



**On Record - - by Ted Victor**  
THINGS TO COME

(Concluded)  
Sunday dawns bright and early. Up you come with the aid of ringing bells and a pounding on your door. Quick! get dressed, gulp a cup of coffee and its off to church with the group from Canada. Mass over with, you make a bee line for the nearest restaurant to complete, or begin your breakfast. Before you know it, it's one o'clock and time to report to the court house steps (right next to the armory) where they are going to take a picture of the entire convention. Picture over with, you watch as last minute details are completed in order to begin the concert on time.

You expected something good but never in your life did you dream of seeing such an enjoyable program. That girls chorus from Detroit was really something, why they sang as sweet as they looked and that is some singing. The male chorus from Chicago certainly didn't look sweet, but, they did look like Ukrainians whose forefathers roamed the steppes. Then those two soloists, Mary Lesawyer and Donna Grescoe. Even without the fiddle and without the voice both would be worthwhile to see at any concert. Finally that operetta "Vechernitai." Why, if that could be done in English, you know it would be a hit on Broadway.

With the Music and Dance Festival over, you wander about the green lawns surrounding the armory and just talk, and talk, about the wonderful show you just saw. It was really touching to see the way the older folks looked upon this. You could see how proud they were of these, their children. Here, right in the largest and finest hall in the city their children, the sons and daughters of those immigrants that arrived here penniless from Ukraine, putting on a Festival of music and of dancing of which any nation would be proud. Ah yes, it certainly was good to be here and to see all this.

In the afternoon there were new friends to be made and old friendships to be renewed. As the sun began to sink into the glowing heavens you remember that it is time to change for the banquet and ball to be held in the main ball room of the hotel. You dress and go down with the crowd from you floor. In the crowded elevator and in the lobby you almost forget yourself and stare at the girls you have merely been looking at up to this point. Certainly there is a reason for your staring. They are beautiful! New gowns, new looks, and new everything it seems to you. Certainly makes a pretty picture. Someone else gets the same idea and begins taking pictures of each and everyone. Soon the scent of good food overpowers all other thoughts and you make a bee line for the dining room.

"Isn't it wonderful?" Just one main speaker at the banquet and some interesting introductions of people that did so much to make this a success. As you eat, music (Ukrainian of course) comes through the air to make your meal that much more enjoyable. After the banquet, the dance, and after that some more visiting and revisiting of friends throughout the hotel.

Monday morning and you are all set for some serious business. Elections with all their spirit and controversies. For whom should you vote? Will he or she make a good officer? So it goes, and before you know it the worst is over with and the convention is gradually beginning to draw itself towards a finale. Some of the people from far away are already checking out and you must go down and say good-bye until next year. You invite them and they invite you to come and visit some time. Ah yes, before you know, it's time for you to go. So it's "good bye" here and "good bye" there until you think you are saying "good bye" to every guest and delegate at the convention. After repeated calls from your friends you manage to get yourself out the door and into your bus. You settle back into your seat and then begin reliving the entire Convention over again. You may even realize that you are an extremely wealthy individual at this point. Why? Men give up fortunes to find happiness while you merely gave up \$12.50, the price of the entire series of events at the Akron Convention of the UYL-NA.

**BETROTHED**

By YANOWSKY  
Translated by G. H.

BEAUTIFUL steppes of Poltava region! From the heavens flows continuous relentless heat, while our journey is ever southward.

Housewives whitewashing their cottages, decorating the lean-to's with colored clay—pale orange, or reddish, or gray,—we pass them, our journey is ever southward.

And then—far ahead on the horizon, barely visible appears a dull line;—that is the forest on the hills beyond Dnipro. Pleasant aroma and gently cooling breeze from the direction of the grand river add to the fragrance of the withering after-grass.

Now a silver thread of Dnipro glitters in the distance, nearer and nearer it comes, and suddenly—there is Dnipro, a grand national Ukrainian river!

