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“DEATH AND DEVASTATION ON THE CURZON LINE”

PAMPHLET TELLS STORY OF THE DEPORTATIONS FROM UKRAINE

A horrifying account based on eye witness reports of the forcible deportation of Western Ukrainians by the Red-dominated Poles to the Soviet Union soon after the close of the last war when the Soviets extended their boundaries to the Curzon Line, is contained in a pamphlet published last week the Committee Against Mass Expulsion, composed of prominent Americans, in cooperation with the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

The author of the brochure is Walter of Dushnyck of Brooklyn, American journalist of Ukrainian birth, who served on Gen. MacArthur's G-2 Foreign Liaison Section in Manila and Tokyo, as interpreter in the Russian and French languages.

The pamphlet is the fourth in a series of studies of post-war tragedies in Europe, including that also of the Czechs and Germans, published by the Committee Against Mass Expulsion. Amongst its members are William Henry Chamberlin, George S. Counts of Columbia University, Dorothy Thompson, writer and author, Rev. John La Farge and Rev. William J. Gibbons, of the editorial staff of America, Catholic weekly, and Norman Thomas, writer and author.

In its preface to “Death and Devastation on the Curzon Line,” the Committee stresses that “the scale of the deportations, involving some twenty million people; the fact that they occurred mostly since the end of the hostilities and are therefore crimes of peace and not of war; the fact that the victims of the deportations have not been recognized as displaced persons and have become men without the rights of man, the comparative silence of the press about them—all these factors make the question one of the most neglected of all the great moral issues which confront the civilized world.”

“This latest pamphlet, ‘Death and Devastation on the Curzon Line,’ the preface continues, ‘deals with the least known phase of the whole tragedy. Its subject is Ukraine, most of which has been behind the Iron Curtain ever since World War I.’”

Origin of Curzon Line

The Curzon Line in question is one suggested in 1920 by Lord Curzon, a British statesman, as a permanent Polish-Soviet political boundary. It was to run from the Narew river in northern Poland down to the San river and the Carpathian Mountains. However, the origin of the Curzon line has no connection whatsoever with the Soviet state. It came into the diplomatic dictionary as early as the spring of 1919, when the Supreme Council of the Allied Powers was debating the status of Eastern Galicia, for which the Western Ukrainian Republic and Poland were battling then.

When the Polish-Soviet frontier was definitely agreed upon in 1945 following the Yalta Conference, there were still some 1,200,000 Ukrainians living west of the “Molotov-Ribbentrop Line,” drawn in 1939 during the heyday of the Hitler-Stalin alliance and roughly approximating the old Curzon Line. The Soviets attempted to persuade these Ukrainians to be repatriated on a “voluntary basis.” Various inducements were offered them. But the Ukrainians ignored the bait. They knew too well what to expect under the Soviets. Great numbers of them went underground, joining the Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA), which originally had been organized to fight against the Nazi invaders and

then upon the retreat of the latter turned its fury upon the Soviet Russian invaders.

Thereupon the Soviets ordered their Polish satellite to forcibly deport all Ukrainians from what is now Poland. Unspeakable brutalities followed.

Mr. Dushnyck is careful to point out that there is no intention on his or anyone's part connected with the work of assigning the responsibility to the Polish people for these brutal acts. “We know that the Warsaw government which ordered the wholesale massacre of the Ukrainians is not a truly representative government of the Polish people, but a satellite puppet instead, which takes its orders always and solely from Moscow.”

“Ukrainian Lidce”

In the course of the “repatriation action” hundreds if not thousands of Ukrainians were murdered in a cold, premeditated manner. No crime, however, big, committed by the Nazi executioners seems to surpass the bestialities perpetrated by the Soviet-led Polish Army on Ukrainians in many villages west of the Curzon Line. In particular, what took place in the village of Zavadka Morochivska on January 23, 1946 seems to have touched the nadir of human cruelty. As the pamphlet correctly points out, it was planned and executed by the Polish government of Bierut and Co., whose representative to the United Nations, Dr. Oscar Lange, was then accusing the United States and Great Britain of “threatening” peace in Iran and Indonesia.

An excerpt of a well authenticated report of this “incident,” received from the Ukrainian underground, reads as follows in English translation:

“On January 23, 1946, about 11:00 A.M., a runner from the village of Zavadka Morochivska came to our detachment and notified us that Polish troops in force attacked the villages of Bukhovitsia, Ratinitsia and Zboiska. The Poles, he continued, were looting homes, and beating and killing the peasants. Immediately our detachment began moving in the direction of these villages. We met peasants fleeing from the above-mentioned places who reported that a great many Poles had come early in the morning to Zavadka Morochivska and organized a savage butchery, in which several dozen inhabitants were brutally murdered. Later on, a woman came and, sobbing bitterly, began telling us what the Poles had done: ‘They came to the village at dawn. All the men began to run to the woods, and those who remained, attempted to hide in the attics and cellars but to no avail. The Polish soldiers were looking everywhere so that not a single place was left unsearched. Whenever they captured a man, he was killed instantly; where they could not find a man, they beat the women and children... My father was hidden in the attic and the Poles ordered my mother to climb up the ladder to search for him. These orders were accompanied by severe rifle-butts blows. When mother started to climb, the ladder suddenly broke and she fell down, breaking her elbow. Five Poles began to beat her again with

rifle-butts and when she could not lift herself, they kicked her with their heavy boots. I ran to her with my four-year-old daughter and wanted to shield her, but the soldiers began to beat me and my child. I soon fell unconscious and awoke to find my mother and child killed and the entire village afire!’”

ON RECORD

By TED VICTOR

NEWS NOTES

New York.—Rehearsals for the Metropolitan Area Committee's jaunt to Akron, Ohio are coming along despite the summer heat. A bus has been engaged and some forty people will travel out to the city of bounce (it's the rubber capital of the world) to perform in last year's operetta, “Vechernitai.” I am told that if anyone is interested in going out then by all means they should get in touch with one of the UYLN-NA executives in the area. They can usually be found in the 23rd St. YWCA on Mondays and Thursdays.

