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American and Foreign-Language Groups Defend DPs Arriving Here

SEVERAL American and foreign-languages groups, including Ukrainian, have issued a statement, condemning the recent sweeping attack against Polish, Ukrainian, Baltic and certain other displaced persons now arriving to this country, as ideologically "undesirable." Among the signatories to the statement, a substantial part of which appeared on the editorial page of **The New York Times** of February 3, 1949, are prominent Americans as well as the leaders of various national groups which are working for a just and humane solution of the problem of Europe's displaced persons. They are: **Rt. Rev. Msgr. Luigi Ligutti**, executive Secretary of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference; **Dorothy Thompson**, Chairman, Refugee Defense Committee; **Christopher Emmet**, Chairman, Committee Against Mass Expulsion and of "Common Cause, Inc."; **Rev. Benedict Biro**, Catholic Hungarian League; **Cordelia Cox**, Acting Resettlement Executive of the National Lutheran Council; **Dr. Walter Gallan**, Executive Director, United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, Inc.; **Rev. Dr. William F. Kelly**, Director, Brooklyn Diocesan Resettlement Committee; **Rev. Dr. Joseph B. Koncius**, President, United Lithuanian Relief Fund of America; **Rt. Rev. Msgr. Stephen J. Krasula**, President, Slovak Catholic Federation of America; **Dr. Michael Krek**, League of Catholic Slovenian Americans; **Rev. Cyril J. Potecek**, Director, New York Archdiocesan Resettlement Committee and **Alexandra Tolstoy**, President of the Tolstoy Foundation, Inc.

The above leaders stated that there has been wide spread propaganda from certain sources, implying that a large proportion of the non-Jewish DPs are former Nazi collaborators. They expressed fear that if not corrected, this impression may do an injustice to the DPs as a whole and bring misunderstanding, embarrassment and even suffering to the new immigrants now arriving in this country.

Demand Screening to Keep Out Communist and Pro-Soviet Elements

The displaced persons now in the camps, reads the statement, come from three main classes: (1) slave laborers who were deported to Germany from the conquered countries, citizens of those countries who were unwillingly conscripted into the German army, and a small number who could show that they accepted civilian work in Germany in order to escape conscription into the German army or into German slave labor camps; (2) refugees from the countries of Eastern Europe who had already experienced persecution under the Red Army from 1939 to 1941, during the Stalin-Hitler pact, and who fled westward at the end of the war to escape the renewed Soviet occupation; (3) Jewish refugees who left the communist-dominated countries of Eastern Europe after the war to escape communist persecution, often involving confiscation of their property, or to escape the anti-Semitism existing in those Soviet-dominated countries. All these groups were victims of Nazi or Soviet totalitarianism, or both.

It is inevitable that in any group of a million persons, such as that in the DP camps, a certain percentage of undesirables will be be found. But to claim that a large proportion of former collaborators is still in the camps ignores the repeated screenings, purges and pressures of every sort to which nearly all the non-Jewish refugees and inmates of the camps have been subjected, ever since 1945. All DPs whose status or records gave the slightest hint of collaboration were automatically excluded. These screenings resulted from constant Soviet demands that DPs should be forced to their countries of origin behind the iron curtain, on the theory that every citizen is the property of the state to which he belongs. Despite its excellent work in providing food and shelter, UNRRA unfortunately did not always uphold the views held in the United States, Great Britain and Canada—the countries whose taxpayers paid UNRRA's bills—in regard to the DPs rights to refuse to return to their communist-dominated countries.

Pro-Soviet Record of UNRRA Recalled

While UNRRA had no authority to force refugees to go back to their homelands, state the signatories of the letter, it did everything to "persuade" and "encourage" these unfortunates to return under Communist domination. Most Non-Communists were indignant over "Operation Carrot," the title officially bestowed by UNRRA on its project to induce thousands of Poles, Ukrainians, Russians, Lithuanians, Latvians, Estonians, Serbs, Croats and Slovenes to go home under the Soviets, by offering them a two months' supply of canned food. In pursuit of its objective that all non-Jewish DPs should return to their countries of origin, UNRRA was often ruthless in using every means in its power, short of physical force. Section C, for instance, of UNRRA Resolution No. 99, passed by its council in Geneva, stated that the Administration shall admit only "such voluntary agency personnel as undertake not to discourage repatriation." In other words, they could not inform the DPs about the real conditions behind the Iron Curtain.

Shocking also was its ill-famed repatriation program of November 11, 1946, known as "Administration Order No. 199," permitting Soviet and satellite agents (repatriation officers) to enter the camps camps and to gather data about the DPs and their families behind the iron curtain, which they used to pressure them to go back. Although Order No. 199 was rescinded after several weeks of circulation, its effects were felt for a long time.

Many of the screenings conducted by UNRRA turned into inquisitions, aimed at finding those who were opposed to Soviet Russia and the communist satellite governments.

We Trust Our Public Officials Conducting Screenings of DPs

Those Americans who now urge additional screening should know that every DP under the U.S. Army of Occupation has passed through at least seven or eight different screenings. Some have been screened as many as 30 times. First it was the U. S. Army which screened all the DPs to find the war criminals among them. UNRRA did its share of screening too, and so did IRO after it took over the administration of DPs. The U. S. Army estimates that in consequence of these screenings full 10%, or 100,000 DPs were dismissed from the camps.

The U. S. Military Government conducted its separate screenings to find the genuine refugees among DPs. Furthermore, the Displaced Persons Commission now sends its own selectors charged with choosing those refugees who are eligible to enter this country under the DP Act of 1948. Finally, the FBI looks into the record of every prospective immigrant and the U. S. Consular Services abroad conduct a separate investigation of each case before issuing a visa.

Needless to say, the vast majority of those who have survived all these examinations, pressures and ordeals must not only have good credentials but strong characters and firm convictions. If, despite all these checks, some subversive elements occasionally get by, this indicates not a need for additional screenings, but rather greater care in those already authorized. The quality, not the quantity of screenings may need to be improved; and since most of the above inquisitions were directed toward removing pro-Nazis from the camps rather than pro-Communists, the latter question should receive due emphasis under any new procedure.

The fears of some that there is a high percentage of Nazis and collaborators among the Displaced Persons should be further allayed by the following statement of William Hallam Tuck, Executive Director of the IRO:

"The Displaced Persons under IRO care are not pro-Nazis nor did they collaborate with the Nazi regime. IRO's constitution specifically bars 'Persons who can be shown to have voluntarily assisted the enemy forces in their operations against the United Nationss' from receiving assistance. In a mass operation which has so far dealt with over million persons and in the chaotic conditions in occupied areas after the war it is possible that some persons have been able to hide evidence of a questionable past. However, to lump all those who served under duress in German Armed Forces with this small element of willful collaborators is disingenuous and dishonest and does a great disservice to all refugees. IRO is making every effort to insure that only those genuinely entitled to its assistance receive such aid."

In conclusion, the signatories stressed the important but neglected problem of the victims of mass expulsion now in Germany, who are not recognized as DPs under the IRO constitution because of "German ethnic origin," but who were assigned a share of the German and Austrian U. S. immigration quotas under Section 12 of the DP Act.

UKRAINIAN BISHOPS' NEW PLACE OF IMPRISONMENT UNKNOWN

"The Commonweal," American Catholic periodical, published in its February 11, 1949 the following news report:—

"Three Ukrainian Catholic Bishops, arrested by the Soviet Secret Police in 1945 and imprisoned until recently at the concentration camp of Voluka, north of the Arctic circle, are not at an "unknown" address, according to the Russian police. This was learned when relief packages sent to the Bishops in October, 1948, were returned with a notification from the police that the present whereabouts of the Bishops is "unknown."

"The prisoners were arrested by the Soviet Secret Police as part of the liquidation of the Catholic Church in the territories of the Polish Ukraine annexed by the Soviet Union. At first imprisoned at Kiev, they were later taken to Voluka, just West of the Ural Mountains, where the prison population is estimated as several million.

"While it is possible that the Bishops are dead, or have been transferred to another place of imprisonment, the date of the "unknown" notice has caused speculation that the Bishops be kept "incommunicado" in retaliation for the assassination of Orthodox Bishop Gabriel Kostelnik of Lviw on September 21, 1948. Father Kostelnik became a Bishop of the Orthodox Church following his apostasy from the Catholic Church.

"Arrested with the three Bishops in 1945 were two other Ukrainian Catholic Bishops who have since died in captivity."

HELPING OUR DPs SETTLE HERE

Pictured above in their Maryland model farm are Mr. and Mrs. E. Gambrill and family, who like many other Maryland farmers are helping Ukrainian displaced persons to sink their roots in our free American soil. At right is Dr. Walter Gallan, executive director of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee. Mr. Gambrill has now in his employ Mr. and Mrs. Wasyl Kaminsky and has expressed a desire to employ more Ukrainian DPs.

UYL-NA Basketball Tourney in Toronto

For the first time in the history of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, the final basketball tournament of the year will be held this year in Canada. The event will take place in Toronto Saturday and Sunday, March 5-6th. Besides the games between the sectional champions, a grand program of social entertainment is being prepared by the Canadians for their American friends.

