, був з-під Києва. Де тільки вони не були! Спочатку в Чорному морі, потім пересікли Дарданелі. Після випадку, коли два кораблі з переважно українськими моряками втекли в Турцію, майже всіх «халів» було негайно переведено з Чорного моря в Балтійське, де вони плавають і досі.

— Що прийдеться йти на америкашку, — іронічно всміхався чорноморець. Про майбутню війну говорять в Союзу всі. Але куди там воювати! В америкашки — атомова бомба, а на Україні — злидні. Ім пишуть умовними знаками родичі про те, що вдома не відстає чим виплатити податки, передплачують безкоштовні позики; люди їдять висівки, як у 33-му. Ці виняння штани та панчохи вони пошлють додому, бо рідні ходять у латках. На Україні голодують, а ось у Норвегію їхній корабель веде чудову білу муку. Вони добре все розуміють, але мусять мовчати.

Знають вони і про наші табори. Спочатку політруки говорили їм, що ті табори буржуї-імперіалісти загородили колючим дротом і не випускають з них союзуських горожан. Пізніше говорили, що там «контра кушаєт америкаську шоколаду». А тепер кажуть, що українські націоналісти висилають нещасних союзуських горожан на каторгу в Канаду. Коли один з моряків запитав політрука, що ж роблять самі ті українські націоналісти? — політрук відповів, що і вони їдуть, бо і союзуські горожані тоже зобилися зрадниками-націоналістами.

— Ех, братішка, — обізвася третій моряк, — там між вами і моя сестриця. Якщо зустрінеш її або якогось земляка з мого району, то передавай привіт від Трохима. Тільки один привіт, а більше нічого не кажи, поняв? Оце скажи їм, хай на Україну не сплять, хай підждуть...

я подумав: дійсно, прийде час і ось саме з такими, як ці моряки, будемо мати справу. А з такими справу виграє можна.

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