



The Ukrainian Weekly  
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NEW APPEAL FROM UUARC

In view of the new law permitting the entry to America of displaced persons, the United Ukrainian Relief Committee issued another appeal to Ukrainian Americans for help in placing 50,000 Ukrainian DP's.

Every Ukrainian American may help to solve this pressing problem by consenting to receive at least one immigrant for temporary settlement. A special form has been prepared by the UUARC to be filled out by a person who wishes to accept a refugee.

Odessa Disabled Vets Stage Riots

A sailor who deserted the Soviet fleet told of bloody rioting that took place in Odessa, Ukraine, last April. What started as a demonstration of a small group of disabled veterans in protest against cancellation of their privileges, turned into a large-scale rioting that lasted three days and in which civilian sympathizers and the crews from anchored Soviet cruisers took the veteran's side.

During the rioting the port of Odessa was closed to incoming ships and none could leave the port. All news of rioting were censored so that population was kept ignorant of the incident. The iron curtain worked in more than one direction. The information finally reached a Russian newspaper that is published in the American zone in Germany. The story reflects the feeling that is now prevailing in Ukraine.

Akron City Fathers On the Beam

Hundreds of letters from the Mayor and the Chamber of Commerce of the city of Akron, Ohio, have been mailed to young Ukrainians in the United States and Canada, welcoming them to the Convention of UYL-NA over Labor Day week-end. In the nicely worded letters, everything in the way of hospitality is offered to the prospective visitors except the keys to the city.

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On Record - - by Ted Viator

Did you read last week's edition of the Ukrainian Weekly? If you didn't then I suggest you obtain a copy and turn to page three. There you will find an article by Mr. Henry Hawrylew sent to the editor of the Weekly.

out of the some sixty five letters I have personally written during the past months to these various organizations I have only received three to four answers. Of course I still have been receiving mail, but it is from people that I have become acquainted with personally. The interesting thing about our correspondence is that each one of us is constantly complaining to one another about the lack of cooperation that exist in our particular community.

I, for one enjoy reading letters to the editor, no matter who writes them and no matter what they have to say. Unfortunately, I don't believe I have ever met Mr. Hawrylew. But, if I had met him, and if I had known that he felt the way he does, here is what I would have enjoyed telling him.

"Ay, there's the rub," as Hamlet so aptly put it. Cooperation or the lack of it among our youth in general is what is the cause for most of our troubles. If we had a bit more cooperation; then Mr. Hawrylew would rest assured that not only would there be soft ball leagues but that the sports activities of every community would increase a hundred fold. If there were cooperation; then Mr. Hawrylew would be able to read to his heart's content of the activities in other communities and of their stories, articles, poetry and cartoons. If there were more cooperation; then the Ukrainian Orthodox League Convention would have been reported and Mr. Hawrylew could have read all about it. As it was no one took the trouble of sending in a write-up after the convention. (See what I mean about news items?) If there were more cooperation; each and every one that is doing their part now would work that much harder for they would realize that progress really was being made. Finally, if there were more cooperation; I feel almost positive that Mr. Hawrylew's personal opinion would change. Why? Simply because understanding something; fully and honestly, changes one's stubbornest personal opinion.

Personal opinion is always very interesting simply because it goes to such great extremes. (One man's poison is another's salvation) What Mr. Hawrylew thinks of, my column doesn't particularly worry me, for after all far be it from me to be able to please everybody. However, there is one point that I would like to bring to Mr. Hawrylew's attention. The "News Notes" that I report do not come to me of their own free will. I would gladly give up the pleasure of inserting them providing they would get into the paper from original source. Much to my sorrow such is not the case. People just do not want to be bothered with sending in news items to the papers. Each and every news item that I have used in my column has come to me through my personal letters. More often than not the writer was not even aware that they were news items or that they were going to be published. I keep a regular correspondence with as many people as will write to me. Unfortunately the number is relatively small. I have written to organizations from one end of country to the other, asking for news, cooperation and support for anything that might be of benefit to all of us. I'm sorry to say that

1,500 Displaced Ukrainians To Work On Maryland Farms

The Baltimore Sun of August 2nd printed the following communique from its correspondent in Frankfurt, Germany:

Fifteen hundred displaced Ukrainian farmers are due to arrive in Baltimore early in September for work on Maryland farms.

According to Roman Smook, director of European relief operations, the United Ukrainian American Relief Commission's present plans call for the displaced persons to leave Bremen about last week of August.

The immigrants—some with families—will be the first Ukrainians to leave Germany under the provisions of the new D.P. law.

Eager For Good Impression Smook's group is eager for a good first impression and is carefully culling the Maryland-bound displaced persons from 150,000 Ukrainians in 48 camps in the American zone.

Four Red Probes In Progress

With front pages of the country's newspapers screaming of revelations, Washington, D. C. must be having an open season on Reds. Although most of the sensational disclosures have been originating in the House Un-American Activities Committee, there are three other committees looking into the various phases of Communist activities. Here is a list of all committees engaged at present in a rat-hunt:

Senate: Special Investigating Committee of Homer Ferguson (R. Mich.) is trying to find out why the government's loyalty procedures failed to screen subversives out of federal employ.

House Un-American Activities Committee is yielding sensational spy-thrillers, showing how the Reds had an inside track in the government.

House Appropriations Sub-committee is delving into charges of former Commissioner of Education, Dr. John W. Studebaker, that he was compelled to restrict the use of educational material aimed to show the dangers of Communism.

The House Education and Labor Committee is studying the Communist infiltration in the labor unions.

Coming Out in the Wash

Although the main purpose of communist leaders was to place the greatest number of their stooges in the government, spying for the Soviets was one of their objectives. This testimony was given by Whittaker Chambers, former editor of communist "The Masses". Chambers gave names of communist leaders who wormed their way into important positions in the United States government departments, organized communist cells and gathered valuable information for the Soviets.

The recent revelations of the communist activities within the government during the time of war partially explain the influence behind the persecution of Ukrainians who always stood for dismemberment of Soviet Union and for free Ukraine. Things are "coming out in the wash" very rapidly, and the Ukrainians may smugly say "I told you so".

JOIN UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION!

Britannica Year Book Out

The 1948 Book of the Year, published by Encyclopaedia Britannica, is a wealth of world information and is properly designated as "A Record of the March of Events of 1947."

Information concerning Ukraine is included in the contents under the heading "Union of Soviet Socialist Republics." It gives the population of Ukraine as constituting 16.6% of USSR, or almost 31 million Ukrainians, and the area of Ukraine as 171,777 sq. miles.

The book lists the causes of economic setbacks in the USSR during the last two years, giving as one of them "the recalcitrant behaviour of the peasants in large areas of the Ukraine."

Ukrainian Bulletin Published

The current number of the Ukrainian Bulletin came from the press under the date of August first. The Bulletin is published in English language by the Pan-American Ukrainian Conference.

Featuring the current issue is the editorial on "The Ukrainian Resistance" in connection with the sentencing of 22 UPA soldiers, and the comments aent the recall of Stalin's representative to the United Nations, Andrei Gromyko.