The village Keleberda lies on the left bank of Dnipro. On its streets—sand, grass, quiet. Old Odarka lives in the village Keleberda; we are on our way to pay her a visit. The street turns toward the river bank. Odarka's cottage flashes with new patches on the thatched roof.

Old Odarka sits with her arms resting in her lap. The weight of years has arched her back, compressed her body—made it child-like. A century breathed on her, and scorched and darkened her face. From below the heavy eyelids her eyes look with the wisdom of forest birds. Child-like body and unusually large, muscled hands, and bare feet.

"Just enough stature for a child, that is all that is left of a woman," comes her gentle, soft voice; "down to the ground the old woman is bent, and nothing will un- bend her—nothing in the world and ever."

We went into the cottage and seated ourselves. Her old body sur-

vived five Russian emperors, we meditated.

"I am all alone, my child, all alone," says the old woman. The eyelids hang heavily over her eyes, her glance bends toward the ground.—"Five children buried, grandchildren returned to earth, great-grandchildren passed, but the old woman bides her time without a relation. You were most likely born after serfdom, my son?"

"After serfdom, grandma. My grandfather was a serf."

"Then you don't know which plants are placed in the boy's bath, and which in the girl's?"

"No, I am not versed in that."

"When I was getting married my mother showed me. All that treasure grew behind the cottage. Lubystok right by the lean-to. And the cool mint under the cherry tree. Małerynka on meadow's edge. Why are weddings so sparing these days? They dance on the wedding day but forget about the morning after. Even God is angry with that. There should be a crowd of people, and children by the gate like flowers in the garden, kicking up with their feet! One batch of dough rose and is put in, another batch is being kneaded, and the third is being prepared... Holy Protectress, cover the head, the earth with withering leaf—the head with a red plaid... How does the song go from here?"

"The earth—with fading flower, the head—with white scarf?"

"See, how ritcent you are! We had a wedding lasting a week. The foreman chases us to work, but we dance, the serfs, the kozaks, all! Freedom was granted long ago, but the lords locked it in a steel chest. One of our girls was a maid at the manor—found it in the attic and told the people. Only—freedom came without land."

**CONVENTION NEWS**

**"COME ON AND DANCE!"**  
Labor Day Week-End... Akron, Ohio... Ukrainian Youth's League of North America Convention... Welcome Dance!

Traditionally the Welcome Dance is given the first evening of the Convention Week-End. Naturally, from the moment Conventioners arrive in Akron for the greatly anticipated Annual Convention of the UYL-NA, they'll meet a greeting of friendly welcome. However, to insure the stimulation of friendliness and to accentuate the "welcome," the Akron Convention Committee is concentrating on making the Welcome Dance a stupendous success.

Past Welcome Dances have been marred by the fact that hundreds of young Ukrainians have crowded into small halls, and after dancing several polkas have found atmospheric conditions too humid for complete enjoyment. To correct this fault, the Dance Committee, headed by Mr. John Tomko and Miss Eva Zepko, has engaged the largest and most beautiful ballroom in the city of Akron. No need to dread "bumping" or intense heat...

The East Market Gardens, where the welcome Dance is to be held, is located on one of Akron's main thoroughfares—East Market Street. It is the ballroom used by the famous name bands appearing in Akron, and it will now be the site of the Welcome Dance for the "Best Convention Ever"! Newly re-decorated, there will be soft lights, the glitter of silver star dust, the sparkle of glamour... Romantic and robust music will be provided by Terry Winslow and his "Polka Dots." If you haven't heard this wonderful orchestra from Pittsburgh, Pa., then you really have something to look forward to. Terry Winslow is well-known throughout western Pennsylvania and is one of our most promising young Ukrainian "Maestros" west of the Alleghenies. All of this plus hundreds of young Ukrainians from all corners of the United States and Canada... what more is left to be desired? And what a wonderful opportunity to dance your favorite Ukrainian folk dances—Trika, Kohanochka, Kokedka, Ohorodnik... If you don't happen to know these dances, simply go to your nearest public library or bookstore and ask for Michael Herman's "Folk Dances for all," a Barnes and Noble publication.