There will be a Welcome Dance featuring "old time dancing" in one hall (polkas, kohanotchka, etc.) and modern dancing in another, both going on at the same time. On Sunday after Mass the final game will be played, after which a banquet will be held. During the banquet trophies will be presented to the winners and many outstanding young Ukrainians from the world of sports will be presented to the public.

Toronto, Canada on March 5th and 6th will offer the only opportunity this year for our young people to meet all the boys from the winning teams of the United States and Canada. If you are not sport's minded now you will be if you come to Toronto next week.

The tournament will take place at St. Vladimir's Gymnasium, 400 Bathurst street, Toronto, Canada, on Saturday at 2 P.M. It will start off with a sectional playoff game. At 4 P.M. the first tournament game will be played, followed with the second at 5:30. The welcome dance will take place that evening, in two large halls.

Sunday morning the young people will attend Mass at the several Ukrainian churches in Toronto.

At 2 P.M. that day the Tournament Championship Game will be held. A capacity crowd is expected to witness the game.

At 4 P.M. the Presentation Banquet will get under way. Noted Ukrainian American and Canadian Ukrainian athletes will be presented at this affair, as well as certain officers of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, as well as other youth leaders.

All planning to attend the UYL-NA Basketball Tournament are urged to make early reservations with the Westminster Hotel, 240 Jarvis street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

For further tournament information, write to Jean Harasym, 378 Bathurst street, Toronto.

Yonkers Vets Sponsor Ukrainian Mass

City officials and veterans leaders were in attendance Washington's Birthday, February 22, when the Catholic War Veterans Coordinating Committee of Yonkers, N. Y., sponsored a Byzantine-Slavonic Eastern Rite Mass at the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary. The Mass was a spiritual offering for Cardinal Mindszenty, imprisoned Primate of Hungary, reports William B. Choly, St. Michael's Post, Yonkers, N. Y.

The Rev. Stephen J. Chrepta, former assistant pastor of St. Michael's Ukrainian Catholic Church and currently on the staff of St. Basil's Ukrainian Catholic Seminary, Stamford, Connecticut, was the celebrant of the mass. Father Chrepta also preached the sermon which was titled, "Comparison of the Eastern and Western Rites."

The Rev. Basil Klos, pastor of St. Michael's Church was the deacon while the Rev. Nicholas Babak, principal of St. Basil's Preparatory School, Stamford, was the sub-deacon. The responses were sung by the Choir Boyan of St. Michael's Church, under the direction of Professor Michael Fatiuk.

The Right Rev. Msgr. John J. O'Brien, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary extended the invitation to the CWV Coordinating Committee to sponsor the mass, and gave the welcoming address.

Among the city officials present were Vice-Mayor John J. Whalen, Councilman Emmett Burke and City Judge Martin J. Fay. Also in attendance was Arthur Doran, prominent Catholic layman of Yonkers and Edward J. Murray, Democratic City Chairman.

Veterans leaders who attended were Frank J. Watson, Leonard Matarese and Leo J. Tyrrell, chairman, vice-chairman and treasurer respectively of the Central Committee of War Veterans Organizations.

William B. Choly, of St. Michael's Post, CWV, and vice-chairman of the CWV Coordinating Committee was in charge of the general arrangements and was assisted by Maurice M. Condon and Michael Dohan of the Monastery of Sacred Heart Post. The CWV group expects to make the Eastern Rite Mass celebration an annual event and rotate among the Roman Catholic Churches of Yonkers.

Following the Mass, the city officials, veterans leaders and others in the capacity filled church expressed complete satisfaction for being privileged to attend the Mass as celebrated by priests of the Ukrainian Catholic Diocese. The assemblage was also impressed with the fine showing made by the choir under Professor Fatiuk's direction.

The committee had literature printed which described the various parts of the Mass, thus keeping these present informed of the proceedings.

Editorial

"Impractical Idealism"

PERHAPS the noblest quality of youth is its quest of an ideal. The quest is often long and tortuous, and many fall out by the wayside; yet those who are strong and persistent eventually become the most fortunate of all mankind, for their ideals come true!

Our Ukrainian American youth is now embarked upon one such quest. Our ideal, like a well-cut diamond, has many facets: We seek the realization of the centuries-old dream of an independent Ukraine, we seek to perpetuate here in America the finer phases of Ukrainian life, and we seek to obtain a better knowledge of our Ukrainian background, history, culture, and language.

Yet our quest is hindered by many obstacles, particularly by sceptics who characterize our ideal as being too Utopian, impossible of attainment, and by others who from their "realistic" point of view deride our efforts, asking of what profit is it for us to become better acquainted with the country of our origin, with its history, culture, and language? This sort of thing, they say, won't help us earn our bread and butter.

Without pointing out to these "realists" the basic necessity for them as descendants of a grand race to know something of themselves and their people, or their duty to the parents whose idealism caused them to leave their native land so that their children would have those opportunities which they were denied, — we merely wish to state in all seriousness that a good knowledge of Ukrainian language, history and culture will really be of profit to all of us.

There is good reason to believe that the Ukrainian Americans will remain as an ethnic group in this country for many years to come. And the peak of our development has not been reached as yet. Therefore, the question arises:—Who of our present-day youth will take over the reins of leadership from the hands of our retiring older-generation leaders? Who will teach the improved Ukrainian schools now arising? Who will direct the Ukrainian choruses? Who will conduct courses on Ukrainiana in American schools and colleges? With the growing importance of Ukraine in world affairs who will be called upon to lecture or write about Ukraine? Who will be in a position to earn fame and money for himself as a writer by introducing into American literature some of the inimitable native phases of Ukrainian literature? Who will be able to conduct a profitable business in introducing Ukrainian motifs into American arts and crafts?... etc. ... etc. Who will? Naturally, none other than those young American-Ukrainian idealists who, ignoring the skepticism and even derision of "materialists" and "realists," are seriously devoting themselves today to the study of the Ukrainian language, Ukrainian history, traditions, culture, and literature, both from foreign and original sources, — studying and preparing themselves for the great things to come.

And yet, suppose that this preparation does not bring the expected "practical gains." Is that a sufficient reason to grow discouraged? Not at all! For there are other, more intrinsic benefits involved, which cannot be computed in terms of money or time. Only recently, an authority on youth cautioned the youth not to pay any attention to those who seek to frighten the youth away from the so-called "impractical idealism." The present times, brought about by bare materialism, she says, itself demands of the youth "to speak up for their impractical idealism." And therefore, if studying Ukrainiana appears to some of us as "impractical," then let us look at it from the viewpoint of "impractical idealism." And if we do, we will surely benefit by it, for we will become more enlightened, more cultured, and a better type of man and woman. And what more could one want?

A Misstatement Corrected

A recent UP dispatch from Frankfurt, reporting on the growing strength of the Ukrainian resistance movement in Soviet occupied Ukraine, stated that this movement "already has chosen a president, cabinet ministers and parliament for an independent government."

The dispatch further alleges that this "government, known as the Ukrainian free people's regime, is an offshoot of the German-sponsored Ukrainian independence."

The better informed dailies in this country, at least those called to our attention, skipped this absurd statement linking the Ukrainian liberation movement with the Germans. But the less informed, particularly in the Middle West, as in Sheybogan, Wisconsin, as well as in certain parts of Canada, did not.

By now, what with all the informative literature in English on the subject available to everyone, it should be clear even in the most backwoods areas that the Ukrainian movement is Ukrainian in origin, tradition, and spirit. Linking it up with the Germans is the hoary-coated capsule which Russian, Polish propagandists and other enemies of the Ukrainian people have been attempting to feed the gullibles and the ignoramuses for the past several scores of years.

When, for instance, the Ukrainian National Republic came into being at close of World War I, the Germans attempted to exploit its resources, dissolved forcibly its Central Rada government, and stirred the Ukrainians to a rebellion which helped to drive them out of the country.

During the German occupation of Ukraine in the last war, the Ukrainian patriots formed themselves into a powerful resistance force. Both the Reds and the Germans agree that this partisan force contributed to the German defeat. Moreover when the Ukrainians attempted to set up their republic during this period, the Germans crushed this attempt and jailed its leaders.

And finally consider the damage done to the German occupation forces and subsequently, and to this day, to the Red occupants of Ukraine by the famed UPA, the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, — which is fighting to free Ukraine.

Ukraine: Russia's Most Violent Headache

By WASYL HALICH

(Continued) (3)

The N. Y. World Fair Incident

TODAY Ukraine is a republic; i. e., on paper. But what kind of "independence" or self-government it has under the Stalin constitution may be partially seen from this incident. In 1939 the American Ukrainians took steps to have their pavilion and cultural exhibits at the New York World's Fair, as they did in Chicago in 1933, but the Soviet Government threatened its withdrawal from the Fair if the Ukrainians received such permission. The reason underlying such action was that the Russian government did not want the world to see an example of Ukrainian culture as such; it must be labeled "Russian," and be under Soviet authority. The Fair authorities weakened; and the Russians got away with their bluff. And so, instead of Ukrainian culture, Stalin himself was on display at this Fair, as anyone who visited the Russian Building could testify.