Another important article deals with the danger faced by the Ukrainian DP's in the present world crisis.

Trivia - - - By Sophia

THOSE "EVERYDAY BLUES"

"Gosh,—another Monday coming up!"

Just another complaint about tomorrow, or the day after. Try as we may, we just can't select a day that will suit everybody. Even Sunday, supposedly a "day of rest," gets complaints. Mother has to cook a big dinner for the whole family (and sometimes this includes half a dozen visiting relatives.) Any public utility worker who has to be on the job Sunday prefers that it be any other day. Pop looks forward to the "day of rest," but that's the day all the kids are at home and thwart his every attempt to catch forty winks. Only summer Sundays are popular; the shut-ins get a chance at picnics and beach parties.

Monday is a blue day all around. Housewives toil over the week's laundry, others reluctantly trudge back from the weekend to their offices and machines. Nobody is very happy over the situation—neither the bosses nor the employees. The big executive mumbles to himself about his "inefficient secretary," while she in turn complains to the girls about the "unreasonable old crank." All in all, no one is particularly fond of Monday, especially if it's a rainy one.

By Tuesday, we once again get into the swing of things. We've resigned ourselves to another week of work, and the thought that one full day has already been put in bolsters our morale a few degrees. Most of us are in better spirits, probably because the eight hours' shuteye we got on Monday night was our first good rest since last week. (A good night's sleep is helpful at times, you know.) In fact, quitting time rolls around sooner than expected, and we leave the salt mines, still in high spirits. Enough energy is left in us to tackle some odd job at home that

we've been saving for "the middle of the week."

Wednesday starts out almost like Tuesday, but for one exception: the weekend is in view. Wednesday is a bit longer than Tuesday, however, for the zeal of the day before is dwindling. You may even be late to work on Wednesday, since you went to bed a little later last night. Wednesday, in other words, is more or less a day of crisis, the day which determines whether you finish the week with a smile or with a frown. It's also movie night, and you'll find there are lots of others in the crowded movie audience who feel that Wednesday is a good night to get away from it all.

On Thursday, you come into work either cheerful or with a long face. The turning point of Wednesday is past, and the outcome is written all over your face. For some people, Thursday is an ordinary workday, but for salesgirls, it means working till nine. Thursday is also shopping night for the office girl, who has mastered the art of pushing through crowds of shoppers and emerging unscathed. For others, Thursday may be an evening for choir rehearsal, card parties, or just for reading.

In case you haven't noticed, the housewife hasn't been mentioned since Monday, for the simple reason that she has been routinely doing light cleaning, preparing breakfasts, lunches and dinners, and has been quietly on the job from morning till night. Lucky housewife! Now that Friday has arrived she can get down on her knees and really put her heart and soul into some heavy housecleaning. All this while, the schoolgoing portion of the family rejoices because it's the last day of school, and those who go to work go with a light heart, knowing that payday has finally come

EDITOR'S QUANDARIES

Questions are asked, not always without malice, "Is the Ukrainian Weekly an official organ of the Youth League?" As might be suspected the implication is that too much space in the Ukrainian Weekly is allotted to the Youth League Convention. The question bobs up every year at this time of the year, and it might serve a good purpose to give it an airing.

Even admitting that editors become indolent, like the rest of humanity, and welcome contributions that help to fill some of the seven columns of these pages, the truth is that many of the contributed articles concerning the Youth League Convention are excellent literary creations. We cannot deny that there is among the Ukrainian youth a dormant, untapped and undiscovered talent for writing. It comes to the surface just before the Youth Convention and, if not utilized, would remain hidden or spent on other than Ukrainian purposes. There is, then, hope that the young people who are giving their skill to the Convention will later continue writing on other topics.

As for our readers, personal observation leads one to believe that many of them are enjoying the press releases of the Convention Committee. What could be more interesting or easier to read during these hot evenings than an account of what is being done for the affair the reader intends to attend? On one side there is a lively and active group of youngsters doing a fine job of writing, on the other side we have those who are anxious to read; it would be cruel to disappoint either of them.

Business Reasons

Then there is a good business reason for giving space to the League Convention, and that is advertising. Again and again clubs send in articles which contain couched announcements of some coming

affair, and in that manner attempt to evade the expense of a paid announcement. This has not been the practise of the Youth League. A paid advertisement in the newspapers revenue and is not to be snickered at, no matter how small; it is appreciated, and the appreciation is shown by accepting articles for publication.

We cannot overlook the good cause served by printing the material and thereby supporting the Ukrainian youth in this particular effort of holding conventions. The Youth League and the Convention are training arenas for future leadership, something that U.N.A. offers only to a limited extent. It is logical to assume that the young people who are active in the Youth League will be active in their communities. We would like to say that they will be active in U.N.A. branches, as so many of them are. But if they are active in their communities—the results are worth the effort.

Finally we must admit that of most of the young people concerned with the Youth League and the Convention are members of the U.N.A., otherwise they would have no claim on this publication. The League does not compete with U. N. A. but supplements the work of uniting the Ukrainian youth.

After the Convention is over and the last reminiscing article is printed we expect a lull on this subject. It is the accumulation of good material within a relatively short space of time that makes the Ukrainian Weekly seem out of balance.

Look in the Mirror - by G. H.

THE preacher waxed eloquent and thundered at his congregation: "What's wrong with our state, our city, our church? Look in the mirror and you will see the person responsible for some of the evils afflicting our society. Every day, each one of us, in some way or another commits an aggression by commission or omission against the law of God. This is an injustice and every injustice cries for correction; and it will be corrected, if not through voluntary apology to God, then by force from on High; nationally the correction will be effected through war, depression, pestilence; locally through social insecurity and political confusion; personally, through fear and loneliness."

So much for the preacher who expressed himself, in terms of state, city, and church. There is a temptation to apply the above logic to Ukrainians as a nation. Sins of commission and omission! How many evils have descended upon Ukraine because some things have been done wrong in high places, and some were not attended to, neglected! It may be truthfully stated that history of Ukraine is full of such acts or absence of acts when time called for them.

But let us leave the analysis on a national scale for some other time; let us apply the arguments above to smaller units of our society. Let us look in the mirror and analyze the person who is responsible for some of the conditions existing in the club or in the U.N.A. Branch to which this person belongs.

I joined the club because I liked the association of other members or for some other advantages coming to me. In joining the club I assumed an obligation to be a loyal member and work for the club's development and perpetual growth. My promises encouraged other members; they regarded me as a valuable acquisition and gradually learned to depend on me for doing right by the club. Then something happened and my interests shifted elsewhere. Have I committed a sin of commission or omission for which I will some day in the future be penalized through fear and loneliness?

If you ask any of your fellow-members this question and tell him to look in the mirror, he will most likely tell you to go to blazes. But ask him to give his opinion of another member, imputing to the latter the responsibility for the bad conditions in the club, and he will bring out the other fellow's faults galore.

Look at Johnny, he would say, he hardly ever comes to the meetings; if there were more like him this club would fold up.