Syracuse.—As part of a huge week long program in this city the Ukrainian groups will be out in force. The program is being held in honor of city's Centennial anniversary. Two nights have been allotted the Ukrainians, during which they will sing, dance and parade. Ukrainian children will have their own float while the director of the local dance group will come down the avenue astride a charger. Might be a good idea if other leaders followed suit. I've always wanted to see a fully dressed Ukrainian dance group come sweeping into their dances after galloping up on their spirited mounts. 'T would be almost like days of yore amongst the Kozaks.

Pittsburgh.—If you are anywhere in the vicinity of this city on August 22nd, then by all means be sure to attend the Ukrainian American Youth Day which is being sponsored by the Associated Ukrainian Clubs of Western Pennsylvania. Also if some appealing soul requests you to purchase a chance for any one of five grand prizes, don't turn him down for it's for a good cause. Besides yours truly has received a book to sell. Besides the Talent Show at the picnic there will be plenty of singing, dancing and of course refreshments will be served and so will you for that matter.

Akron.—The past few weeks have proven beyond a doubt that his city has really been busy with its coming Ukrainian Youth's League Convention. The convention will be held September 4, 5 and 6th at the Hotel Mayflower. I understand the Akron girls have a slogan for all young American Ukrainian manhood. “Come to the Mayflower and you will never again be a Wall Flower.” Might be worth looking into? Seriously though, if you have received your copy of the reservation form then by all means mail it right in for a little later may be too late.

Lenox, Mass.—Donna Grescoe who will soon appear in Akron at the above mentioned convention is now enrolled in the famous courses held at Tanglewood in the Berkshires. These courses are open only to the scholarship students that take the exams throughout the country. This is Miss Grescoe's second year.

Casino Beach, N. J.—This North Long Branch resort will play host to all of the people that took part in the Metropolitan Area Committee's famous Shevchenko Pageant. The Committee is treating the entire cast, and all people that helped out on the various committees. If you are in the vicinity why not drop down on August the 8th.

Among these operators were women agents of the Comintern in Moscow. One, recently, was associated with Gerhart Eisler now under sentence for contempt of court and passport fraud. Others were associated with cell members, many were used for couriers, taking information to New York Com-

FBI Tells Inside Story of How Reds Wormed Way Into Federal Agencies

Last week's arrests by the Federal Bureau of Investigation agents of top-ranking Reds in this country, indicted with plotting the forcible overthrow of the Government of the United States, brought to light some interesting facts on how the Reds had wormed their way into Federal agencies. As released by the FBI, the story of the organization of Red cells reads like a detective thriller with Moscow agents in many important posts.

As released by the Washington bureau of the New York Sun, dated July 21, part of the story of Communist party activity is based on documents in the hands of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which describe the infiltration tactics on a major scale as far back as 1934. Of necessity, only a part of the story is told here. The rest is shrouded in secrecy.

In 1934 an agent of the United States Reds returned from Moscow with funds in a money belt for promotion of Communist activities in the nation. A violin studio in Washington was used for the headquarters. During the war the headquarters changed to the home of a Government official. The courier from Moscow with the money was ordered to Washington to organize an underground.

Began in AAA

The organizational work began in the Agriculture Adjustment Administration, then in its infancy. A Red cell was formed in this agency. Promising young men were taken into the party, indoctrinated, and then told to scatter to other Government agencies for the purpose of forming new cells of not more than ten members each. This was done on a successful and wide scale.

Two members of Wallace's campaign staff were active in the original AAA group of radicals. Strangely enough, the activities of this cell were too much for Wallace to stomach at that time and he fired from the AAA several of the group. This agency was one of the early New Deal experiments in Federal control. The magic words “Federal control” was an attractive sounding phrase for the dictator-minded, fledgling Reds.

Incidentally, Wallace has now let out a blast against the arrest of the Red agents.

Soon the Farm Security Administration was infiltrated, former Senator Nye's famous munitions investigation committee, the Immigration Service, the State Department, the Work Progress Administration and dozens of other New Deal agencies and old-line Federal bureaus were targets for the spreading Reds.

Plucked Federal Reports

Once established, the Red Cells worked in two directions. Some members devoted their time to party recruits. Others plucked, timely production reports, mineral statistics, administration reports and general information from the files for the higher ranking comrades to pursue. Central selected members served as contacts with the traveling comrades, who emerged into being and vanished in the night after merely a word of instructions, or accepting a handful of papers.

Among these operators were women agents of the Comintern in Moscow. One, recently, was associated with Gerhart Eisler now under sentence for contempt of court and passport fraud. Others were associated with cell members, many were used for couriers, taking information to New York Com-

munist headquarters and other places. It was this link in the underground that cracked and led to increase FBI action and the eventual arrest of the top party leaders.

In 1934, a woman, whose name is known to most Communists, came to the FBI and related how she had traveled often between Washington and New York with photostated documents. On some trips, she related, she carried printed information on United States production, which she read and from which she took notes. She was a Communist. So was the man with whom she was living in New York. Upon his death she ceased acting as a courier and eventually came to the FBI. Her testimony has been helpful in convincing the Grand Jury that the Communists are attempting to overthrow the United States Government.

Lovers' Disputes

Inside the Red ring operating in the United States there were constant bickerings, jealousies and lovers' disputes. Mostly, however, there was a constant suspicion of one another. No comrade ever knew exactly who or what the other comrade might be. Some acted outside the orders of United States leaders; others would vanish, only to reappear in positions of power months or even years later; others just stayed vanished and only a wind of a whisper was ever heard of them again.

A farm near Quakertown, Pa., was once a meeting place for the global Reds, who somehow managed to find easy access or departure from the United States despite laws banning Communists from the nation. From here the mysterious figures, speaking little English but carrying powerful information from Moscow, would filter across the nation, on into Mexico, Canada or across the Pacific.

As the war progressed, the party members became more important in the Federal agencies into which they had infiltrated. Some actually helped formulate national policies; others, later, were accused of falsifying reports upon which major United States diplomatic relations with Russia were determined. These are alleged to have extended into the Potsdam and Yalta conferences.

