



The Ukrainian Weekly
Supplement

№ в Зл. Америкы; № Загородном

Тел. „Свободы“: BERGEN 4-0237
4-0807

Тел. У. Н. Союз: BERGEN 4-1016

№ in the United States; 5¢ Elsewhere

WEEKLY: No. 33

JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 16, 1948

VOL. XVI

Maryland Farmers Help DPs

Information has been received from the UUARC office that a committee of farmers in the county Carroll, Maryland, has been formed in order to absorb some of Ukrainian DPs.

A meeting of farmers was held on August 6th in Taney Town, with Dr. V. Gallan and a representative from the Department of Agriculture attending. After a discussion of the subject of resettlement, as presented by Dr. Gallan, the farmers signed applica-

tions for 25 families to enter United States. One of the farmers volunteered to solicit signatures of other farmers in the county. Proposition was offered to allow childless couples to adopt a child before coming to America, which would simplify the problem of care of the orphans.

The action of Maryland farmers is called to the attention of Ukrainian farmers as well as other Ukrainians who are in position to accept a refugee.

Uuarc Succeeds In Freeing a Refugee

Stephan Sokarewich was a Ukrainian soldier in the Polish army held in England. From there he illegally came to Canada, then to United States. The immigration authorities in Bangor, kept him

in custody until the efforts of Uuarc succeeded in freeing him. He is now awaiting final decision of the Immigration Office to legalize his permanent stay in the country.

On Record - - by Ted Victor

THINGS TO COME

No doubt you have read time and time again, about the things you have seen, done, and accomplished, at a convention after the convention is over with. Here for the first time (and perhaps the last) you will read of the things you are going to do at a convention. Naturally, these things do not permit me to go into too much detail but, for better or for worse here is eye-witness report of what you are going to go through in Akron over the Labor Day Week-end.

Friday, September 3rd has finally rolled around. You leave work a bit early and rush home to finish the packing you started the evening before. Rush here, and rush there, to get everything into your already bulging bag. Sit on it, push on it, and finally in desperation say a fervent prayer over it as you give one mighty last push to close it. Having closed it, you now turn your attention to your own personal needs. Shower, dress, and bolt a few morsels of food into your empty stomach, while you rush about the house checking whether you have forgotten something or not. Naturally you have, but for love or money can you think of it until you are fully unpacked at the hotel and all set to take part in the convention's activities?

Having packed and taken a bit of something to eat which your mother has prepared (that bit of something usually feeds the whole crowd) you rush off to meet the rest of your friends that are going out to Akron. On the trip out you make vain attempts to get some rest for, after all, it's going to be a long week-end. But try as you may it is next to the impossible to sleep with a bus load of singing Ukrainians.

Comes Saturday morning bright and clear, you arrive in the rubber capital of the world. At this stage you have lost all your bounce so you try your best to get to your room and get a few precious moments of sleep. Thanks to the efficiency of the housing committee you do manage to get settled in your own room within a relatively short amount of time.

A little after eight in the morning your phone begins to ring. Now who in the world could that be? Of course it's John what-his-name from Chicago. "Why, how are you?" "When did you get in?" "How many of you are there from Chicago?" "We had a whole gang from our place." So it goes and before you know it you are down at breakfast with John what-his-

name. After breakfast you go up to the second floor where they are registering all delegates and guests. People all over the place, some faces new and others you know but not their names. You get in a group and begin talking to them as to old buddies of the previous convention. You and all the rest in the circle are waiting anxiously to hear a name so that you can call him or her by it, instead of trying to catch their eye or just by poking them. Oh yes! you almost forgot about the room numbers. "What's your number?" "Is that next to Bill from Detroit?" "Oh, he got married?" "Isn't that a shame?" So it goes and before you know it it's time to go down to the main ballroom of the Mayflower where the sessions are being held.

All the delegates are sitting up front so you take your place in some comfortable spot and await the official opening of the convention by the president. After the preliminary business has been disposed of the convention turns its attention to its theme, "WORLD PEACE—YOUR PROBLEM!" After the speakers conclude you begin thinking, "I guess it is my problem and I can do something about it." You wonder at the coincidence of the convention theme and the scheduled stop of the Freedom Train in Akron over the Labor Day Week-end. Both are making their effort to establish World Peace. It is good to know that you are important and that other people value what you have to say during the sessions. Yes, it is good to be in Akron at the UYL-NA Convention.

After the sessions you spend a good deal of time talking to newly made friends. Time passes quickly in good company, and before you know it, it is time to get dressed for the welcome dance at the New Market Gardens. Thank goodness it's only a short distance from the hotel. You arrive. You talk, dance, sing a bit and dance some more. "Isn't it wonderful?" "And just think it's only the beginning." The night grows older but you are still going strong. A party here and a party there but you must remember that you have to get up in the morning to go to church. Finally you made it, you're home, well in your hotel room and that has a bed. Ah yes, the bed, it seems your head is moving as if by radar towards it. At last, sleep overwhelms you. You're dead to the world.

(To be concluded)

Russia Attacks DPs Soviet Criminal Code Again

Claiming that a secret army is being formed in DP camps with the connivance of authorities in the western occupation zones, the Soviet delegate to the U.N. council in Geneva took a blast at Ukrainians.

He said that the "camouflaged military defense groups" are headed by a famous Ukrainian war criminal. (In Soviet eyes any person who opposes Soviets is a war criminal; even President Truman was designated as such at one time.)

The Soviet delegate further charged that the head of Camp Lysenkon, near Hannover, served as Mayor of a Soviet town under the Nazis and took part in the "mass annihilation of the Soviet

"Voice of America" In Ukrainian

The State Department's most conspicuous effort in the foreign information field, the "Voice of America," is being overhauled, improved and expanded, says the New York Times of August 12th. The "Voice" is aimed at the countries where falsehoods are being spread about the United States. To the twenty-two languages used at present in broadcasting information about America, there will be added ten others, including Ukrainian, beginning on the first of October.

UKRAINIANS JUBILANT OVER UNITY

The creation of Ukrainian National Council and of the Ukrainian government in exile aroused wide exultation among the Ukrainian immigration centers in Europe. Public demonstrations and solemn church services welcomed the announcement of consummation of Ukrainian political unity. Further evidence of the triumphant feelings among the Ukrainians is noticeable in the general contribution of funds for the support of the Ukrainian National Council, which is something above normal in any impoverished group of people.

From Canada

DPs Satisfied With Their Occupations

A survey conducted by the Canadian Department of Labour shows that Displaced Persons are showing a desire to remain in the occupations for which they were brought to that country.

Recently, when 370 DPs terminated their agreement in the Spruce Falls area, approximately 65 percent decided to stay at their jobs in the woods although free to seek other employment. It is expected that some of the remaining 35 percent will return to the woods later.

The report on these workers submitted to the Department of Labour indicated that the Displaced Persons were pleased with the hospitality and friendship extended to them by their fellow workers and by the company which employed them.

Girl Typist Wanted

High School or Business School graduate. Knowledge of Ukrainian language required. Good opportunity for a beginner. Apply to: Ukrainian National Association, 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City 3, N. J. Or call: Bergen 4-1016.

Welfare Worker In Demand

In connection with the plight of the two Soviet teachers who refuse to return to Soviet paradise, there has been brought to light the Soviet Criminal Code which would be applied if and when the two teachers returned. The Code reads as follows.

1. The refusal by a citizen of the Soviet Union, who is official of a Government agency or enterprise of the USSR active abroad, to comply with the request of the organs of the Governmental power to return to the confines of the USSR shall be regarded as a flight to the the camp of the enemies of the working class and the peasantry and shall be qualified as treason.

2. Persons who refuse to return to the USSR shall be declared outlaw.

3. Outlawing shall entail: a. Confiscation of all property of the convicted person; b. Shooting him to death within twenty-four hours

after the identification of his person.

4. All cases of similar type shall be tried by the USSR Supreme Court.

Antics of Soviet Serfs

Mrs. Oksana Stepanova Kosenkina, a Russian teacher in the colony attached to U.N., jumped from a third story window to escape from her keepers in the Soviet Consulate. This was the culmination of a drama enacted on American soil in which the teacher tried to give the Reds a slip by escaping to anti-Red colony, was forcibly "rescued" by the Reds, then took the risk of jumping three stories. Another teacher, Samarin, is in hiding with his family. Both teachers have become a center of an international storm, as Molotov protests to the United States Government that the two kidnaped.

It goes without saying that freedom-loving America sympathizes with these unfortunate people who

Welfare Worker In Demand

An SOS from the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee calls for a qualified welfare worker for immediate field service in Germany. It has been known for some time that Attorney Roman Smook, director of relief operations in Europe, is in need of additional help on his staff. The present need is accentuated by the operation of the new law which permits thousands of DPs to enter the United States. Here is an opportunity for a young lady of Ukrainian descent, qualified in welfare work, to go abroad immediately. If interested, communicate with Uuarc, P. O. Box 161, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

after the identification of his person.

4. All cases of similar type shall be tried by the USSR Supreme Court.

saw their chance to win liberty and took it at the risk of death, and nothing but death awaits them if the U. S. Government yields to Soviet demand for extradition. At the same time a thought occurs that these persons, who place our Government on the spot, have been communist party members or they could never come to America in the first place. They had to win the confidence of the Soviet regime before they were allowed to leave the iron curtain, and that required the generally known pattern of behaviour, such as harshness, cruelty and betrayal of others. But all this is not taken into account by Americans who believe in the dignity of man and in humane treatment of the under-dog.

Trivia - - - By Sophia

WHAT PRICE BEAUTY?

Beauty is a big business. If you take a stroll along a fashionable street, it's fairly common to see smart-looking, attractive women. It's not even rare to see beauty, so great are the modern powers of transformation.

They say beauty is not made; it is born. This all depends on what you mean by "beauty." If you mean the one-in-a-million kind, then the expression is true. Otherwise, it's an antiquated idea. Today there are a lot of beautiful women around. You don't think all that beauty is born, do you? Not by a long shot! The time and effort of millions of people have women's beauty as their ultimate goal.

First among those whose business is beauty, and who advertise it as such, are the beauty salons. Look in the classified phone book and you'll see a list of them as long as your arm. And most of them employ half a dozen more operators. You figure out how many people are engaged directly in the business of beautifying women—from haircutting to applying mud packs. (That's considered a beauty treatment, believe it or not! But just let anyone else try to spatter mud on a lady's face.)

