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If War With Russia Comes...

What will be the United States strategy and tactics, if and when war between the Soviet Union and the Western democratic world becomes inevitable?

Will the United States, as is now generally assumed, atomize the Soviet centers in widespread aerial attacks upon the vast and far-flung slave empire?

Such questions come from no other but Hanson W. Baldwin, military analyst of The New York Times (May 22, 1949). The well known writer contends that the atomic bomb and long-range bombing would not necessarily bring a speedy victory over the Soviet armies, although they might considerably cripple the power of Soviet Russia.

Political and Psychological Factors

Mr. Baldwin proceeds with a proper analysis of the past war. He cites that when the Germans attacked the Soviet Union in 1941, they were hailed in many villages and towns as liberators rather than conquerors as they marched through Ukraine. In addition, hundreds of thousands of Soviet troops voluntarily went over to the German lines, with the purpose of fighting alongside the Germans. Such was the hatred of the communist regime among the subject peoples of the Soviet Union.

What happened? The Germans were so cock-sure of their ultimate victory that they instituted a policy of brutality, persecution and extermination. Hundreds of thousands of Soviet prisoners of war were deliberately starved in the POW enclosures, while the civilian population, especially in Ukraine, was subjected to the worst kind of persecution. It was then that the people of Ukraine turned against the new invader, and fought him with unequalled determination to the last day of the Nazis' stay in Ukraine.

America Should Not Repeat German Errors

In an eventual war between the Soviet Union and the United States Union and the United States, writes Mr. Baldwin, the Western Allies should not and must not rely exclusively upon the atomic bomb. Pulverization of Moscow and Leningrad might only strengthen Soviet resistance.

"Today," writes the author, "Russia has certain definite political weaknesses. Ukrainian separatism and Cossack defections and the nationalism of the satellite states are potentially powerful war weapons if properly used. An atomic bomb upon the Ukrainian city of Kiev is not likely, however, to win friends and influence people in the Ukraine toward the United States."

Mr. Baldwin's assertion is extremely important, for it reflects the actual sentiments of the Ukrainian people. Yet he did not go far enough. The factor of Ukrainian nationalism is recognized, but no approximate course, from political and psychological view-

points to be followed by the United States in the event of emergency, is given.

Although he states that the national, i.e. United States, aims are not clarified; Mr. Baldwin stops short without indicating what these aims should be. Are we going to demand an "unconditional surrender" or to pursue a "war of annihilation?"

At the very least, the history of the past years should give us and our government a convincing demonstration of what Soviet Russia's ultimate goal is. It is hardly one to leave Americans in peace. Far from it.

It is imperative that the United States—as a leading power of the world—should know in advance what kind of political and psychological war to conduct, parallel to military operations.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the most important fact about the Soviet Union: the gigantic communist structure is not a monolithic edifice, but composed of multi-lingual nationalities kept together by the force of the numerically superior Russian people.

Should a war between the USSR and the United States come, we should do everything possible to avoid the mistakes other nations have made in fighting Russia.

We should not only try to eliminate the military power of the USSR, but prepare some sort of stable political pattern which we should follow in Eastern Europe, once communism is destroyed.

It is most certain that the struggle against the Soviet Union is not merely a technical problem; if some people in our government think so, they are grossly mistaken.

For a successful campaign, alongside of the military operations we should have a new approach to the problems of Eastern Europe and of Russia itself. Some people believe that it would be wise to bring with the American army the old ministers and generals of the regimes that existed before. The latter, as is generally known, however, represent governments which were ruled by despotic Czars, semi-fascist and semi-totalitarian colonels, and the like. The people in our government must realize that the peasantry of Eastern Europe will not support any armies which would try to restore the rule of the landlords and their feudal possessions.

Only a complete self-determination of peoples, a basic principle long a guiding light of the United States foreign policy, could be applied to the peoples of Eastern Europe.

MUDEY ARRIVES HERE

Among some 200 Ukrainian DPs who arrived in New York May 11 last was Wasyl Mudry, pre-war Western Ukrainian political leader and editor. Within past few years he was spokesman for Ukrainian DPs in the American zone.

UYL-NA Mid-Western Rally Scores Success

Nearly four hundred Ukrainian American youth attended the Mid-West Rally of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America which took place over the past week-end of May 20, 1949 in Detroit, Michigan. The Overwhelming success of the entire week-end proved conclusively that the national conventions of the League have achieved their purpose in uniting the younger generation from all over this country and Canada and in providing our youth with the stimulus to active participation in ALL League affairs.

The Ukrainian American Center was the happiest spot in town Friday night as the Warm-Up Party progressed with everyone renewing friendships made in Cleveland, Akron, Philadelphia, New York, and beginning new friendships to be renewed in Youngstown and Syracuse. The refreshments were "on the house" and a thousand pirohi were served for Ukrainian appetites. Saturday afternoon the guests gathered in the Gothic Room of the Tuller Hotel for the Rally session. Befitting the occasion, the general atmosphere was serious and dignified as the assembly awaited the speakers when a veritable explosion of music and black faces descended upon them. Girls from Club Olena Tetina came dancing in as minstrels singing "Smile, Dam You Smile," a parody of "Oh Susanna," and "I'm Syracuse Bound" interspersed with corny Ukrainian jokes. It was a dynamic welcome from a dynamic city! Sessions were opened by Michael Danielson, president of the Detroit District Council. The following presidium of the Rally was elected: Chairman, Peter Kasey of Detroit; Secretaries, Iga Zepko of Akron and Ann Sedorak of Detroit. Resolutions: Michael Zadercky of Cleveland and Dr. Mamchur of Detroit. Mr. Joseph Gurski, former president of the League, was the opening speaker outlining the history and past accomplishments of the League. Mr. Michael Zadercky, president of the UYL-NA, spoke of the current activities of the League and emphasized the problem of the lack of sufficient funds which is seriously handicapping efforts to carry out a sizable League program. The topic of Mrs. Anastasia Volker's talk was "District Councils and Member Clubs." Mrs. Volker—one of the early organizers of the UYL-NA, stressed the necessity for clubs to achieve "O.C.C." Organization, Cooperation, Coordination.

Mrs. Martha Wichorek, editor of the Ukrainian Graduates Bulletin, spoke on "Our Executive Problem," recommending that the League establish a salaried position for an executive secretary and detailed the duties and the advantages of this type of officer to all member clubs. The question of finances was covered by Mr. Wallace Konicki. Mr. Konicki gave suggestions on means of raising funds to build a

substantial Treasury for the League. Mr. Joseph Gurski then summarized the talks and recommended that the information and ideas heard at the session be taken back to the individual clubs to be discussed, weighed, improved so that the delegation from the Midwest can present a concrete program, and be prepared to carry out that program, at the annual convention in Syracuse on Labor Day. Resolutions were passed to redouble efforts to carry out the resolutions drawn at the last UYL-NA convention; to present for acceptance plans for installing an executive secretary of the UYL-NA to hold a national raffle to raise funds for the League. A lively discussion followed with a stimulating exchange of ideas.

Saturday evening the Arabian Room at the Tuller was the scene of the Rally banquet. Mr. Stephen Danielson, a former officer of the League, was toastmaster. The dinner was opened by prayer led by Rev. Fr. Pobutsky. Greetings were extended by Rev. Boyko. Mr. Danielson introduced various well-known guests present and the Rally committee chairmen. There was Ukrainian singing from all corners of the room until the tables were cleared away for dancing.

About 800 people braved the rain Sunday afternoon to attend the Musical Panoramas at the Ukrainian National Temple. Appearing in the program were the Kotlyarewsky Choir directed by Dmitri Atamanetz; Boyan Dancers led by Edward Holowehak lyric soprano, Irene Boyko, soloist; Ukrainian male chorus and the Ukrainian girls' Acapella Choir under the direction of Stephanie Andrusiewicz; solo by Silver Kolytk, accordion virtuoso; the NUM Dancers of Toronto, Canada with John Kozak featured dancer of the Don Cossack Choir; Ukrainian Youth Chorus under Stephanie Andrusiewicz's direction.

The Wind-Up Dance at the Temple Sunday night brought the gala week-end to a close amid "Mnohaya Litas" and promises to meet in Syracuse on Labor Day. The fine work of the Detroit District Council members was headed by the following committee heads: Rally Chairman, Michael Danielson; Publicity Committee, John Lomaka and Olga Kachner; Registration, Pauline Krupka and Iryne Yanchak; Banquet and Ball, Joseph Gurski and Joseph Hanyasz; Concert, Stephanie Andrusiewicz and Stephen Lucky; Warm-Up Party, Robert Pakizer, Edward Holowehak; Wind-Up Dance, Rose Konicki and Michael Jednek; Program Book, Gerald Bulak and Joseph Hanyasz.