During World War II, Ukraine suffered the most of all the countries, according to impartial American observers. Her farms, villages, cities, and institutions were ruined. The destruction was carried out by the retreating Russian armies and the NKVD (the older name for the present MVD), as well as by the retreating Germans. Neither wanted the other to get anything of material value. Now the Russians blame it all on the Germans, and in their self-righteousness admit no part in the destruction. As a matter of fact, some of the medieval Ukrainian churches and monasteries were demolished by order of the Moscow government as early as 1934, and those cultural workers like Prof. Makarenko, who pleaded with Stalin to save the historical monuments were sent to slave camps. Yet, recently, a Russian government agent in Kiev told an American writer, John Steinbeck, that all the destruction there had been wrought by the Germans. No doubt the government had ordered the dissemination of such information.

Russian Expansion Since War

While the war was still going on, Stalin hinted to the Ukrainian people that they might expect better things after it was over. It was the First, Second, and Third Ukrainian Armies that bore the burden of war against Hitler. They were led by such able Ukrainian generals as Timoshenko, Rokosovsky, and others. Meanwhile the Ukrainian underground forces, often equipped with American armament and fed by lend-lease, did their job well. By 1945, Germany was vanquished; Stalin became the dictator not only of the old Russian empire but of "liberated" central Europe also. Since then he has been knocking at the door of Italy, France, and Finland, and bidding them to become Russian colonies. And his iron hand is as heavy on Ukraine as before the war and there is no projected plan for any amelioration.

Since Russia dominates so much of Europe, she has ignored her allies of the recent war and has been making unilateral arrangements to shift the territories to her own satisfaction. Thus she first of all detached the Ukrainian provinces of Bukovina from Romania, Carpatho-Ukraine from Czechoslovakia, and annexed the major part of pre-war Polish Ukraine, thus "uniting" them with the "Ukrainian Republic." Now she could boast to the Ukrainian subjects that the great "vozhd" (führer), Stalin, had at last united Ukraine: they were all his people. Many Ukrainians in the above provinces tasted Russian rule for the first time in 1939, in connection with the Hitler-Stalin partition of Poland, and never wanted to experience it again. As the Soviet armies advanced again to their communities in the final stage of the war, these persons left their homes, businesses, and even families, and fled ahead of the Reds until they became the largest group of war refugees among the Displaced Persons.

How Russians "Liberated" Western Ukraine

What happened to those left behind and "liberated" by Russia? The "iron curtain" is the answer. As late as 1948, no food, garden seed, or mail may be sent there, although Stalin permits such favors to his other new subjects. Yet the Russian consul will tell you: "Da"—yes, you can send it all, but just try it. However, by adding nearly 10,000,000 new Ukrainian subjects, Russia has added the liveliest and most advanced branch of their race. These have never known Russian rule and had much self-government under other foreign rule. One month of Russian rule sufficed to convince even the most pro-Russian Czechs that they did not want it. For the Ukrainians even one week of it was too much, because they are noted individualists and democrats, two types of people for which Russia has no time. She deals with the millions, recognizes the masses. When the Russians came they found stores, small businesses, newspapers, magazines, thousands of libraries and reading rooms, as well as Ukrainian schools and churches. This all pointed to a higher standard of living. Within a few days Moscow "liberated" the new subjects of it all and placed a yoke on their necks. In fact, according to

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This and That - - - by G. H.

WITH this family, Sunday mornings come and go according to a standing routine akin to a ritual. Breakfast, church, papers, dinner—these follow one another automatically from habits formed during the last several years. One weks ago, while the third act was in session and everyone was immersed in the favorite paper, the "baby" of the family gave a sudden yelp: "Orphan Annie mentioned Ukraine!" Soon the comic page passed from one pair of hands to others until it made a circuit and returned to the first "yelper."

The excitement died down as soon as everybody had seen Orphan Annie's reference to Ukraine, each person feeling that the cause for excitement was too trivial, although the mention of Ukraine in the comic page sent a thrill through everyone. Each one felt that he or she was caught playing with a child's toy.

On sober reflection, however, the mention of Ukraine as a victim of ruthlessness, is something to be excited about. That it was a comic page, does not diminish its importance for the simple reason that millions of people, young and old, read orphan Annie. Its significance cannot be minimized as an indication to what extent the name Ukraine has been popularized. It is the result of this publication's constant plea to its readers—to tell the truth about Ukraine.

There is no visible connection between Orphan Annie and the tragedy of Cardinal Mindszenty. There is, however, a growing resentment among Ukrainians why so much newspaper space is given to the Cardinal who became a victim of communist ruthlessness. Of course there is no sympathy for Cardinal's judges nor for the court that tried him. The Ukrainians are aware of the methods employed by the communists in the past. The resentment is directed against the newspapers because they were silent when Ukrainian bishops and priests were being liquidated. No one can deny that the American press was deaf to the pleas of Ukrainian Americans when thousands of Ukrainian patriots were being massacred.

Resentment in this case could be justified only if it produced a constructive remedy. There is a lesson to be learned from the publicity given to the Cardinal, and only the blind will not learn it. Why did the American press ignore the Ukrainian appeals if not because the Ukrainians in American were weak and lacking in sufficient influence on public opinion? Have the Ukrainians done their utmost in making their complaints heard? Approach an average Ukrainian American even today with a question on what become of Ukrainian bishops, clergy and leaders in every walk of life, and you will draw a blank for an answer.

Instead of resentment for partiality in the treatment by the American press, our efforts should be doubled in our own telling of the crimes committed by the communists. If we cannot do that personally, we can always help the organizations that are doing it. The world has become callous and slow to realize what outrages are being committed, but in time the world will awaken to the horror, and will react accordingly. We are witnessing the awakening even now, and it is our duty to accelerate that awakening.

Common Sense

One popular and stimulating lecturer on foreign and domestic affairs, recently gave this excellent advice in one of his talks:

"War talk, mounting tensions, crises, these will return. You may as well get used to them, take them in stride, they're going to be with you for a long time. Better learn to live with them. These years demand of the intelligent citizen that he do everything in his power to strengthen moral and spiritual fibre of his nation, to sustain its economy and direct its course.

"Having done that, you may as well relax, enjoy the days of your years, make life as pleasant as possible for yourself and for those around you. Take the longer, look, keep the over-all picture in mind. There's no percentage in waiting for happier days. They will not come in your lifetime or mine.

"If you keep eyes glued to headlines, ears to radio, jump at every alarm, you will not successfully plan and conduct your job, business or profession; you'll join the ranks of the one-in-ten who are already mental cases."

This isn't the first world crisis an it won't be the last. The "war of nerves" is producing too many victims in the United States. The best medicine for survival lies is calmness and strength, and a determination to stand by our principles.

KNOWLEDGE

You are my light
As sunshine bright
My guiding star
To success afar.

Without you I'm bound
Like a prisoner found
Without you I'll strive
Gaining nothing from life.

MYROSLAVA

Trivia - by Sophia

"HOLY SMOKE!"

I've often wondered what makes some people tick. Not plain, ordinary people, mind you, but peculiar ones, like firebugs, for instance. What do firebugs do for a living? Where do they while away the time of day? Do they just "while away" the time, or do they spend the day doing things constructive, only to bring out their alter ago at night and light fires? I wonder whether arsonists smoke, and if they do, whether they smoke for the smoke itself or just for the pleasure of striking matches. If they enjoy lighting cigarettes in the daytime, then maybe they are not "Jekyll-and-Hyde" pyromaniacs, but have the same warped mind day and night. I suppose there must be different categories of firebugs, e.g., the type that lights a fire just to stand by and revel in watching the flames, and the type that sets fires and runs away, and enjoys reading the newspaper writeups about it. Then again, you break up these categories into those who like small fires, those who like big fires and those who hate fires but are overcome by an obsession to light them. I wonder whether these fire bugs set fires just to be malicious, for revenge against society, or because they find a package of matches in their hands and must use them. Anyhow, these birds are what psychiatrists thrive on.

Another fellow I've always considered strange is the street car conductor. Unlike the bus driver, who is a bit more cheerful, the street car conductor is either grumpy or Indifferent. If he hasn't a frown on his face, he has a dead pan. I wonder whether these fellows become gay when they leave the job, or whether they carry the sour face home with them. Maybe they are selected for their ability to look that way, but maybe they become embittered against mankind while changing nickels and dimes, and handing out free transfers to people who don't even want them but take them anyhow just to be spiteful and then throw them under the seat. Maybe that's enough to make conductors down-in-the-mouth. Conductors never seem to say much except. "Twelfth Street," "Tenth Street," etc., and, "'Move to the rear!" For this reason it's hard to gain any insight into the character of the conductor, and it would be necessary for a hypnitist to ride the street car, in order to get to the subconscious mind of the conductor. And since hypnotists are too lah-dee-dah" to ride street cars, we may never find out what makes conductors tick.