After permanent waves, hair settings, eyebrow tweezings, and facials, our subject is ready from the neck up. From there down, there is another group who makes adjustments and new arrangements. Slenderizing salons are a big thing (or at least they were before food prices rose so high. Maybe women too are eating less now.) Anyhow, these fancy look-

ing places, all one flight up, are where our lovelies get the poundage knocked off them, (and you can take that literally; got private info "straight from the horse's mouth").

Now that we have the foundation finished, we can build. Here's a job for our vast clothing industry, which, starting at the root with designing, branches out into pattern making, cutting, sewing, pressing, and a hundred and one other jobs that people in the garment industry are employed in. We don't even have to mention millinery, shoes, and all the trimmings that our beauty's wardrobe demands. After all, she must keep in style.

Our mothers tell us that in the "old country" beauty preparations were few and simple. A burnt match was used to darken the "chornobrov" of Ukrainian song and story. Sauerkraut juice was the perfect hair rinse, and sugar water was used as a waveset—just enough to keep stray hairs in place about the forehead. It was also believed that a peaches-and-cream complexion would result from washing the face with the morning dew, or with the water in which Easter eggs were cooked. Whether anyone can vouch for these methods isn't certain, but if they don't work, girls, don't blame me.

Of course, I hadn't intended to give you the idea that all American women are addicted to beauty parlors and slenderizing salons, but it's a good thing that the members of our fair sex aren't born beautiful. Just look how much of the population makes a living from the beautification of women!

Editorial

WE CANNOT LIVE ON LOVE

When an article comes from a club or from an organization, telling of a successful entertainment or of any affair that required an organized effort on the part of young Ukrainian Americans, there is happiness in the editor's room that radiates throughout the whole building. It is like the angels in heaven (which we do not pretend to be), rejoicing over another soul saved from perdition.

The reason for this sentiment is obvious. Another successful affair means another link in the chain that holds our youth together, another block in the structure of our organized society, and probably another new member or members joining the U.N.A. Therefore we are happy to print all that is printable, feeling that such write-ups will encourage others to action. After all, who wants to hear anything of sleeping communities or "ghost towns" unless they have come to life? Youth means life, and life is interesting to the living.

Inspiration To Others

Thus the article is printed and in some other town the young people get hepped up about it. "Let's do something that will get us in the papers and put our town on the map," they say. In a short time they will have the committees picked, which formulate plans, decide on the place and the date, order tickets printed, in short—they start the ball rolling. And then the publicity committee goes to town.

Honorable Motives

These wonderful publicity committees! Inspired with zeal to do a good job, as the profits from the affair are usually intended for some worthy cause, the publicity committee tries to do the most in advertising at the least possible cost. Their motive is honorable as they are prompted by two considerations, that of creating youth activity and providing funds for a worthy cause. Therefore they proceed with enthusiasm toward obtaining as much free publicity as they can get.

The Ukrainian Weekly is soon approached with a request to publish a lengthy article, giving the plans of the affair, the place and the date, the admission price, the program, the prizes offered in contests, the cash value of prizes, the

names of all members of committees,—all to be published gratis.

U. W. Not Self-sustaining

Realizing that all this is done in good faith, we are reluctant to turn thumbs down on publishing such material when it has all the earmarks of a paid advertisement. But it has to be done, for the simple reason that the Ukrainian Weekly is not self-supporting. A publication like the Ukrainian Weekly, devoted to the interests of Ukrainian youth, has to be subsidized by the older members of U.N.A. to be kept alive. Not only that, but once every year Svoboda must appeal to all readers for a donation, because the subscription paid by the members does not cover the expense of publication.

How much better the various youth clubs would feel if they paid their way as they go along in their activities—that is another angle. There is an element of personal satisfaction when a man pays for what he gets and retains the feeling of his independence. The same could be said of a club. If an organization is doing something for charity, it will be more content in having done its work without asking another organization to foot the bill.

ObeY That Impulse

The Ukrainian Weekly is glad to publish and boost any active movement on the part of Ukrainian youth. But along with this there is this matter to be recognized: certain announcements merit a paid advertisement for the good of all concerned. The clubs must realize that if they regard the Ukrainian Weekly as their own, they must be concerned with the financial problems confronting the Ukrainian Weekly. We cannot survive on love of our contributors alone.

This Generation - - by G. H.

THERE was a time not so many years ago, when the school teachers referred to their unfortunate dunces as the "bootleg generation." Since then, that generation had grown up, reached maturity, and became parents. This is the generation that was subjected to severe criticism in last week's edition of the Catholic Light, with such charges as being slaves of selfishness, sacrificing everything for the pleasure of self, and devoting their energy to avoiding duty and accepting responsibility for nothing under the sun except the personal leisure.

A strong indictment of those to whom it applies, and although the facts are not given, the examples are such that anyone may find them existing in the neighborhood. Right at the beginning of existence, it is stated, today's mothers cannot be bothered nursing their babies even though eminent physicians insist that it greatly aids the physical and emotional well-being of both. The easy excuse, "I can't" is used constantly and often because even before the little one's arrival the diet and exercise facilitating nursing was just too boring.

The responsibility of guiding and shaping the child's character is evaded by sending the three and four-year olds to nursery, then to kindergarten, and finally for twelve years of school. How glad some mothers are when September comes and the child is packed off to school can be noticed by their consternation when an unexpected school holiday occurs and the child remains underfoot at home. To follow up the child's progress and behavior in school would be expecting too much. Only when the child fails for the term, then the mother's ire is aroused and the teacher becomes a crank and a monster always picking on Johnny. Even the feeding of children during school hours is thrown in the lap of the State in many in-

stances, not because of poverty but because it is too inconvenient for mothers to prepare a midday meal at home.

Comes a summer vacation and those who can afford it ship their children to camp, not for a two-weeks vacation, but for the season, for the purposes of health as a good excuse. Others send them to recreation centers for the whole day just to have them out of the house.

There is also a good measure of criticism for the treatment given to the old folks by this generation. Years back, it states, most homes had a Grandma or a Grandpa, or both—the original best qualified baby sitters—who, in their declining years, enjoyed the youth of their children's children and helped in many ways to make life easier for the young parents. Now they are either in old folk's homes, convalescent homes, or hospitals. This generation just cannot be inconvenienced by them. A chance remark of a hospital administrator is quoted as follows:

"Doctors are actually in a quandary with many of their patients. The minute an elderly person gets a chronic illness, his children want to ship him to a hospital. They can't be bothered with his care. These are the cases which need no special medication. Just love. Hospitals being pressed for space, precedence must be given to patients who need hospital care. But young folk can't see that. They just won't be tied down."

Well, there are people like that. The wealth accumulated during the war-time high wages and salaries enables many people to step up their pace of living. They want luxuries and freedom, and they will not let their parents or children stand in their way. But America was founded and held in existence by men and women who believed in self-sacrifice, devotion to duty and acceptance of responsibility. They made America what it is today.

CONVENTION NEWS

"PEOPLES AND PLACES"

People are Convention minded regardless of where one goes. On a recent trip to Detroit, we witnessed more enthusiasm concerning the Akron Convention than was anticipated. The Detroiters have actually begun to "pack their bags" with some very unusual and clever ideas. For originality—watch that Detroit group!

The "Estate," an excellent name for the Picnic grounds of Detroit's Immaculate Conception parish—on the out-skirts of the fair city of Pontiac. It's but a mere forty minutes drive from Detroit, that is if you travel 60-70 miles an hour! It is the ideal picnic grounds—with a seventeen room house, dance floor, "the ole swimming hole," excellent fishing facilities (lovely bass they say), boating etc. The people are very fortunate to have such a fine picnic area and we wish them the best of luck on their plans for the future.

GIRLS—GIRLS—GIRLS—that's what Bill Mural and Johnny Kulick of Cleveland found at the Zepko residence the other evening. Acting in accordance to the rules set down by our one and only Emily Post, they offered to help fold publicity sheets and prepare them for mailing. After 2 solid hours of folding and pressing the boys gave up. Maybe it was the incessant chatter of females; however they claimed they had lost all sense of touch in their fingers. But I didn't see any battle-scars! Whoever said the female was of the weaker sex had never met the Akron girls.

The Radio City Rockettes have nothing on the Akron Ukrainian dancers (all-female cast of course). The young ladies have been doing some last-minute rehearsing at the home of Vicky and Pauline Taras preparing for the All Nations Day Picnic. This was formerly an important annual civic affair, discontinued during the war, but which is being resumed under the direction of the International Institute.

The Ukrainian Youth is certainly conforming to the good neighbor policy which is so important in this day and age. Among the out-of-towners seen at the Ukrainian Seminary Day held at Pittsburgh's Westover Park, were Walter Tomko of Akron, "Shorty" Antoshek of Ambridge, Pa., Mike Smereka of McKees Port, the Muschins of Ford City, Bill Andrews and Paul Medlanowsky of Cleveland, O. and the Akron Convention Committee representatives—Dorothy Sudomir, Mary Kulawec and Vicky Taras. Everyone had an enjoyable time.

Thanks to John Smith of Pittsburgh, the Akron Delegation was able to make many contacts among the Pa. Ukrainians not on the Convention mailing lists. Consequently our Registration Chairman, Dorothy Sudomir came home with a number of registrations and requests. Can't say that the Akronites aren't tending to their business—and right now that happens to be the 11th

annual U.Y.L. of N.A. Convention to be held in Akron, O. over the Labor Day Week-end, September 4, 5 and 6th.

Talking about registrations, our genial UYL-NA Financial Secretary, Joe Lesawyer happened to be one of our early registrants and enclosed a very complimentary note with the \$12.50. I would like to quote just one sentence: "Ordinarily I would have waited, but your nice letter broke through my inbred Ukrainian habit of delaying until the last minute..." We hope the registration letters will have the same effect upon the other 1,499 members on our mailing list!

"The shortest distance between two points is a straight line." That probably rings a familiar note in many people's minds as a famous theory in plane geometry. It has been upheld as the gospel truth since the times of Archimedes of B. C. fame; but one of our Detroit friends was of the opposite opinion until he found out the hard way—by experience. In order to prevent future picnickers from taking the same "Short" route home from the state—take heed! The easiest road from the picnic grounds to Detroit is Woodward Ave. and NOT Rochester Rd. Unless of course you care to go by way of upper Michigan. If you don't believe me, just ask Mr. K... and he'll be more than glad to confirm my statement!