And to see that you do find "fun-frolic-friends," members of the Reception Committee, with Julie Tressider acting Chairman of the Committee, will be on hand to help everyone at any time with any problem. This committee will also serve, as Information "experts" on questions pertaining to the Convention, the City, or whatever you. Don't be shy! Ask questions and get acquainted! Remember the Welcome Dance is your first opportunity to renew and to make friendships!

**Remember—September!**  
HELEN MURAL,  
Publicity and Public Relation  
Committee

The old woman became silent, delving into the past. And Time, the terrible reaper moved above her ancient head, over her blask night cap.

"Salt became dear. I went to the dock—such wind—nothing could be done—nothing but spinning. My father told me how Tzarina Katherine sailed on our Dnipro. Just flowing down the river. And whatever village happened to lie on the banks of Dnipro—she gave it as a gift to her generals. Before she reached Kremenchuk she gave away everything, became tired and fell asleep. She passed this village while sleeping—only crosses on church cupolas were still visible when she awoke. A general fell on his knees pleading for Keleberda. Katherine would not listen to him."

We preserved silence. There was sweetness in the old woman's speech, a treasure in her intonations. From the lips of an illiterate woman flows a miraculous treasure, the living speech of our forebears. That is how they spoke the same familiar words with the same meaning. But—when living lips speak, the native tongue plays

**Trivia - - - - - By Sophia**

**THE WRITING "BUG"**  
It seems to me the world is thick full of writers. Anybody and everybody who ever penned a few lines to Coocha Mynya while away from home has all of a sudden found his "Hidden Talent." Such hope eternal that makes one generation after the other write and write and write and write! The percentage of these writers who eventually become authors is not very great; in fact, it's infinitesimal.

The larger cities of America have plenty of schools for writers. Some are schools of journalism, and others are just places where the aspirants may submit their masterpieces for approval or criticism. In many places the teacher always encourages the student, whether he shows promise or not, for to give a negative criticism would discourage him from taking further courses in the school.

There's a group of writers who think very much alike. And if it isn't that they think alike, they certainly do write alike. That group is the short story writers. One of them invents a phrase or an expression, and the others follow the leader, wearing the expression to death. Introduction of characters, for example, always begins with a description. Our heroine is "not beautiful, but sensuous." I guess there have been thousands of stories written about this heroine. The hero, on the other hand, if not an Adonis, is tall, well built, and the possessor of "chiseled features." But then, everybody chisels features differently. It's not the style to have good looking protagonists any more, just something distinctive about their faces.

An Indian maharajah is charged with spending ten million dollars on a six-week spree. At that rate, he must have been eating steaks at least twice a day.

Children, who have been complaining about the cold weather in recent weeks, will be protesting the heat next month when they return to school.

A clergyman says it takes a woman to make the home. And a couple of them to break one.

Two deaf mutes got a divorce in Cleveland, claiming they quarreled. It was a case of one hand knowing what the other was saying.

like a rainbow—a heartfelt, beautiful Ukrainian speech.

"We had just finished the refreshments after the threshing"—continues old Odarka. Mother sits by the window spinning. Suddenly—someone comes in—a young man from somewhere. From the field or from the meadow, don't bring longing to my heart. I must have been seventeen; busy with the hearth, I would not look at the young man. But he was handsome! He sat at the table, returned the greeting, opened a box and began to paint. I was dumfounded and stood still as in church. I imagined I heard the angels singing and was afraid to move. Mother kept on spinning, and the young man painting. I don't know how long I stood."

Long and profound silence followed. Somewhere near the house a hen was clucking—we were afraid it would break the thread of the old woman's thoughts. In the distance a whistle from the steamer. Old Odarka heard nothing. We sat, holding our breath.