Interior decorators are another odd group of people. Invariably you find they are a domineering bunch, and even if they don't start out this way, the nature of their work encourages a domineering attitude. To be an interior decorator, one must tell the client how to furnish his or her house, and be firm about it. In other words, he must never let the client think he is not sure of himself. In adopting this attitude that his advice is infiallible and no other will do, the decorator comes to think of himself as a miniature sun with his clients as planets. Consequently he becomes domineering. (For that deduction, I get a pat on the back.) We like to think of interior decorators as women, but it's surprising to find how many men are in the field. These men may have been starving artists who had to turn to decorating to make a living, but then they might be the type that enjoy selecting flowered prints for drapes, or deciding whether curtains should be tailored or ruffled. After all, to each his own. And somebody has to prescribe those frilly lampshades, so it might as well be the interior decorators. In the case of a male decorator, I wonder whether he or his wife has final say as to what furnishings are to be in his own home. But you must admit, anyone who can make a fortune telling people what to do must be clever. I would like to know, however, what spurs a man on to pink lampshades and flowery curtains.

Now you may think that firebugs, street car conductors and interior decorators don't have anything to do with each other. Well, you're right. They haven't.

On Record - - by Ted Victor

NATIONAL HOMES

All of the National Homes that we have in the country today were founded by our parents in order that there might be a place for them and their children to meet, hold concerts, dances and in general they were going to act as the hub for all Ukrainian American activities. Today, in the smaller cities and towns that have National Homes, I believe this principle has not been forgotten. But in some of our larger cities, I'm afraid it has been.

Saturday night in any town means dance night. Naturally the young people enjoy going to outside dances once in a while but on the whole a dance at one National Home is a lot more fun and much more economical. However when the local National Home has become a center for the "street hype" of a crowd, a public dance hall catering to people who know nothing and care less about its welfare, the young Ukrainian American begins to lose all interest in his National Home Where in former times he used to go down to the National Home to meet his friends, today he has to travel to other communities to see them. Where in former times he used to enjoy asking his Americant friends to come to the Ukrainian dances, today he hesitates, for it is impossible to say what will happen at these affairs.

Too, many outward appearances at the National Home have changed so that one has to think twice before bringing his friends down. In one home in the Metropolitan Area there are some signs around the bar which make the following requests of their patrons: "Do Not Linger in the Alleyways. Do not stop in doorways or on our neighbors' porches for we have had complaints, etc." Naturally anyone reading these signs would have just cause for saying "must be some crowd hanging around here."

When the above mentioned points are brought up in a discussion with the operators of these National Homes, they immediately bring out the fact that much money is being made, and that many improvements have been made because of these new sources of income. However, they do not mention anything about the failure of the National Home to do something constructive for the people themselves. Basketball for the younsters is forbidden because it harms the dance floor, etc. This prevents the many youngsters interested in sports from taking an active part in the various state and national leagues. The material is there but they have no place to play. The result of course will be that these young people gradually drop completely away from Ukrainian activities.

When we look at the overall picture, when we consider our parents' reasons for building the National Homes and to what end these very same National Homes are destined for today, we cannot help but realize they are poles apart in principle and ideals. It seems a pity that a slightly used dance floor and perhaps some slight damages to the walls should interfere with the general welfare and future of our Ukrainian life in America. If our National Homes must become public dance halls on Saturday night, there is no reason on earth why they should not be something for the Ukrainians the other six days of the week.

NEWS-NOTE:

Judging from the reports I have been receiving from Toronto, the Basketball Tournaments of the UYL-NA in that city will be really something. The committee insists that even if you never took part in any sport outside of tiddlywinks, you will be a true "sportman" after attending the tournaments in Toronto next week.

An air force pilot was boasting that new aircraft could do anything that a bird could do. He was stopped cold when asked to sit on a barbed wire fence and sing sweetly.

Father and Son

By WILLIAM PALUK

HELEN, the maid, walked gingerly into the study, and said quietly, "There's a man to see you, Mr. Earne."

Graham Ellis Earne didn't look up from his Toronto Saturday Night.

"Who is it?" he barked.

"He says he's your father."

Helen said it in an even tone, as though she had said that it was the newspaper boy, or the plumber. But she looked sharply at her employer to see his reaction. She was richly rewarded.

"I beg your pardon? What was that?"

Helen didn't hide the irritated tone in her voice.

"There's a man at the door," she repeated, "and he says he's your father."

Throwing the paper away, Earne swept through the room and confronted the man standing inside the colonial door.

"My father!" he said, unbelievingly.

The father (yes, it was he), twisted his old hat in his hands, not knowing what to say or do.

Impulsively, Earne seized his father's arm and half-pushed him into a leather chair in the study, closing the door behind them.

Graham Earne lit a cigar, and gave one to the old man, who lit it, but regarded it quizzically.

"It has been a long time," Earne said, "I didn't know you were alive."

"Sometimes I wondered if I was alive myself." Surprisingly enough, the father spoke in Ukrainian. "You understand, son," he paused at the word, "I speak best in my own language, though I understand English very well."

"Of course, of course."

Father and son continued to discourse in Ukrainian and English.

It had been twenty-four years the man who was G. E. Earne had left the Ukraine, and about eleven years since this man had turned his back on his name (it had been Hryhoriy Zarobenko), and decided to forget everything connected with the fact that he had once been an immigrant.

He remembered many things clearly now as he faced his aged, immigrant father. He remembered those first years of sweat on the road gang, his delight at receiving his first Canadian pay, and after many years of slave-like work, his overwhelming, consuming desire to tell his foreman to go to the neither regions, and to get a job at which he could wear a clean, white collar.

His greatest obstacle was his ignorance of the language. He swore he'd learn it, fluently, perfectly. At night he pored over English books. In the daytime he strained his ears to catch the syllables of the English-speaking workers about him. He enrolled in a night school and soon mastered the books that were given to him. But he was disappointed in finding that his teacher was of Ukrainian descent, and what more, spoke with an accent. Ah, yes, he was able now to tell the difference between good and bad English speech.

"The lathe turned about in an even spin," he repeated over and over again. Those impossible, blasted "th's." He felt his tongue big in his mouth, his lips heavy and unyielding.

But he would teach his lips and his tongue to master the syllable and the consonant. He asked to be transferred to a room where the teacher was Anglo-Saxon, a man by the name of Mr. Rogers. His name alone presented a challenge.

The years flew by, and yet his overwhelming desire to learn the new language and the ways of the new country and its people did not spend itself. On the contrary, young Hryhoriy had mapped out a plan. He would learn the new tongue to perfection. Then he would change his name. He was tired of spelling out his long surname to officials of one kind or another. And if his surname was changed, why not change his first name too? Then he would be no different to the men in the white collars. Yes, he would soon wear one of them, too.

His plan had worked. His name was now Graham Ellis Earne, and he checked in a Yard Office. He could joke with the other clerks about some stupid thing the laborers did, and he wouldn't speak to the laborers who walked about in their sweaty shirts and dirty overalls. How he hated them now! Other clerks referred to them, using a derogatory term. At first the term stung, as he remembered that he had been one himself; but he gloried in the reasoning that he was above them now. He began to use the nickname himself, and he hated them as he had never done before.

So Earne turned his back on his past identity. His break was complete when he married a waitress by the name of Veronica Mclarty, a none-too-pretty girl who was taller than he, and as old.

But now, he was talking to his Ukrainian father, who had come like a ghost out of the past. Indeed, he resembled a ghost. His grey eyes were sunken, his face lined, the thick black hair that characterized the Zarobenkos, was thin and receding. But there was a tilt to his father's chin that was very familiar. He was a proud one!

—And so, I have come to this country as a displaced person," his father concluded. "There has been trouble in finding something to do."

While his father spoke, Earne's mind was busy taking stock of the situation. What a funny world it was! Here was his own father in his study, and yet he felt that this man was a total stranger. His language was different, his dress was different—he was a man from another world.

Ernie tried to fit this old man into his own world. His friends were all of Anglo-Saxon descent. They had their parties, their dances, their own church, their own sophisticated way of living. This man would be as out of place here as a drake on a chicken farm.

"There is very little I can do," said Earne with finality. "I am office manager, and hire only clerks who can type and do bookkeeping. If you wish me to speak to one of the Yard Superintendents about taking you on as extra help, I would be glad to do so."

"I do not wish to trouble you, my son," answered Zarobenko. "It is not as bad with me as I may have led you to believe. The new world is a bit strange to a newcomer, but I am getting used to it gradually. Just yesterday..."

"I am sure you will have no great difficulty," his son cut in. "Leave me your address, and I am sure," he added as an afterthought, "that my wife will want to meet you."

They shook hands at the door.

"Bless you, my son," sad the old man, in parting. Why did he have to say "my son" all the time?

Earne did not mention his father's appearance to his wife or to his daughter. The maid was a bit puzzled at this, but she said nothing.

A few days later, Earne was talking to a group of company men over their morning cup of coffee. Pemberton, who was Earne's boss, had some news for them.

"Going to be a new man taking over the Engineering Department from the looks of things," he said. "I met him the other day in the District Superintendent's office. Seems a nice enough chap, first glance. But he's still in his DP's clothes, and you'll never know him from a laborer, that is, until he begins to talk. Knows more about engineering than the rest of the guys on the fourth floor put together. Has some wonderful ideas about changing over some parts of the present set-up."

"Who is the fellow?" someone asked.

"His name is Za-ro-ben-ko," said Pemberton, enunciating each syllable carefully. "You guys might as well learn how to pronounce it and spell it. I did, and the chief can say it without batting an eyelash."