Sophie Bohaj, representing Detroit's east side, was the winner of the Personality Contest sponsored by the Ukrainian Relief Committee at their recent picnic in Detroit. We hope the Ukrainian Youth of Metropolitan Detroit will support the Convention in September as faithfully as they did the two contestants.

"Live a little bit" seems to be the favorite expression among the Detroiters, and who won't agree with them? So why don't you follow their recommendations—register now for the Labor Day Convention and "live a little bit!"

Not only did Michael Myzolewsky of Cleveland, Ohio send in his registration fee early but he also enclosed the price of his room. There is one young man who is making doubly sure he will have a room to rest his weary head. Don't forget, Conventioners, it is no fun to catch your forty winks in hotel lobbies—so get your registrations and hotel reservations in early. The deadline is August 20th!!

Remember folks if you have the time and would like to "live a little bit," why not attend Club Boyan's Pre-Convention Picnic on August 28 at the "Estate" in Detroit. A grand time is guaranteed each and every one and admission is only 50c. That's mighty little for an evening of relaxation and fun with your Ukrainian friends and neighbors.

Andy Boyko of Cleveland, Ohio sent in the following verse:

"Best youth convention Is Akron's intention In September '48 Meet your Uke mate!"

Remember—September!

The best convention ever in Akron, Ohio!

BE A BOOSTER NOT A BOASTER!

This is one opportunity all Ukrainian Youth have to display their true Ukrainian spirit. It is very easy to make "big" statements and then to sit back and do nothing about it. However, the Yearbook of the 11th annual Convention of the UYL-NA will be proof positive of the Ukrainians who are not only interested in the Ukraine and its youth, but are lending their support and active cooperation. Don't let it be said of you—"He is a true Ukrainian Boaster." Send in your dollar now, for this is your Convention, this is your organization, this is your own self you are being asked to support. An organization is only as strong as the individual members make it—we know you want to help, so don't delay—mail your dollar (\$1.00) today to Mr. John Pulk, 133 East Mapledale Avenue, Akron 1, Ohio.

Did You Know??? Dorothy Sudomir of Akron, Ohio was the first Booster. How nice it would be if we had such an eager response from all our Ukrainians! Our youngest booster is Michael Wallace of Washington, D. C.—he is only two and one-half weeks old! And our strongest booster state to date is Ohio, with Pennsylvania following very close! Where is everybody else???

Be a BOOSTER and not a BOASTER!! SOPHIE KUDERA, Chairman Publicity and Public Relations

SAYINGS

That's the penalty we have to pay for our acts of foolishness—someone else always suffers for them.—Alfred Sutro.

Beautiful faces are those that wear— It matters little if dark or fair Whole-souled honesty printed there. —Anon.

The man of worth is really great without being proud; the mean man is proud without being really great.—Chines Proverb.

O man! forgive thy mortal foe Nor ever strike him blow for blow; For all the souls on earth that live, To be forgiven must forgive. —Tennyson.

The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops, but in the kind of men the country turns out.—Emerson.

Men of mettle turn disappointments into helps as the oyster turns into pearls the sand which annoys it.—Orison Swett Marden.

"Meet Your Convention Committee"

(Concluded)

Olga Zepko, Music and Dance Festival Chairman.—Calm, poised, unassuming, amiable—these are synonymous with the name Miss Olga Zepko, sister of Eva Zepko. Intelligent and very thoughtful, she carefully weighs all the facts before she makes any decision. Never rash or emotional, she can be depended upon to do a job well. She is sweet-natured and gets along well with anyone. We only hope she still possesses her fine disposition after the Convention. Of medium height, light brown hair, clear green eyes, she is a lovely girl to look at and grand to be with.

Sophie Kudera, Chairman Publicity and Public Relations.—Providing you haven't already become acquainted with Miss Sophie Kudera, our Publicity Chairman, through



GENEVIEVE ZEPKO, Chairman of the Committee

Convention news releases, you will have the opportunity to do so at the 11th Annual UYL-NA Convention. She is the Head Librarian of the Wooster Branch Library, and is earnestly dividing her time between fictional and factual story telling. Her favorite expression is, "Remember—September," which she utters constantly. Blue-eyed, light brown hair, 5'3", this charming young Miss has a personality that would outshine any pin ball machine. Her never-tiring efforts towards making this convention the "best ever" are beyond expression, for she's got that certain something which is a necessary spark in any organization. Thoroughly efficient, exceedingly capable, Sophie is to be commended for the fine job she and her committee are doing.

Dorothy Sudomir, Registration Committee Chairman.—Dorothy Sudomir is here, there and everywhere. You really have to be on your toes if you ever want to see "Dutchie," as she is known to all her friends. Having served in the Waves, she is now attending Kent State University as well as keeping a full time job. And in addition to that—she is now serving as Chairman of the Registra-



JOHN PULK, Yearbook Committee

tion Committee. If she can keep her head "when all about her" are stacks and stacks of registrations from our anxious Ukrainian Conventioners, then she deserves a medal! About 5'3", black curly hair, flashing brown eyes, she's a girl you'll want to meet!

John T. Pulk, Chairman of the YEAR BOOK Committee.—Tall, dark, handsome! Captioning John T. Pulk as such, our Year Book Committee has to make quite an effort to keep their minds on work instead of their chairman. Temporarily residing in Cleveland, John commutes week-ends for the purpose of soliciting ads. Unless I have been misinformed, he is unattached. They also tell me, that this slender fella, can also dance the "korobushka" quite well. What more can you ask for? Mrs. Julia Tresidder, Chairman of the Reception Committee.—



SOPHIE KUDERA, Publicity Committee

Julie, our Reception Chairman, is bubbling over with wonderful ideas to insure everyone a grand time! The Committee people, all hand-picked after due deliberation,

which suit her. If you want anything done and done right—see that Eva does it. "Free, white will be at your back and call at all times. They will answer all your questions, inform and direct you whenever necessary, and see that you don't feel "all alone!" Being Deputy Auditor at the Summit County Court House, she has excellent contacts with the various License Bureaus. (Hint, hint!) If in doubt—just ask Julie, the gracious, congenial, and thoughtful hostess who will go out of her way to see that you are properly entertained. About 5'5", green eyes, auburn hair, and a warm smile, she won't be difficult to approach.

Eva Zepko, Co-Chairman of the Pre-Convention Activities "Little Eva," the pathetic meager creature made famous by Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel "Uncle Tom's Cabin" certainly does not describe Akron's little Eva! Vivacious, energetic, imaginative, cooperative and in-



JENNIE PULK, Recording Secretary

telligent are but a few adjectives and 21," Eva has brown hair, sparkling brown eyes (occasionally with the devil in them); lithe and supple of figure, she is a virtual dynamo of energy. Musically inclined, she also dances like a dream. But to date she has been so busy behind the scenes, she has not been able to do much dancing. Eva is a born leader and Akron is very proud to claim her!

John Tomko, Co-Chairman of Pre-Convention Activities.—Acting manager of the Army-Navy Club, Garrison 250, John still finds time to assist Eva Zepko in performing the duties of the Pre-Convention Activities Committee. A bit on the quiet side, John is extremely clothes-conscious which is evident in his neat appearance. When undertaking a job, he goes "all out" to make it the best, which has been verified by the results of the pre-convention activities so far.

SOPHIE KUDERA, Chairman Publicity and Public Relations

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

Small Stuff

Lots of men wish they had a good home—so they could mortgage it and try and buy a car.

At the rate cars being smashed up, it would seem that automobile plants are going to operate indefinitely to supply the demand.

Why do so many speeders have to be pinched before they wake up?

A safe driver is one who remembers that only a bicyclist has the right to take corners on two wheels.

With the Republicans and Democrats launching their campaigns in earnest, it looks as though Henry Wallace is the leading candidate for the dubious distinction of becoming America's forgotten man in the next few months.

A Pink, a Red or Moscovite... A Fellow Traveler, a Stalinite... Whatever difference be the name... In substance, they are all the same!

A poor start in life gives a man more to brag about when he succeeds.

A wad of tobacco's a funny thing, In fact, all my life I've been wondering... How some men can hold it—I can't comprehend... And not say "ptooogie" for hours on end.

Political campaigns are enlightening. We learn that all liars are not fishermen and golfers.

Excerpts From the Akron Convention Committee Report:

Page 10. "We have been most satisfied with the publicity given us by the Ukrainian Weekly and are grateful to its editor and its columnists."

Page 9. "On this subject... extended invitation to the UNA, Providence etc... representatives... were advised that they would be introduced but would not be given time for speaking... Let's do this thing a little differently this year and concentrate the attention on the youth and give them what they want."

And who said that organizations do not pass through the stages of metamorphosis the same as the natural persons?

Fraternal find themselves in the stage of parenthood—parents should be helpful—but discreetly confine themselves to the kitchen during the party.

Or are they in the position of grandparents—acting as the original baby-sitters?

Or are they, perhaps, in their second childhood—when they may be seen but should not be heard?

If the Professionals tag along after every Youth Convention, they will always be tied to the apron-strings and never attain group maturity.

It is unfortunate, considering that enthusiasm moves the world, that so few enthusiasts can be trusted to speak the truth.—A. J. Balfour.

ALIAS PRINCE CHARMING

By M. P.

(Concluded)

THE pretty wanderer from Zoria woke up from a 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 passionate suitor was quartered.

The unfriendly room, the frozen window panes, the smelly furniture seemed unreal, hostile to the unhappy eyes of the girl, just as much as she to herself appeared unreal... her prayer of last night that she never wake up alive... the mad impulse to open the gas-jet—everything seemed unreal... but she must have been mad last night! It must have been a dream, a nightmare, although she was sure even now, in the cold morning, that those insane wishes and impulses might not still be carried out of help from home and forgiveness did not come soon. Although young and pretty, she was tired of life and disillusioned. And she was now alive thanks only to a slender ray of hope that carried her safely through those insane impulsive moments of last night.

resounded in the room. Olga got up shivering, put on her scanty things, and went to the window to see—that is, if it were possible to see through the frost-encrusted glass—if there was a messenger boy rushing with a message from home—the vain vigil she kept most of yesterday.