"And then he gave me the picture he painted—and went away. To this day. Whoever he was—I don't know. Only his eyes seem to look at me always—just as they looked then. They look, and do not fade."

Old Odarka raised the lid of an old chest and pulled out a rolled up yellow sheet of paper. On the paper was a picture of a girl of exquisite beauty. She stood in the middle of the room in everyday dress, but all the beauties of the world would yield to her. Youthful Odarka was looking into the eyes of generations to come. Under the picture was a signature "T. Shevchenko." Below that—"Betrothed."

**A Struggle For a Name - by G. H.**

As we scan a newspaper of a mining town in Pennsylvania, we invariably come across a Ukrainian name in the column headed "Obituary." That is nothing unusual, we feel, for Time is unrelenting, and the name of old Ukrainian immigrants march in a quicker tempo to the obituary column.

And so, being attracted by the name, we continue reading about the deceased and about his survivors. Then we come across a statement "Born in Austria." Nothing unusual about this either, we think; many old Ukrainians are indifferent to the territorial changes that occurred since they left their homeland. So we read on, and soon we discover that the man was buried from a Russian church. And that is strange, it occurs to us, as we know that there were no Russians within the borders of the former Austrian empire. The man became "Russian" in America.

If these were isolated instances they would not merit any attention; but the instances are many, and there are entire parishes composed of "Russians from Austria." These are the scars on the body social of Ukrainian immigration, caused by the spiritual leadership of our early immigrants, as well as by the ignorance in which our people were held by their foreign rulers.

Man has been born into this world for a life-long struggle with his environment and with his fellow-man for survival. The same applies to nations, and the history of Ukraine bears this out. In the case of Ukrainians, the struggle had gone against them so badly that for centuries they had to fight for their name in order to prevent assimilation. The misnomer "Little Russian," imposed on Ukrainians by the Russian rulers after the treaty of Pereyaslav in the 17th century, marked the ebb in the struggle of Ukraine as a nation for its survival. That struggle continued even here, in America, by our im-

migrants, who were repeatedly rebuffed in their efforts to identify themselves as Ukrainians.

The national revolution at the close of World War I, the short-lived Ukrainian National Republic, and the many supreme sacrifices of Ukrainian patriots in waging a losing war on all frontiers—all these compelled the world to acknowledge the existence of Ukrainians as a distinct nation.

In America the struggle continues, assuming various forms. We were often blocked by our own Government in Washington, which listened to Ukraine's enemies that were transplanted on American soil. Even now Washington harbors many Russians and Poles in high government positions, who are old country patriots and let no opportunity escape them when they can block the efforts of Ukrainian Americans for recognition.

During the last war the Ukrainians were branded as Nazis by these old country patriots. Now that the sentiment of America has been turning against the Soviets, a movement is on foot to pin a communist label on Ukrainians. That is what happened in Philadelphia when Ukrainian Tag Day was held. That is now happening in Akron, Ohio, where the Youth's League Convention will be held.

There is one remedy that Ukrainian Americans must apply to this situation: Tell the truth about Ukraine! Disseminate literature about Ukraine to counteract the spread of calumny! Help the Ukrainian Congress Committee in its work of telling the truth about Ukraine! The struggle for the good name of Ukraine is in full swing.

The Ukrainians have won recognition when the U.S. Government authorized the work of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee. Another point has been gained when the Ukrainian language was admitted to the Voice of America. Let us then be vigilant and fight back the attempts of old country patriots in America to strip the name of Ukraine.

Yes, my mind had almost crumbled  
Though no rest for you had brought!  
"Now that I have found my error,  
Which has caused me so much terror,  
You will see this very night  
How, with my sincerest prayers,  
Tucking you with earthly layers,  
I will save you from your plight!"

If one saw how Kassim quickly  
Turned religious and so meekly  
Knelt in prayer o'er his shoes,  
How he moaned with each prostration,  
There would be just one illation:  
"Why, he's twisted as the screws!"