Look at Andy, he never makes returns for dance tickets on time. How can we trust him? Look at others, for that matter, who never open their mouths when they should, and still others who keep theirs open all the time. The person who bears most criticism is the club president. If he cannot take it and insists on being president, then woe to the club! He will walk around with a chip on his shoulders, he will find fault with the way a member looks at him; and will be your enemy for life if you oppose any of his pet projects. He will never admit that he is wrong in his attitude to criticism, but will tell you that "so and so wants to be president because he is talking about me behind my back."

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Alas, it is too much to ask any member to look in the mirror for an answer, who is responsible for poor conditions in our club. Perhaps I ought to look into the mirror myself....

### Ukrainians Participate in University Affair

Ukrainians played a prominent part at Wayne University in Detroit, Mich., on July 22, 1948 when the school sponsored a "Campus Nite Club." The occasion marked the opening of the Starlight Room on the 12th floor of Webster Hall. This building is the Student Center of the University and is the heart of all its activity.

Stéphen G. Lucky, (Branch 183) was chairman of the event. Mr. Lucky has long been active in Ukrainian affairs and is the former director of the Ukrainian Chorus "Bandura" in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and "Chorus Trembita" in Detroit, Michigan.

Club Boyan of Hamtramck, Michigan, were featured as the leading attraction opening and closing the show. They performed three dances and made hit with the university audience. Miss Patricia Macherzak, probably the smallest and youngest dancing member of Club Boyan, danced a solo. The dancers were as enthusiastically

received by the other (non-Ukrainian) members of the show as they were by the audience itself.

Miss Alice Lapitaki, of Detroit played several accordion solos. Blond and attractive, she performed as only a Ukrainian with a rich musical background can perform.

The affair was a boon for the promotion of relationships with Americans and the consciousness of a Ukrainian culture. The audience was made up mostly of school teachers from all parts of the country, principally the west and the south. They are attending the university during the summer session for special studies or for completion of their master degrees. They expressed their happiness at having an opportunity to become acquainted with Ukrainians and to see the beautiful costumes and dances. Many of them stated that they will really have something to talk about when they return home.

S. L.

### Register For the Youth League Convention Now!

#### NOTE TO CLUBS

- Who are to become members:
  - Any club or organization comprised of Americans or Canadians of Ukrainian descent may become members of the UYLNA.
  - Any individual, American or Canadian, of Ukrainian descent, may become an "individual member."
  - Any club, organization, or individual fostering or advancing Communism or other foreign ideologies shall not be entitled to membership in the UYL-NA.
- Rights of Members:
  - Each club or organization can have two delegates who shall be entitled to one vote each at the annual assembly of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. If only one delegate represents a club or organization, this delegate shall be entitled to two votes. One delegate may represent several clubs or organizations.
  - Each delegate must have the

written authorization of the club or organization he represents.

C. Individual members may attend and take part in the annual assembly and discussions but shall not be entitled to vote.

D. The dues payable to the League for each club member shall be five dollars per year and for each individual member two dollars per year. At the convention in Akron there will be a special desk set aside for all registering clubs. The registration will be good for 1948 and up until the next convention in 1949. Registrations for clubs and organization can also be mailed in as soon as possible to me. However, if the time is too near the period of the convention then I suggest that they be made in Akron. The above rules also apply to all individual members.

**THEODORE V. SHUMEYKO,**  
Financial Secretary UYL-NA  
1972 Ostwood Terrace,  
Union, N. J.

### Small Stuff

The Associated Press reported that 7,000 pigeons were released at the opening of the Olympic games in London. Americans present must have thought they were at the Democratic convention in Philadelphia.

Some minds are like chimneys, filled with hate. Wherein dust and dirt accumulate, By keeping them clean from evil concern. The better the coals of contentment burn.

So Harold Stassen has been named the head of the University of Pennsylvania! He thus becomes president sooner than if he had been nominated by his party.

You can't be polite these days without somebody wondering what you want.

A lecturer says that the average woman wears better than the average man. But not so much.

**Oddities: Men at a clam bake on hot August afternoon lustily singing "Jingle Bells."**

Perhaps the reason President Truman called Congress back to Washington was that he was lonesome, what with so many of his former pals walking out on him.

### "Meet Your Convention Committee"

Genevieve Zepko, Chairman—What is there to say about our "Chairman," since she is so well-known throughout Ukrainian circles? Born and bred in Akron, Ohio, she has chosen to remain in this big little city working for United Air Lines in an executive capacity. Her interests, however, extend far beyond this locality and she includes among her accomplishments a position on the Executive Board of the Ukrainian National Association. Petite, light brown hair, a winning smile and an engaging personality, she is easy to spot in any crowd. A capable and shrewd business woman as well as a down-to-earth organizer, she is a wise and logical choice for Chairman. I could go on and on stating all her merits—but what's the use! Everyone knows Genevieve Zepko!

Victor Pulk, Vice-Chairman—Quiet, unassuming but very capable, efficient and hard working—these words best describe Victor Pulk, our Vice-Chairman. Happily married to a vivacious attractive young blond "Ginny," the entire family can be found knee-deep in Convention work or activities at all times. It's just too bad that little Carol Ann is only three, else they would have her helping too! Vic, an employee of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, is liaison man between labor and management and has been doing extremely well. So if you have any problems, just call on Vic and I am sure he will be able to offer you a satisfactory solution. But please, don't write. See him personally September 4, 5 and 6th during the Akron Convention.

Jennie Pulk, Recording Secretary—Jennie Pulk, the Recording Secretary of the Akron Ukrainian Youth Convention Committee may be the "baby" of the Pulk Family, but she's a capable and dependable young business woman. She is a good mixer and possesses that rare ability to get along with people. Perhaps it stems from the fact that she loves humanity, with whom she deals daily. Being an interviewer for the Social Security Agency in Canton, O., as well as

Assistant Branch Manager, she hears many wild tales of woe. Maybe that is why she is so sympathetic and such a good listener. Fellas—if you enjoy talking but lack the audience, just corner Miss "Jennifer" Pulk—she has our stamp of approval. Miss A-1 Listener. Oh yes, vital statistic department: tall, slender, brunette, with brown eyes and that "Ipana" smile everyone is talking about.

Mrs. Ann McGowan, Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Ann McGowan, is none other than a Zepko with a new name added. She has given up her successful business career for one in the home—the destination of all females (?). In addition to a handsome husband, she is kept quite busy tending to the needs of her young one, Dennis Michael McGowan. She has transferred her abilities from the office into the kitchen. From typewriters and telephone, via the Altair, to pots and pans. And she is expert cook—such luscious cakes and pies! We are very fortunate to have a housewife as efficient as Ann for Corresponding Secretary. But poor Mr. McGowan! He'll soon be asking himself: "What have I married? The Akron Ukrainian Youth Convention Committee?" Even under the strain of all the work, Ann still looks as young and pretty as ever!