Ukrainian Class Graduates

Graduating exercises in the adult Ukrainian class were conducted in the Central YMCA when certificates of proficiency were granted to 26 students of the Ukrainian language course.

Gregory Herman of the G. A. R. High School faculty has been conducting these language sessions and after the last meeting of the class Tuesday night, a buffet supper was served in the Y.M.C.A. lounge. Atty. Joseph G. Tomascik presided at the program and Miss Louise Dickinson, program secretary of the local YMCA, represented the educational director and handed out the diplomas. Every student gave a recitation in Ukrainian and Mr. Herman also gave a short talk after being presented with a gift in appreciation for his services.

Dancing followed the supper and a special feature of the entertainment program was the execution of a Ukrainian folk dance called the "Chumak" by one of the students, Jacob Eiko. Mr. Eiko also danced a specially arranged duet with Miss Jean Swantko called the "Hopak Kolom."

Times Leader, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. May 19, 1949

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DP Family Adopted by City Takes Newcomers Into Home

American hospitality to Ukrainian displaced persons arriving here is well exemplified by the adoption of a Ukrainian DP family by the city of Claremont, California.

A special dispatch from Claremont to Boston's Christian Science Monitor tells the story, as follows:—

To celebrate their first anniversary in the United States on May 14, the Sawycka family here have taken into their home two other newcomers from the displaced persons camp in Salzburg, Austria.

The Sawyckas themselves—Mrs. Adela Sawycka, her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Ginejko, and her two daughters Tetiana and Natalia—were officially adopted last year by the town of Claremont, upon recommendation of the International Refugee Organization. Church

World Service brought the four Ukrainians from the displaced persons camp in Salzburg to the United States, under the immigration quota.

Before their arrival, work had been found for them, and a small apartment was furnished. They came to town on a Friday. On the following Monday they went to work: Mrs. Sawycka, as a maid in a Pomona College dormitory; Tetiana, in the office of the Pomona College Student Union; Natalia, caring for a little girl; and Mrs. Ginejko, taking care of the home.

This was all part of the Claremont Plan, a method for the settlement of a family of displaced persons by a community.

Tetiana had learned English while employed as a secretary in

MICHAEL HAYVORONSKY



As this goes to press, the "Echoes of Ukraine" pageant to be presented in Carnegie Hall by our younger generation Ukrainian Americans with the aid of several former DPs, is but two days off. Without a doubt, much will be written about it here, in the Svoboda, and other newspapers as well. But in advance we can safely say that one feature of the presentation will definitely be the hit of it all, namely—the choral music. Whose composition and/or arrangement? Michael Hayvoronsky's

Because of ill health, Hayvoronsky has not been seen in public for quite a number of years. Yet that fiery spirit which inspired him to fight in the ranks of the "Sitchowi Striltsi" (that body of Western Ukrainians whom William Henry Chamberlin in his "History of the Russian Revolution" described as the crack troops of the Ukrainian National Republic defense forces), that spirit which was responsible for the creation of his famed immortal "Sitchowi Striltsi" songs, that innate art of the highest level which produced songs for the voice and music for the instruments, and which, for that matter, gained him a scholarship in music at Columbia University soon upon his arrival here, that spirit and talent, plus his understanding and devotion to our native born Americans of Ukrainian descent,—all of that has never deserted him, and down to the present day he has been composing and arranging Ukrainian songs which future Ukrainians will find difficult to match, and which down through the years have been a great inspiration to our young, and old of course, Ukrainian Americans.

We could write much about the self-effacing Hayvoronsky, about the fact, for example, that it was

he who was responsible for the creation of the famed "Simka," the seven Ukrainian Catholic church choirs of the New York Metropolitan Area, which at its debut under his training and direction in New York City caused even the late great Koshetz to come on the stage and publicly congratulate him as an inspired composer and conductor (eventually that "Simka" won further laurels at Carnegie and Town Hall under Koshetz when Hayvoronsky retired from active directing because of ill health.

But all this we shall recount at another time. Suffice it to say that the soloists, the choristers, the conductor and the directress who will appear in "Echoes of Ukraine" will be to a considerable measure a product of Hayvoronsky's musicianship and love of the cause of the national liberation of Ukraine.

We doubt very much whether health will permit Hayvoronsky to attend "Echoes of Ukraine." However we are happy in the knowledge that present at this affair will be his helpmate and beloved wife, the gracious and youngish Dr. Neonilia Pelechovich-Hayvoronsky, who too has been an inspiration to our younger generation.

"Pysanky" Invade Oklahoma

The rugged State of Oklahoma, known for a long time as "No Man's Land," Memorable for its spectacular race for homesteads back in 1889 by some 20,000 people on horse and wagon, is now, apparently, rapidly losing its "wild and woolly" character.

To put the matter bluntly—and many an old homesteader, or a Cherokee, Creek, Osage, or Chok-taw Indian inhabitant will rear in his disapproval upon reading this

Oklahoma has succumbed to the beauty and the delicacy of an object d'art born and nurtured in a foreign and distant land in Ukraine. And that object is "pysanky." Ukrainian decorated Easter eggs.

We cannot help but ramble upon the reaction to this invasion by some of its leading citizens, such as the former Governor "Alfalfa" Williams.

IT'S GOING TO BE A BEAUTIFUL MOON IN YOUNGSTOWN...

When the Youngstown Ukrainians, district council for that city of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, sponsors its already famous SUMMER FESTIVAL at Lake Milton, Ohio. After all what could be more perfect than a night in June under the Milton moon.

People from all over the country are already making plans to attend this, the first event of its type ever sponsored by young Ukrainian Americans. It will be a perfect warm up for the trip to Syracuse over Labor Day Week-end.

Everything at the lake, hotel, boats, fishing, swimming, singing, eating, dancing, riding, and just everything will be for the Ukrainians only. No other people will be allowed. Just in case you can't speak English, even the clerks will speak Ukrainian at the hotel. Make your reservations today. Remember it's the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 24, 25, and 26th.

the office of the IRO in Salzburg.

By the time school began, Natalia spoke and understood the language well, and entered high school as a senior. Next year she expects to go to Chaffey College in Ontario, Calif. A woman's organization is planning to help her with her college education. She is interested in politics, law, and journalism, and has already sent a story to a girls' magazine.

By studying under a retired teacher and by attending adult education classes. Mrs. Sawycka now has a good command of English. Even Mrs. Ginejko, who has the least opportunity, is learning. They speak German and French, besides their native Ukrainian.

Now they have opened their home to a young doctor and his wife of Ukrainian descent, both still in their 20's.

Yes, indeed, the Ukrainian Easter eggs have made the One World concept clearer to the Oklahomans, particularly to those residing in Tulsa, the State's second largest city and often called "the oil capital of the world."

There they have the well known Philbrook Art Center. During the Easter season Philbrook featured as one of its prize attractions a display of Ukrainian Easter eggs, lent to the Center by Mrs. E. Ronnie Durham, 1302 S. Atlanta, Tulsa.

Mrs. Durham, during one of her periodic visits to New York City, had seen an article in that sophisticated New Yorker magazine Pysanky. Impressed by it she sought out the person responsible for it. Naturally that person was Gloria ("Slavka") Surmach, a young Ukrainian American art student, whose color photo with that of her exhibit of "pysanky" hit the front page of the last Easter's edition of the New York Sunday Daily New rotogravure section. Miss Surmach, art editor of the UYL-NA "Trend" gave Mrs. Durham the "pysanky" which were shown in the Philbrook exhibit.

The exhibit attracted considerable attention in Tulsa, and was widely reported in the press.

The Tulsa Daily World ran an article of considerable length on it accompanied by a picture of the Ukrainian Easter eggs.

The World said that the "pysanky" will interest parents and children alike who have for years enjoyed the process of coloring eggs at Easter as a pretty and colorful custom.

Then it goes on to say that the "skilful ingenuity of Ukrainian women puts Easter eggs on the highest plane of folk art."

A long description of how to make the "pysanky" then follows. Undoubtedly next Eastertide Ukrainian Easter eggs will be seen not only in art centers but also in many homes in Oklahoma, one of the last bastions of the Southwest of yore, which has finally succumbed to—"pysanky."