It's a cinch to draw conclusions  
Watching others from seclusions!  
But just taste yourself such brew,  
When dark clouds blot out the meadows,  
And you feel the touch of shadows  
You would guard the slippers,  
too!  
Prayer finished, our old platter  
Sprayed his boots with holy water,  
Found a spade among some waste,  
Wrapped the boots, with benediction,  
And departed in direction

Of the grave-yard, making haste.  
There he looked around for trouble;  
Fiding none he bent up double,  
Dug a hollow in the clay,  
Covered something in that burrow,  
Said some prayers 'full of sorrow  
And then vanished like a fay.

**"SVOBODA"**  
(UKRAINIAN DAILY)  
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**ABU KASSIM'S SLIPPERS**

By IVAN FRANKO  
(Translated by Waldimir Semenyana)

(Concluded)  
Kassim, hearing all this squabble, Tucked his head and, bent up double,  
Tried to make a get-away:  
But the woman held him snugly.  
Facing him and turning ugly  
She cried out, "What's this? Some play?"

"Why the hurry and the pulling?  
Get away? Or are you fooling?  
Don't forget the court's decree!  
If I love, then do love fully,  
And if not don't get unruly  
But hand over my due fee!"

To avoid the past scene's double,  
Kassim, though he did find trouble  
In unfastening the string,  
Took three hundred—yes, that many!  
Gave them to the eager granny  
And exclaimed the following:  
"Go and feed some hungry condor  
You old female toothless wonder!  
Take them now and choke this day!  
Take and gloat o'er my lost treasure!  
Buy some rope and for my pleasure  
Hang yourself, but keep away!"

So the woman took the money,  
Looking at him with a funny  
Half contemptuous, sly glance.  
"You are heartless! What is money!  
Don't you really love me, honey?  
Is there not a single chance?"

While the mob just rolls with laughter,  
Tear filled eyes are looking after  
A slight chance to disappear.  
Spitting angrily and turning  
Kassim elbowed through the churning  
Mocking mob till he was clear.  
Then he ran, without e'en resting,  
And throughout this race, long lasting,  
He felt chilly to the bone.  
Reaching home, the poor old fellow,  
Locked the doors and with a sal- low  
Dripping face sat down, alone.

Youth and the U.N.A.

LOW RATES STILL IN EFFECT

Once again, we wish to remind those of our readers who are not members of the Ukrainian National Association...

Table with 2 columns: Type and Monthly/Annually rates for Whole Life, 20-Payment Life, and 20-Yr. Endowment.

We also wish to point out that U. N. A. certificates earn dividends after dues have been paid for two years!

Interested readers should write to the U.N.A., P.O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J., for a pamphlet entitled "Facts on the U.N.A."

U.N.A. News Items Wanted

The other day an interested friend asked us how we manage to get out a "Youth and the U.N.A." column week after week...

We had more news than we could use. But the activity slowed down after a while and we devoted our space to publicity for the U.N.A.

We've had nights where we sat at our typewriter for as long as four hours, trying to get out an original column.

Once in a while we receive a contribution for publication, and this helps a lot. Occasionally we act as our own reporter and come up with an item about some U. N. A. branch affair or function.

So you see, friends, this isn't easy work. And for that reason we ask you once again to make this column interesting by submitting U.N.A. news items for publication.

Let's have some mail, friends! Address Theodore Lutwiniak, c/o U.N.A., P.O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J.

CLUB NEWS

PITTSBURGH REGION

An informal meeting was held at the Fort Pitt Hotel in The Tudor Room on Wednesday evening, August 4th at 8 P.M.

On Thursday, August 5th, choir rehearsals were held at the Fort Pitt Hotel where a short meeting was held in order to complete the plans for the basket picnic which was held at Stevens Grove, South Park, on Sunday, August 8th.