Andrew Dudra, Treasurer—Andy Dudra is a lucky man—lucky in love and lucky in work! For what could be better than the job of TREASURER of the Akron Convention Committee! However, the brighter side of the picture is that Andy has just been promoted from A-1 Bachelor to A-1 Husband. He is to be congratulated on his job of "promoting" his big deal. Andy is a very friendly and likeable chap, the easiest person to get along with in town. Right now he is mighty busy setting up housekeeping, but Mary (that's the little woman), helps in every possible way so that the Convention will be "The Best Ever." By the way Andy is a super accordionist, too.

### ABU KASSIM'S SLIPPERS

By IVAN FRANKO  
(Translated by Waldimir Semenyina)

(Continued)

Kassim, like a man enchanted,  
Could not move and hardly panted;  
He could not e'en think, in fact,  
With these mocking exclamations,  
The injustice, accusations,  
All for someone else's act.

Bloody, threatened with oppression—  
Like a cut-throat by profession:  
In his arms a child is seen,  
By his side a woman's bleeding,  
While two huskies are preceding,  
Carrying the boots between.

And around, tumultuous procession.  
That's the kind of odd procession  
That was dragging through the streets,  
While the vultures 'bove were crowing.  
To the courthouse they were moving  
Where one often justice meets.

There the judge was waiting,  
ready.  
"Abu Kassim? My dear laddy,  
I believe we've met before!  
Well, well, what's your last creation?  
Why this bulky congregation?  
Why do all these people roar?"

It took more than just a moment  
For the judge, with sweat and foament.  
All the evidence to trace;  
Who's at fault in this affair,  
Who had killed the little heir,  
And who scratched the woman's face.

But although the judge saw early  
That in this case it was clearly  
Not the miser's fault at all,  
He could not resist the pleasure  
Of depleting Kassim's treasure;  
He just craved to see him fall.  
He decreed: "Whereas this slaught-

er  
Of this woman's only daughter,  
Whereby she gave up her breath,  
Was by Kassim's boots enacted,  
Boots whose care he has neglected,  
He must pay, then, for her death.

"And whereas this little baby  
Was a grandchild of the lady  
And the last to bear her name,  
'Stead punishment for murder,  
Abu Kassim must go further  
And repay her with the same.  
'He must wed this widowed mother  
And in time become a father;  
Bring her issue back to life...  
Now the justice, which he troubled,  
He must pay a hundred doubled,  
And the same his future wife."

With that judgement and the money,  
Our wise judge, who thinks it's funny,  
Goes away, the crowsd's salam,  
While poor Kassim, as if thunder  
Had just struck his strength asunder,  
Stands there speechless,—deaf and dumb.

VII

I don't know how feels the bandit  
Who, when he's with murder branded,  
Undergoes a 'thousand deaths',  
But, if I am not in error,  
Kassim underwent the terror  
Just of such ten hundred scaths.

There he stood, just like a stump-  
ling,  
Looking paler than a dumpling,  
Rather, yellow as if waxed;  
In his head all thoughts were jumbled,  
While his heart, it seems, was crumpled,  
And his ears with noise were vexed.

"God Almighty!" lapsed he quaking,  
"All of this is envy's making!  
May the lightning on you fall!  
I'll survive your mocking, lying;  
I am certain that my sighing  
Will revenge me with you all!"

Having said this he, with tears,  
Pulled the turban o'er his ears  
And was just about to trudge  
On his shoulder something rested,  
'Wait a minute," with a nudge.

Kassim, with his soul nigh blighted,  
Stopped and turning slowly,  
sighted  
A tall minion of the law  
Who, with hands upon his raiment  
Bellowed, "Just a slight detainment.  
Here's your forfeit, strong and braw!"

"Forfeit! For..." "Why yes, your slippers!  
You don't think that we are frippers  
Or some breakers of the law?  
Here they are, tied well together,  
Now, get moving with your leather  
And don't let us hear you caw!"

All the people burst out laughing.  
Kassim picked them with their stuffing;  
First he placed them on his knee  
Then he swung them o'er his shoulder,  
When another tug, much bolder,  
Then a cry, "And what of me?"  
So again he stopped and, turning,  
Felt a chill and then a burning  
As if he was nettled nude.

It was she, the baby's granny,  
She, who caused the loss of many  
Of his coins, that pulled his suit.  
She was barefoot; hair disheveled;  
Greased and dirty, nose half beveled;  
Two black teeth enframed her tongue;  
Her each hand a rake resembled;  
On her chin the wrinkles trembled

While her voice one's ear-drumma wrung.  
That's the kind of pleasant beauty  
That grasped Kassim for her booty,  
As a hangman would his prey;  
Took his arm just like a lover  
Hugging it with all her power,  
As if 'twas their wedding day.

"Abu Kassim, lovely starting!  
Please don't grieve so much, my darling!  
Cheer up and regain your pride!  
Surely 'twas God's own donation,  
To repay for your privation;  
When he brought me to your side!  
'For my love there is no measure!  
I shall offer all my treasure;  
With myself you will be blest!  
Oh, the joy I feel, and surely,  
If you only love me purely  
Paradise will be our nest!"

(To be concluded)

LADIES! RECIPES ARE IN DEMAND!

In this era of canned food obtained over the counter, many a young bride wishes she had helped her mother at home in preparing that delicious meal that only mother could prepare. She wishes she had learned the secret of certain dishes, not only to please her husband but to satisfy her own taste. She wishes she could prepare the dishes that even her own mother could not conjure. What can she do about it but use the trial and error method on her husband?

But that may take all her living days, and she wants to know now, while her husband is still healthy. Therefore, take pity and send us those recipes of Ukrainian dishes, pastry, dainties and goodies. Tell us how to cook, how to bake, how to pickle and can.

But please—be generous with your secrets and be exact to the minute details. A wrong combina-

**SOFTBALL EASTERN SLAV CHAMPIONSHIPS**  
August 15 at Sokol Camp, Boonton, N. J. Start 11:30 a.m.

The Eastern Slav Softball Championship will be decided on August 15th when 5 teams representing the only organized leagues playing within Fraternal or Youth League organization. This replaces the attempts made to hold National Slav Tournaments in Softball and Golf. The territory covered starts at Washington, D. C. and runs to Boston. 250 miles from New York City which covers Binghamton, Elmira, and Syracuse.

The first game at 11:30 will have an added feature as the winner will not only be playing a first round game in the Tournay but will be playing for the Mickey Hamalak Plaque which is awarded annually to the Greek Catholic Church in New York City. St. Mary's Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church of the Bronx, Ukrainian Youth League winners, will defend their 1947 honors when they meet the St. Elias Carpatho Russian Greek Catholic Church representatives, namely the American Russian Sokol Lodge of that city. The winners of the Slovak Sokol Softball League meet the leaders in the Federated Russian Orthodox Clubs League of Greater New York City at 1 P.M. Branford, Conn. Croatian Fraternal Union meets the winner of the Bronx-Brooklyn game at 3 P.M. Finals are at 5 P.M.

tion of this or that may ruin the broth and the bride's happiness. Don't hold any secrets back and you will be blessed.