SPARK-PLUGS BEHIND MID-WEST UYL-NA RALLY HELD IN DETROIT



Joseph Hanyasz



Rose Konicki



Gerald Bulak



Michael Danielson



John Lomaka

# Mazeppa's Champion in the "Secret Du Roi" of Louis XV, King of France

By NICHOLAS D. CHUBATY  
(Translated by C. A. Andrusyshen)

The Ukrainian political emigration throughout Europe revived in the hope that the time for its struggle with Russia had arrived. It had been planning, in alliance with the enemies of Russia, to march into Ukraine at the head of nearly forty thousand Ukrainian Kozaks and simultaneously to cause an outbreak of a national revolution against Russia.

As a spokesman of that emigration, young Orlik, through the mediation of the Swedish Ambassador in Warsaw, approached the French plenipotentiary De Monty who immediately understood what an inestimable ally Ukraine might be in the eventual struggle with Russia. After a conference with the Swedish Ambassador, De Monty sent Hrihor Orlik under the assumed name of the Swedish officer Barthel to his government in Paris in order that there he might present to the French Government the important role of the Ukrainian nation in the midst of the situation. Barthel to his government in Eastern Europe. This first diplomatic mission of the twenty-seven year old Hrihor Orlik to Paris became not only the beginning of his political career as a representative of Ukraine's interests, but also coupled his name with France for all time.

The French Ambassador De Monty sent to his Government an extensive Pro Memoria dealing with the Ukrainian problem. Special letters to Cardinal Fleury, Premier of France, and to Chovelaine, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, recommended the person of the young Ukrainian diplomat. In his Pro Memoria De Monty called his Government's attention to the importance of the Ukrainian matter for the purpose of breaking Russia's power. He wrote that the Tsar deprived Ukraine of practically all the liberties promised at the time when Ukraine accepted the Muscovite protectorate; that the Kozaks and the entire Ukrainian people live under an intolerable oppression and were ready at any opportune moment to take up arms to free themselves from the Russian yoke; and that in order to cope with that eventually the tsar maintained at the time some eighteen thousand Russian dragoons. De Monty recommended young Orlik in the capacity of a spokesman for the Ukrainian liberation.

Upon his arrival in France Hrihor Orlik revealed a maturity rare in those of his youthful age. He did not in the least let appear that he lived in penury. He was continually on the alert as to who of the French statesmen lived on good or bad terms with whom, so that if he came to seek the support of one he might not antagonize another. He did not even couple the problem of his people with the influence of the kin's father-in-law, Stanislas Leszczynski, fully understanding that this Polish nobleman, a dethroned king, who became Louis' father-in-law accidentally, must have a great many enemies among influential Frenchmen. He always preferred to appear before the Premier of France, Cardinal Fleury, or before Chovelaine, Minister of Foreign Affairs, as the "Son of the Chief of the Kozak Nation," speaking in favor of her own interests to the exclusion of all else.

Hrihor Orlik's mission was fully successful. He succeeded in convincing the French Government of the necessity of supporting the cause of the Ukrainian Liberation Movement; and for that reason the Government sent him to Turkey so that he might present to the Porte the demands of the Ukrainians, which demands were at that time backed by the Government of His Majesty the King of France. It was only too evident that at that time a word of the French Government and of its ambassador carried much weight in Turkey.

One of the foremost requests of the "Son of the Chief of the Kozak Nation" was that his father, the hetman-in-exile, be given a free hand, for at that time the latter was to all intents and purposes honorably interned in Salo-

niki by the Turkish Government which sought by that means to pacify Russia. It was further requested that he be given freedom to contact his troops which at that time had been camping on the territory of the Crimean Horde. These Kozaks had to be turned again into a fighting force.

Only upon the favorable attitude of the Porte and of its satellites, Ukraine's neighbors, could the Ukrainian champions of the freedom of their country hope to establish contact with the Ukrainian patriots in their native land in order to prepare a rebellion in Ukraine and to time it properly.

On March 12, 1730, the "Son of the Chief of the Kozak Nation," under the assumed name of the Swedish officer Hag, boarded a vessel in Marseilles which was scheduled beforehand to sail to Sweden. Officer Hag, boarded a vessel in Marseilles which was scheduled beforehand to sail to Sweden. Officer Hag, boarded a vessel in Marseilles which was scheduled beforehand to sail to Sweden.

### Voltaire and the Ukrainian Exile

Several days before his departure for the East, young Orlik accomplished another mission, this time a cultural one, for which not only his compatriots but likewise the hospitable Frenchmen may be grateful to him. At that very time Voltaire was writing his History of Charles XII. After his arrival in Paris, Hrihor Orlik was introduced into circles close to the great writer who was eager to get authentic information regarding hetman Mazeppa and the Ukrainian revolution against Russia. At Voltaire's request, Hrihor Orlik, fully understanding the importance of informing the Western World about Ukraine, asked his father in Saloniki to supply him with exact information which he, before his departure remitted to Voltaire. In that connection, he wrote to his father:—"The materials regarding the life of Charles XII I have placed in proper hands. I am indeed grateful to you, and all here are quite satisfied with them. What is most interesting in them is the detailed information about Mazeppa and his plans."

In that manner, as far back as 1730, France and, through her, the entire Western World, received genuine information about Ukraine and about the political plans and ideal of the Ukrainian patriots at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Voltaire characterized them briefly in his work:—"Ukraine always longed for liberty." In the eighteenth century among all the Western nations France was the best informed with regard to Ukraine.

### The Meeting of the Father and Son in Turkey

In the middle of May, 1730, the Orliks met in Saloniki. It would take much space to describe this meeting of the father and his son, both of them great idealists and ardent patriots whose energies were wholly directed towards liberating their enslaved fatherland. The father's feeling towards his son, and vice-versa, is preserved in the correspondence of Philip Orlik, especially in his Diary, in which both demonstrate a high degree of spiritual experience, which in those times, and even in ours, is quite rare.

Both the father and the son had felt their parting very keenly, although the older Orlik felt, even amid the bleak everyday life in Saloniki, extremely happy at the thought that in his son he found such a talented champion of Mazeppa's work and of his own. From that time on the political action for Ukraine's cause, technically conducted by young Orlik, becomes a mutual endeavor of both the father and the son. Philip Orlik's memorandum prepared for the French ambassador, in which the former furnishes him with advice as to what arguments he is to present to the Great Vizier in order to convince him of the

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# The Contributions of the Ukrainians To Manitoba

By PAUL YUZYK, M.A.

If you live in Manitoba, your nearest Ukrainian neighbor lives only eight houses down the road, and there is one chance in eight that he lives next door. Today I want to tell you something about this neighbor of yours—and mine: something of the part which he played in the building up of Manitoba, of the position which he occupies in our society today, and, if time allows, a little about the background of his forbears.

### Advent of the Ukrainian Settlers

The epic of the Ukrainian settlers in the Canadian West is a colorful one, like that of the Selkirk settlers before them, and that of the United Empire Loyalists, and the early French colonizers. The first two Ukrainian settlers were Ivan Piliptiw and Vasyli Eleniak who reached Winnepeg 58 years ago, in 1891. In recognition of the historic importance of this event, at the inaugural ceremony of the Canadian Citizen Act the Canadian Government issued the No. 1 certificate to the Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, and the certificate No. 2 to Eleniak.

Eleniak and Piliptiw were followed by large numbers of peasants who settled in colonies throughout the Canadian west, just as other ethnic groups had done. The stream of immigration to Canada has not ceased, for since the last war they have been coming from the Displaced Persons camps in Europe. Today there are well over 350,000 Ukrainians in Canada, most of whom are Canadian-born. The Ukrainians exceed the combined total of the rest of the Slavs in this country, and are the sixth largest ethnic group in Canada.

### Their Place in Manitoba

The largest number of Ukrainian Canadians, comprising one-quarter of the dominion total, are found in Manitoba. According to the 1946 census, there were about 86,000 Ukrainians, constituting approximately 12 per cent of the provincial population. They form the third largest ethnic group in the province, exceeded only by the English and the Scotch.

Almost two-thirds of Manitoba's Ukrainians are farmers, which is well above the provincial average of 54 per cent. Their ten rural settlements extend from the southeastern part of the province to the remote northwest, forming the

outermost belt of the populated area of Manitoba. Beyond most of them exists a bleak wilderness.

### Type of Settlements

These settlements vary in size. The Swan River Settlement in the north which is the latest district to be opened up, comprises a Ukrainian population of approximately one thousand. The largest and one of the oldest settlements is in the Dauphin area where there are some 13,000 of these people. Five other settlements range from 5,000 to 8,000 Ukrainians.