All she saw were the people hurrying to their work in the stores and offices. This brought tears to her eyes—and there were many tears shed by her during the past days. She was without a penny to buy rolls and coffee, and she dared not show herself descending the steps for fear of the stout, landlady, with her cold, soulless eyes, who threatened her with arrest for unpaid rent, should she make an attempt to leave her house. The landlady had even refused to let her send the message a day ago—another girl roomer did this for her. Now misery and despair stared her in the face, Forsaken—an outcast in a strange city! The big city so alluring in all her fancies now proved to be so cruel and disappointing. She was very foolish to have left the

loving security of her home for this miserable adventure, she sadly mused. All her dreams had been shattered and failure thwarted her every ambition. She had failed to secure a job—any work at all—and she failed to see any Prince Charming hastening to her rescue. There were no such creatures. These young-men, with some semblance to those mythical charmers, never as much as noticed her. They usually led on their arms young ladies such as she could never hope to be. Other men—those who feigned to be Princes Charming—and who noticed her, were but the cheap, designing lot of dance-hall sheikhs, who were always trying to rush her, and whose attentions she scorned. She thought of the treachery of the man whom she had met at the wedding, but turned her thoughts away in disgust. Les, for all his rude simplicity, was far above them. At least he was honest, true as steel, and his love for her was as pure as the morning dew.

Les!... What could he think of her if she returned home, she wondered. Did he still love her? She realized that she still cherished fond thoughts of him—the swaggering, arrogant Les! "Oh, if he had only acted dif-

ferently towards me," she murmured sadly, and sat on the edge of the bed, pulling the blankets around her shivering body.

A loud conversation, originating in the hall below, reached her ears—the loud cackle of her landlady and a firm, masculine voice, strangely familiar.

Impulsively she ran to the window, hoping to see the wheel of the messenger boy parked in front of the house. She was deluded. The conversation in the hall ceased. Then, she heard someone's heavy steps resounding upon the stairs.

"The landlady!" she whispered and prepared herself to face bravely her Nemesis.

"Come in," she uttered faintly to a hesitant knock at the door, and turned to the window with the last ray of hope gone.

But it wasn't the landlady! Olga noted the presence of perfume as the door opened—and perfume could not emanate from Mrs. Horne—she was too ugly to use any perfume! Turning quickly about, she stared mystified at a young man, immaculately dressed and grinning at her evident surprise.

Les was glowing like the moon in full at the very idea of his dream realizing itself successfully. He was in rapture! Olga did

not recognize him.

But how could she? She was accustomed to seeing him in his blue overalls, brown sheepskin coat and fur-lined cap, and the man who stood before her could not possibly be Les! She beheld a gentleman who might have stepped off the fashion plate, in his blue serge suit of finest cut, tan shoes, brown spats, stiff-collar short, fancy cravat, raccoon coat, black derby hat and yellow kid gloves in his hand, his face smoothly shaved and powdered, and his curly hair trimmed and nicely brushed. No... it might sooner be the Prince of Wales than the awkward young farmer... Les could not wear that outfit so well as did the man standing before her. She had forgotten that Les boasted a natural poise, and that the haberdasher could work wonders.

"Aw!... was all the girl could mumble from sheer astonishment. "Aw, yourself!" laughed Les betraying himself.

Secretly, he was touched by the pitiful sight Olga presented in her soiled apple-green satin dress on the shivering body, silk hose on the shapely legs stretched in many places; her once pink cheeks that now were pale, and troubled eyes in which the tears had no time to dry. He was sorry, indeed, to find

the sweet girl in such pathetic surrounding. "How are you Olga?" he asked softly.

"So, it's you!"... Olga murmured, still incredible.

"Yes, Olga, it's only me and mighty glad to see you," Les responded in a tremulous voice.

Olga frowned and looked squarely into his eyes.

"I see it now!" emitted she bitterly. "You heard of my plight and hastened to have some fun at my expense... You came here to ridicule and mock me, just because I was foolish enough to run away from home; because I didn't marry you—you swell-headed hick!... I see it all now. You spent a fortune on your dress, just to show me how cheap and miserable I look in your presence... All right, have all the fun you want... Tell them I'm in rags, without a meal for three days, that I'm cold and my room is not paid for... Rave about it! But let me tell you, I would rather have this than be anywhere you are... Say, you have overlooked a yellow cane!" she cried derisively and turned away to conceal the tears flooding her eyes. Her whole frame trembled with cold and indignation.

Les stood speechless for a minute. He was bewildered, and for the moment hated the whole world.

Then he began to understand, and coming to the girl he placed his hand gently on her arm.

"You're all wrong, Olga," began he softly. "I didn't come here to make fun of you—I'm here to put myself at your service—do whatever I can... Your parents got your telegram, and as they couldn't come themselves, I volunteered... I delivered the message... I'm sorry that you misunderstood it all, and blame me for something I don't even imagine... How could I, when you know that—Oh, well, you know only too well, I would give my life for you... Please,

(Concluded on page 3)

"SVOBODA" (UKRAINIAN DAILY)

FOUNDED 1893

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

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Post Office at Jersey City, N. J. on March 10, 1914 under the Act of the Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 31, 1918.

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for Section 1103 of the Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 31, 1918.

Classified Advertising Department, 592 — 7th Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

Youth and the U.N.A.

THE PEN PAL CLUB

Some weeks ago we mentioned the fact that mail for this column was lacking, and that it looked like the Pen Pal Club would have to be withdrawn. We have stressed that the club's existence depends solely upon the letters submitted by readers desiring to make friends with other readers via the mails, but the letters have not been too numerous and, once again, we wish to remind all concerned that publication of Pen Pal items will be discontinued if there are no items to publish.

In connection with the above we have a most interesting letter from Miss Olga Mulyk, 2 Mahaney Ave., Auburn, N. Y. "It's a shame the Pen Pal column will have to be discontinued after such a short existence, just because the Ukrainian youth isn't interested in making friends with their fellow Ukrainians in different parts of the country. I've read the letters from the east but none from the west and Canada; of course the great middle has answered, but only Detroit. Aren't there other cities in the central section of the United States?"

"I should hang my head for not contributing sooner, but, like many others, have been waiting for someone else to write in first. I hope this is the case of the many Ukrainian boys and girls who haven't written before this time."

"Do any Ukrainian boys and girls over 25 read the Ukrainian Weekly at all? All the Pen Pal contributors so far have been under 25. I'm 26 years young, definitely Ukrainian, and a member of Branch 283 of the Ukrainian National Association. My interests are varied, but good books, fine music and interesting conversation are my main weaknesses, but I have others, too. I'll be only too glad to answer any letters. I do hope I receive one anyway."

Thank you very much, Olga, and we hope that your letter will inspire some readers to join the Pen Pal Club. You are our 29th member... let's hope that it doesn't end there and that you'll hear from more than one Pen Pal!

To date the club's members consist of 14 girls and 15 boys. Who's going to be number 30? No dues or fees are involved... simply send in an introduction letter for publication and then wait for interested readers to write to you as Pen Pals. Miss Mulyk's letter was the last one we had on hand... and if no more letters are received

it'll mean the end of this club. So send in your letter and keep the Pen Pal Club idea going!

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

JERSEY CITY SOCIAL NEWS

On June 19th Miss Olga Wenger became the bride of Stephen Chelak at the St. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Church in Jersey City. Shortly after the ceremony, the same day, Mr. and Mrs. Chelak were notified that the bride's father, Sam Wenger, had died. Mr. Wenger, who was quite active in local Ukrainian affairs, was a member of the Ukrainian Progressive Club, Branch 70 of the Ukrainian National Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Chelak are active members of the Ukrainian Social and Athletic Club of Jersey City.

MAHANAY PLANE SPORTS NEWS

Harry David, manager of the Uptown Ukrainians of Mahanoy Plane, Pa., reports that this baseball team, which consists of members of Branch 28 of the Ukrainian National Association, recently played two games, winning the first and losing the second. The Ukrainians defeated the Junior Aces by a 10 to 8 score, and were halted by the Downtown Indians, 10 to 4.

REGENSBURG CAMP POST

The August 9th issue of Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News reported that "an interesting postal card, from the 'Ukrainian Displacement Camp Post' of Regensburg, Germany, and authorized by the U. S. Military Government, was issued to save the inmates of the camp the 3-kilometer trek to the city where a German stamp was then affixed. This carmine stamp has Russian (top) and German (bottom) inscriptions."

The inscriptions are as follows: "5 Taborova Poshita" in Ukrainian across the top, and "Camp Post Regensburg 5" across the bottom. The center design is a street scene showing some homes and a church, and some people. The word "nachgebuehr," rubber-stamped on the card, means "additional postage." The Ukrainian stamp was cancelled by a postmark bearing Ukrainian characters. An ordinary 8-pfennig German stamp, cancelled by a Regensburg postmark, also appears on the card.

T. L.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(NOTE: Mr. Gregory Herman has been a substitute editor of the Ukrainian Weekly beginning with the edition of August 2nd.)

Sir: I should like to add to the recent correspondence in reference to personal opinion and criticism; and try to reconcile the opposing minds if I may.

It is my privilege to personally know both Mr. Henry Hawrylew of the Bronx in New York and Ted "Victor" of the Ukrainian Weekly staff. Mr. Hawrylew was a member of our choir (Ukrainian Choir of St. George) for several years before transferring to the new St. Mary's parish, after it was dedicated a few years ago. There, he and many of his friends helped the Basilian Fathers in organizing the Ukrainian American youth of the Bronx into their various clubs, sodalities, and, of course the St. Mary's Church Choir.

Mr. "Victor" has distinguished himself (under his non-professional name) in active participation with the Ukrainian Metropolitan Committee of N.Y.-N.J. in addition to other activities with which the readers of U. W. are already familiar.

When Mr. Hawrylew wrote his commentary on the latest issues of the Ukrainian Weekly, of course he was expressing his personal opinion on the matter. After all, what is criticism but opinion? Isn't that it?

Let the editors not take the attitude that Mr. Hawrylew wrote without due, intelligent deliberation but as a malcontent. His letter did contain several notes of praise and indirectly, of constructive criticism, viz: his call for a

soft-ball league, encouraging "Etalon Shrdlu" to keep sounding brass, and suggesting an all-year-round UYL-NA sports program.

The editor ignored these references in what appeared to be an effort to dismiss Henry's letter as that of a crank and having no value whatever. Permit me to protest this rebuke. Nor should Teddy look down his nose at Henry's opinion as he seemed to do in his next article.

I'm convinced that Mr. Hawrylew's letter was not written with malicious intent, but with an earnest desire to improve the paper.