We live in deeds, not in years;  
In thoughts, not breaths; in feelings,  
not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs.  
He most lives who thinks most,  
feels the noblest, acts the best.—  
Philip James Bailey.

Four things a man must learn to do:  
If he would make his record true:  
To think without confusion clearly;  
To love his fellowmen sincerely;  
To act from honest motives purely;  
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—Henry van Dyke.

Democracy is that form of government and society which is inspired above every other with the consciousness of the dignity of man.—Thomas Mann.

Without free speech no search

for truth is possible; without free speech no discovery of truth is useful; without free speech progress is checked and the nations no longer march forward toward the nobler life which the future holds for man. Better a thousandfold abuse of free speech than denial of free speech. The abuse dies in a day, but the denial slays the life of the people, and entombs the hope of the race.—Bradlaugh.

Skill, trusteeship, scientific method, these three, which are obviously related to one another, indicate the main sources of strength in modern civilization.—L. P. Jacks.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—Francis Bacon.

### ALIAS PRINCE CHARMING

By M. P.

(Continued)

Les sighed and turned to the lane leading to the Rybak homestead.

"Slava Bohu—Glory be to God!" Les greeted Olga's parents on entering the house.

"Slava na veeky—Glory be forever," they returned solemnly, and wondered what could have brought Les, with a perspiring brow.

"Welcome, Les. We haven't seen you for ages! Glad to see you under our humble roof," Rybak remarked, offering him a chair, from which his wife hurriedly wiped off the dust.

"Our chairs are dusty since Olga went away. No one cares to visit us now, not even you, Les," Mrs. Rybak said with a sad reproach.

"Aw, leave the young man alone, Martha," interposed Rybak. "What news have you for us, Les?"

"Here's a telegram for you. Taras asked me to hand it to you on my way. I understand it's from Winnipeg." Les replied, trying to control his tremulous voice, as he held out the message.

"A telegram... from Winnipeg?" they both exclaimed, their eyes staring with apprehension.

Rybak and his wife stood in the center of the room as though petrified. This was the first telegraphic message they had ever received. It was synonymous with some unfortunate event—most likely the death of some kin. In this case it could only be their daughter, Olga.

"Oh, my God! It's Olga... Oh, my poor child..." Marta broke, burying her weather-beaten face in her gingham apron, whilst spasms of sobbing shook her small figure.

"Now, now, Marta... wait until we see what the telegram says," Rybak admonished, but his hand trembled as he reached for the envelope.

Panko carefully inspected the message from every side, to make sure it belonged to him, and broke it open with a certain degree of hesitation.

"Les, you read it. I'm not so good in English, you know," he said turning to Les.

Les uncomfortably moved his shoulders.

"But, Mr. Rybak, written in English is Chinese to me. You know there was no school in Zoria in my time. All I know about English is what I picked up myself, and that isn't much," he mumbled, embarrassed. The parents' consternation was now evident in his eyes too, and he was reluctant to look at the contents for fear it were true.

"Don't joke, Les! You know English much better than I do, and I want you to find out what happened to Olga. Read it quick!" Panko commanded, and Les began to struggle with the message. It contained but two sentences:

"Dear parents: If you want me back, wire. Am broke.—Olga."

Interpreting the message literally, and unable to grasp the meaning of English idioms, the news brought a fresh outburst of tears from Mrs. Rybak, and upset both men. Olga, the beloved of all present, was in some inexplicable trouble!

"Oh, my only child, my Olga! She must be ill, without help, among strangers—in a cold, friendless city," Marta lamented.

"She wants us to send her a wire? What wire? What is she

going to do with a wire? If she is not joking—this is full of mystery. What shall we do?... What shall we do?" Rybak ejaculated worriedly.

Les was quick to act in all cases of emergency. Regaining the composure the message had taken away, he made a suggestion.

"Let me go to her. Maybe there's something I could do to help," he proposed.

"You would go and help Olga after she gave you a harbooza and made you the laughing stock of all the farmers?" Panko asked incredulously.

"Why not? I love her!" Les replied simply.

"Oh, God bless you, my boy!" cried Mrs. Rybak seizing his hand. "Please, do go and help my girl, in spite of it all. She still likes you, that I know... She will be glad to see you, Les," Mrs. Rybak begged as she looked pathetically into his eyes.

"Sure, I'll go. I'll set out at once. And don't you worry any! I'll bring Olga back," Les assured the grieving mother, and took a hurried leave.

"I wouldn't go after the girl who gave me a harbooza. Let her sleep in the bed she has made for herself," the father grumbled,

although really glad at heart to see the youth's eagerness to hasten to his wayward daughter's rescue.

"Don't be so hard-hearted, Panko," Mrs. Rybak said reproachfully.

During the journey of two hundred miles—his first trip to the big city—Les did not give himself to abstract dozing. His thoughts were all centered on Olga. He experienced painful anxiety about her well-being and was impatient to be at her side. He felt, he was doing the right thing in going to her. Poor Olga! He was partly responsible for her plight, he thought, but he would make amends.

When Les was not thinking of Olga, his mind was occupied with other passengers—the big city folks. It was the first time he had seen people well-dressed, and well-groomed, and he admired them. He admired the city chaps with powdered, pale faces, and shining, smoothly-combed hair. They were reading magazines, playing cards or pleasantly chatting and smoking nice-smelling cigars. Comparing his own awkwardly-dressed figure in blue overalls and sheepskin, he wished he was dressed as one of them. At this thought something painful gripped his heart as he

realized that it was probably this air of refinement which had attracted Olga to the City.

He really envied the lives of these refined men and women. Would it ever be possible for him to transform himself into one of these city-pale chaps? He would do it for Olga's sake—anything for her sake! He would order the best clothes to be had from a catalogue of one of Winnipeg's big stores, he would shave twice a week at least, would powder his face, and apply scented paste to his bushy hair. And he would read books and papers in the winter time, and learn the ways of the world, instead of shooting jack rabbits and coyotes, and gossiping with the crowd around the stove. He would never chew tobacco again, or try to beat old McDougall, the only Scot in Zoria, in spitting into the sawdust box, without missing it once... Yes, he would even live in the city, should Olga desire it...

Les felt drowsy, and for an hour fell into a pleasant sleep. He woke up when the trainman, in his shrill voice, announced: "Next station—Winnipeg!... All change!"

The man in the sheepskin coat jumped to his feet, brushed his unruly hair, and with evident im-

patience waited to place his feet on the pavement of the big city. His eyes shone with secret anticipation—he had a most illuminating dream, and he was eager to get off and teach the world what he knew.

It was past midnight. Realizing the inexperience of hunting up Olga at this time of night, Les found a hotel and registered for the night, despite the objections of the clerk, who was loath to give accommodation to a man in overalls and sheepskin coat in his exclusive hotel. The sight of a roll of bills did the trick, however.

(To be concluded)

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# Youth and the U.N.A.