Except for a sprinkling of other Slavs, such as the Poles, the Russians, these colonies contain preponderantly a Ukrainian population. For example, the Ethelbert Municipality in the Dauphin area is 91 per cent Ukrainian, while the Stuartburn Municipality in the south is composed of 85 per cent of these people. In this respect their settlements do not differ greatly from those of the English, Scotch, French, Icelandic and German. That the Ukrainians formed such compact bodies during the pioneering period is not surprising. Without a knowledge of the country, the language, and the manners, it was a natural inclination and a method of adaptation in a new world. Beyond a shadow of a doubt, it was this factor that made possible their settlement of the remote districts and the sub-marginal lands.

### Ukrainian Place-names

Some of the exclusively Ukrainian localities have taken on Ukrainian place-names. Such communities as Medika, Zbaraz, and Senkiv were named after the villages or districts in Ukraine from which the settlers had come. Most of the names such as Seech, Halicz, Ukraina and Olha were adopted in honor of historical events, persons, or regions. A few, such as Zelena (meaning green) and Zalesie (meaning forested land), are names describing the nature of the locality settled in Manitoba.

### Conquering the Wilderness

Canada's chief interest in encouraging the immigration of Ukrainians was to secure "stout backs and willing hands to break up age old prairie sod." In this respect the Ukrainian settlers, born and raised on the soil for numerous generations, have more

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## Subscribe to the Weekly

I have been very interested to read the responses to my original article concerning the Ukrainian Weekly. Certainly it is heartening to know that some of our youth are concerned with the problem of seeing our Ukrainian Weekly survive any possible threat to its existence. There have been a number of good suggestions in this matter. I will take up just a few of them.

It has been suggested that an assessment be levied against each of the U.N.A. member. This change could only be made at a convention. It is our experience from previous conventions that this assessment would not have any practical chance of succeeding. The delegates at the conventions have proven themselves very reluctant to levy any assessments of this type against themselves. Therefore, as a practical matter, we must put the same aside because if the same were carried out, the burden would be distributed unfairly on many members.

A suggestion has been made that a portion of the dividends payable should be earmarked for the Ukrainian Weekly. Unfortunately, legally this is impossible because the laws of the various states and the laws of the various departments would not sanction any such action.

Donations by the young folks have been suggested as the solution. We have tried this already in the past few years among the older folks. Our experience has been that such donations are not the solution because they do not raise enough money to cover the costs of publishing the Svoboda and the Ukrainian Weekly. In ad-

dition, there has been quite a good deal of resentment to a yearly drive for this purpose and the indications are that the campaign for these donations will be discontinued in the future.

I realize that subscription rates at the present time for the Ukrainian Weekly are inadequate. However, only a convention can raise the present subscription rate. It is my opinion that if we can get a sizeable amount of subscriptions at the present time, or before the next convention, that we would have a compelling argument to deliver at the convention in favor of the continuance of the Ukrainian Weekly in its present form. I am certain that if we have thousands of subscriptions even at the present rate, that it would be much easier for us to achieve our purposes not only at the convention but also to continue the Ukrainian Weekly as it is.

I believe that many of you subscribe to some magazine or newspaper. Why could you not do the same for the Ukrainian Weekly if you are really interested in its existence? I appeal to each and every reader of the Ukrainian Weekly to show your interest in the continuance of the Ukrainian Weekly and your support for any efforts that may be made at the convention in its behalf.

Remember, that the alternative to this is that we cannot expect the older generation to continue indefinitely to support a paper which is published for the benefit of the younger generation if the younger generation does not care to contribute their moneys for its support.

JOHN ROMANITION  
Newark, N. J.

## ON RECORD

By TED VICTOR

### DETROIT:

I finally made it. I visited Detroit last week for the first time in my life and like all really fine things it was well worth waiting for. Actually I cannot say who was doing most of waiting, Detroit or I. Suffice it to say it was a happy union.

Thursday evening my train pulled into the city and after some fourteen hours of travel, I was in anything but a blissful mood. That lasted but for a short time. I called Olga Kachner since it was her publicity work that was responsible for my being in Detroit, well, it was an excuse anyway. Olya had just rushed in from the city and was in the process of washing her hair, all for the rally of course, and since I am but a mortal being (male) I knew what was good for me and did not interfere in the process. Instead I grabbed a cab and took off for the Ukrainian National Temple. There I found a familiar figure whose name I had forgotten. It was none other than Gerald Bulak, manager of the Temple. Gerry blurted out, "Chicago!" while I came out with, "No, New York!" That started it. In about ten seconds I had met and shook hands with everyone in the room, had a couple of beers and had told the history of my trip. Well, that is the way it seemed anyway with Gerry around. Believe me if you want action then Bulak is the man to see.

Tearing ourselves away from the "recreation room," we went next door to the main hall where Stephanie Andrusiewicz was just finishing a last minute rehearsal with members of her Ukrainian Youth Chorus. Then a quick telephone conversation with Wallace Konicki. Then off to Hamtramck, past the Democratic Club and down to the Ukrainian American Center where I found a few old friends from other conventions: Pete Kasey, Ed. Holowchak and I made a new old friend, Mr. Kolodly, who is proprietor of the Center and a music lover. (Must be, for he said he liked our singing.) Everything came out just fine that first night in Detroit for me. I have never been in better spirits.

Friday I was awakened by Pete Kasey's sweet??? voice and off to lunch and to see the sights of the town we went. Saw the Hamtramck Church, Emil Zablocky taking a few D.P.'s down to "Narodna Pomich," met Pete's mother and Wallace's too, saw the beautiful job of excavation Wally did along side of his home and back to the Center for a break. Back to the hotel, on the way picked up Joe Hanyz who just came out of class. Rushed into the hotel and up to Olga Kachner's room to "talapate talk" for a couple of hours and help get together news releases etc.

In the evening the Warm Up Party which got really hot for Rose Konicki and Helen Hales. There was explosion and both were burned. Seemed no matter where I went though I could not get away from Wallace Konicki's pleading cry: "Biytysya Bohiv Ludé, Yizhte Pirohi." Over a thousand pirohi (with potatoes and cheese yet) were demolished, thanks to Wally's high pressure salesmanship. It was a wonderful party with wonderful people, I never enjoyed myself more. Definitely everything was O.K. I suppose it being Detroit it just had to be.

Saturday sessions. News of the MUN Dancers from Toronto under John Kozak being held up at the Canadian border for eight hours. The authorities thought they were Comies. What with all their costumes, swords, and what-not the police probably thought they were going to attack Detroit. Finally the sessions but not before they were invaded by the girls from the Black Sea regions of Ukraine. The jokes were so corny you had to laugh. Thought Kasey was going to roll off the chair from laughter. The Syracuse crowd sitting in back of me nearly split its sides when they heard the parody about going to Syracuse for the Convention.

After sessions a music program in my room where records from the New York Carnegie Hall show were played. The banquet, where Steve Danielson, first treasurer of

## The Last Session - - by G. H.

From the first of February to the seventeenth of May—fifteen sessions of two hours each—that was the prospectus accepted by the students of the first Ukrainian Class at the Wilkes-Barre YMCA. Every Tuesday evening they came, half of them ahead of the instructor, anxious to acquire the ability to read and write in Ukrainian. Some were novices, others had the advantage of previous use of the language, but they all had the urge to learn, so they came.

At first there were too many of them for the small class room, eventually some dropped out because they found it too difficult to keep up with the class, or they had too far to travel, or their daily work interfered with the evening school. But twenty of them remained to the end.

It was remarkable how the class survived almost four months. Reading and writing, conjugation of verbs and declension of nouns and pronouns, supplementary mimeographed material for reading and conversation, finally a Ukrainian song in the last few minutes of each session—that was the usual program. Early history of Ukraine came in handy for purposes of conversation during the last four sessions. It was a heavy dose dished out week after week, and it was a relief when the fifteenth, and last, session approached.

It was intended to last only one hour because a party was to follow. But the students began to arrive late, and that was unusual. Soon the cause for tardiness became apparent: everyone came in Sunday finery and looked his or her best. Several brought their friends to attend the "graduation," and that also delayed them. Finally the last session was under way.

Conquest of Halychyna by Poland in the 14th century, Lithuania's share in Ukraine's history, and beginning of the Kozak period were briefly reviewed. Paragraph after paragraph was read aloud in Ukrainian by each student and translated into English. Then, as

### A GREENHORN LEARNS PHILADELPHIA ENGLISH

#### I in the Street Car

Before I came to America I learned English. I studied it very attentively, long and futile. That was shown me by the street car's conductors in Philadelphia.