Similar to Mr. Hawrylew's criticism of section of U.W. are the commentaries of Ted Victor on several concerts and other programs presented by Ukrainian organizations. Similar, because they reflected Ted's personal opinion just as Henry's letter reflected Henry's. Certainly the fact that a man is a feature writer of a newspaper does not make him walking Gallup Poll with a public opinion behind him. I think that makes sense to state. What's good for the goose is good for the gander.

I'm reminded of a write-up of a concert in New York, printed by Ted in his column several months ago. Nothing about the concert from the way the janitor arranged the stage to the selection and actual rendition of the songs pleased Teddy. And he told the readers how bad he thought the whole thing was, too.

Unfortunately, Mr. Victor's critique was not in accord with the opinions of the vast majority of the persons present nor with that of several conductors who were also there, and who enjoyed the concert. The criticism was really

CLUB NEWS

NEW YORK UP-STATE

The American Youth of Ukrainian Descent, organized last June, and drawing its membership from Utica, Rome, Herkimer, and Little Falls, will hold the first Convention on October 2 and 3 in Utica, N. Y.

In announcing the Convention, Michael Donowick, chairman of the Convention Committee, writes: "It is an established fact that collective behavior, well organized and directed, can be an effective and potent force. Furthering the fine Ukrainian culture and traditions can be more readily accomplished by group action than by individual means. A large central organization can acquaint the American public with things that are Ukrainian in nature with greater ease and in a more convincing manner. What better way is there of fighting vicious propaganda than by effective group action? Certainly there is need for group action to further and better the term 'Ukrainian' in this part of the State."

Some of the aims of this up-state organization are: to have choral competitions annually, to encourage and help our youth who are striving to obtain an education beyond the high school level; to study Ukrainian literature and history and further discussions along these lines; to present the Ukrainian cause to other peoples in an intelligent manner; to erase and correct some erroneous conceptions about Ukrainians.

The tentative program of the Convention includes speakers, banquet and dance, and a concert, in addition to business sessions. The Convention Committee invites all groups, that are interested, to take part in the Convention, and to send any helpful suggestions to its chairman, Michael Donowick, 1113 Jefferson Ave., Utica 3, N.Y.

The readers may recall, as Sports Directors of the UYL-NA, I tried to organize various Ukrainian groups into sectional leagues to participate in the annual UYL-NA Basketball program during the past fall-winter season. I wrote articles regularly to the leading Ukrainian American publications, including the U.W., and I also sent out many letters to various individuals and organizations asking for their cooperation. During the course of my correspondence I wrote to Mr. H. H., asking him to help by having his St. Mary's Cavaliers Club join the N.Y.C. Uke basketball league and further strengthen that group. His reply stated that he was a Ukrainian who had worked hard and long for the Ukrainian cause and the good of the Ukrainian people by trying to wake up the lethargic N.Y. Ukrainian Youth, etc. From this jumble, he stated he couldn't field a basketball team (which requires five men plus subs, whereas he fields nine men plus subs for softball) and finally his answer was a big, fat, round "NO". (This from the chap who has the nerve to write of other not being "on the ball" in Ukrainian sports affairs). I wrote him a letter which in essence called him for his inconsistency and I guess it irked Mr. H. H. Hence his letter to the editor criticizing me as a non-progressive director of the UYL-NA Sports Program apparently was his method of getting even. Sour grapes.

To Mr. H. H., who claims to be a Ukrainian patriot working for the good of all, I would like to address the following questions:

1. If you are interested in Ukrainian American Youth affairs, including sports, and want to obtain progressive action and results, why aren't the Bronx Uke Cavaliers included in the membership of the UYL-NA?

2. Why didn't the Cavaliers' basketball team participate in the N.Y.C. district Uke basketball league last year?

3. Why, after you were notified, didn't you attend or send a representative to the many athletic meetings of the Metropolitan NYC Uke Youth Clubs in which Ukrainian Sports in general was discussed?

Mr. H. H. wouldn't give up an afternoon or evening, or send someone in his stead to help straighten out the N.Y. Uke sports situation, but he writes of others

W. DANKO'S REPLY TO H. HAWRYLEW

As an avid and regular reader of, and contributor to, the Ukrainian Weekly I could not help but notice Mr. H. Hawrylew's rather critical letter to the editor, in which he criticized the U. W.'s feature writers and their works, the UYL-NA sport program and the UYL-NA Sport Director, namely yours truly. As Mr. H. H. has been answered by several others on his criticisms of the feature columns, I would like to answer him for his sports criticisms.

To Mr. H. H. I would like to give a word of advice in the form of a familiar saying and it is this: "People who live in glass houses

Ukrainian Orthodox League Convention

The first Convention of the Ukrainian Orthodox League of the United States of America took place Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 25 to 27, in New York City. From the extract of the minutes submitted by Rev. W. Bukata, the following information may be of interest to the readers.

The Convention was opened by Alex Palazey, the president of the League, and His Grace, Archbishop John Theodorovich blessed the assembly. Brief addresses were delivered by representatives of organizations and churches; Mr. John Romanitich spoke from the U.N.A. The Convention then proceeded with its organization and elected Walter Berestecki as chairman.

After the reports of officers were heard, there followed addresses by Rev. W. Bukata, Mrs. Plaschinsky, and Mr. Edward Kulyk. The constitution was then adopted including the official name of the organization "Ukrainian Orthodox League."

The following were elected new officers of the League: Alex Palazey, of Trenton, N. J., president; Walter Berestecki, of Boston, first vice-president; Myron Trembly, of Cleveland, second vice-president; Rose Korge of Passaic, recording and corresponding secretary; Elizabeth Dyczko, of Corona, N. Y., financial secretary; George Gula, New York City, treasurer; Russell Hladky, Ann Cussak and Mary Furkiewicz, auditors; and Rev. Walter Bukata, advisor.

should not cast stones, etc." I don't think it is exactly ethical or "kosher" for someone to stand off at a distance and take pot-shots at others who are trying to do a job, while that someone does nothing in the way of constructive and positive accomplishment.

The readers may recall, as Sports Directors of the UYL-NA, I tried to organize various Ukrainian groups into sectional leagues to participate in the annual UYL-NA Basketball program during the past fall-winter season. I wrote articles regularly to the leading Ukrainian American publications, including the U.W., and I also sent out many letters to various individuals and organizations asking for their cooperation. During the course of my correspondence I wrote to Mr. H. H., asking him to help by having his St. Mary's Cavaliers Club join the N.Y.C. Uke basketball league and further strengthen that group. His reply stated that he was a Ukrainian who had worked hard and long for the Ukrainian cause and the good of the Ukrainian people by trying to wake up the lethargic N.Y. Ukrainian Youth, etc. From this jumble, he stated he couldn't field a basketball team (which requires five men plus subs, whereas he fields nine men plus subs for softball) and finally his answer was a big, fat, round "NO". (This from the chap who has the nerve to write of other not being "on the ball" in Ukrainian sports affairs). I wrote him a letter which in essence called him for his inconsistency and I guess it irked Mr. H. H. Hence his letter to the editor criticizing me as a non-progressive director of the UYL-NA Sports Program apparently was his method of getting even. Sour grapes.

To Mr. H. H., who claims to be a Ukrainian patriot working for the good of all, I would like to address the following questions:

1. If you are interested in Ukrainian American Youth affairs, including sports, and want to obtain progressive action and results, why aren't the Bronx Uke Cavaliers included in the membership of the UYL-NA?

2. Why didn't the Cavaliers' basketball team participate in the N.Y.C. district Uke basketball league last year?

3. Why, after you were notified, didn't you attend or send a representative to the many athletic meetings of the Metropolitan NYC Uke Youth Clubs in which Ukrainian Sports in general was discussed?

Mr. H. H. wouldn't give up an afternoon or evening, or send someone in his stead to help straighten out the N.Y. Uke sports situation, but he writes of others

In the resolutions adopted the League declares its wholehearted support to the policy and the efforts of the Government to uphold the democratic tradition of liberty, opportunity, and justice for all, exhorting a continuation of a strong and vigilant attitude on the part of the Government to prevent the infiltration of foreign ideologies into our way of life. Another resolution condemns communism and favors a firm policy for its uprooting and defeat. A resolution approves of the recent legislation affording a haven for displaced persons in the United States and requests the Government to give Ukrainian refugees equal opportunity with others to enter America.

The Convention was concluded with a concert at the Stuyvesant High School auditorium which was filled to capacity. This also marked the climax of the Convention because of the excellent performances of several choral groups. These were: The Cathedral Choir of Philadelphia, Prof. Shevehenko directing; the Kozak Chorus (male) under the direction of Dr. S. Sawchuk; the combined Pittsburgh region chorus under the direction of Rev. A. Dvorakivsky; the New England Chorus, Melvin Zelechivsky directing, and the St. Vladimir's Choir of New York City. The League decided to publish own paper, and the Executive Board appointed the following editors: Elizabeth Dyczko, Walter Berestecki, Mary Furkiewicz and Joseph Koshuba.

not being "on the ball" in Uke sports.

WALTER W. DANKO, Nat'l Sport Director, NYL-NA, 347 Avenue C, Bayonne, N. J.

III

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor

Ted Victor's reply to Mr. Hawrylew last week prompted me to write this letter to the Weekly, which I would like to see published.

In his article Ted Victor mentioned that the reason the Orthodox Youth League Convention wasn't reported in the Weekly was because no one took the trouble to report it. I would like to inform Ted that the reason no one took the trouble to report it is, because, I personally wrote an article to the Weekly about the organization and its activities and asked the editor to publish it before the Convention. To this day I have not seen it in print. This is not the first time that this happened when it concerned the Orthodox Youth. That is the reason no one reported after the Convention.

By the way, Ted, weren't you attending the Convention so as to report it in your column?

I would therefore suggest that if the Weekly desires news about the activities of the various groups, it should not be partial. We are all Ukrainians, and religious beliefs should not under any circumstances interfere with our cultural and educational publications.

Sincerely,
OLGA REDCHUK

Editor's Note: Extract of the minutes of the convention was delivered to us on the same day as the above letter.

BRONKO NAGURSKI

Thanks to Rudy Balaban, we have a clipping from the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegram of August 5th, in which Jack Henry glorifies Bronko Nagurski. Space does not permit us to reprint the column, but here are a few lines of interest.

After describing an injury, by which Bronko sustained two broken vertebrae in his back and which necessitated a shift from fullback to tackle, the columnist writes: "He played so well at tackle that to this day Nagurski is the only man ever selected on the All-American at both tackle and fullback."