## IT'S UP TO YOU(TH)!

In our previous column we stressed, once again, how important it was for the younger members of the Ukrainian National Association to take active interest in the affairs of the organization, inasmuch as its very future depends on the young people. We pointed out that, though the younger members outnumbered the older members' 30,000 to 20,000, the fact remained that the old folks were doing the bulk of the work. In today's column we intend to emphasize certain points... not only to impress the reader with the seriousness of the youth situation, but also to drive home the thought that it is up to him and others like him to do something about it, and that that something should be done NOW.

It may be recalled that we mentioned in our last column that the death rate where U.N.A. members were concerned was one per day. This is no exaggeration! More than 30 members died during the month of July, just passed! Almost all of them were of the older generation... and one was a U.N.A. branch secretary. What is our point?... you may ask. The point is that the old folks... and once again we wish to remind you that they are doing the bulk of the work for the U.N.A. and its branches—are leaving us at a rapid rate. The old folks are good members, for they know what the U.N.A. represents and take their membership seriously. That is why so many of them, including some with little or no education, are branch presidents, treasurers, secretaries and organizers. Such members are difficult to replace... particularly those who held responsible branch positions. Any serious thinking person can see that if the present situation continues for any length of time the very existence of the organization will be jeopardized. The old folk cannot be expected to shoulder the burden indefinitely, for their numbers are being depreciated; many are quite old, and many more are ill or permanently disabled.

Although the Ukrainian National Association has more than 450 branches, hardly a handful are in the hands of the young people. And, with a few notable exceptions, hardly any of the youth-controlled branches can be described as particularly active.

We generally attempt to be as optimistic as possible in our column about the youth and the U.N.A., but it is difficult not to face the actual facts. For, in addition to the somewhat indifferent attitude of the youth, more young people have dropped their U.N.A. mem-

bership via the suspension or cash surrender routes.

It is clearly up to the youth to remedy this situation. One would think that with 30,000 young people holding membership, the situation would be cleared up overnight. As things are, however, this matter has been pending for some time and little if any improvement has been noted. We may even go so far as to state that the situation has worsened, and to emphasize this, wish to point out that more than a few youth branches have ceased to function as such during the past few years. Not only has the number of youth branches decreased, but U.N.A. youth activity generally has slackened sharply.

We are sure that our readers will recall seeing the pages of this Weekly crammed to overflowing with news accounts of the numerous U.N.A. youth activities in the years preceding the war. Why, youth branches were being formed in all parts of the Country... U. N. A. baseball, softball, basketball, bowling, and teams were so numerous that leagues were formed and championship matches were arranged. Dances and other social functions were practically weekly affairs. But all that is so much history today, and we have an entirely different situation. Of course we would like to see similar youth activity today, but will be satisfied just to see more young people take interest in the branches of which they are members. Once they do this, the rest will follow naturally.

We have no way of knowing how many readers we have, but we urge each and every one of them to take this particular column seriously. Be a good U.N.A. member by attending your branch meetings regularly and taking more interest in branch affairs. Help your branch officers, and bring in new members. If you are nominated for a branch position, do not hesitate to accept it for you can do more good as a branch officer. Campaign for branch officer. Campaign for branch delegate at convention time so that the youth will be strongly represented. Publicize all branch activities as extensively as possible. Be helpful... interested, active. The future of the U.N.A. is up to you(th).

If you wish to add your own comments to this serious discussion, don't hesitate. We welcome material for publication at all times.

### The Pen Pal Club

"Even before the Pen Pal Club started I had thought about such an idea for young Ukrainians, but

I never dared write in to suggest it," writes Miss Marilyn Tarandy, 5245 S. Fairfield Ave., Chicago 32, Ill., a member of U.N.A. Branch 259. "As a result I was very glad to see the beginning of such an organization and I've followed the column since the start. Now I'd like to add my name to your 27 members and I certainly hope I'll hear from many Ukrainian kids. I'm 16 years old (almost 17), have dark brown hair and eyes; am 5 feet 5 inches tall, and weigh 127 pounds. I might add that I'm a senior in high school. I belong to the St. Mary's Roman-Greek Catholic Church here in Chicago. I'd really like to hear from both fel-

lows and girls of Ukrainian descent. Thanks so much."

And thank you, Marilyn, for your interesting letter. We hope you receive many letters from Pen Pals.

Our club now consists of 13 girls and 15 boys... a total of 28 members. Next week we will introduce our 29th member.

Interested readers should write directly to Miss Tarandy. Those desiring to join the club and so have interested persons write to them should submit introduction letters for publication to Theodore Lutwinski, c/o U.N.A., P.O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J.

## CLUB NEWS

### WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Youth of U.N.A. is observing the first birthday, writes Mildred Dobriansky, the secretary of the club.

Organized in August of last year, the club started out with a benefit banquet which netted \$300 for the Refugee Orphans. Then came a party on Ukrainian New Year's Eve. Both affairs taxed the money-making ability of the club with favorable results.

With the aid from U.N.A. four bowling teams were financed during the winter months. Then a May Dance completed a cycle of club's functions for the year. The outing to Lake Silkworth on July 25th was not a money-making affair, and so for once the members were able to enjoy themselves without worrying about the ticket sale.

The club decided to send two delegates to the Youth League Convention in Akron, Ohio, and elected Stella Iwaniew and Michael Grozio for the trip.

In spite of the summer heat, plans are being made for the next year's activities, and president Michael Malisichak is calling a special meeting for August 16th in order to take counsel of the members for an early action.

### PITTSBURGH AREA

The American Ukrainian Associated Clubs of Western Pennsylvania are sponsoring a Youth Day Picnic at West Park on Sunday, August 22nd. The program includes Softball Tournament, Musical talent contest, and concert.

Softball teams that wish to participate may contact Mr. Joseph Gebet, 942 Hazel Avenue, Ambridge, Pa. Anyone wishing to participate in the talent contest are urged to get in touch with Mr. Michael Komichak, 526 Elizabeth Avenue, Hanover Heights, McKees Rocks, Pa. not later than Sunday, August 8th.

The Greater Pittsburgh Ukrainian Choir will render a few selections, followed by the dancers of the Ukrainian School of Folk Dancing. Public dancing will follow, from 5:30 to 8:30 P.M. to the music of Sandy Wyse's Orchestra. Miss Catherine Haluschak of Carnegie is the chairlady of the Dance.

"We are the same group who sponsored the Rally at the Fort Pitt Hotel in November" writes Miss Olga Figel. At that time we donated \$750 to the Ukrainian War Relief Fund and \$250 to the American Ukrainian Congress Committee. Proceeds from the picnic will be given to aid the DPs.

This is the first time that the Ukrainian American Youth is sponsoring picnic in Pittsburgh area. Meetings and choir rehearsals are held in the Fort Pitt Hotel every Thursday evening at 8 P.M. For more details contact Miss Olga Figel, 920 Rostraver Street, Monessen, Pa., who is the secretary of the organization.

### CARTERET UKRAINIANS ACTIVE IN COMMUNITY

The night baseball between Fort Monmouth Soldiers and the Ukrainian Social Club of Carteret, N. J. on July 28th was a benefit performance, all proceeds going toward the purchase of athletic trophies awarded each year to the outstanding athletes of Carteret High School. The game was staged by the War Memorial Committee of the club and was preceded by memorial services in memory of Carteret's fallen heroes.