Later as the war drew to a close and United States relations with Russia worsened, the Comrades began withdrawing from Federal employment. Many were fired. Others remain, apparently satisfied that their identity is a secret. In many cases it is not.

The man from Moscow, who in 1934 came back with the cash to launch the Federal infiltration, was killed in an automobile accident in 1936. Another Comrade took his place. Since that date every agency of the United States Government has had to contend with its quota of Reds, and many still harbor party members. In 1940 one important cog in the underground machinery, an intellectual Communist, had enough. He quit the party, tried to persuade dozens of others, some of whom held high Government jobs, to follow suit. He was largely unsuccessful in this effort. But he made memorandums of his efforts.

These are in the hands of the FBI and were the basis of calling some witnesses before the Grand Jury.

Spend your summertime reading some good books on Ukraine. All are obtainable at Svoboda Bookstore. See Svoboda advertisement.

Editorial

THE YOUTH LEAGUE IS NOT A SOCIAL CLUB

“Obviously!”—the average reader of The Ukrainian Weekly will exclaim upon reading the above caption. And yet, the fact remains that entirely too many of our young people look upon the League as merely a means of getting together from time to time at its conventions or rallies for the sole purpose of having a good time with others like themselves whom ordinarily they cannot meet because of the distances involved between their places of dwelling.

—Ah, yes, to be sure, there is such a thing as the League conceals known as the “forum.” Ah, yes, we'd better come down to the auditorium and listen to those speeches, dealing with goodness knows what. To be sure, we'll do our best to follow them. It'll be kind of hard though. Shouldn't have stayed up so late last night. Oh yes. Those speeches. Problems and issues. Pshaw! Come, come, hurry it up. We've got to have enough time to change for tonight's banquet and ball. But wait, perhaps I'd better ask for the floor during the discussion period and sound off a bit. That'll show I'm serious minded too. Say, that's not a bad idea! Wonder who is that serious but definitely good-looking person over there. Maybe I'll impress her (or him). But gosh—I wish this thing was over with, and on with the dance. After all, I've got to be back in work next Thursday.—

We are quite certain quite a lot of conventioners will recognize such thoughts.

Still we are equally certain that such are not the meanderings of minds which are orderly, which disciplined by what is known as will-power have set up a definite schedule for those in whose craniums they happen to be lodged. That schedule for the convention is—a sense of responsibility and awareness, thought, work,—and then at the proper time and place—play.

Such a schedule for the coming UYLN-NA convention is in the minds, we are sure, of all those who do not feel that the announced key-note of the convention, “The Securing of Lasting Peace” is “too political” and therefore should not be had. “Let's discuss the ‘third chapter’ once again! There's nothing ‘political’ in that!”

This view, we must admit, set us back on our heels. The securing of peace and with it the establishment of justice and freedom for all, the intense struggle of a sub-

merged and oppressed people such as the Ukrainians, the various forces contending for or against it all—of necessity occupies the mind of any person of good sense and feeling. Papers, even the local hometown ones, devote reams of space to the vital issues involved here. Yet for some of our young people all that is “too political,” to be shunned, or, better yet, to be blissfully ignored.

How reminiscent this is of a similar situation which existed before the last war. Then too many of our young people considered the matter of an international crisis as being “too political” to be bothered with. How well do we recall the incident of where a reporter at a League convention before the war approached one of the conventioners with the query: “And what do you think of Hitler's ascendancy in Europe?” “Oh,” was the offhanded reply, “that's a political matter, and I'm not interested in such things.” Well a couple of years later that very self-same person found himself unceremoniously plucked out of his “non-political” existence, given military training and gun and forced to fight against someone or other over an issue which he had hitherto looked upon as beneath his notice. We cannot help but wonder if at the coming Akron convention of the UYLN-NA someone will reply similarly if a reporter should ask him what he thinks of Stalin's ascendancy in Europe.

We think we have our point clear. We believe that the coming Ukrainian American youth convention to be held in Akron over the Labor Day weekend will be one of the most constructive in the history of the UYLN-NA, of the organization which for the past fifteen years has been in a sense the vanguard of Ukrainian American youth progress. Have your fun, but also stick to business, and don't shy at “political” issues. They have a vital inescapable bearing upon our individual, organization, and especially our national life, safety and security. And, concurrently, they have a vital bearing upon the struggle of our kinsmen in Ukraine to win their national freedom and sovereignty.

Before It's Too Late by G. H.

There was a very attentive audience in New York auditorium two weeks ago. Mr. Roman Smook, field director of the Ukrainian Relief Committee, was giving the report of his work in Europe and his listeners would not let a single word escape them. Here was a man who tackled the most difficult job that ever was thrown in the lap of Ukrainian Americans, the job of salvaging 140,000 Ukrainians from hunger and despair. Mr. Smook spoke of the initial success of his mission, of the difficulties that were surmounted and of those that lie ahead.

Success of individual Ukrainians in their private endeavors have become commonplace with us for we have proven ourselves to be as good as members of any other nationality. Success of Ukrainians as a nationality group, especially when it concerns the international chessboard, that is something else. There we have obstacles in every channel, placed there by our “friends” who managed to worm their way into every department of our government.

By strange coincidence the heavy burden placed on Ukrainian Americans, that of helping the Ukrainian DPs, has also brought success to Ukrainians as a nationality group. The recognition of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee by the U.S. Government was of primary importance because the political machinations of hostile elements, who tried to bury the UUAARC within the framework of Russian War Relief, have been defeated. The subsequent recognition of the UUAARC by the International Refugee Organization in Europe was

another success which may have an important bearing on our future. For the present this recognition is of vital importance to the DPs because UUAARC is their only protector in the world. It feeds them and defends them against abuses that have become notorious in DP camps.

But these are only partial successes on the road to the ultimate goal, the resettlement of the DPs. They must be removed from the dangerous spot in Europe to the countries where they can resume normal life. Every day brings them closer to disaster and, according to Mr. Smook, in another two years they will be physical and mental wrecks unless they are removed to safety now. There are good prospects that America will absorb 40,000 of them providing we, Ukrainian Americans, signify our willingness to receive them. A statement to that effect, prepared by UUAARC, is all that is asked of us—before it is too late.