On Sunday, August 8th, the members of the American Ukrainian Associated Clubs of Western Pennsylvania held a basket picnic at Stevens Grove, South Park.

Extensive preparations are being made by the Catholic War Veterans Post 403, of St. John's Ukrainian Catholic Church, for a "Moonlight Picnic" to be held this Saturday at Arcadia Park.

GAMES WANTED

St. John's Catholic War Veterans, Post 403, has a softball team which would like to book games with teams up to three hundred miles from Detroit.

none other than Nancy Pretka and Danny Spikula. They said the water was fine even tho Nancy did try to drown Danny.

The lunches that the girls prepared was something out of this world. Mm... refreshments were served by the fellows.

Then when it got dark, the gang got their cars and drove down to McKees Rocks to the Ukrainian Club where they took over the place.

Some of the comments heard: "Leta have another outing soon. This is really fun."

Submitted by OLGA FIGEL

DETROIT, MICH.

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GAMES WANTED

St. John's Catholic War Veterans, Post 403, has a softball team which would like to book games with teams up to three hundred miles from Detroit.

Andrew Wichorek, 5487 Cecil Street, Detroit 10, Mich.

SOUNDING BRASS

By ETAION SHRELU

NAUGHT SHELTER THEE

(After the modern school of writing.)

Things had been dull for a while, when the door swings open and this tall blonde girl walks into my office.

"I'm looking for—" she says in a husky voice. I puts my hands flat against the desk and shoves myself back in the chair.

"Look, Angel-face," I grates, "I'll do the talking here. Where did you ditch the ice?"

A look of fear comes into her smokey blue eyes and she starts to back to the door.

I jumps over the desk and grabs her shoulder, then I slaps her face—hard.

"Start talking, sister," I growls. "Where's the stuff?"

"But I—" she whispers. "Shut up!" I snaps and shoves her down into the chair—hard.

The door opens again and this short, pudgy character minces in. I kicks him in the stomach and as he doubles up I straighten him up with an upper-cut.

"O.K., Buster," I spits at him. "What's your angle in this deal?"

"You're a client of his?" asks the tall, blonde job.

"Naw, I'm the janitor," he says. "Come on, I'll show you to the elevator."

They walk out and I stagger. I yank a bottle of bourbon from under the desk and take a long pull.

TINKLING CYMBALS

...Modern version: Look not on the wine when it is Red.

...Looks like we'll monkey along talking about separate peace until we get into a separate war.

...The time to sign the treaties is not after the peace has been stolen.

...Those who sorrow because the next generation will inherit the war-debt should cheer up. Present indications are that it will also inherit the war.

...And the nations are now beating their swords into bombing planes and their versions of the war into the heads of their children.

...Nor is joint the only thing the world is out of.

...The railroad exhibition in Chicago makes us realize that everything has changed except the track gauge and the cute kid who sits behind you on the train and climbs all over the back of your neck.

...Talking about railroads, the only item over-looked by them in securing additional revenue-producing rates was a surcharge on the tips of Pullman porters and dining-car waiters.

...The new railroad rates will relieve the country of much of the freight problem and the public of a little more cash.

...With the price of cars and gas and tires what it is, a good many motorists won't be able to keep going unless the government comes to the rescue same as it did for the railroads.

...If gasoline ever went to fifty cents a gallon one result would be that there will be a lot of people buying gasoline at fifty cents a gallon.

...Some of our economic experts claim that the main reason for our inflation is that we spend billions of dollars annually on luxuries. Well, nobody can afford the necessities these days.

...About the only thing a nickel is good for these days is to change

Vet News Roundup

Q. I applied for a job as bartender and was told I could have it if I obtained advanced training in mixing drinks.

A. Yes. First you must submit to VA complete justification that the course is in connection with your contemplated occupation.

Q. I work in my father's hatchery and would like to enroll in an institutional on-farm training course under the G-I Bill.