It is very simple, my friends said, when I came into town for the first time. "You have to sit and listen to conductor only. He cries out, the names of all the streets."

They took me by my hands and conducted me through the streets as a child from the kindergarten. I was humble, silent.

I came from Europe, I am a greenhorn and have to be just humble and silent.

My friends placed me in the street car as a package and told me in a commanding way: "Give an ear to conductor."

#### the UYL-NA, presided as toast-

master. Short, good talks and greetings from various people. Singing lead by Professor Buck Lomaka and his Symphonic Singing Society of Scintillating Voices, and by people from all over the large ball room. Comment I most often heard from the boys, "Aren't these girls beautiful tonight." And I'm not kidding they were really something to see. Sat just at the end of the main table with a number of people from Detroit. Had fun exchanging eye to eye jokes with the Brudny Sisters from Chicago who were seated at the opposite end. Saw registration badges from Nashville, Tenn., Nome, Alaska, and Indiana. Was nice to see the girls down from Toronto who worked so hard for the basketball finals, when they were held in that city. Visited Mike Zadecky's room after passing through hotel laundry on the 12th floor to get there; together with John Evanchuk and Dr. and Mrs. Anthony Wachna. (he's also vice president of the UYL-NA for Canada). Mike's room was so big, three people and it was mobbed. We thought at first it was just the closet we got into. Next time

(Concluded on Page 3)

a formal closing of the first Ukrainian course, the class arose and sang the Ukrainian national anthem. The students and guests trooped down to the dining room for "graduation" exercises.

After the refreshments, Attorney Joseph J. Tomaszak assumed the functions of M. C., announcing that the ensuing program was not a test or an exhibition of accomplishments but an informal diversion for the enjoyment of all present. In a nicely delivered address in Ukrainian language, he welcomed the guests and announced that all his "classmates" will be called on for remarks in Ukrainian. Little Nicky Prozeralk delivered the only recitation of the evening—Shevchenko's "Learn, My Brethren." The poem supplied the ideal motive for learning the Ukrainian language. One after another, each student expressed his or her sentiment in Ukrainian, gathering applause after each tongue-twister, and the teacher was promoted to a "professor."

Miss Louise Dickenson, Program Secretary of the YMCA, congratulated the class on the splendid performance and announced that certificates will be awarded for proficiency in the language.

Dancing followed, to the music from a victrola and Ukrainian records. This had its feature in the impromptu exhibition of Ukrainian folk dancing performed by Jacob Elko and Joan Swantko. That, in turn, opened another vista to the possible activity in the next Fall. All in all, the evening began with a feeling of relief and ended with regrets that the class will not meet again for several months.

Did they learn anything and was it worth while? The best answer lies in the fact that so many of the original class stayed until the end of the course. Another answer is in the demand for an advance course, next Fall and a repetition of the beginners' course for a new class. In addition to that, the Ukrainian young men and women made a fine reputation at the YMCA and they intend to make the best of it.

"Why my ear?" I asked frightfully, but my friends are already away. The conductor holds his hand out without a glance at me. I gave him 10 cents and waited. He was content. And I too.

Still I have to sit and listen to the conductor. In front of my eyes I hold a list of streets: Montgomery, Columbia, Oxford, Jefferson, Master . . .

"A-ha-ha," conductor shouted suddenly.

I look at the streetplank and saw that he called "Montgomery."

"Ala-la," conductor shouted again.

I look through the window. It was "Columbia street."

"X-s-s-s-r," hissed the conductor.

The streetplank told me: "Oxford street."

I saw that there is a difference between the conductor's spelling and my English.

When he hissed again: "Ex-s-r," I get off to see what it was. It was Master street.

Then I walked to the corner and asked a young man, pronouncing scrupulously, "Where is Girard avenue?"

He looked at me a minute incomprehensibly, then questioned me: "G'r'r'd yevna? The first cross."

I gathered all my courage and said kind of: "Th-s-s-yu."

Then for the first time I saw a reflex of respect in the eyes of a Philadelphian.

L. KOWALENKO  
(Philadelphia Bulletin,  
May 8, 1949)

### "SVOBODA" (UKRAINIAN DAILY)

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# Impressions...

By WILLIAM SHUST

Do you remember?

A warm sunny day and the picnic in the meadow. Cotton clouds floating in the blue starched sky. And all of the things that filled your heart because of someone. Do you remember?

The smile and the laughter, the wind-blown hair, and the eyes that listened eagerly and intently. The voice that seemed like music, the joy of being near, and the wonderful way your heart felt.

It was a wonderful day, that certain day. Remember? Perhaps it was something like this...

It started out as a novel idea—a hayride and picnic.

On the appointed day the wagon was there, complete with hay, horse, and driver. Everyone climbed aboard and with a "click" and a snap of the reins the rumbling, groaning chariot got on its way.

There was much merriment and laughter. Comments about each other's clothes, movement to find a comfortable place, and a hay fight between two "farmers."

The morning was fresh and crisp and gave promise of a wonderful day. But the passengers in the wagon were obvious to everything. Only the immediate counted—the future would be handled when it arrived.

Cares were forgotten. The dentist bill and the cost of the new dress, the broken vase that had to be replaced and the lost glasses, all were dropped by the wayside as the strands of hay which fell from the wagon. Nothing mattered, only the "here" and the "now."

Soon individual talk started to fade and merge into the group. The logical thing was to sing.

And everyone sang. There was Joe who tried sturdily hard but was always out of key. And of course Harry, who wanted to steal the show by singing a song whose words only he knew.

The boldest singer filled the air, and even the trees seemed to participate. Only the driver, the horse, and the wagon maintained any semblance of individuality. The hay was helpless and had

ceased to struggle long ago. The gang had tumbled into the wagon, and seated themselves wherever there was room. Going to the picnic ground wasn't important, it was coming back when everyone paired off.

He had climbed up with the rest and found an empty place next to her. They were acquainted but quite indifferent to each other. They talked, laughed, and sang with the group. And when the wagon finally reached the picnic ground they got off together.

But the day was still young, and coincidence smiled.

There was much to do in preparing for the picnic. Table cloths were spread: white ones, checked ones, large ones, little ones.

Out of courtesy, he consented to carry some of the packages, instead of joining the fellows. Helping out, he thought, was for guys who were "going steady" or trying to impress a girl. But he soon found himself helping out without a response, and the fellows were forgotten.

So it continued. Through the meal, after the meal, sitting beneath the trees, watching the sun set—all through the day they, she and he, were together.

When it finally came time to leave and to climb aboard the wagon, there was no indifference on his or her part as to where they would sit.

As the wagon creaked wearily home, the moon shone through the trees and there was singing. To both of them it was beautiful. In fact, he never knew that Joe had such a good voice.

As the wagon rode into the night with everyone singing the "old" songs, they both realized that the combination of sunshine and moonlight, green grass and blue sky, murmuring trees and warm winds had done something. These ingredients, plus a girl and a boy had fallen into place—and the result was perfect.

This had been their day, their hayride, their picnic—their's forever.

## MANITOBA UKRAINIANS

(Continued from Page 2)

than fulfilled the expectations. Since upon their arrival the best lands had already been taken up in Manitoba, they settled for the most part on secondary lands, many of which were unfit for cultivation.

These Ukrainian pioneers struggled against the most trying and disheartening circumstances. In the words of the Honorable T. A. Calder in the Dominion Parliament (1919), these people "were dumped into the West, ignorant of the conditions, laws, and methods of farming. Nothing was done for them. They lived in abject poverty, some in mud huts, some even in holes in the ground." W. G. Smith, a keen scholar of Canadian immigration, states the following: "With bad roads, bad drainage, bad times and a severe climate in winter and no cash with which to do things or get things done, the wonder is, not that many of these people migrated to the city, congesting its densely populated areas, or worked on the railroad, but that even so many remained to contend against undrained swamps and abysmal roads, without schools, without help in the heroic attempt to make a home..." Smith continues "and yet it is interesting question whereon to speculate, whether if the Ukrainians had been accorded a fraction of the aid given to the Doukhobors, they would not have responded far more quickly to the attempts made for Canadianization."