It is generally acknowledged that nations perish when they lose certain qualities that give them strength. One of these qualities is the readiness with which a nation comes to the aid of its people in time of distress. The Ukrainian Americans are faced with a test of possessing that quality with regard to the large segment of Ukrainians stranded in Europe. Every Ukrainian, who does his duty in these precarious times, is joining his share toward the survival of his nationality. The important thing is to do it before it is too late.

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STALIN'S PAN-SLAVISM IN THE UNITED STATES

By WALTER DUSHNYCK

THE ever-increasing pressure by the Balkan satellites of the Soviet Union against Greece, and the Comintern activities in Italy and France can mean only one thing. The great schism between the democratic West and the totalitarian East is a grim and accomplished reality. In every field, the Soviet Union and its satellites make ready for a final test with the western world, for the Soviet elite is convinced that the time has come when their historic "mission" can be realized: world conquest for communism.

With a Soviet Europe as their immediate strategic aim, and with a Soviet-dominated world as their final goal, the Soviets have acquired and developed such preponderant assets that their intentions and calculations no longer can be ridiculed or ignored. One of its forces must be reckoned with its huge and unique international Fifth Column, well-disciplined and blindly-devoted to the Kremlin. It includes the reborn Comintern (Cominform), with its leading men playing the role of Soviet pro-consuls in a dozen European countries, the Communist Parties, and the legions of docile fellow-travellers; the Kremlin-dominated Russian Orthodox Church, and, finally, the aggressive Pan-Slavic movement.

While all these ramifications of Soviet totalitarianism are both revolutionary and anti-American, the Pan-Slavic movement deserves the especial attention of the American people. There are over 15 million Americans of Slavic descent in this country for whose souls the far-reaching hand of the Kremlin has been grasping stubbornly for the past several years.

Idea Not Novel

The idea of Pan-Slavism is not a novel invention of the Kremlin. More than a hundred years ago it had sprung up among the Czechs and Ukrainians as a form of political protest against the autocratic regime of Russia and Austria. But during World War II the Soviet government saw fit to "re-surrect" Pan-Slavic sentiment not as a means of fighting the invading German armies, but as a far-sighted device for linking together the various Slav communities of the world. The arguments in favor of "the community of Slav blood brothers," so generously used by Soviet propaganda a few years ago, have now been supplanted by those stressing communism as the strongest community link among all the Slavs.

Employing this technique, Soviet Russia has already taken over control of all the Slavic countries. Yet the development of political affiliations among the numerous Slavic nations is of vast importance. The Pan-Slavic Congress, held at Belgrade in December 1946, revealed the ever-growing control of Moscow over various Slavic groups not only in Europe, but in our own hemisphere as well. Significantly, Col. Mochalov, Secretary General of the Pan-Slavic Congress, declared: "We are fighting international reaction which works against the unity of the Slav peoples... The Pan-Slavic Congress will condemn what one may call atomic diplomacy." He then openly advocated a Slav bloc against the United States.

"Slav Mission" in America

The American Slav Congress was founded in 1943 in the United States simultaneously with the re-establishment of the Russian Orthodox Church and the resurgence of imperialistic Pan-Slavism in the Soviet Union. Its purpose is to serve both as a transmission belt for Russian ideology and as a potential Soviet Fifth Column in this country. Its president, Leo Krzycki, vice-president of the CIO Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, made a tour of inspection in Soviet Russia, Ukraine, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. Meeting Tito, he is reported as having addressed him as "the George Washington of Yugoslavia." Other important lights who emerged from this group, are Oscar Lange and Father Orlemanski, both subjects of national and international controversies.

The American Slav Congress comprises several groups, and repre-

sents almost every Slav ethnic minority in this country. Among the most important of these are: the United Committee of South Slavs (Louis Adamie's group); the Committee for Yugoslav Relief, the Bulgarian-American People's League and others representing Poles, Ukrainians, Russians and Serbs and Croats. In September 1946, the American-Slav Congress held a mass rally in New York in the Manhattan Center, in which many of the Soviet-dominated countries participated. Present were: Lt. General Alexander Gundurov, president of the All-Slav Committee in Moscow, Lt. General Karol Swierczewski, Polish Vice-Minister of Defense (known as "General Walter" in the Spanish Civil War, he was assassinated by the Ukrainian underground in March 1947); Tsola Dragoicheva, the Bulgarian counterpart of Rumania's Anna Pauker, Alexander Korneichuk, former Foreign Minister of Soviet Ukraine (known for his anti-American satires), and many others. It was resolved to launch an all-embracing campaign among Americans of Slav descent, using their press, radio, fraternal organizations, youth clubs, churches and veteran organizations; furthermore, it decided to organize a "Slavic Union of American citizens which will be capable of influencing election results next fall, so that only such candidates should be elected who would fully work for international progress." Perhaps it is on this group that Moscow is counting heavily to get support for the "third party" movement, initiated by Henry A. Wallace and supported wholeheartedly by the Politburo.

Satellite Diplomats at Work

The pro-Soviet activities among the Americans of Slav descent have considerable support from the Soviet satellite diplomatic corps, accredited to the United States. All of them serve as front men for a vast network of espionage, sabotage and revolutionary, anti-American action. Such diplomats as Oscar Lange, now recalled to Poland, Sava Kosanovich of Yugoslavia, Boyan Athanasov of Bulgaria and Michael Rales of Rumania are the liaison men between American Slavs and the communist Politburos in their respective countries. Diplomats of the Soviet-dominated countries have been most vigorous supporters of imperialistic Pan-Slavism. Red-front Slav groups in the United States do not frequently listen to these men at their meetings and rallies, where the regimes of Stalin and Tito are extolled, while our own system is vilified and denounced. To this end satellite missions have greatly increased their staffs in this country. For instance, Poland now has more than 170 diplomatic agents as compared with 50 before 1939. Among them are two men deserving of special mention. They are Colonel "Konar," who is Polish Military Attache in Washington, and his deputy, Major Rozanski, whose brother, "George Borejsza," recently visited this country, ostensibly to engage in purely professional matters. Back in Warsaw, Colonel "Konar" and Major Rozanski were in charge of a special "provocation department" organized by the Polish Security Ministry in order to combat the Polish underground. Now they are working among the Americans of Polish origin, infusing the Polish-American associations with one basic idea—participation in Stalin-directed Pan-Slavic bloc.