The American Legion Post No. 263, with Commander Walter W. Wadlak in charge, performed the legion ritual. Chaplain Rev. MacDonald gave the invocation and the Ukrainian Male Chorus of 22 voices sang the Lords Prayer and My Buddy in a setting of complete darkness with only the red glow of flares in the form of twenty-foot crosses. Demetri Zazworski directed the choir.

Also taking part in the ceremony was the color guard of the Star Landing Post, VFW. The firing squad of Company L, of the famous 82nd Airborne, fired the final salute to the dead, and taps were sounded by T/5 Demi Stiker. Following the services the Company L drill team gave a splendid performance under the command of Sgt. C. G. Benarczyk and Cpl. George Kimrough.

Two Ukrainians have been named this year to receive athletic awards at Carteret High School. They are Andrew Raskiw and Michael Derewetski.

### BAYONNE, N. J.

#### Bayonne Ukrainian Sporting Club Holds Annual Elections

National Slavonic and UYL-NA Basketball Champions Elect Walter W. Danko to Presidency

The Bayonne Ukrainian Sporting Club, which needs no introduction to sport fans, recently held its annual elections, at which time the following were elected to office: Walter W. Danko, president; Eugene Wisniewski, vice-president; Paul J. Paak, treasurer; John J. Mathews, secretary; Sergt-at-arms, Aler Redslow; and sport director, Ed. Kolakowsky.

Also, to the Board of Trustees: William Chelak, William Draganichuk and Chester Szymanski; and to the Auditing Committee: William Tomilenko, Mihallo Jaroszewski and Frank Syskowsky.

Walter Danko and William Tomilenko were chosen to represent the organization at the 11 Annual UYL-NA Convention which will be held in Akron, Ohio over the coming Labor Day Week-end.

Plans were also discussed regarding the Club's Basketball Team—to maintain the squad at tip-top strength and to defend the national Slavonic title which the Bayonne Ukes have held for the past two seasons, and the

National Ukrainian Youth's League of North America championship, which the Ukes won in Rochester last season. This may be a bit difficult to do, as five Bayonne Ukrainian aces have received college scholarships and they will be away most of the season. They are: Myron Lotosky, 6'5", and Ed. Kolakowsky, 6'3", who will play for the Siena College Varsity. Willie Tomilenko, 6'6", who will play football and basketball at Lebanon Valley College. Also, 6' Bobbie Orzovsky, who will chuck for St. Peters College and Frank Syskowsky, 6'6" star who will play at George Washington University.

But opponents are still warned to look out for the Bayonnites, as there is plenty of material coming up to the Ukes from various Bayonne High Schools. The Bayonne Ukes average 18 years of age.

On the social calendar for the ensuing year, many functions are being planned. The most important of which is the Annual Fall Dance, to be held on Friday evening, September 10th, at the Bayonne Polish-American Hall 29 West 22nd Street. Music for the occasion will be furnished by Joe Snihur, the Polka King and His Orchestra. Therefore, please make it a point to attend, as the Bayonne Ukrainian Sporting Club, the only active Ukrainian sport group in the city, needs your support to continue to favorably publicize the Ukrainian name.

Remember the date—Friday evening, September 10th.

JOHN MATHEWS, Secretary  
Ukrainian Sporting Club  
33-35 West 19th Street  
Bayonne, N. J.

### OPEN QUESTION TO ALL CLUBS.

Are you replenishing your membership rolls with the "small fry" that is just about reaching the right age for joining a club? Do not neglect them!

## Professor Doornaholova

Dear Professor Doornaholova: Last week, about dusk I very romantically proposed to my best girl, while in her living room parlor. She coyly asked me to wait, while she decided. About 11:30 when her parents returned from the movies, they asked me what I was doing down on one knee. What should I have done?

"Wondering"

Dear Wondering: To avoid this embarrassing situation in the future, I suggest that you bring along a shoe shine box. This can become a very profitable hobby, provided you have a wide range of feminine acquaintances.

Dear Prof. Doornaholova: Next month my son will celebrate his eighth birthday. My only trouble with him is, he is very bashful. Recently, when I asked him what he'd like for his birthday, he grew red, didn't say a word, but kept pointing to a cute little blonde girl across the street. Do you think I have brought him up properly?

"Puzzled"

Dear Puzzled: Decidedly not. By the time I was eight years old, I had learned not only was it rude to point, but I whistled quite proficiently.

Dear Prof. Doornaholova: A few days ago, I went to my doctor for a physical exam. He found nothing organically wrong, but he suggested that I take up a hobby to brighten my lonely hours. What would you suggest?

"Pooped"

## SOUNDING BRASS

By ETAION SHRDLU

### Mail

The congestion of our postal service leads to the natural inquiry: Why mail? Why not abolish mail entirely?

At first blush this may seem like a drastic measure, but stop and think. Is mail indispensable or is it something we've always had like corns and falling hair and just take it for granted?

After making a long and exhaustive study of the subject I have broken down the average family's (our's) into the following categories:

1. Prospectuses (or is it Prospectif) 10%

Dear Mr. Shrdlu: Your name has been furnished to us by a mutual friend (the city directory or a sucker list for which they paid \$2.00) and after checking your background and social standing (bank account) we have decided to let you in on an unusual opportunity to make a million dollars by purchasing 50 shares at par in the Amalgamated Uranium Mines, Inc...

2. Bills 40%

Dear Mr. Shrdlu: Please remit. Dear Mr. Shrdlu: This bill is past due.

Dear Mr. Shrdlu: Unless a settlement is forthcoming immediately, we are turning your account over to our attorney for action.

My dear Mr. Shrdlu: Will you please call at my offices at your earliest convenience in regards to your account with Liebowitz, Horowitz, Strinkowitz and Murphy or we shall be forced to take court action.

3. Assorted Trash 35%

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Caiabrese request your presence at the marriage of their daughter Marylee

Joycelyn (I remember when she was Maria Josephine) to Rocco Simonetti, etc... (even though your acquaintance with the family is limited to an occasional "Hello" on the street, you are expected to bring something in sterling.)

This coupon and 50¢ entitles you to purchase our giant economy size of PCZT (regularly 49¢) at your neighborhood grocery store.

Having a wonderful time, wish you were here. Guess Who.

Dear Mr. Shrdlu: The Thursday Night Ladies Aid Society is conducting a drive to raise \$50,000 for a hostel for homeless Pussy-cats. (I hate cats.) May we count on you for a generous donation?

Look Shrdlu, unless you keep that mangy mutt of your's tied up so he won't be able to run my cat and dig up my flower garden, something is going to happen to him. Signed, Sick and Tired.

4. Magazines 8%

(Mrs. Shrdlu always falls for that college-boy-working-my-may-through-college-you-subscribe-to-a-magazine line.)

5. Business correspondences 5%

My dear Mr. Shrdlu: In re your inquiry of the 12th inst. we beg to state that the answer is NO!!!