By their determined efforts, the Ukrainians in Manitoba have opened up large tracts of land, and have brought civilization to many areas in this province where previously there existed a grim and seemingly impassable wilderness. Wherever the conditions at all permitted, they have responded to the most advanced techniques of Canadian agriculture. There are still many areas, however, where these pioneers are struggling perseveringly against great odds, but

the majority have "made good." Today they rank among Canada's finest and most progressive farmers, adding greatly to the wealth of Manitoba.

### Building the West

An all but forgotten chapter of history is the role of the Ukrainians in the construction of the West. The late J. S. Woodsworth brought this out in true perspective in 1908 "Much of the rough work of nation building in Western Canada is being done by the despised Galician (i.e. Ukrainian). The unskilled labor for which contractors and railway builders have been loudly calling is supplied principally by the Galician. In the cities and towns where new works are being pushed to rapid completion or out on the farthest stretches of the prairie where the steel is being laid for the coming settler, can be found the grimy, stolid Galician, puffing his ever-present cigarette and working with a physical endurance bred of centuries of peasant life and indifference to hardships that seems characteristic of the Slav."

### Typical Ukrainian Canadian Community

Today, the Ukrainian community is an integral part of the Canadian scene. There are, however, one or two distinguishing features. Each Ukrainian community has one, and quite often two or even more, Byzantine style bulbous-domed churches, constructed in the form of the cross. The churches are of the eastern Greek rite. Those with one-bar crosses on the domes are Greek Catholic churches, recognizing the supremacy of the Pope of Rome. Those with the three-bar crosses on the domes are Greek Orthodox churches. Some of the communities still have from the days of the early settlers quaint, log-constructed, clay-plastered, thatch-roofed, white-washed cottages of old-country style. Each community possesses one and very

## Youth and the U.N.A.

### Dividends

In 1949 all persons who were admitted to membership in the Ukrainian National Association on or before December 31, 1946, will receive dividends. The U.N.A. pays dividends annually to all members who have been in good standing for two or more calendar years. Adult members will receive their dividends by check, as will juvenile members insured under 20-Year Endowment, 20 Payment Life, and Endowment At Anniversary Following 18th Birthday certificates. Juvenile members insured under Term To Age 18, Whole Life At 70, and 16-Year Endowment certificates will receive the usual waiver of one monthly dues payment.

### Double Indemnity

During the past few years the U.N.A. has been issuing double indemnity insurance. The beneficiaries of members insured under the double indemnity clause, who die from bodily injuries sustained from violent external and accidental means, receive double the face value of the insurance. New members may apply for double indemnity coverage when applying for regular membership. Those who are already members, may also have the double indemnity clause attached to their insurance certificates by signing the appropriate application forms. Interested parties should see their local branch secretaries for further information. Only holders of adult certificates are eligible for this added protection.

### Juvenile Educational Certificate

For some time the U.N.A. has been issuing, in amounts of \$500 and \$100, a new endowment certificate for children called "Endowment at Anniversary Following 18th Birthday." This insurance, designed to mature when most young people are about to enter college, has proven to be very popular. Parents insuring their children under this plan of insurance are actually providing for the further education of their offspring. When the certificate matures, its full face value is paid in cash and the parents have money to give their children a start in college. Such insurance serves two purposes... it insures the child, in the event of death, up to the maturity date of the certificate... after maturity it is payable in cash for the full face value.

### U.N.A. Sports

As in the past, the U.N.A. will give financial aid to athletic teams composed of U.N.A. members who play under the U.N.A. name. Several U.N.A. teams are active in different parts of the country, and other teams are taking advantage of the offer. Before the war, there were so many teams participating in the sports program of the organization that a number of leagues were formed.

## Faith, Hope and...

Looking into the world one will behold many things. Each of them influences life in some particular manner. Among them are the three theological virtues—faith, hope and charity.

Reflecting upon faith, we immediately perceive its essential role in life. To an individual, it can be the deciding factor between success or failure in one's career. It is also spiritually most significant. Aside from believing in oneself, it is very important to place faith in others. People need people to believe in them. As a result, they think better, act better and produce work of a higher quality. Similarly, business, organizations, institutions and even governments thrive more favorably, grow larger and become more powerful when this situation exists. Thus, we see the importance of faith.

Next in line is hope. 'Tis said "Where there's life, there's hope." This virtue is most significant in times of stress... when despair turns into hope... and thus en-

frequently more Ukrainian community halls, which are the centres of the social, cultural, educational and political activities of the people of the district.

("Opinion")

Interest in U.N.A. sports is slowly returning, now that the war is over, and it is possible that U.N.A. leagues will be formed before long.

### The War Clause

Several persons have inquired about the war clause appearing in U.N.A. certificates. These persons were informed that, despite the war clause, the U.N.A. was one of the very few organizations to pay death benefits in full to the beneficiaries of those of its members who were killed in World War II. The U.N.A. did not have to make payments in full, but it did so. U.N.A. members should remember this, for it proves that the organization has the interests of its members foremost in mind at all times.

### The Ukrainian Weekly

U.N.A. members have the privilege of subscribing to this newspaper for only \$1 a year. This rate is so low that it is a wonder a great many more members are not taking advantage of it. Yes, we said \$1 a year... that's 52 issues—a real bargain. And those members who appreciate the Svoboda as well as the Weekly may be interested to know that the subscription rate to the daily Svoboda is only \$3.60 a year, and that includes the Weekly!

### Advance Payments of Dues

The U.N.A. has received a number of requests for information concerning discounts for dues paid in advance. Dues may be paid monthly, quarterly, semi-annually, or annually. There is a very small saving on quarterly payments slightly more on semi-annual payments, and the most on annual payments. Saving on annual payments usually exceed five per cent.

### Ask for More Information

Readers, members and non-members alike, who desire further information on any subject treated in this column, should communicate with the Ukrainian National Association, P. O. Box 70, Jersey City 8, N. J., or else contact the officers of U.N.A. branches in their localities. Post cards or letters addressed to the U. N. A. will receive prompt attention. Persons desiring information as to how to become U.N.A. members should give their birthdays and mention type and amount of insurance they are interested in. The insurance, it must be remembered, is not the only advantage of U.N.A. membership. There are other benefits, such as stipends for members attending colleges or universities, aid for members who are incurably ill or permanently disabled, loans on insurance at only four per cent interest (most companies charge more), double indemnity for a very small additional cost, and all the other advantages peculiar to a fraternal benefit society. Write for information without delay.

### CHARITY

There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us. That it ill behaves any of of us To find fault with the rest of us.

Anonymous MYROSLAVA

### MAZEPPA

(Continued from Page 2)

necessity of Turkish action in the Ukrainian matter, is a masterpiece of diplomatic documentation.

In it he briefly recounts the history of Ukraine's subjugation by Moscow, points out that now is the highest time for Turkey, in her own interests, to take advantage of the Ukrainian problem in order to stop the expansion of Russia. "The Illustrious Porte," writes

## Ukrainian Bowling League of Elizabeth Ends Season With Dinner

"It was a hectic season. The alleys where we bowled burned in a fire that demolished the building completely," explained John Kachurek, president of the Ukrainian Bowling League of Elizabeth, N. J. Nevertheless, it is to the credit of this league that all bowlers turned out faithfully every Tuesday night. For one city to have six teams, all Ukrainian, in a league of its own is an accomplishment in itself. This can be explained in part by the fact that most of these bowlers grew up together from boyhood and lived in a Ukrainian neighborhood of Elizabeth. Consequently, when these fellows met May 14 at a dinner accompanied by their wives and best girls to celebrate the close of a season it was only natural that the affair took on the flavor of old comrades who know each other so well it was impossible to be formal. Extemporaneous jesting was so prevalent that whosoever spoke did so intermittently so that members in the audience could add their well chosen words.

The ten bowlers who bowled the highest average scores were Alex "Kelsey" Kuriawa, 167.23, Martin Fedish 166.22, Theodore Ohar 164.45, Michael Kowalczyk 162.61, Michael Kobran 158.24, Jack Kuzma 157.50, Harry Kardash 157.31, John Kachurak 157.04, Michael Fedish 155.69, and John Groszcek 153.46. These bowlers received cash prizes ranging from \$10 to \$1.

For having a three game high score of 609, Charles Chrebet went home with \$4 that night. Sam

Herila bowled the individual single high score of 247 for a prize of \$3.

The champions of the League were a team called the Braves which romped home with \$6 prizes for the team 3 game high of 2533 pins and the team single score of 957.

Mock prizes were awarded to all bowlers. Just to mention a few, one received a sink stopper (to be held in the mouth), to help him bowl more quietly, another received a suction plunger renamed a "spaghetti mixer" due to the fact that he used such a device for that purpose at a spaghetti dinner the club held, and one was given handcuffs to enable some lucky young lady to hold on to him.