"What-what was that name again?" This from Earne.

Pemberton repeated it. The others repeated it after him, some with success, others with poor results.

Earne couldn't believe his ears. Someone was saying: "Well, Za-ro-ben-ko doesn't need to worry about his old clothes. With the salary he'll pull in, he can buy himself a complete wardrobe the first pay-day."

(Concluded on page 3)

"SVOBODA"
(UKRAINIAN DAILY)
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WAKE UP GIRLS!

Leap Year has passed. For many of you, Leap Year was just another year in your bored, uneventful life. For a few lucky girls, it brought a prospect of marriage. These girls were indeed lucky to lasso those scarce males into marriage. According to latest government figures (unofficial census report), there are 500,000 surplus women of marriageable age in the U. S. A.

These figures bring to light that more girls are born than boys; the war that passed caused a huge male shortage; last but not least, more men have decided bachelorhood is heavenly. You girls must realize that because of the above conditions, many of you are destined to become spinsters.

No doubt you have noticed that many of "Our Boys" are marrying "foreign girls" or girls of different nationalities. I wonder why. Well girls, there are several reasons why "Our Boys" are marrying these girls. The "Boys" claim that these foreign girls" are the opposite of "Our Girls" in many respects.

True the Ukrainian lads found many faults with "Our Girls" which could easily be corrected within reason. The "Boys" say that most "Ukrainian Girls"—

1. **Are hard to please.** If a boy kisses a girl on a first date, he's "fast"; if he doesn't, he's a drip.

2. **Are possessive.** If you date them twice they think they own you—and too many of them have marriage on their minds in the beginning.

3. **Are putting on an act.** They try to look and act like movie stars instead of being themselves.

4. **Are gold diggers.** A walk or an evening at home is no date to them. They want to go to exclusive places and spend your money freely.

5. **Are vain.** They spend too much time on their faces and their clothes with fuss and not enough time on brains or personality.

6. **Are naggers.** They complain about your haircut and your necktie and are peeved because you do not look like Van Johnson.

7. **Are catty.** They seldom have a good word to say about other girls.

8. **Are boy crazy.** They have a roving eye for "dreamboats" with cars and money to spend.

9. **Have bad taste.** They use too much make-up and wear conspicuous clothes.

10. **Are scatter-brained.** They don't bother to learn anything because they think their femininity will get them a husband or a good job.

11. **Are Shrewd.** But not enough. The fellow dates her but she manages to have an excuse for not accepting, making it a date for the next night. Meanwhile, she struts out with another fellow. She doesn't realize that we fellows stick together.

Others found some girls too loud. Their conversations centered only on feminine interests and of dates with other men. Some girls swore and used rough language. Others were always looking around for better fellows. The girls were careless about their hygiene as to being too fat and not clean. Expected too much attention and said so. No conversationalists and poor mixers. Can't drink but try to be impressive and act silly.

These criticisms listed by no means acknowledge that every "Uke Girl" has each fault. On the contrary, all "Uke Girls" have some of these faults attributed to them.

To remedy all these faults girls, I am bringing to light some intimate, related and timely facts on how to get along with "Our Boys." For a girl to attract and hold a man, she must:

1. Be a good companion and a good listener.
2. Be patient and understanding.
3. Not talk too much.
4. Show interest in a fellow's work.
5. Have a sense of humor.
6. Have the ability to be a hostess.
7. Love children.
8. Be devoted and loyal.
9. Be beautiful; but it is not essential.

When a fellow marries, he chooses the girl as the mother of his children—the girl he would introduce to his own family—the girl who would be a daughter to his mother.

For we men like safety. Man are really the cautious sex. Marriage is a big investment for a man, and he expects sure returns on his investment. They want safe homes. They want good mothers for their children. They want a sense of order and peace and comfort with the walls of the houses they toil to build.

Girls love to have "their little fling." But believe me, the men know them when they see them coming. And it's the girl who doesn't hang out at the corner bar that gets the wedding ring.

I know once you girls make up your mind that you want a man you will never give up and will go to all lengths to get him. If the chase is too tough, the men usually give up fast. After all the sole aim of 99 women out of every 100 is to get a man.

HENRY HAWRYLEW.

FATHER AND SON

(Concluded from page 2)

It was then the door opened, and who should come in but the Chief, and with him—old Zarobenko! But Earne had a hard time remembering the man. Standing before him, neatly dressed in a grey worsted suit, was hi father!

"...our head Metallurgical Engineer," the Chief was saying.

The Chief came to Earne.

There was a shaking of hands.

"And this, he boomed, is our office manager, Graham Earne, whose services you are free to call on at any time."

The two men faced each other. The father had good-humor and the wisdom of the ages in his grey eyes. Earne looked deeply into his father's eyes, as though he were seeking something there, something he had lost.

"Chief," he said in an even tone. "This is hardly the place or the occasion, but I find it my duty at this time to offer my resignation to you. I wish to leave the company's employ."

A sudden thunderbolt would have caused less amazement than did Earne's speech.

"I don't understand, Earne?" said the Chief. "What is the reason for this?"

"I'll explain, sir," he said. "There is a Company regulation that prohibits members of the same family from entering its employ. Right?"

"Right. But what has this to do with your resignation?"

"Simply this, Mr. Zarobenko, here, is my father."

It was done. Earne's eyes had never left his father's. Then old Zarobenko spoke. Earne was spoken English at his hause out of sheer pride!

"On the contrary, my son," the old man's voice had a wonderful even tone. "I am the newer employee of us two. It is I who must resign. In fact," he laughed easily, "as my employment here is not confirmed, as yet, there will be no need of anyone resigning. I will simply not be given the job."

"And do you think," said the Chief, "that we'd take a chance on losing you to our rivals, either one of you? No sir. Even provided that you are father and son."

"Of course we are," said Earne. "Many years ago I changed my name. For the last ten or twelve years I have heard nothing of my parents. Until the other day..."

"You mean today," broke in his father. "Today, under these unusual circumstances, we meet again—father and son!"

After work that day, Earne went up to see his father.

"You must come and meet my wife and daughter, dad!"

"Yes, I must—sometime."

"No. Not sometime. I want you to come tonight. Come home with me now."

So they went home together.

("Opinion")

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

Youth and the U.N.A.

55th ANNIVERSARY

The pioneering founders of the Ukrainian National Association were poor immigrants in a strange land who desired some sort of protection for themselves and their children. They never dreamed that their small organization would became a ten-million-dollar fraternal benefit society with 50,000 members and 465 branches... all in the space of 55 years.

The U.N.A. just did not happen by chance or accident. It is the result of a great deal of hard work on the part of many ambitious men and women. Many difficulties were encountered during the first several years of the organization. There were all kinds of obstacles to overcome, enemies to fight, legal red tape, and other complications. That the U.N.A. managed to survive at all is an accomplishment in itself, and the credit goes to our people. Today, thanks to their determination and perseverance, the U.N.A. is the most outstanding Ukrainian American organization in the United States, and even those who choose to be indifferent toward it are forced to admit that it is the very basis of Ukrainian American life.

The U.N.A. is now celebrating its 55th anniversary. An extensive membership campaign has been promulgated so that other Ukrainian people can enjoy the benefits of membership in the greatest Ukrainian fraternal order on the continent. The youth, particularly, are being asked to join as the future of the institution will some day be its responsibility.

Although the U.N.A. has 50,000 members, the figure is only a small fraction of the total number of Ukrainians in the United States and Canada, which responsible sources claim exceeds one million. The U.N.A., of course, does not hope to enroll the entire million but it does believe that several thousand could become members during the remaining months of 1949. It would be very nice if the membership figure were boosted to the 55,000-mark during this 55th anniversary observance, and this could be accomplished if every conscientious Ukrainian would do his or her share of the work. Perhaps those who already are members can do much by getting their friends to join, and those who are not members can help simply by joining.

In the early stages of the development of the U.N.A. the membership was very small. A few humble, hard-working strangers in a new land, armed only with ambition and ideas, managed to lay the foundation for greatest Ukrainian institution. This handful of immigrants went to work and organized additional members into the organization. Once the initiative had been taken, the fraternal order grew by leaps and bounds. Branches sprang up almost everywhere. Resources, originally consisting of a few dollars, went into thousands... hundreds of thousands... millions. Think of it! From an idea came a ten-million-dollar Ukrainian fraternal benefit society which we can rightfully call our very own!

If a few men and women are able to organize hundreds of members, and these new members in turn enrolled additional hundreds, and these hundreds brought in additional thousands, why cannot 50,000 members in turn organize additional tens of thousands?

If we ALL cooperate in organization work, 1949 should be the most eventful year in the history of the Ukrainian National Association. Let us make it so by doing our part.

T. L.

Ukrainian Youth League Sport Hi-Lites

By WALTER WM. DANKO

It is quite interesting indeed, to note that the majority of Ukrainian boys playing in college basketball today, are from the New York City-Northern New Jersey area. I guess this can be attributed to the fact that there are plenty of gyms available and the Ukrainian youth clubs, themselves, are very keen on the idea of fielding teams—therefore, they use their limited funds to advantage by organizing Ukrainian quintets, with the dividends in the last few years running very high.