Another quotation: "Sports writers have tried for years to describe Nagurski. They've called him Big Nag, the Monster of the Midway, the Ukrainian Thunderbolt. But it remained for a coach to furnish the simplest and most honest statement. That was Steve Owen of the New York Giants, who said: Nagurski is the only football player who ever lived who ran his own interference."

SOUNDING BRASS

By ETALON SHRDLU

Portrait of a Presidential Candidate

(After Hearing Both Sides)

He embodies the fine points of Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, Davy Crockett and Benedict Arnold.

His words are as eloquent as those of Edmund Burke and Demosthenes; and his philosophy is as deep as Plato's, while he is superficial in his thinking and florid and vulgar in his language.

He is a liberal in the finest sense of the word and a true prophet who will lead us out of wilderness while his hybrid ideas and pedantic theories make of him a snister Pjod Piper who would lead this country to disaster.

His manner is calm and serene and his countenance is that of a statesman while his rude and uneasy bearing coupled with his surly demeanour makes it difficult to conceal the mountebank in him.

He is fiercely loyal to his friends and co-workers and once he has given his word nothing on heaven or earth can make him change it and he is of such loose moral fibre that he would sacrifice his family and closest associates to wiggle out of an uncomfortable position.

He is the nation's greatest benefactor, a self-less altruist who has given up the haven of a happy and secure private life to answer his country's call and being consumed by a burning and selfish political ambition has sold his ideals for a mess of pottage and he will go on to win greater honors and will vanish ignobly into oblivion.

Tinkling Cymbals

... Marriage is just like sitting in a bath tub. After you get used to it, it ain't so hot. (Honest, dear, I'm only making with a joke.)

... The trouble with most marriages (not our's, dear) is that a man makes the mistakes of marrying the woman who carries him off his feet—instead of trying to find one who will keep him on them.

... Card playing is likely to be an expensive pastime for most of us. But for that matter, so is any game in which we hold hands.

... The way some wives make coffee there are frouds for divorce in every cup. (Not you of course, dear.)

... A few girls really prefer to stay single but most of them would rather knot.

... A few girls really prefer to sense never becomes a nag. (Nothing personal, dear.)

... I believe in clubs for women but only when kindness fails. (I'm only kidding, dear.)

... The best place to hold the

world's fair is around the waist. ... America has the best-yeasted women in the world. (Yes, dear.) ... It may be all right for a woman to marry in haste and repent at leisure, but what about the married man? He has no leisure. (I mean other married men, dear.)

... A model marriage is one in which the wife is a treasure and the husband a treasury. (I didn't really mean that, dear.)

... And the bonds of matrimony aren't worth much either if the interest is not kept up.

... Maybe much of the lost faith in heaven is due to the impression that marriages are made there. (I still believe in heaven, dear.)

... Kisses are like money. Everybody wants plenty. The more you get, the more you want. They are payable on demand and good for face value. Some are counterfeit. Some come in small denominations, others in large. Some people are stingy with them, others extravagant. They can't always buy happiness. Kisses are like money, only sweeter.

... My wife tells me that a garden keeps a man out of mischief. But how about Adam?

... A good way to prevent bleeding of the nose is to keep the old schnozzola out of other people's business.

... The toboggan erected and greased for the descent of prices several months ago is still waiting, and the few articles that did start down made that peculiar noise which indicated that most of the grease had dried up.

... And so Congress went home evidently deciding to wait until January before saying the country.

... I see by the papers where Truman is going to stump the country this fall. Off hand, I'd say that isn't necessary as the country is pretty well stumped right now.

... Cotton is a wonderful plant. It provides cotton cloth, butter, olive oil and all-wool clothing.

... Speaking of cotton, a recent survey showed that more than 50,000 women had returned to wearing cotton-top hose. At its height the survey must have proved very interesting.

Dear Mr. Hawrylew: At long last a fan! Self-confessed admirers of my stuff are so scarce that I will even forgive you the calumnious statement that my stuff is not original. Thanks. Would you care for a hand-tinted, autographed photograph of me?

The reconciling grave swallows distinction first, that made us foes, that all alike lie down in peace together.—Shakespeare.

ALIAS PRINCE CHARMING

(Continued from page 2)

Olga, forget it all and come home with me. Your parents are grieving for you—I couldn't face them without you... Don't mind me at all, for I shall never pester you, or make love to you again, this I swear upon the—

"Don't... don't, Les!" suddenly cried the girl, placing her fingers across his lips. She did not wish him to utter an oath, knowing only too well that Les never broke a given word—it was in the creed of his clan. "I'm so sorry that I've spoken rashly to you... forgive me, please." She asked in a resigned tone.

Les held her cold fingers. "There's nothing to forgive," he whispered, kissing the palm of her hand.

"By the way, Les, what's become of your 'pride of manhood'—your cute moustaches?" she suddenly asked, feigning humor to prevent herself from crying.

"Don't you think I look silly without them?" remarked Les in an amused embarrassment. "The barber charged me a dollar for the job—and don't you tell anybody in Zoria about it, for they would kid the life out of me," he added, gently squeezing her hand.

"Why did you shave them off then?" Olga asked.

"So that you wouldn't have cause to hate me," confessed he and drawing her in his arms, he anxiously looked into her eyes. "Tell me, you hate me no more, that I'm forgiven... I've suffered so much on account of that, I know I was foolish," Les admitted, looking

pleadingly in her eyes. The girl fixed her eyes on him for a long while, studying him as though she wanted to be absolutely convinced of his sincerity.

"Yes, Les... you are forgiven and I've never hated you... I'll go back with you, and—I want you to 'pester' me as much as you like, for I really think that you are my honest-to-goodness Prince Charming... And I'm not sorry, it took a trip to Winnipeg to find him," Olga confessed, emotion in her voice, while her hands felt under the collar of his raccoon coat for warmth.

Les was in the seventh heaven! The joy came too suddenly and his suppressed emotions went rampant. He lifted her up, kissed her impetuously, swung her around declaring his love in such a loud manner, that Olga feared the whole block would be aroused.

"Stop it, Les!" cried she. "I'm too cold and hungry to listen to you sweet words—let's be off to Zoria. But before I forget, let me square myself for the kiss you stole that summer night," she smiled, and paid him an old debt with interest.

"Gee, I never realized that one's dream could come true strangely," he murmured. "Now let's go and have the best the town can offer... You shall go home in the manner of a princess," Les suggested with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes, my Prince Charming," said the girl with a happy smile.

Олекса Стороженько.

Межигордський Дід

(Оповідання бабусі).

Я ще була дівчиною, як ходив до нас із Межигор'я якийсь здоровенний дід — пасичник, чи що. Такий якийсь чудний був, — зовсім і на пасичника не походив. Батько казав, що він літ п'ятдесят був сичовником, бився з ордою, та вже як зістарівся, — приїхав на байдаку з кошовим у Межигор'я і зробився у ченців пасичником. Отож, було, як обридло йому сидіти із ченцями, то й приїде до батька, та й балакають собі у двох, споминаючи старовину; бо й батькові доставалося на своєму віку бувати у бувалячах. Було, як зачнуть про війну розмовляти, то віддуган зараз і в боки береться, і вус крутить, і чорта згадає... Й же Богу правда! Поки ще не вип'є, то було і многи літа і батькові, і матері, і мені, апестода чита, — а голос в його такий був, як з бочки, аж вікина дзиччать, аж глина зі стелі силється. Як же випив чарку, другу, — то вже годі з писання, зараз почне пісню співати, балаєш точити, та таке вигадувати, хоч з хати тікати; було, й мене зачіпає... Й же Богу, правда! Така вже, бачите, заповідка натура: ні літа її не вивітрять, ні під сивим волоссям не сховається. І молитесь він якийсь чудно, не так, як ченці, а мовчки, — поклонів не кладе — а чортів було йому ченців й не настають; уранці подарують, а ввечері вже не питає, — загубив.

Раз і мені довелось бачити, як він молиться. Прийшов до нас та й забалакав до пізнього вечора, — а тут під ніч насунули хмари, кругом замалозалося, — а там як ушварить дощ, як звідра, зробилося неначе горобина ніч. От батько й уговорив діла переночувати у нас, бо до пасіки було верстов п'ять. „Орису, — каже мені батько, — постели пан-отцеві у світлиці“ (була у нас через сні світличка). Узяла я перину, подушки і пішало; стелю, а тут і чернець увійшов. Тільки ввійшов, так і хрестив себе в груди, так руки й заклали в його нахвост; як гляне на ікону, аж очі, що вже від старості западали, вискотилися і забігали, аж побілів, як крейда! Як глянула я на діда, то мені здавалося — не то Господь, і стіна почула його молитву! Аж груди мені заложило, — сама не знаю, як і я опинилася на колінах, і подумала собі мовчки: „Господи, помилуй і мене грішну!“ Не довго й молився; устав, тут тільки догледів, що я у світлиці... „А що ти, — каже, — тут робиш?“ А я йому кажу: „Стелю вам постелю“. А він мене цмок — і поцілував... Зараз із неба, мов з печі: „Нехай же, — каже, — тобі присниться гарний козак“.

Так отой кажу, дід і співав і komponував пісні й думки. Раз у неділю, після обіду, вийшов у садок і каже мені: — Хочеш, Орису, я тебе навчу пісень і думок? — Навчати, пан-отче, — кажу — я дуже люблю і пісні і думки. А я з молодю дуже була гостра: було на вулиці, на вечерницях, у довітках, в колядці, на ігрішах, ніхто як я перед вела. Без мене не знали, як і за що взятися, як і пісню завести. Було, як мати не пустила мене на вечерницю, то й парубки порозходяться; а станемо гратися в хрещика, або в гусей, то ні один парубок, з цілого села, не дожене мене: така була прудка... Й же Богу, правда! А парубки які були!.. не теперішнім рівня! Які тепер парубки? Ос-

Донецькі зустрічі

Люди ніяк не могли усвідомити собі, в чому полягає виробничо-технічний сенс ізотовщини. Зокрема робітництво не розуміло, звідки на нього нова напасть взялася — щодня розцінки неймовірно знижувалися, а виробничі норми підвищувалися.

Чому, так сталося, я особисто зрозумів лише згодом, побувавши там, де жив і працював Микита Ізотов.

На шахті „Кочегарка“ його виробничі успіхи з'ясували дуже просто: — Сила велика з Микити пре. Кулаком коня може вбити — розповідав старий шахтар. — Таких же фізичних якостей були і його помічники.