Bulgaria had no official representatives until a few days ago when that country was recognized by the United States government. Yet a mission under General Vladimir Stoychev and Boyan Athanasov has been working hard among the Bulgarians in America. Ath-

G. H.

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On Mr. Smook's staff there are two young Americans of Ukrainian descent, Julia Konick and Wasyl Gina. Mr. Smook had only words of praise for this pair. "Julia has a heart of gold," said Mr. Smook, "she works for our wretched people late into the night when she should be resting, no

nasov was the Bulgarian envoy to Lisbon under the Bogdan Filov government, at which time his country was allied with Hitler. At present he is closely connected with the Bulgarian Council in the United States, whose former head, Peter Grigorov, was editor of the Bulgarian-language community weekly Narodna Volya in Detroit before returning to Bulgaria and serving together with Georgi Pirinsky, ranking member of the American Slav Congress, as chief advisers to Dictator Georgi Dimitroff on anti-American policy in Sofia.

Although Soviet Ukraine is not recognized as an independent state, it is a member of the United Nations. As a consequence, its carefully-selected and Moscow-trained emissaries are in close contact with Stalin-loving Ukrainian groups here and in Canada. Dimitri Z. Manuilsky, Ukrainian Foreign Minister, often confers with these leaders, and occasionally gives them a hint as to how to shape their policy. On June 16, 1947, for example, Vasil Y. Tarasenko, a councillor of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, took part in a rally of red-thinking Ukrainians, mostly members of the Ukrainian section of the International Workers Order, at Cooper Union in New York, which severely censured American foreign policy. A sum of \$12,000 was collected for the "orphans" of Ukraine and the "Soviet army hospital" in Lviv.

Activities in Canada and South America

In Canada, too, Pan-Slavic propaganda, ably directed by the Soviet diplomatic representatives, has influenced some sections of the country's Slav population. Several thousands Yugoslavs and Ukrainians are reported to have asked permission from the Canadian government to return to their homelands. In Argentina and Brazil Russian propaganda among the Slavs has intensified rapidly. The Soviet Embassies quite openly support such groups as the Yugoslavs, Poles, Ukrainians, Czechs, Slovanes and Russians, hoping to convert them to Soviet Pan-Slavism.

It would be a mistake and grave injustice to hold that the majority of American of Slav descent trip along to the tune of the Soviet piped. On the contrary the Pro-Soviet Slavs form a relatively small proportion of the entire American-Slav population. Most of the American Slavs, as a matter of fact, came to these shores to escape the unbearable political tyranny of their foreign-ruled native countries. Despite a sentimental attachment to their "old countries," on the whole they are deeply devoted to their adopted country and its democratic system of government. Yet there exist the inevitable fanatical and poisonous groups, who blindly follow Moscow's policies and, as such, present a substantial threat to the security of the United States.

This resurgent Pan-Slavic propaganda has sounded all the sinister overtones of the late Nazi and Pan-German movement, which tried to rally around its imperialistic and totalitarian goal all Germans the world over. It has become incumbent upon the United States to stamp out the mushrooming subversive growth while it still remains in a relatively embryonic stage. Otherwise, the first battles of a possible World War III will take place in the backyard of a divided household. (Courtesy "Ukrainian Quarterly," published by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, Room 252, Church St., New York City. Subscription \$4 per year.)

job is too much for her. I wish I had more like Julia." The Ukrainian American youth may justly be proud of these two young people who have set up an example that will not be easy to follow. But we could emulate them in a small way—by writing to UUART that we are willing to accept a refugee who will be transported at IRO expense.

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

ABU KASSIM'S SLIPPERS

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by Waldimir Semeyas)

(Continued)

How can they be burned together? One would need a cord of wood Just to have them separated From the water. Damn it! Am I fated With some more loss for this brood?

"I know! That will be much better! I'll expose them to the weather When the sun will dry them well, Then I'll place this cursed menace In a hot and burning furnace And from there they'll go to hell!"

To complete his good intention And to hasten their incension Kassim took them up the roof. He went up, without e'er noting How at him an imp was gloating, Capering from hoof to hoof.

VI

In Bagdad, that great old city, You will find some streets e'en pretty, Though too narrow—for all that. There each house does also tally With its crooked, winding alley, And the roofs are all built flat.

All the houses in these regions Seem to have been built for pigeons: All their doors and windows short, And their backs faced to the alley. If a person means to dally He turns always to the court.

And the people in this climate, From the poorest to the primate, Dream at home from morn till night,

Till the eve begins its waiting, When the heat begins abating. They seek roofs with great delight.

Roofs with them are pleasure places

Where they walk with gentle paces And converse with neighbors, friends; So, to breathe for some duration, To enjoy their isolation, To the roof each one ascends.

ALIAS PRINCE CHARMING

By M. P.

The pretty wanderer from Zoria woke up from fretful sleep early next morning and her eyes stared pathetically around the cold, dingy room, only a few blocks away from the splendid hotel where her suitor was quartered.

Northern Manitoba was covered with a fresh blanket of December snow, and here and there bowed pines dropped their load of soft whiteness on to the bush road, over which sped the moccasined feet of Les Sandulak with a hurried and determined purpose. Not unaffected by the biting winds that blew down from the north, or the pervasive atmosphere of the woods that depressed his spirit, the young man followed a lonely path on the way from his customary weekly trip to Zoria.

Zoria, it must be said, was not the quiet name of his beloved but a little hamlet in the centre of a large Ukrainian colony—one of the many "foreign islands" formed in the Dominion by the people of the Old World.