For example, scanning thru the sport pages we will notice the following Ukrainians: **Johnny Maskelevich** (Rutgers) South River, N. J.; **Mack Calak** (Canisus) West New York, N. J.; **Myron Lotosky** (Siena) Bayonne, N. J.; **Bill Tomilenko** (Lebanon Valley) Bayonne, N. J.; **Pete Kindzierski** (Stevens Tech) Carteret, N. J.; **Mike Wlack** (Iona) Manhattan; **Hank Zelewsky** (Hofstra) Bronx; **Walter Nazarewicz** (Cooper Union) Manhattan; **Bob Zawoluk** (St. John's) Brooklyn; and **Walter Kostyshyn** of Seton Hall and his brother **Bill Kostyshyn**, who chucks for Queens College... And then in the pros we find **Walter Budko**, former All-American at Columbia University and **Alex Ezersky**, former star at Manhattan College. Both now play for the Baltimore Bullets in the BAA and also, both call Brooklyn their home. What an array of stars!

Facts and figures alone will support the above contention if nothing else. Consequently, maybe some of the other Ukrainian populated strongholds will follow in this areas foot-steps and get on the ball. Those that I particularly have in mind are, the Anthracite, the Mohawk Valley (Utica, Troy etc.) and the Lehigh Valley (Northampton, Allentown, etc.) and New England. Here is hoping that next year these four areas come through!

UYL-NA DISTRICT BASKETBALL STANDINGS

New York City League

St. George Ukes	3	0	1.000
St. George Corp.	1	1	.500
Dniester Youth	0	1	.000
Ukrainian Vets	0	2	.000

New Jersey State League

Elizabeth	3	1	.750
Bayonne	3	1	.750
Garwood	2	1	.667
Passaic	2	2	.500
Carteret	2	2	.333
Jersey City	0	2	.000
Perth Amboy	0	2	.000

Tri-States League

Chester, Pa.	6	0	1.000
Camden, N. J.	2	3	.400
Philadelphia	1	3	.250
Wilmington, Del.	1	4	.200

Tri-Cities League

Johnson City, N. Y.	2	0	1.000
Binghamton, Sacred Heart	1	1	.500
Endicott, N. Y.	1	1	.500
Binghamton, St. Mikes	0	2	.000

New York State League

Sayre, Pa	2	1	.667
Elmira Hights	2	1	.667
Rochester	1	2	.333
Auburn	1	2	.333

Western Pennsylvania League

Ambridge U.W.A.	3	1	.750
Monessen	3	2	.600
Ambridge U.N.A.	2	2	.500
McKees Rocks	1	3	.250
Arnold	1	3	.250
Butler	0	2	.000

Ohio State League

Rossford	3	0	1.000
Akron	2	1	.667
Youngstown	1	2	.333
Cleveland	0	3	.000

P. S. Incidentally, the 3rd annual **Ukrainian All-American College Basketball Team** will be published in the near future. This it would be appreciated very much by the writer if any interested Ukrainians would send me names of any known college Ukrainian players. My address is 347 Avenue C, Bayonne, N. J.

High Scores Mark U.N.A. Bowling Tourney

During what seemed to be an exceptionally good night for the bowlers participating in the series of tournaments sponsored by the U.N.A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.J.-N.Y. Area last Friday, February 18th, six individual single games were registered with over 200 pins, while ten players rolled over 500 in their three-game series. Outstanding among the latter was John Motlack with 563 pins, while John Sipsky's 224 pin single was tops for the evening.

The leading U.N.A. Branch 14 team of Newark was successful in winning the first two games from the "B" team representing the Jersey City Social and Athletic Club in spite of a formidable 65 pin handicap, but the "Jay-Sees" came back with a vengeance in the third and had no need of their handicap to win. Milton Rychalsky's 207 game, supported by Swetnicki's 181 had much to do with the "Haguetowners" lone win. E. Komon and V. Romanyshyn were the "ax-men" for Branch 14 with sets of 493 and 485, respectively.

Virtually breathing down on the necks of the league's leaders, the Irvington Social Club team forfeited its chance for a first place tie when it lost one game by a scant four pins to the Irvington Ukrainian Eagles, after winning the first two by slim margins. The closeness of all three games was due mainly to the unusually even matching of the opposing players. The three sets of 562, 537 and 505 registered by J. Kalba, J. Sipsky and M. Zalepski for the Social Club, found opposite numbers in those of 534, 527 and 503 rolled up by H. Clay, M. Molinsky and P. Molinsky for the Eagles.

The St. John's Catholic War Vets found the going rough against the senior "A" team from Jersey City, dropping the first two games and reviving in the third for a win. The Jersey City-ites were exceptionally "hot" that evening, rolling games of 862 and 807, with T. (Little Noise) Lasuk and M. Chelak at the helm with sets of 511 and 504, respectively.

The mighty pygmies on the lower levels of the league, New York's Friendly Circle Branch 435 and Newark's Ukrainian Veterans, who occupy seventh and eighth place, respectively, battled it out in an overtime session, and when the shouting had died down, the New Yorkers emerged victorious with two wins and a loss. The Veterans surprised their opponents by showing up with six players (unusual for them), which might have accounted for their winning the first game.

The unexpectedly good pinning displayed by so many of the participants may have been due to the anticipation of a good time to be had at their second annual dance the following evening. Over seven hundred guests and friends appeared at the Newark Ukrainian Center ball-room, thus insuring a promising end-of-the-season banquet for the players and their wives, or girl-friends.

STEPHEN KURLAK

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION BOWLING LEAGUE

Team Standings

	Won	Lost	High Game	3 Game High	Total Pins	Aver.
1. U.N.A. Branch 14, Newark	38	19	874	2521	44047	772.7
2. Irvington Ukr. Social Club	37	20	860	2460	43322	760.0
3. St. John's C.W.V., Newark	35	22	888	2423	42857	751.8
4. Jersey City S.&A. Team "A"	32	25	862	2315	41699	731.5
5. Irvington Ukrainian Eagles	30	27	889	2394	41960	736.0
6. Jersey City S.&A. Team "B"	28	29	851	2353	39248	688.6
7. U.N.A. Branch 435, N.Y.C.	21	36	802	2162	38127	669.0
8. Newark Ukrainian Veterans	9	48	751	2187	37269	653.8

UKRAINE; RUSSIA'S MOST VIOLENT HEADACHE

(Concluded from page 2)

the refugees, the very first day the NKVD arrived in any village they seized the able-bodied men and shipped them to Siberia, just as in the days of the Tartars in the thirteenth century — slavery started in earnest. Mass murder, starvation, and terror became the order of the day.

Persecution of the Church

Stalin's constitution appears to be very innocently fair on the religious issue. And yet, on the Russian arrival in Western Ukraine all the Ukrainian Catholic bishops were arrested and shipped to the land of "unknown address." One was murdered by the NKVD near Uzhorod in 1947. No news is available about the others. All this because they did not want to become Russian Orthodox and communists. Such is Stalin's zeal in behalf of the Orthodox Church, which formerly he persecuted, but which now he utilizes as one of his agencies. In addition to the bishops, several thousands of priests, intellectuals, monks, and nuns were also carried away. The "iron curtain" is supposed to shade this terror from the eyes of the civilized world. Occasionally a letter or a refugee breaks through with news which is not very encouraging. It makes one blush with shame that such things can take place in the twentieth century, A.D.

(To be concluded)

The Importance of Small Talk

Like people and learn to be interested in them; be kind, sympathetic and sincere.

Observe your listener's facial and bodily expressions to see how they are taking what you say.

Talk with people and not to them.

Try to keep the conversation within the understanding and enjoyment of everyone taking part.

Most people are repelled and exhausted by a harsh, loud or a high shrill voice, just as they are charmed by a gentle, low-pitched mellow one.

Read books and study people; cultivate broad interests and keep yourself well informed.

Try to see things for yourself as if you have never heard what anyone else thought or said about them.

Don't be too serious, enjoy the little incidents of every day as well as the big occasional vents.

These principles are consciously or not followed by the people who are good conversationalists and are said to have Charm and Personality.

★

"A single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years study of books." — Longfellow.

★

Conversation is the means by which we draw near to one another with sympathy and pleasure; it is the basis of our social activities. It is no wonder then that those adept at conversation have always had an advantage on life.

A person's character and tastes are revealed by his conversation. That is the meaning of the old Fairy Tale about the two sisters. When one spoke, jewels fell from her mouth; when the other spoke, toads jumped from her mouth. How will you know the sort of girl Alice was from her talks with the creatures in wonderland! And so it is with peoples. The more civilized a nation is, the higher the level of its conversation.

To be an interesting talker, you also need the ability to see the humor in every day incidents and to tell about them in a way that will amuse others.

★

Kindliness is the basis of the most pleasing humor.

Sarcasm, the kind of humor that bites, had best be avoided. It was good nature that led Thackeray to make a very witty remark to a political opponent in an election. "May the best man win!" "Oh! I hope not," his rival said. The wit that is the wisest for all of us to cultivate is the wit for which Mlle. de Lespinasse, a famous French hostess, is remembered—that of saying to each person what was suited for him.