— Хлопці молоді, здорові, лава їм попалась добра, тому то й вугілля на гору кілька днів подавали більше, ніж інші.

Начальник шахти Юрман, крім того, що Ізотов одним духом випивав літр горілки, нічого істотнішого про свого вихованця розповісти не міг.

Вперше легендарного героя побачив я в місті Сталіно, на донецькому з'їзді совєтів. Зустріч була оригінальна.

Хоч доповідати це не починав з міжнародною частиною, але зала засідань астигла вже помітно опорожніти. Більшість депутатів збиралася біля буфету. Там, підпирючи колону, стояв Микита Ізотов, розважаючи засмутилі від численних промов обранців народу. Широко розкритим ротом він на ходу ловив тістечка, що їх кидали з усіх боків.

Наступного дня я зустрів Ізотова на сході обласного комітету.

Глим сиротою. От послушайте, поки ще не забула:

Схиливши голову казок, На розпутьті стояв, З своїм серцем неборак Таку думку гадав: „Один, як билина в полі, Чахну, загинь, Не по своїй волі Талану шукаю. Тама нені, нема тата, Нема сестри, нема брата,

Нема жінки, Нема тітки, Нема волі, Нема долі... Моя ж хатина — В сирій землі домовина!“ А серце йому в одвіт Такий дає привіт: „Не журися, козаче, Забудь своє горе, Оглянься, небораче, На білий світ-море! Твоя мати — твоя воля;

Батько твій — Степ сивий; Сестра твоя — твоя доля; Брати твої — два пістолі! Гостра шабля — твоя жінка, Яничарка — твоя тітка,

А хатина — Світ без тина, Козацька перина! Мати-воля тебе знарядить, Батько-степ тебе направить, Сестра-доля не покине, Шабля-тітка не загине, Брати-пістолі оборонять, Яничари вразі одгонять. Іди ж, козак, світ за очима, Неси свою смерть за плечима.

Не бійсь смерті: поки живеш — П нема, А як умреш — Тебе чортма!“

Ото вам і думочка... — І ті гарні були, так забула ж... Й же Богу, забула... Стара вже стала, пора б і кісточкам на вічний покой... А, здається, буцим ще і не дуже стара. Адже ж Кротиха старша від мене: я була ще дівчинкою, а в неї вже було троє діточок, а і досі щороку ходить на Пречисту у Київ пішки... А та — як її?.. Дудничка... так ця далеко ще старша від Кротихи, а держить її Господь на цім світі. У той рік, як я виходила заміж, вона оженила сина з дочкою того... як його?... що жив у тому селі, на горі, проти того, що мдин збудував... він же ще чумакував... Ні, збрехала!.. що я кажу!.. не він чумакував, а той... як його?... що біля монастиря пасіка... На умі вертяться, так не гадаю ж... іще ж біля його хати і верба росте... та ні!.. От так збреші!.. Не верба — а колодуз... Його ж усі знають... Га?.. не чую... кахи-кахи... ох, лишечко! Грудні заложило... кахи-кахи, кахи-кахи!

му. Він привітав мене в досить дивний спосіб. Зморив чоло й відразу розпримив його. Від того кашкет без допомоги руки, подався взід і вперед. Запропонував зробити таке й мені, але я тільки безрадно розвів руками.

Варто згадати й про такий випадок Ізотова: за його голозування в Донецькому товаристві „За оволодіння технікою“ з Москви надіслали декілький автомобіль телеграфно адресований: „Сталіно, ЗОТ у“.

Хоч телеграма ні в кого не викликала сумнівів щодо справжнього господаря машини, але шанований голова товариства несподівано витлумачив її зовсім інакше.

— Якому там в біса ЗОТ у, — сказав він, — то телеграф знову напугав. Треба читати „Сталіно, Ізотову“ — і з цими словами забрав автомобіль собі.

Слідом за Ізотовим Кремль породив Стаханова. Цього разу Москва підготувалася значно краще. Майже одночасно з ударним вибієним молотком ірмінського шахтаря, в редакціях всіх газет з'явилися не тільки нариси, вірші, а й теоретично обгрунтовані статті про новий всенародний рух. Стахановські рекорди почали вибухати скрізь: в машинобудуванні, текстильній промисловості, автустей, в червоній армії.

Мені знову випала нагода мати справу з першоджерелами. Дістав завдання, як перед тим Ізотова, відвідати офіційних основоположників стахановщини.

В шахтарському виселку Центральна Ірміно швидко збудували гарний одноповерховий будинок на дві квартири. В дворі розп'янували два горілий, два садки. Тут, наче на виставі для колексного демонстрування численним відвідувачам, екскурсантам та туристам, оселили разом двох стовпів нової ери промисловості — Олексія Стаханова та Мирона Дюканова.

Висока, худорлява людина поводилася дуже неприємно. В розмову старалася не вступати. Замість того, не вгаючи, накручувала патетона, ставила пластинки, що лежали на столі, дивані й просто в підлогу. Кожне запитання намагалася або не чути, або відповідіти незрозумілими нахилом голови чи односкладовим звуком. По всьому було видно, що людина не жилаєся ще з своїм становищем, не знає, як їй належить поводитися. То був Олексій Стаханов перших днів своєї раптової, непомірної слави.

Вибравши момент, рішучо звертаюся до нього: — Олексію Григоровичу, розкажіть тепер, як ви всю науку, всі надбання й передбачення інженерів перекинули догори дном?

Стаханов закліпав очима, ніяково усміхнувся, розвів руками: — До ладу розповісти не зумію. Про це краще спитайте в товариша Петрова парт-орга нашої хати. Може вам чаю налити?

Щоб марно не витратити час, на цьому уриваю розмову й припрошую Стаханова власноручно розписатися на чистому аркушику мого записника. Той підпис мав з'явитися під статтею, що її я мусів написати від імені цього нового „надшахтаря“.

Без п'яти хвилин академік, майже з острахом, бере від мене записника й автоматично ручку. Від напруги зморщується очо, а ціле обличчя й шию, хоч рудником витирає — так вони запітніли.

Мій співбесідник твердо тисне на перо й старанно, подитячому виводить своє прізвище. Але всі його зусилля не дали бажаних наслідків. На клаптику паперу стояло слово „Стаханов“. Довелось за цю ж працю братися вдруге. Тепер, на іншому аркушику, вийшло трохи краще — „Стаханов“.

— Ну, вам стакани (склянки) недарма в руку лизуть, сьогодні десь забенкетуете, — намагаюся підбадьорити невдаху.

Стаханов блиснув на мене очима і розписався, нарешті, як слід.

До Дюканова попали саме на обід. Творець передової науки в світі (так згодом про перших стахановців говорив Сталін) сидів за столом у самій білизні. Не одягнувшись, порадив „бути, як дома“ і нам, за що ми чемно подякували. Дюканов теж спочатку намагався нас швидше відпровадити до Петрова, але потім став балакучим.

— Розумієте, злість бере. Стільки доклав праці на підготовку цього рекорду, а тут, раптом, запропонували, щоб його поставив обов'язково безпартійний робітник. Мені дали змогу відзначитися тільки на другий день. Але верхки, палець об палець не стукнувши, зняв такі Стаханов.

Кремезний, чорнявий, невеличкого зросту чоловік мав усі підстави висловлювати недоволення. Саме багату на першорядне вугілля, з рудничими шарами ділянки, де він був парторгом, московські інженери, керівники наркомату, главу, тресту й шахти обрали місцем народження нового всенародного руху. Разом з ними Дюканов у глибокій таємниці опрацював різні деталі майбутнього перевороту в науці й техніці. Вже уявляв, як одного разу ударом свого відбієного молотка здобуде всесвітню славу, навіть зведе до досягнення живих і мертвих представників цілої земної кулі.

Та лаври несподівано дісталися Стаханову. Дюканову довелося користуватися тільки опалим листям від них.

— Багато ще в нас неправди — на останку поскаржився господар квартири. (V. B.) А. Височенко.

Василь Стефанік.

ДІТИ

Поклав граблі коло себе, сів потім на межу, закурив люльку та й гадка гадку пошбала. А далі говорив на четверго гоней заголосно.

— Най я трошки спочину супокоюм, бо лиш дома вкажуси та й зараз ділові роботу найдут. Таки невістка, коби здорова, круть-верть та й зараз заповірнт: Та бо, ви не сидіт...

— А то Господь, що над нами, видит, що я лиш ногами переберая. А руки, аді, як згреблю, а вже місць не голений, а до церкви вже-м дорогу забув. У чім піду, коли все з плечий забрали?

По межі, по межі тай ділів голос цілим полем вандрував та й усі оберталися в сторону за дідом. А він скаржився, не переставав:

— Ой, сьогодні такі діти! Але мене ще, Богу декувати, з пам'єти не викинуло, а ще знаю, яку бесіду у нотаря мал-м. Сухенький був панок, з борідков, та й він так роз'езував синови: Дідюкю, каже, допоки єго живота, то має е-му бути єго постіль, він має вилежуватися, аби і до схід сонця. А вже ж як, каже, єго на лаву покладете та землев припріпаєте, то ти тогди з лави на ділову постіль перебирайся. А бабі, каже, має бути бабина піч, вона най си-

сне на перо й старанно, подитячому виводить своє прізвище. Але всі його зусилля не дали бажаних наслідків. На клаптику паперу стояло слово „Стаханов“. Довелось за цю ж працю братися вдруге. Тепер, на іншому аркушику, вийшло трохи краще — „Стаханов“.

— Ну, вам стакани (склянки) недарма в руку лизуть, сьогодні десь забенкетуете, — намагаюся підбадьорити невдаху.

Стаханов блиснув на мене очима і розписався, нарешті, як слід.

До Дюканова попали саме на обід. Творець передової науки в світі (так згодом про перших стахановців говорив Сталін) сидів за столом у самій білизні. Не одягнувшись, порадив „бути, як дома“ і нам, за що ми чемно подякували. Дюканов теж спочатку намагався нас швидше відпровадити до Петрова, але потім став балакучим.

— Розумієте, злість бере. Стільки доклав праці на підготовку цього рекорду, а тут, раптом, запропонували, щоб його поставив обов'язково безпартійний робітник. Мені дали змогу відзначитися тільки на другий день. Але верхки, палець об палець не стукнувши, зняв такі Стаханов.