The village prided itself on its two general stores, a post office in the larger one, a tailor shop kept by an old Hebrew, a railway station, a public school, two churches and a score of weather-beaten frame houses. The whole was surrounded on all sides by a forest of evergreens, in which the sturdy settlers had cleared homesteads.

The only outstanding buildings were the two beautiful churches, a Greek-Catholic and a Greek-Orthodox, both Ukrainian, with their imposing Byzantine domes, and three-armed crosses triumphing over the crescent.

Les Sandulak usually took a whole day off for his trip to Zoria. It took place in the middle of the week, and he regarded those trips as a sort of holiday—a respite from work—allowed him by his old father, Zakhar.

The Sandulaks could well afford to take a day off when they felt like it. They were considered comparatively wealthy—old Zakhar and his only son, Les. They had the biggest farm in the colony with the largest house and barn, and there circulated persistent rumors around the village of the

In the daytime, when all's dreaming, All the roofs with dogs are teeming, As do many of our ways. There, where house-tops were all level, It was naught for each spy devil To jump roofs in their affrays.

All the rading, all the jumping, All the wrestling, and the romping Of the dogs, and tomatos, too. On the roof a world is stirring, Full of grunting, hissing, purring—Having nothing else to do.

Children's jokes are very pleasing; Others' may be not appeasing; Not all jokes are worth the same. Peasant jokes—you laugh till morn; Lordship jokes—you're fill with sorrow; But the dogs the meanest claim.

So it happened that these fellows Met our Kassim's drying bellows Which were steaming in the sun. Standing 'round them they all wondered

O'er the objects that had sauntered Up that roof—and would not run.

They, to judge by their awed features,

Were afraid of those wet creatures. Finally: bow-wow! bow-wow! But the demon had shifted. All the tails were quickly lifted; One had even snapped by now.

Grunting once, he started tugging, Then, with paws another's hugging, Biting, pulling by the nose, An 'fore long, why every creature Tried to bite and to defeature Kassim's boots, to mar their pose.

All the howling, and what timbre! Some pull one way, other whimper, Bit by stronger in the fray. Thus they jumped one o'er another Barking, snapping at each other;; All delighted with their play.

"This Is Ohio!"

Early this year the Akron Convention Publicity and Public Relations Committee headed by Miss Sophie Kudera decided to make tours and personal contacts in various Ohio localities in order to introduce the U.Y.L. of N.A., and to inform the Ukrainian American youth of the Akron Convention to be held September 4, 5 and 6, Labor Day Week-end. These trips revealed one major fact—the lack of information in this area concerning the League. Very few people knew that such an organization existed, the purposes of the groups, what they have accomplished in the past and what they aspire to do in the future. Or if some people recognized the name of the organization, they had erroneous ideas about the group. However, the young people were unanimous in expressing a desire to see the League function actively in this vicinity. One of the new members of the National organization which is attempting to do just that, is the Ukrainian Youth League of Ohio, officially chartered in 1947. To date the Clevelanders and the Akronites have been active participants of the League. However, following the "Cocktail Party" held in Cleveland on May 30th and the "June Nite Whirl" in Akron, the response from various sections of Ohio has been such to assure us of a truly representative U.Y.L. of Ohio. And now perhaps you would like to hear of some of our experiences on our trips.

Youngstown—the City of Iron and Steel

Iron, steel, cold, hard, hard, stiff, indifferent; add these words together and they spell Youngstown—that's what some people think. But what an antithesis in ideas. What a contrast in these impressions and the actuality. Such warmth, friendliness and congeniality as found among our Ukrainian youth of Youngstown is

most heartening. It must be true that they say about Ukrainians. They are a very sociable and hospitable people, and can compete with anyone south of the Mason-Dixon line as far as hospitality is concerned. The Akron Convention Publicity Committee on one of its worthy missions was the recipient of the warm welcome accorded by the Youngstown people. And we were most favorably impressed. Having the Convention out here isn't such a bad idea after all.

Youngstown has several Ukrainian Youth groups which are very strong and active. Among them are the choral groups, a Veterans' Association which is one of the largest chapters in Ohio, and the Young Women's clubs, in addition to the various fraternal organizations. It was most pleasant to find such an unusual amount of interest aroused by the visit of the Committee. The young people are interested in Ukrainian tradition and earnestly seek means and ways of perpetuating this rich culture. We sincerely hope the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America may serve in that capacity. One of our great hopes and desires as a result of the Convention will be an increased membership in the Ohio Youth League. Youngstown—we think you're pretty good, so won't you prove to the world outside of Ohio that we were right in our estimation of you.

Rossford—Ohio's Home of Basketball Champs

Rossford will be remembered by the UYL-NA basketball players as the team which almost won the cup from the Chester boys—the next time they may. But to the groups which visited the fair city recently, the impressive feature of the Rossford-ites was the mirth, joviality and friendliness showed.

(Concluded on page 3)

den of sadness, as he plodded his way home. As he hummed, his thoughts naturally centered around Olga and his all-consuming love for her. His mind flew back to one happy summer night—alas, never likely to be experienced again with the same sweetness and happiness, because it was the occasion of his first real sensing of the meaning of love.

Oh, it was a glorious moment—the time when his love for Olga had suddenly awakened! Olga... the girl he had known all the life... the girl he had grown with... yet, until that fateful day it had never dawned upon him that he could ever love her. Ah, what a fool he had been! Yes, a blind fool, until that wonderful moment when his unwary eyes were suddenly opened, as if by magic. That was an unforgettable day!

It all happened at the wedding of Michael Dudar and Mary Litwin. Les acted as Michael's best man, and Olga as Mary's bridesmaid. The blindness began to peel off his eyes and love stealthily to creep into his heart from the moment he took his place with Olga behind the bridal couple, in the Ukrainian Greek-Catholic church, which was filled with chanting people, lighted candles and burning incense, and the priest officiating in his silver and gold vestments.