As guest speaker, Dan Slobodian, vice-president of the Ukrainian National Home, chided the bowlers and averred that he saw a bowler on alley No. 1 throw a ball which landed on alley No. 2 making a strike which enabled that bowler to break a 100 score. He congratulated the bowlers on their successful season and expressed the hope that the National Home would in the near future find it possible to construct alleys for the League.

Due to the fact that the orchestra engaged for the evening failed to appear, members created their own entertainment. Mrs. Anna Fedosh played the piano and shortly thereafter some strangely sounding but earnest quartets were organized. Dancing was done to recorded music.

## Youth of Syracuse Honored at Annual Sports Banquet

The second annual sports banquet honoring the basketball team, the bowling squads (men's and women's) was held on May 15th at the Ukrainian National Home. Both the mixed church choir and the male chorus were invited to the banquet this year.

Guest speakers at this sumptuous dinner were Municipal Court Judge William H. Bamerick of Syracuse, N. Y., Steve Suhey, Pittsburgh Steeler football star, and All-American guard for 1948 (Penn State) of Cazenovia, N. Y., Rev. John Lazar, Assistant Pastor of St. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Catholic Church, Auburn, N. Y. acted as toastmaster.

Other speakers included Mr. Ivan Pihulak, President of the Ukrainian National Home, sponsors of the affair, Steve Panchision, coach of the championship Ukrainian American Catholic Veterans

Philip Orlik, "must consider it in its interests that its neighbor on the Black Sea should be a friendly people, otherwise Russia will one day become the lord over the Sea and, having ruined the Crimean State, will move upon the maritime possessions of the Porte... All this I submit not merely out of pure considerations, but also on the basis of certain facts. Often have I heard from the late Ivan Mazeppa that Tsar Peter had such intentions."

(To be continued)

basketball team, Mr. Joseph Zayatz, director of St. John's Ukr. Cath. Church Choir, Walter Flesock, Vice President of the Ukrainian National Home and chairman of the banquet and "Red" Zabinaki, winner of this year's trophy awarded to the most valuable player on the court.

The officer of the Syracuse Ukrainian National Home sponsored this banquet in appreciation of everything the Ukrainian youth of this city have done to bring renown to the Ukrainians. The youth have consistently kept the name "Ukrainian" before the public through their sports engagements, their choir concerts and through their dancing performances. The championship UACV team, (having won the CYO (Catholic Youth Organization) trophy three years in succession, brought recognition of the Ukrainians in the sport field in Syracuse.

This banquet was a success in every sense of the word. The Ukrainian youth of Syracuse, having been inspired by this appreciation, will forge ahead anew, bringing even greater fame and respect for the Ukrainians through their sponsorship of the forthcoming Ukrainian Youth's League of North America 12th annual convention to be held in Syracuse Labor Day weekend, September 3, 4 and 5th.

ANNE DYDYK, 525 Stafford Avenue Syracuse 6, N. Y.

## "Calling All 'Cities'"

Send all your representatives to Syracuse, N. Y. on June 11th for a Pre-Convention June Frolic is being held here (see ad on page 3 for details). Don't wait till September to visit the convention city, come now and get acquainted early, making certain you will have a hilarious time come convention time. All your old cronies will be there and of course new friends will be made. You will save that much more time if you come to Syracuse, N. Y. in June. We are going to have a standing reception committee at the club all day long just to insure an outstanding welcome. The reception committee informs us that anyone sitting a dance out will be swept off their feet and to make it more realistic they are going to do it with a broom!

Plenty of fellows and girls for all you good Ukrainians, so why not make a weekend of it and plan to attend the dance and see Syracuse Sunday afternoon. A June Frolic is just what the name applies. It's going to be a rollicking frolic in June at the good old Convention city Syracuse, N. Y. Don't let us down folks because we want to meet every person and every city at this Pre-Convention June Frolic. Be waiting for you at the door and don't be surprised at the reception you get. We can't help it if we can't control our emotions and throw our arms around you when you walk in.

HELEN DYDYK, Chairman, Pre-Convention Dance

### ON RECORD

(Concluded from page 2)

he will make reservations early. (HINT: for Syracuse) Oops I almost forgot. Can now officially go to Syracuse, for Theresa Novenche extended an official welcome to one and all at the banquet. And so on into the night and morning. Saw the sun come up, it was beautiful but in Detroit it has competition. A little sleep (old Ukrainian saying has it that, "He that sleeps does not live") and then up in time for High Mass.

After church, dinner, talk, rest a few moments and off to the Temple for the Musical Panorama. The place was packed despite rain. Enough talent on stage to do really great things. Outstanding: Six year old Charles Maruschak, Jr. who stole everyone's heart with his solo dance. Stephanie Andrusiewicz's remarkable work with her new young singers, (let her come to New York and she will have a male chorus), John Kozak's terrific dancing along with his group, the extraordinary spirit dominating everything amongst the Ukrainians present.

Finally the Farewell Party and perhaps the finest evening of them all for some unexplainable reason. The dancing, the hearty singing, and the honest feelings that manifested themselves were a fitting climax to a beautiful week-end Rally in Detroit. It was perfect. It was good to see the groups from all over the country combine to sing our Ukrainian songs. Syracuse with its well trained bass section headed by Myron Yaworsky sang right along with the others who's spirit made up for any and all defects. Singing "Mnohaya Lita" until the room reverberated from the sound of them. Toasting each and everyone who helped make Detroit a success, and dancing until the wee hours certainly gave everyone a chance to blow off steam. One young blond haired kid that was tending bar was heard to ask Steve Danielson, "Boy! how long have these things been going on? I have never had more fun in my life." Finally the end of it all. The lights went down, stepping out into the cool night air, the ground still wet from the late rain and a wonderful feeling of joy as one walked down through the rain covered trees. A million shadows played happily on the street and quiet houses. A fitting climax to a wonderful time. One day I know some one might say, "It was a late May weekend... remember?" But it will always be so much more than that, in fact there was never a greater need for it. The Detroit District Council of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America may well be proud of its Mid-West Rally. I had a wonderful time.

## Pre-Convention JUNE FROLIC

sponsored by:

Syracuse Convention Committee of U. Y. L. - N. A.

Saturday, June 11, 1949

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL HOME

1317 W. FAYETTE STREET

Music by Melody Knights

Dancing 9 to ?

Admission 62c, Tax 12c, Total 74c

Лев Орлягора.

# Таємниця студентки Ірини

(Уривок з повісті „Диктатура“)

Двоюрідна сестра Д. каже:  
— Твоя правда гірка, як полин. Тільки буржуй може лякати лиха. Людина, що родилася в горю, не боїться горя. Мої пташенята, також... не дочекались батька з праці. Потомилися і без вечері заснули. Не вся біда в горю. Ім вчитель говорив, що не смачно спати з повним шлунком.  
— Вибач, проте, — продовжує сестра. — Я мушу збігати до магазину. Є чутки, що дещо привезли. Може пошастить без карток купити пару оселедців. Коли прийде сусідка, не підозривай її — також була студенткою. Цікава дівчина.

страшно, що пам'ятаю. Незвичайний мороз колючками обкидає мою шкіру, колючки посиляються в серце...  
...Партизан — вбивця мого батька став головою сільради. На колхозних зборах охристів мою матір вдовою розстріляного „ворога народу“. За цей час матір вивезли на Сибір. Повертатися до хати я боялася. Наша хата вже не була нашою.  
— Не доідаючи й недосипаючи, я успішно закінчила десятирічку. Хотіла почати десь працювати. Тітка й подруги раяли йти до учительського інституту. Та не вміла я писати брехливу автобіографію, а з правдивою не приймуть. Тітка порадила іти до сина Іваном. Пішла я з ним до ЗА(С)у,\* і ми розписалися.  
Іван — мій двоюрідний брат. Разом кінчали десятирічку. Спільно ділили горе і радість. Думалося — пройде два роки. Закінчимо інститут. Знову підемо до Загу. Заявимо, що не зійшлися характерами. Отримаємо розвідні листи. Ми ж були одружені тільки на папері. Іван майже щосуботи ходив до будівельного технікуму. Там мав наречену. На другому курсі трохи починав відставати. Дякував мені за допомогу. А тітка, як тітка. Вона раділа, що я також вийду в люди.