There you have the secret of a good conversation—its success. To converse well is an art.

Doc: "Say ah."

Patient: "I didn't come here for an examination, I just want to pay my bill."

Doc: "Ah-h-h-."

WEEKLY BANTER

A man, struggling to get a piano through a door, was glad of an offer of assistance from a passer-by.

A fresh struggle began, and after a half-hour of struggling and straining, the owner grasped, "Whew! It seems we'll never get it out."

"Out!" screamed the other. "Why didn't you say you wanted it OUT?"

A fleet was once captured by cavalry. In 1795 the Dutch fleet became ice bound in the Zuyder Zee and captured by French Hussars who galloped across the ice.

A married couple were having more than their share of spats. The wife one day pointed to the cat and dog lying peacefully together on the rug.

"Now, dear, look at them. Why can't we get along like that?"

"Sure," answered the husband, "but tie them together and see what happens."

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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

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В. ДОМАНТОВИЧ

СПРАГА МУЗИКИ

БЕНВЕНУТА И РАЙНЕР МАРІЯ РІЛЬКЕ
Біографічна новеля. Фрагмент.

Обіцянкою неможливого сяяли срібні зірки. Вогні різнокольорових свічок у темному зелі ялинкового гілля здавались офірою запереченій правдоподібності. Вата імітувала сніг. Скляні дзвіночки дзвеніли з тією ж ніжною мелодійністю, що й в Андерсеновій казці про „Солов'я й троянду", але важке скло вітрин відокремлювало фантасма горію химер, і нечутний звук творив ілюзію далекої близькости.

День згасав, не почавшись. У синяві нечірніх вулиць палатний сніг стелив смуги білих простирал, лягав нечутно на хутра жіночих комірів.

Кінчиками пальців, затягнених в рукавичку, жінка обережно змахнула з горжетки сніг. Вона проходила через місто, продивляючи всі ці чудеса, нагромаджені в вітринах крамниць: ляльки, забавки, торбинки, гравюри, прикраси. В блакитній прозорості аквамарину було замкнене море. Китайська лякована шкатула ховала в собі всесвіт. З'являвся й зник вишитий шовками рожевий фляміго. Порцелянова філіжанка з блакитним № в золотому овалі лавра заступала бронзовий бюст похмурого Данте. Юрба товпилась біля заллятого світлом входу до кіно. Вузьке віконце. Таблиці з цінами. На брунатних конях мчали жовті в ширококрисих капелюхах каубої, розмахуючи лясо.

Однак з численних святкових чудес вона для себе прагнула лише одного: книги!... Це був би подарунок, що його вона зробила б сама собі, подарунок, який прийшов би здалека, але прозвучав би зсередини, як, власне, звернення до себе. Вона потребувала визволення! Їй бракувало розмови, яка була б мовчанням, дружби, що була б самотою, теплого дотику відсутньої руки в затишку кімнати при світлі лямпи, притлумленої сутінками.

Вона бажала книги, втішної, як сновид, і приязної, як добрий і далекий друг. Якоїсь частки в світі, голосу, який мав би силу проглинути всі дотеперішні скорботи, розчинити всю гіркість днів, що надто багаті були на інтимні розчарування, голосу,здібного стати межею для молодости, яка минала, й відкрити двері в нове життя, яке почнеться завтра.

Вона натисла на двері й переступила поріг маленької книгарні, власника якої вона знала. Теплий спокій і ясна вища огорнули її. В вузькій і довгій кімнаті під стелею молочноватова куля розливала рівне світло. Шорстка плетена доріжка простяглася між прилавком і книжковими шафами. З глибини крамниці від конторки, над якою горіла лямпа під зеленим абажуром, їй назустріч підвівся господар.

В люб'язній готовості старий чоловік схилив перед нею свою голову:

— Пані?!...

Вона сказала:

— Я хотіла б книги, яка відрізнялась би від усіх інших! Чудесна книга!...

Сніг, падаючи з рукавів, танув, лишаючи на доріжці темні плями.

Від цього поважного пана, старої людини, книгаря, власника крамниці, вона вимагала, щоб він зробив чудо. Чи може книга стати чудом? Він підвів голову й глянув їй у вічі. Мовчки, не говорячи ні слова, він наблизився до однієї з великих лякованих етажерок, витяг новенький томик у зеленій оправі, поклав перед нею й сказав:

— Ось!...

Жінка поклала торбинку й муфту на стілець, струсила з рукавів і горжетки сніг, пальцем розгорнула політурку й на білій сторінці титулбляту прочитала наголовок:

— Райнер Марія Рільке. Історії доброго Бога!

Ні ім'я автора, ні назва книги не сказали їй нічого.

Вона запитала:

— Хто це: Райнер Марія Рільке?

Старий друг узяв книгу, загорнув її в папір і простягнув їй.

— Це поет! — урочисто заявив він: — Справжній поет! Усе інше ви знайдете в середині.

Вона йшла освітленими вулицями святкового міста, білими від снігу; вона несла з собою загорнену в папір книжку й відчувала, як з кожним кроком вона стає все більше й більше радісною, немов наскрізь пронизана щастям, оновлена й зміцнена від чуда, яке вже сталося наперед, немов перед собою вона несла світло зірки, з якого в цей Свят-вечір ходять хлопчики від хати до хати.

Цілу ніч, не одриваючись, вона провела за читанням принесеної книги незнаного автора. За читанням?... Ні, це не було читання; це було не читання, а молитва. Вона вся була поглинена, потрясена, віддана. Вона плакала, розчулена й збуджена. І це зробив той, кого вона ще кілька годин перед цим не знала, навіть на ймення.

Серед „Історій доброго Бога", вміщених у цій книзі, була історія Мікель-Анджельо й історія старого Тимофія, історія хворобливого Евальда і чужинця, який одержав листа, історія про дітей і про Смерть, яка не могла примусити вмерти любов, що блакитною квіткою розквітла в саду закоханих. Їй здавалося, що всі страждання, які вона знала колись у минулому, далеко відступили від неї, як, зірване подувом вітру з гілки, спадає зів'яле листя.

За деякий час, одного вечора, сама в кімнаті, немов десь у постелі серед якогось безмірного красвиду, втрачаючи межі простору, гублячи зв'язки часу, в цілковитій одірваності од усього, вона взялась писати. Вона не міркувала. Нічого не зважувала. Ні над чим не замислювалась. Навряд чи вона усвідмлювала, до кого вона пише. В ній не було нічого окрім безмежної потреби вдячности.

„Дорогий друже. Ваші „Історії доброго Бога" присвячено Елен Кей, і в цій чудесній присвяті Ви кажете, що книга належить їй, бо ніхто не здібний полюбити „Історії доброго Бога" більше, ніж вона. Я ніколи не хотіла бути ніким, як тільки собою. Але цього разу я хотіла б бути Елен Кей, щоб мати право на цю присвяту, бо я вірю, що справді люблю „Історії доброго Бога" більше, ніж хтонебудь у цілому світі".

Минув тиждень. Був зимовий соняшний ранок. Яскраве світло заповнювало кімнату. Разом з усією іншою поштою листоноша приніс також спішного листа. Паризький штемпель: незнайомий почерк. Коверта запечатана була овальною печаткою, відбитою в темнозеленому воску.

Не знати чому, але при погляді на цей лист у неї забилося серце й кров хвилево прилила до обличчя. Вона знемогала, їй бракувало відваги розкрити листа. Спинена мить тяглась. Соняшний час линув у чеканні несподіваного.

Нарешті вона наважилась, розірвала коверту і з неї випало кілька аркушів паперу, густо записаних стислим почерком. На останній сторінці вона прочитала внизу підписане ім'я. В руках вона тримала відповідь од Рільке.

„Париж, 26. січня 1914. Мій дорогий друже! Дозвольте мені вжити цього урочистого звороту: Ваш лист став для мене другою натурою. Яке щастя, що Ви його написали, і як добре, що Ви відчули трудність для Вас перетворитися в Елен Кей, що понад міру ускладнило б речі. Тим паче, що в відношенні до „Історій доброго Бога" ми обидвоє, одна й другий, лишилися взаємно незадоволені... Але, може, бути, Вам також усе, що я зробив з тих пір, здається неточним або байдужим?! Отже, я краще йтиму за ласкавими рядками Вашого листа, зверненого до молодого чоловіка, що, ось уже, довгі й дивні роки, одного дня піддався доброму Богові!"...

Вона читала далі, немов мріючи.

„Але, якщо Ви подорожуєте, то чому в своїх мандрах Ви не приїхали сюди в південну Еспанію?... О, як би я прийняв Вас!... Моє серце нагромадило б тріюмфальну арку на тріюмфальну арку! Ви побачили б, як наша музика текла без краю, бо свого справжнього призначення вона досягла б у найбільш схованих глибинах моєї істоти, куди досі я ще не поринав!"

Рільке в листі розповідав про себе.