While admiring the happy couple in front of the altar, Les secretly mused on the time when he also should be standing in the same bashful position with some pretty, blushing bride. He wondered who the girl would be... he knew of no girl in Zoria sufficiently fascinating to flutter his fancies—one that would make him as happy as Michael appeared to be with Mary. He looked at Olga with the intention of using her as a form on which to reconstruct his dream of a perfect woman, and then a miracle happened... And to this very day he is unable to understand what caused that sudden change in his vision. Was it the wedding ceremony... the light that illuminated the holy icons... the burning incense... the chanting voices, or the mystic spirit of the edifice? It was a spell—it was magic!

He could not believe it was really she. She seemed strangely different. She was oddly transformed! There was something

about her that made him look more closely; and then, for the first time, in his life, he noted that Olga was a pretty girl, standing beside him with the pride and air of a real princess.

The third look convinced him that she was incomparably more beautiful than any other girl he knew, and he marvelled that he had never noted it before. He searched for an explanation, deciding in the end that Olga herself was responsible for the sudden attraction. For, whenever he had met Olga before, she had invariably been dressed in home-spun, loosely and clumsily worn, with a sweater with patched sleeves, thick black stockings, old fashioned shoes, and a red tam-o'-shanter.

Oftentimes he would tease her about some bad arrangement of her clothes. This brought blushes to the girl's face... Now the trim orange blossom frock of satin and lace brought out the outlines of her exquisite figure; slender and lithe as young willow; her dainty ankles in sheer silk hose, and small feet hidden in chic satin slippers. She was stunningly beautiful—beautiful like one of the roses in the bride's bouquet! Her round cheeks were full of blushing charm; her lips like rose petals; her dark eyes would reflect gloriously the radiance of the stars, he thought; and her long arched brows and curling hair made him think of the raven's wing.

The more Les looked at Olga, the more he admired her—and he kept looking at her so intently that everything else in the church was obscured by the sheer beauty of the girl. The blindness had fallen from his eyes! The awakening of love followed.

(To be continued)

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Behind the Scenes With Akron

The Akron UYL-NA Convention Committee is certainly clicking. Regardless of time or place, you can always find someone pecking away at a typewriter.

What these modern Ukrainians won't do next! Everyone is talking about "Internationalism," but it takes the Ukes to actually do something.

June Nite Whirl! The Akron "June Nite Whirl" certainly made a favorable impression!

Cleveland, Ohio's Steve Zenchak, currently attending Ohio State University, presented quite a remarkable sermon at a recent gathering of young Ukrainians.

Joe Rodeo of Ambridge, Pa. is running Steve Zenchak a close second. However, for all wedding ceremonies I recommend you see Joe rather than a Justice of the Peace.

Steve Dudiwka is the President of Akron's Ukrainian Holy Ghost Church, and a darned good one too! He's a hard worker, and a conscientious one.

"Ukrainian Day" in Youngstown Youngstown's Girls' Sodality from the Holy Trinity Church entertained the out-of-towners at a picnic luncheon at the Eighteenth Annual Ukrainian Day on July 11.

Harry Zarebnik of Chicago, Ill. must feel like King Solomon of the Bible. His "Harem" of Akron girls have seen to it that his visit in Akron will be a memorable one!

It was a extremely warm day, but apparently no one seemed to mind it. Young and old danced polkas, mazurkas, waltzes at the Idora Park Ballroom during the Ukrainian Day festivities.

Youth and the U.N.A.

HOW TO JOIN THE U.N.A.

"How can I become a member of the Ukrainian National Association," writes an interested reader of the Weekly.

In order to join the U.N.A., it is necessary for the applicant to complete an application for membership. These forms are supplied by the secretaries of the branches of the fraternal order.

When a prospect joins the U.N.A. through the home office, as is occasionally the case, the U.N.A. sends him information regarding the branches located near him.

The U. N. A. has about 465 branches scattered throughout the United States and Canada, and it is not often that a prospect cannot find a branch in his locality.

The Pen Pal Club "Fellow Ukrainians: I am sending this letter hoping that some other Ukrainian American boy or girl will write to me.

Thank you for your nice letter, Helen, and we sincerely hope you receive some mail from readers who want to be Pen Pals of yours.

Who will be club member number 27? Since the only purpose of this club is to introduce our readers to each other via the mails, without any fees or dues, we are rather surprised that more readers have not taken advantage of the opportunity to make friends in distant cities and towns.

Letters intended for the Pen Pal Club should be sent to Theodore Lutwinski, c/o U.N.A., P.O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J.

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)

In spite of the fact, however, that a certain number of D.P.'s have been accepted by various countries, the problem of displaced persons has merely been touched.

I am very glad to hear from you again and only wish that I could report some real progress in the refugee operation.

About 400 people from this camp have emigrated, mainly to Belgium (families) and England (single people) to work in the mines or on the land.

What They Say

Robert A. Lovett, for Secretary of State Marshall, in a note delivered to the Polish Ambassador:

"The United States has consistently endeavored to implement the clear understanding in the Potsdam agreement that Germany, including the Soviet Zone, should be treated as an economic whole, and it has consistently striven to create those conditions which lead to the establishment of a democratic German state capable of assisting the reconstruction of all the devastated countries of Europe and yet not constituting a threat to the security of those nations.

Dwight D. Eisenhower, president of Columbia University, on the acceptance of a grant from the Polish government for a chair of Polish studies:

"The establishment of the Adam Mickiewicz Chair is in accord with the long time policy of the university, stated many times, to further the study of the peoples and cultures of various areas.

Representative Charles Eaton, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee:

"No foreign policy will be finally successful in my judgement unless it has the support of both parties, both the legislative and executive branches of the Government, and the majority of the people because this involves the safety and welfare of all the people.

SOUNDING BRASS

By ETAION SHRDLU

Summer Picnics

Our family gets through the winter rather amicably. It is only during the summer months that we come near getting our pictures in the Daily News and Daily Mirror as a result of internal strife.

My own idea of a picnic is to drive out somewhere into the country and picnic.

One week before we start out on a picnic I sit down and write a letter to Eurasmus K. Kowkisser, the Governor of our fair state.

"Dear Governor," I write, "the Shrdlu family expects to have a little picnic next Saturday afternoon. There is apt to be a fight.