Кремезний, чорнявий, невеличкого зросту чоловік мав усі підстави висловлювати недоволення. Саме багату на першорядне вугілля, з рудничими шарами ділянки, де він був парторгом, московські інженери, керівники наркомату, главу, тресту й шахти обрали місцем народження нового всенародного руху. Разом з ними Дюканов у глибокій таємниці опрацював різні деталі майбутнього перевороту в науці й техніці. Вже уявляв, як одного разу ударом свого відбієного молотка здобуде всесвітню славу, навіть зведе до досягнення живих і мертвих представників цілої земної кулі.

Та лаври несподівано дісталися Стаханову. Дюканову довелося користуватися тільки опалим листям від них.

— Багато ще в нас неправди — на останку поскаржився господар квартири. (V. B.) А. Височенко.

вігріває, най си Богу молит, а як вже єі обмиєте та й руки нахвост складете, та тоді най невістка вже лізе на піч, бо вона єі.

Осінній вітер грався сивим волоссям дідовим.

— Але коби нотарь дес вечером подививси до хати. Син на постелі, невістка на печі, а я з старов на земли, на солімці валеємоси. А це ж по правді, а де Бог є? У цих людий вже нема Бога, ой, нема... Ще й головою казав, що нема Бога у молодих людей.

— Здихайте старі, бо вам шкода лжикі страви. Молочко поїдають, сирец поїдають, а ми, як шенета, на них дивимоси. А я їм коровку дав, овечки дав, плуг дав, усе дав. Як люди дають, та так і я дав. А сьогодні вони вивідають, що ви старенькі, слабенькі та й їкте маленько. Отаж нам уповідають наші діти.

Голос ділів дрюгнув та й дід урвав бесіду.

— Та й похояють нас, як лєві, біг-ме, чобота на ногу не покладут...

Громада бузків спала на очерет і злопотіла крильми над дідом, аж спудивси. В теплі краї збиралися відлітати.

— Ого, вже осінь. Отаж, о-так та й Рідво не забавитси... — Але яке воно розумне, хоть птаха, лиш шо не говорит. Сму зле, а воно собі шукає ліпшого. Взніи нема же-би та й студинь. А воно знає наперед. Не так, як чоловік, шо мус свої три-дни на місці коротати.

Встав з межі, сховав люльку, взяв граблі та й пустився додому. Ще кілька разів обертався за бузками. Та й станув.

— Ба, хто би мені добрий сказав, як я ще з бабов дочкаю, аби їх назад видіти, як повернутси? Відай вже котрес із нас бриздне, відай уже бузків не будемо, видіти...

Сміх — це здоров'я.

— Ане! Ви останній час б'єте стільки посуду, шо мені доведеться пошукати нової поковки.

— Це дуже добре, пані. Я певна, шо роботи вистачить і на двох.

— Я не бачу в тоєму нареченому нічого цікавого. Він не любить спорту не любить театру, книжок, музики... Я, вла-

Сміх — це здоров'я.

— Ане! Ви останній час б'єте стільки посуду, шо мені доведеться пошукати нової поковки.

— Це дуже добре, пані. Я певна, шо роботи вистачить і на двох.

— Я не бачу в тоєму нареченому нічого цікавого. Він не любить спорту не любить театру, книжок, музики... Я, вла-

Сміх — це здоров'я.

— Ане! Ви останній час б'єте стільки посуду, шо мені доведеться пошукати нової поковки.

— Це дуже добре, пані. Я певна, шо роботи вистачить і на двох.

— Я не бачу в тоєму нареченому нічого цікавого. Він не любить спорту не любить театру, книжок, музики... Я, вла-

Сміх — це здоров'я.

— Ане! Ви останній час б'єте стільки посуду, шо мені доведеться пошукати нової поковки.

— Це дуже добре, пані. Я певна, шо роботи вистачить і на двох.

— Я не бачу в тоєму нареченому нічого цікавого. Він не любить спорту не любить театру, книжок, музики... Я, вла-

Сміх — це здоров'я.

— Ане! Ви останній час б'єте стільки посуду, шо мені доведеться пошукати нової поковки.

— Це дуже добре, пані. Я певна, шо роботи вистачить і на двох.

— Я не бачу в тоєму нареченому нічого цікавого. Він не любить спорту не любить театру, книжок, музики... Я, вла-

Сміх — це здоров'я.

— Ане! Ви останній час б'єте стільки посуду, шо мені доведеться пошукати нової поковки.

— Це дуже добре, пані. Я певна, шо роботи вистачить і на двох.

— Я не бачу в тоєму нареченому нічого цікавого. Він не любить спорту не любить театру, книжок, музики... Я, вла-

Сміх — це здоров'я.

— Ане! Ви останній час б'єте стільки посуду, шо мені доведеться пошукати нової поковки.

— Це дуже добре, пані. Я певна, шо роботи вистачить і на двох.

— Я не бачу в тоєму нареченому нічого цікавого. Він не любить спорту не любить театру, книжок, музики... Я, вла-

Сміх — це здоров'я.

— Ане! Ви останній час б'єте стільки посуду, шо мені доведеться пошукати нової поковки.

— Це дуже добре, пані. Я певна, шо роботи вистачить і на двох.

— Я не бачу в тоєму нареченому нічого цікавого. Він не любить спорту не любить театру, книжок, музики... Я, вла-

сне, не знаю взагалі, шо він любить.

— Мене, мене! — відповідає закохана приятелька. — І цього мені досить!

— Кажуть, шо ваш чоловік знову зломив собі ногу. От дідолаха!

— Так так!.. Ви тільки уявіть собі який дідолаха. Вже третю ногу ломить собі в своєму житті.

ЩАДІТЬ У ЛЕГКОМ СПОСІБ... КУПИТЕ СВОЙ БОНДИ ЧЕРЕЗ „ПЕРПОД СЕРВІС“

ПОШУКУВАННЯ

ДЕ Є ТЕОДОР ДУЛАР, котрий 1933 року мешкав при 1ст. 17-її уліци в Нью-Йорку. Хто знає про него, або він сам, прошу зголоситися на пошукчу адресу: MYKOLA DUDAR, 187 Sheridan Ave., Albany, N. Y.

ІВАН КОВАЛЬЧУК FUNERAL HOME COMPLETELY AIRCONDITIONED ЗАНИМАЄТЬСЯ ПОГОРОНАМИ В СТЕПІ! NEW JERSEY ШНИ ПРИСТУПНІ ДЛЯ ВСІХ ОБСЛУГА ЧЕСНА І НАКРАЩА У випадку скарги в родині шкитче як в день так і в нощі JOHN KOWALCHUK 129 GRAND STREET, cor. Warren Street, JERSEY CITY, 2, N. J. Tel. BErgon 4-5131

Comfortably air conditioned Lytwyn & Lytwyn UKRAINIAN FUNERAL DIRECTORS 801 SPRINGFIELD AVENUE NEWARK, N. J. and IRVINGTON, N. J. OUR SERVICES ARE AVAILABLE ANYWHERE IN NEW JERSEY

ІВАН БУНЬКО УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ПОГРЕБНИК зарядчик погребарів по цілім штату Нью-Йорк шт. 9180. ОБСЛУГА НАКРАЩА JOHN BUNKO Licensed Undertaker & Embalmer 437 East 54th Street New York City Dignified funerals as low as \$180. Telephone: GRamercy 7-7601.

НЕ ВИДАВАНТЕ ЗАБІГТО Завжди ЩАДІТЬ ДЕНГО з вашого забезпечення. Ми укладемо про-вакрасний ЦІЛІЙ \$150.00 ПОГОРОН за У випадку смутку в родині шкитче KAIN MORTUARIES, INC. Найбільший український погребовий зарядчик в Америці! S. KANAI KAIN, Pres. 433 STATE STREET, FERTH AMBOY, N. J. Phone FE 4-4648

UKRAЇНСЬКИЙ ПОГРЕБНИК 88 ELIZABETH AVENUE, NEWARK, N. J. Phone MIdlow 3-6788 ELIZABETH, N. J. 225 WEST JERSEY STREET Phone: EL 2-3611

ДИРИГЕНТАМ І ЛЮБИТЕЛЯМ УКРАЇНСЬКОЇ ПІСНІ ДО ВІДОМА! Вийшли друком в Європі прекрасні видані нові композиції на вишній хор MIKHAYLA GAYBORONSKOGO Кольорова заголовна сторінка арт. малера ЕДВАРДА КОЗАКА: 1) Шукайце, пісня з Бол-кшчини 25 ц. 2) Вдовонья, пісня із Лем-кшчини 25 ц. 3) Пляска дівчинонька, текст народної пісні, мелодія в стилі нар. пісні 25 ц. 4) Дунаю-Дунаю, найстар-ший запис повного тексту укр. нар. пісні, мелодія в стилі нар. пісні 35 ц. 5,6) Та туман, Ой у полі, дві пісні з Волинні 40 ц. 7,8) Чече вода, Милеико моя, дві пісні давних укр. переселенців між юго-слов'янами 50 ц.

Ш ноти є на продаж у нашій криниарі. Вислаємо їх за поше-редним одержанням заплата. SVOBODA BOOK STORE 81-83 Grand Street Jersey City 3, N. J. Branch Office and Chapel: 707 Prospect Avenue, (cor. E. 186 St.) Bronx, N. Y. Tel.: MEtrose 5-6577

New Britain, Conn. and Vicinity!

A Grand Picnic

— given by —

ST. MARY'S UKRAINIAN CHURCH

Sunday, August 22, 1948 — at 1:00 P. M.

SCHUETZEN PARK, BARNSDALE

— Music by —

Ray Henry and his Radio Broadcasting Orch.

A varied program is in store for you, so DON'T miss the FUN!

HOME LOANS

in and around Cleveland

WHEN YOU BUY, BUILD OR MODERNIZE YOUR HOME ASK UKRAINIAN SAVINGS CO. TO FINANCE IT FOR YOU.

• LOW INTEREST RATES. SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS. INVESTIGATE BEFORE YOU ACT.

The Ukrainian Savings Co.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Prospect 3627 2190 Professor St.

Member Federal Savings & Loan Insurance Corp.

СВОБОДА КНИЖКОВИЙ МАГАЗИН

81-83 Grand Street Jersey City 3, N. J.

Branch Office and Chapel: 707 Prospect Avenue, (cor. E. 186 St.) Bronx, N. Y. Tel.: MEtrose 5-6577