„Цю зиму я прожив у маленькому еспанському містечку поблизу Гібральтару. Деякий час я жив у Толедо. Це було щось незрівняне, немов кожного дня й кожної ночі, що не мали собі подібних, я переступав через межі всього приступного уяві і все ж таки лишався в ній. Усе подібне було на візію, яка одкривається людині, перевищуючи звичайне людське буття; як і це місто, і цей пейзаж, що перевищували всякий звичайний пейзаж (у цьому маленькому містечку на півдні Еспанії) я раптом зрозумів, що зір мій перевантажений: надто пишна велич цього неба, надто різні контури тіней від хмар, які перебігають по обличчі землі! Я продовжував життя там на півдні Еспанії, немов виснаживши свої очі, немов я повинен був або осліпнути від сприйнятих зорових вражень, або, тому, що буття невичерпне, мені треба було почати сприймати світ усе не зором, а новим, зовсім іншим почуттям".

„Зір був пересичений, око виснажене. Він був уже нездібний сприймати в себе щось із довкола через бачення. Він прагнув іншого.

„Музики, музики, — ось було те, чого я там потребував. Одного дня хтось грав у маленькому готелі. Я не бачив музики, я сидів у сусідній кімнаті, і тоді я відразу відчув, що світ зникає, що він дедалі все більше перетворюється в плин, і це було для мене щастя, яке я сприйняв без зусиль, я був сповнений почуттям, цілком розчинений в музиці. Я сказав „так" світові, і має „так" було таке ж недоторкнено нове, як ступня дитини, що ще ніколи не ходила!"

Ці слова прозвучали для неї, як спів пісні, якої вона ніколи не чула і яка здавалась їй знаною од віку. Скидалося, немов не він, а вона сама говорила, звертаючись до себе з середини себе.

Він прагнув музики, світу, перетвореного в музику. Лист, який він одержав від неї і в якому вона говорила про себе як про піяністку, прийшов для нього як несподіване здійснення бажання, ніби відгук долі, що готувала йому остаточне розв'язання.

ІГОР КОСТЕЦЬКИЙ

Божественна лжа

2) (Продовження)

Григор підвівся. На його плечах лежала ще покинута Валюшкою прозора хустина — —

Дзенькнув келех. Ти весь посуд переб'єш, убоїще. Данило вже по-свинському п'яний, люди добрі. Стася звеліла:: Данила знищити. Данило мусить зникнути. Данільо мусвег. Равс, кричить майор-аріец, загубивши склянку. Склянку розбив Данило. Данило мусить бути знищений. Данила за ноги. Ви згодні зо мною, що він сволоч? Хто сволоч? спитав Гаєвський, черкаючи сірника. Постишев сволоч, твердить Конопацький. У Конопацького лицями вздовж носа звисає піт. Він каже, що Постишев сволоч. Гей, матадоре, в бій виступай. Равс ін ден кампф, тореро. До чорта німців. У Сашка прекрасні зуби. Поліна бачить, що в Сашка прекрасні зуби. Але з Данила сповзають штани, і висмикується сорочка. Данила за ноги. Данило мусить бути знищений.

— А ви знаєте про Білу Русь, — спитався в Григора полковник Дробот, це такий звичайно мовчазний. Григор спинився.

— — о, це щось нове — — — — по-російськи, по-російськи — —

— Ви сказали: самогон?

— Самогон!

— — так, це я написав — — — — вони ж мені кажуть: ви такий видатний співак, а мусите виступати в балагані.

— убоїще, ти убоїще — —

— Заберіть від мужчин цукерки.

— — а кав'яр?

— — це ж у газеті об'являли — —

— Староста міста. Ні, він сказав, що — —

— Куди він ранений?

— Держаком!

— Так, держаком. І преважченним.

— — а вона що?

— Виходить заміж, нічого. Це їй не вадить і не перешкоджає. Чудові туалети, які, як відомо — —

— з моря?

— Ну, я цьому не вірю.

— Ого!

— Ну, я цьому не вірю.

— — ніколи нічого з вашого діла не буде, запевняю вас. Можете собі на носі зарубати: цього ніколи не буде. Ніхто не схоче, щоб Україна — —

— А чому ви про це питаєте, — сказав Григор.

Полковник Дробот уважно й прихильно дивиться на нього. Він не підводиться з місця, але пропонує склянку. Григор вагається. Полковник: — Ви вперше одружуєтесь? — Ну, так, — посміхається Григор. — А чому ви про це спитали? Так, я знаю про це, я стежу за подіями. Хіба я справляю враження людини, що не стежить за подіями? Пробачте, я трохи сп'янів. Він, Григор, мав би, нехай його вірно зрозуміють. Вони можуть тепер отак тепло, по-товариському випити. Це могло б започаткувати. Що бо він хотів мовити? Ну, так, це могло б започаткувати — —

— Любий мій, любий мій.

Блискавка, струм щастя, дзінкий голос Валюшки. Вона вже тут, поруч. Вона відкидає чуб з його спітнілого лоба. Вона обвиває його обличчя хустиною. Тонкою, як кокон гусені. Вона майже цілує його тут. На очах полковника й усіх, усіх. Акт громадської відваги, бо це зовсім не те, що на гірко.

— Так ідіть же до танцю, — велить полковник.

— Можна, — питає Валюшка.

— Пробачте, — говорить Григор.

Шум, шум, камбрбум. Камбрбум довліє і тремтить на кожнім. Мелодія з платівки. В сусідній кімнаті танцюють. Шум, шум, камбрбум. Платівка крутиться в сусідній кімнаті, бо Данило п'яний. Він лежить зв'язаний на кухні, його нудить і він кричить: камбрбум. Танго камбрбум. Танго: під палючим сонцем Камбрбум. Камбрбум відтоді великою літерою. Танго, майор шукає склянку, танго.

— — і двері до сусідньої кімнати настіжень. Туди пнуться, бо там Валюшка. Їх геге дурхвеген Валюшка. Ґіб мір Валюшка, кричить майор-аріець, шукаючи склянку. Стася звеліла: знищити дойче швайн. Але всі пнуться в сусідню кімнату, бо там Валюшка. Їх штребе ді Валюшка. цу шауен. Все, крім неї, це радіюси до неї. Все інше, що не є Валюшка, тяжить до Валюшки. Характери, барви строїв, усе тяжить. Повислі краплини п'янкої рідини, зеленої рідини і сяйво скла, все тяжить, усе тільки радіюси. Все тяжить, безконечні галузки від одного пульсу. Він б'ється, нагріваючи в собі зародки всього того несамостійно існуючого багатства.

— — і він, Григор, не є тут сам по собі, Він — при ній. Він лялька, маріонетка. Маріонетку рухають ниточки, прикріплені до ніжних пучок м'якеньких пальців. Камбрбум, Комбрбум. До ніжних пучок м'якеньких пальців. Камбрбум, Камбрбум. До ніжних пучок м'якеньких пальців. Танго: чародайною лягуною Камбробумі, чародайною лягуною Камбробамі.

III.

Валюшка танцювала, як майстер. Усі ми, остовпілі, скупчувались навкола. Досить дурнуваті були в нас обличчя, ми сприймали від неї струм насолоди найчистішого ритму. Рух як первооснова всякого дихання. Валюшка рухалась, як таємний електрон. Кожного, котрий ішов з нею в парі, як жриця посвячувала в дію божеського вогню. Кожний мимохіть ставав пір'їною тоді, коли вона легкою всевладністю тіла примушувала до чарівно - нелогічного випаду. Дурнуваті барани, круглі очі вирячивши, стояли ми тоді над самою розгадкою таємниці буття. Що є мистецтво, спитають нас. Несхибно відречемо: танечниця Валюшка.

IV.

Першим підійшов прощатись Конопацький. Він був як хлющ. Очі його зшаленіли докраю, але тримався чемно й повітав молодих коротко. Не спромагався на натяки, що їх більше або менше дозволяли собі інші.

Щоправда, на Валюшку це не впливало. Вона стояла на дверях передпокою, вона була пурпурна й розпахощена, вона була перед повним, як бруньки у березні, розквітом. На все відповідала усміхом щирої, де-не-де лиш може підлякованої душевної ясности. Сашка ж, який варнякав щось про право першої ночі, просто почастувала потиличником.

Генерал розпрощався галянтно. Його подарунок був найскромніший, найсимпатичніший: ляйпцігське видання Кобзаря. А зовсім таки куртуазно пристукнув підбором об підбор адьютант Юшко, такий от собі мушкетер. Рух мушкетера окреслився чітко й красно, чітко й красно на контрастовому тлі: якраз відбувалася сцена виволочення знищеного Данила. І майор вивалився слідом, бо ще не заспокоївся, шукаючи споріднену душу, такий сентиментальний.

Поліна була в димину п'яна. Вона не дивилася в очі Григорові, але безперестанку шепотіла у вухо Стасі несусвітну гидоту. Гриша Нагель мав її вести додому. Він обернувся до молодих із порогу. В міру тактовний, у міру безсоромний, Гриша Нагель не порушив стилю. Григорові потис руку цілком щиро.

Стася дещо затримала господарів коло порогу. Шкода їй було виходити з ролі церемоніймайстерки. Вона ще стояла на площині парадних сходів, розмовляючи з Валюшкою й Григором, і тому до передпокою й навіть до вітальні через відкриті двері набігло трохи холоду.

(„Хорс")

(Дальше буде).

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