"She thinks that spot is a little too damp," one of the policemen would say. "She suggests that you drive down the road about a half-mile farther."

"How's that place?" "Too much poison ivy."

I would drive and suggest other places. Objections like these were mere routine:

"It's too damp... It's too dry... It's too shady... It's too sunny... Too near that farm house... Too near the road... Too far from the road; too far to carry the baskets... Not high enough; no view from here... Too near that precipice; the children might fall of... I don't like that... That's rotten... Too stubby... Too stony... There's a sign up: 'No Trespassing'... Too windy... No breeze there... No place to sit there... No... Awful... Terrible... You're crazy."

The irritation was, of course, always increased by growing hunger, and the picnic party was always in a state of cannibalism by the time it unloaded.

Dr. Floyd W. Reeves, former member of the President's Advisory Committee on Education, speaking to the American Federation of Teachers at Glenwood Springs, Colorado:

"The critical state of the world and the complexity of our problems allows of no simple solution. American democracy is being tested as never before in our history, and to meet this test we will need all the strength we can call forth.

"The simple conception of national defense in narrow and traditional military terms can serve only to lull us into false sense of security."

ATTENTION SOFTBALL TEAMS

The softball team of the Ukrainian Social and Athletic Club of Jersey City desires to book games with other Ukrainian teams within 100 miles of Jersey City.

of the state police changes every-think. We know quite well we can use no strong language, strike no blows, hurl no skillers. We have what might be termed company manners. Our picnics are almost enjoyable.

You can write to your Governor too, whatever your state is. Of course, if you are planning to take your mother-in-law along it would be wise to ask for a company of state militia for your picnic.

However, as far as ants, mosquitoes, chiggers, gnats, flies, spiders and other members of the insect kingdom are concerned, there is nothing that can be done about them so maybe the best idea is to stay home.

Mostly Summer

These are the days that fry men's soles. Right now the experts are full of advice on what to do when entering the sea.

New York's population would be 70,000,000 instead of 7,000,000 if they counted all those registered from New York each summer at the small-town hotels.

Golf—a pastime invented by a Scotchman whose wife objected to his drinking at home.

Yachting—a form of recreation usually practiced by those who know nothing about water, save as a "chaser."

Surf Bathing—a diversion which consists in clutching a rope while wetting the feet and ankles.

Fishing—the business of supporting a rod, to which a cord is attached, which idly dangles in the water. Bait is sometimes used.

Polo—a pastime which consists in chasing, on horseback, a ball that is occasionally hit.

Tennis Tournament—a collection of weary onlookers, who chatter inanely among themselves, while two perspiring unfortunates endeavor to bat a ball across a net.

Horse Show—a polyglot gathering, many of whom have never before seen a horse, assembled for the purpose of discovering what not to wear by viewing the clothes of others.

Prof. Doornaholova

Dear Professor Doornaholova:

Since you solved last week's problem so successfully, perhaps you can elude your keeper long enough to help me amend my current difficulties.

Last week here at the Ukrainian National Home, one of our beer pipes sprung a leak. Boys will be boys, but have you ever seen a MOUSE come staggering down the floor on all fours? Some of the weaker ones kept crawling out of their holes and asking for chasers. After a while, the beer started going flat. It wouldn't have been so bad, except one of the mice kept getting violent, and asking to see the manager.

Mike, our confirmed horse-player, put down his scratch sheet long enough to clock one of them on the far turn around the pool table. He's really very successful, though.

Now he's developed a very intricate system by which he loses money at a much slower rate.

Our controller is taking inventory of the stock tonight. He's been getting awfully bug-eyed lately. I wish he'd stay away from those liquid assets. His doctor told him to take a long stroll every evening. How much distance can you cover around a pool table anyway?

There's that thumping from upstairs again, as the folk dance group goes through its paces. Recently, one of the sabres broke; now the boys have to rehearse their sabre dance using saw-off pool cues. It's not so bad, except that during the dance, they have to keep chalking up.

Excuse me, while I stroll over to the bar for the dedication ceremonies. They've just tapped a new keg...

Unequivocally,

T. L.

"Svy"

О. Данський

ОСТАННІЙ ЛИСТ

„Кажуть, що Тебе немає, що Ти втік на чужину, покинув нас. Але ми не віримо, й це — брехня. Бо бачили Тебе в Одесі і в Харкові, Києві і в Подставі, навіть у самому Донбасі та на Кавказі.

Україно... І ми віримо в Тебе... Лист упав на коліна, рука на рукаві відбилася гнітю три гострих залізних штахет, як оперлася об поруччя лавки, стемнілий слід нашитої коліса тризуба.

мором травневого дня. Шов, як володар, не помічаючи дрібного, заслуханий в себе.

Валентин товариш хотів пійняти, зідхнув глибоко, та не змовчав бо, цікавився далі: — А того птаха ви не пійняли?

ЖІНКА ЛАТИНСЬКОЇ АМЕРИКИ

Жінки латинської Америки не мають рівних у світі. Візьмімо хоч одну Маргариту з Кагуасу в Пуерто-Ріко.

Вони ґрунтовно готуються до того дня, коли матимуть чоловіка й дітей, щоб ними піклуватися.

добається йому бути одруженим. Він посміхнувся: „Я не одружений. Я залишаюся самотнім. Лише жінці одружуватися.“

П Р А Ц Я

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СОНЯШНИЙ ПТАХ

Лікар Валентин не вмів молитися, але зложив руки, як у церкви, лише його ясно, втома танула в очах, мов сніг на чорних кущах, уста сміхалися.

тому просив: — Ти був на Арктиці? Це десь на півночі, як колись учився, а ти не сердься, а розкажи.

Валентин припізнався, його серце на мент спинилося, в'язало рухи.

All Roads Lead to Akron in September
11th Annual Convention
Ukrainian Youth's League of North America
Labor Day Weekend, September 4-5-6, 1948
Mayflower Hotel, Akron, Ohio

Grand Picnic
Central Committee of Ukrainian Organizations
of ELIZABETH, N. J.
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