A. No. Institutional on-farm training is limited to farms and other agricultural establishments operated for the purpose of raising crops or breeding poultry and livestock, or both.

Q. May I complete grade school under the G-I Bill?

A. Yes.

two of them for a dime so you can buy a penny's worth of something.

...In these profiteering days it's not the heat, it's the cupidity that annoys us.

...A gardner is a man who raises a few things; a farmer is a man who raises many things, and a jobber one who raises everything.

...The "no-babies" edict of apartment land-lords is cutting down America's birth-rate, experts claim. Here's about the only consoling thought—if there are fewer babies born, there will be fewer future apartment land-lords born.

...Mohammed started the fad of going to the mountains.

...Spring is a very popular season but summer has its fans.

Importance of Religion

Daily, from our newspapers and from direct communications with our countrymen, we obtain a clear picture of the political, social and economic structure of the Soviets under the Red regime.

How different the world situation would be if that immense empire of the Soviets were founded on Christian principles and earned the confidence of the world!

We Ukrainian Americans, dwelling in a God-loving country and enjoying the greatest freedom that any country offers, we know best what it means to live in a country founded on religious principles.

One day an atheist approached a farmer and began arguing the subject of religion. His mode of procedure was something like this: "How can you say that there is a God? Have you ever seen Him?"

School Problems

Seven million additional children in public schools in seven years—that is the prognosis of the National Education Association.

Statistics show that more women than men like all types of music. But it's the men who most often have to face it.

Divorces dropped in 1947 to a 15-year low. Apparently peace is more lasting than is generally believed.

but he calmly stooped down, picked up a lump of earth, and heaved it at the atheist.

Angered, the atheist hailed his assailant into court, and there the magistrate asked the farmer to give an account of his action.

After looking at the atheist squarely for a minute, the farmer answered, "I do not know why this man is hailing me into court. He says that he has a headache; I do not see it. Let him bring it forth as evidence, if he has one.

What They Say

(From Common Council)

President Harry S. Truman, in a statement on atomic energy:

"The Atomic Energy Act stands upon four policy points. The first is that since a free society places the civil authority above the military power, the control of atomic energy properly belongs in civilian hands.

George V. Allen, Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs, U. S. State Department, welcoming 29 international scholars at the University of Maryland:

"The experience of studying in another country, of living among the people of that country, and of informing one's self concerning its customs and institutions is of inestimable value to the individual student afforded such an opportunity.

President Harry S. Truman at the dedication services of the New York International Airport at Idlewild:

"It is a great pleasure for me to take part in the dedication of this splendid airfield here in the city chosen by the United Nations to be its permanent home...

"The New York International Airport is a sign of the confidence of the American people that we shall have lasting peace in the years ahead. This is a field built in the conviction that peaceful air travel and air commerce will expand in volume and importance.

Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York:

"This airport stands open to the air commerce of all the peace-loving peoples of the world. May their citizens and ours use it in increasing volume, exchanging their goods and ours and exchanging their ideas and ours...

"All of us in this shrinking world must learn, and the sooner the better, to understand our superficial differences and to know our fundamental similarities as people. We must learn courtesy and mutual understanding while repelling and rebuking intolerance on the part of any."

Paul Porter, former Chief of the Office of Price Administration, testifying before the House Banking Committee:

"The time for post mortems and finger pointing has expired. Congress should face the challenge of inflation in the same spirit and on the same basis which it measured up to its responsibilities in coming to the aid of Western Europe."

JOIN UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION!

"A" Convention to Remember! Come and Join Us... 11th Annual Convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. Labor Day Week End, September 4-5-6th. MAYFLOWER HOTEL... AKRON, OHIO. "WORLD PEACE - YOUR PROBLEM" PROGRAM. Friday Evening—Bowling and informal gatherings. Saturday Morning—Registration. Saturday P.M.—Formal opening of the Sessions. Discussion of pertinent problems by well-known younger generation Ukrainian American speakers.