6. Letters from your friends 1 1/2%

Dear friend Etaoin, Just a line to let you know that we are all fine except that my wife is in the hospital with a fractured hip. Junior was arrested last night for murder and Sistle is being black-mailed by the hired man. If you could spare a few bucks for a month or so, etc, etc.

7. Letters you receive by mistake 1/2 of 1%

Dear Tootsie-wootsie Lover-boy, (Wow! am I glad that one came to the wrong address; Mrs. Shrdlu opens all my mail.)

8. Letters containing checks or Money 60 of 0/2

Therefore, I maintain that we would be better off without any postal service. The high-paid postmasters and the under-paid mailmen must go.

### Mostly Homes

... A renter who breaks away from his landlord and buys or builds a house of his own has a home of the free, and also, at present prices, a home of the brave.

... Most houses now on the market have two stories—the buyer's and the seller's; and then there is the tenant's—but that's another story.

... Give some people an inch and they will proceed to divide it into building lots.

... There's always room for a good man—but not when he's looking for an apartment.

... Quite a number of contractors out our way are planning to build a lot of new houses with robbery the motive.

... Still and all, there are a lot of houses going up—in price.

... A clue is something the detective finds when he can't find the criminal.

... A friend not in need is a friend indeed.

... We are posterity our forefathers worried about. Can you blame them?

... Uncle Sam is willing to let Europe have money to put it on its feet, which is better than having Europe on our hands.

... Munitions plants would soon go out of business if we could make it as hard to start a war as to arrange a peace.

... There are still some religious sects who claim the world will come to an end in a year or so. It may be the best solution after all.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir:

Recently, I have noticed in the pages of the "Ukrainian Weekly" several letters to the editor, every one of which has been either a complaint, or destructive criticism, not only of the contributors to this periodical, but also of its format, dearth of material, etc. I am in accord with these readers to a certain degree, for the Weekly is not a periodical of the highest calibre. It has many shortcomings; at times its contributing writers "human" implies fallibility. I have been a constant reader for a great number of years; I've read good issues of the Weekly and bad ones. A good newspaper is not the product of any one mind, nor is it printed for any one type of mind. True, the readers must have some one thing in common, and in the case of the Weekly, it is a Ukrainian heritage that draws its readers.

We of Ukrainian heritage, as well as anyone else, don't care to read the same news every week. Sometimes the Weekly is at fault for repeating the same thing too often. Sometimes the Weekly staff is to blame, I'm sure, but certainly sometimes one of these complaining readers, instead of tearing down the paper, could take a few minutes to write something constructive, either to let people know what goes on in his home town, or to offer opinions and suggestions on how to increase the reading appeal of the Weekly.

I realize that our Ukrainian American youth does take many things seriously, judging from the number of them who take part in community activities and organizational life. Having read the Weekly carefully for the past six months or so, I am more than ever convinced of the fact that there are many more of "do-nothing-and-say-plenty" kind among our youth than I had thought, who are content simply to sit home, peruse the Weekly when it arrives, say to themselves, "Another dull issue," and do nothing about it. The few who have ventured to criticize the Weekly have only offered negative criticism—the easy kind.

I, personally, have felt that the Weekly is only what we readers make it; a few persons can't put together a newspaper and make it more interesting week after week. I've contributed to the Ukrainian Weekly on occasion—I don't know if anyone has ever read what I wrote, but I've always hoped some reader might have been interested. Why, then, can't there be others? How long does it take to pen a few lines on what's going on in your neck of the woods?

The more letters to the editor I've read, the more discouraged I've become. Does Ukrainian youth have more to offer than destructive criticism of other people's untiring efforts? If so, why keep it so mum? I, for one, would like to hear it.

INTERESTED READER

Under the sponsorship of the Combined Societies of  
**St. Demetrius Ukrainian Orthodox Church**  
OF CARTERET, N. J.

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Олексій Запорожець.

ВДОВИЦЯ

Товариш секретар міського партійного комітету — люди на неабияк, не проста. Хоч змалку він учився мало, зате, як виріт та пішов у комуністичну партію, швидко „учобу“ догнав, перегнав і осягнув найвищого ступеня марксо-ленінсько-сталинського вчення. А вже це й висунуло його на відповідальний пост. І покотилося лагідне його життя, як м'яч по шовковій травці. А слави тої скільки! Усі начальники, господарники та різні директори перед ним запобігають, підлещуються, вклоняються йому. Тому раді, коли б у віці плонув.

Петро Карпенко-Кривач

ПЕРЕДДЕНЬ

Наше сонце ще мусить зійти і наш день спалухить довгожданій. А тепер заграює на Ті, А навколо і ніч і тумани, і жорстокого ворога Лють. Досмага найдалшої хати...

В. Домонтович.

Приборканий Гайдамака

Оповідання про Саву Чалого.

(Уривок).

Саво загасив усі свічки окрім одної останньої. Слабке світло не могло змагатися з темрявою великого покоя. Третяча п'ятма погнула вистав. В невизначеному просторі простяглися присмерки. Повторене полум'я жовтою плямою мерехтіло в блискучій площині великого дзеркала.

Петро Карпенко-Кривач

ОДА ЖИТТЮ

Слава тобі, о життя, що не має ні меж, ні краю Ю. Клеп. Хвала тобі і слава і признання за всі малі і розчарування ганьбу, за несподівані діб і за терзання, що в нашу обернулося судьбу.

Хто міг би сказати йому, чи це не він іде тепер по підземному ході з ліхтарем в пітьмі, рахує кроки, згадає, в який бік йому звернути, лічотий сходиться, що ведуть його вгору, натискує на камінь. Так, це він, гайдамацький ватажок, а той інший, полковник коронної служби — пан полковник! — сидить у кріслі і в напруженому чеканні прислуховується, чи не почує здалека кроки, і серце йому стискається, падає, черкає крилом.

Саво хоче кричати від жаху, бо він не знає тепер, хто він, де він і що з ним. Але він не кричить. Ні, він не кричить. Він обережно натискує на камінь, камінь піддається, безгучно повертається, одкриває прохід, і він входить до великого покою, ледве освітленого полум'ям свічки, що стоїть на столі, а біля столу в кріслі сидить пан в кунтуші, полковник коронної служби, який домовився з ним зустрітися сьогодні.

Крізь каламутну пітьму, ледь розріжену світлом свічки, він робить кілька кроків в напрямку до пана. Пан полковник підводиться з крісла і так вони стоять один проти одного. Він, Саво, гайдамацький ватажок, і цей другий, пан у кунтуші. Цей другий — такий самий, як і він, Саво: високий на арист, широкий в плечах, вузький в талії, з шаблею на боці й пістолем за поясом. Можливо, правда, що пан — трохи грубіший за нього, Саво.

Вони стоять один проти одного, вдивляються в обличчя й мовчать. А коли той пан підводить руку, простягає йому, щоб поручатися, Саво спочатку теж простяг йому свою руку, але в останню мить ривком свою руку назад. Так і не поручалися вони.

Глухим голосом, афертаючись до Сави, пан сказав: — Сидай, хлопе!

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