Кідаю погляд на племінницю, сплять розум'янені лица. Ніжні дитячі лица. Вони сьогодні часто повторяли слово „дядя“.  
Сусідка Ірина — молода шахтарка. Її очі горять парю зірком. Таких зірок на світі мамуть тільки пара. Струнка, бо ще недовго тягав вагонетками вугілля. Мовчазлива. Пухкі, квіткою викрени її уста, говорять про доброту душі. Вона охоче відповідає тільки на запитання. Я не мудро запитую:  
— Ви також десь вчилися?  
— В Кременчуці.  
— Чудове місто! То українська Флоренція.  
— Я там прокляла себе.  
— Чому? — питаю.  
Ірина зосереджено дивиться в одну точку і продовжує оповідати:  
...шибка брязнула, і всі ми скопилися. Хорий батько застав ляпну. З вікна в хату була простягнута лопата. Мама питає:  
— Хто там? Що ви хочете?  
— Клади на лопату гроші, бо вилетить вікно з рамою! Хату підпалюю.  
— Нема грошей, добродію... закашлявшись, відповідає батько, а голос знадвору:  
— Ми не добродію, а красні партизани!

Під час іспитового періоду, я любила ходити з подругами до Дніпра. То була єдина розвага. Іздила на Зелений Острів. Купалася. В холодній воді промезла. Також загоріла. Звернувшись до міської лікарні. Лікар уважно оглянув. Мусіла мати операцію.  
Несподівано був арештований Іван. Тітка плакала. Три дні нічого не брала в рот. Ходила мовчазна і чорна, як тінь.  
Переборюючи болю, я зсунулася з ліжка і понесла передаток. Мусіла. Крутилася голою, підкошувалися в колінах ноги і робилося темно в очах. Я боялася власти на брук.  
Біля брами в'язниці запитали прізвище і затримали. Вкинули мене в темний мокрий льох.  
Слідчий питає чи живу з чоловіком нормально. Я відповідаю:  
\* „Заніс Актов Гражданского Состояния“

— Кожна нормальна жінка живе нормально.  
Слідчий розгнівався. Скавав, щоб роззула черевки. Ноги прив'язали до столу і гумовою палкою били по п'ятах. Відром води повернули мені свідомість. О, жахливі тортури! Найстрашнішим убивши не зичу такої карі. По крові, здавалось, плавали голки.  
Через тиждень була очна ставка. Іван дивився на мене правим оком. Друге було зовсім закрите синьою розпухлою шокою. Слідчий прочитав лист голови села. Партизан — вбивець не жалів паперу. Йому слідчий мусів вірити. Я призналася, що мій батько „ворог народу“.

На Дюптах довідалася про все. Обвинувачую тільки сама себе. Тяжка хвороба зробила мене небережною. На приватне запитання лікаря, я повинна була відповісти дуренькими жартами. Не виявилось би, що мій документ про одруження фальшивий. Може жартуючи, лікар розповів приятелю. Приятель похвалився іншому приятелю — слідчому НКВД. Слідчий зацікавився. Викликав Івана. Допитував, коли одружився і чи має з дружиною статеві зв'язки. Іван відмовився відповідати на безглузді запитання.  
Його наречена на дюптах також брала участь. Слідчий їй розповів про „жахливу зраду“. Розчарував її Шістнадцятирічна розгнівана дівчина не вміла не вірити. Обдурена плакала і горіла баганням мститися. На всі запитання відповідала: „Так, вів агітацію“. Івана били жорстокіше, як мене.  
За те, що своїм прізвищем свідомо приховував дочку „ворога“ народу, дав їй можливість пролізти до інституту, його вислали в далекі концетраційні табори.  
Мені слідчий сказав:  
— Любов до знання примусила милу дівчину обманути уряд. Судор кара чекає її. Але... Не все атрачено. Якщо хтось із ваших близьких чи далеких кривих родився щасливим, то тільки ви. Я чомусь маю бажання стати вашим оборонцем. Мені не потрібні ваші нещівані уста. Я не така погана людина, як це ви собі уявляєте. Отримаєте волю, закінчите інститут... Матимете всі життєві привілеї, якщо погодитесь працювати на користь рідної батьківщини. На почин таке мізерне завдання, що я навіть соромлюся називати його завданням.  
Слідчий дав список декількох студентів. Поступово про кожного треба написати характеристику. Я дала згоду. Вийшла на волю. На очах тітки порвала список. В списку був і мій приятель Тарас. Він у травневі свята відмовився нести на демонстрацію двометровий портрет Молотова. Хотів нести легший льозонг. Не вірять, що в нього тоді болів живіт. Нещодавно викинули з комсомолу. Відний Тарас! Він вже ніколи — ніколи не довідається, що я його любила. Про це знають тільки мої сльози і серце.  
Хитрий слідчий помилився. Я другого дня втекла з Кременчука. З радості і хвороба забулася. Перед від'їздом пішла на-проспект ім. Леніна. Там стояв будівельний технікум. Відвідала Іванову наречену Лару Н. розповіла їй правду про брата. Лара поцілувала мене. Плакала за Іваном, як за померлою матір'ю, але боялася лягти НКВД.

І ось тепер я працюю на цій глухій шахті. По змозі допомагаю, тітці. Люблю її, як рідну матір. Про матір не згадую, бо з Сибіру люди ні живі, ні мертві не повертаються. Помру, не знаючи, де могли батьків. Тітці від мене посилає мої гроші ваша сестра. Вона

ризикую і не говорять чоловікові. Я щодня сподіваюся арешту. Закажуть, як знайдуть. Я ж зрадила НКВД! Не захотіла працювати на користь „батьківщини“. З кожною людиною поводжуся, як з вогнем. Близько не підходжу і далеко не віддаляюся. Боюся людей. Вірю єдиній вашій сестрі Д., і тільки тому поділилася горем з вами. Може вам моє горе нагадає ваше. Порайте, що я мусіла робити, і як?

— Тільки так, подруго Ірино. Напровесні життя ви стали жертвою своєї честі. Честь довго ланувала над вами, а в тяжких обставинах зрадила. Не ти зрадила честь, а честь зрадила тебе. Дівчина — рабня честі. Я хотів би написати новелю, і я це зроблю, як тільки світ переживе катаклізм, або новий везувій заде Москву, або Сталін ошастливить людство своєю раптовою смертю.  
— Звичайна повія, — продовжував я, — презирала б вас більше, як ви слідчого. Ті червоні стрічки, що завоювали право для слідчого, так само винні, як і слідчий. Жінка, що з сімнадцяти років пізнала смаленого вівка, назвала б вас дурною. В цьому краса ваших плюсів. Дорога подруго, мораль і передовими релігійми викохана честь, в комсомольські часи стали міщанськими заборонами. А сіпа рабська любов до тирана державою проповідується, як універсальна релігія червоної Росії. Ця релігія не терпить честі і нищить совість.

— Ви мене зрозуміли більше, ніж я себе. Тішуся, що так сталося. Я дочка скривдженої матері, хочу довести, що я її гідна дочка! Моя тітка — вже літня людина. Її не дивуюсь дива, але вона дивується, чому тепер на світі ходять погана слава про мораль дівчат українського степу. Вибачте, я ніколи не була така балакуча, як нині — схвилювано говорила Ірина. На довгих віях її очей бриніли перли сліз. Пишні руські коси покійно спадали на високі груди.  
...Я думаю: Наталка-Полтавка ще має мільйони сестер! Наталюк не зуміє обезчестити червона рабня Марія Демченко. Найбільшим рабом є той, що продає сам себе. Марія злякалась НКВД і продавала... Рабство зробило людину такою підлою, що вона почала його любити. Любити бляшарю медаль, отриману за добрий стан колхозної поросної свині і ходити в обідраній спідниці — значить бути передовою колхозницею. Якщо голодний раб не знає, що він раб, то він справжній раб!

Кремлівський тиран усміхнувся до Марії і сказав:  
— Ах, як хороше зеленіє наша пшениця на вашому полі!  
За холодну, як смерть медаль, за „теплі“ слова, за лицемірну усмішку деспота перелякана і неграмотна Марія пообіцяла зібрати руками винажених колхозниць з гектара 500 центнерів цукрових буряків! Зелениють в колхозі буряки, а цукор біліє в Москві. Сталін найзлидніша на світі людина! Сталін від України забрав все, і нічого їй не дав, крім орденів і кайданів на мозолисті руки. Вождь все хоче мати! Божевільний відрізняється від Сталіна тим, що він хоче мати місяць, а Сталін земну кулю. Сталін тільки наполовину божевільний: людина, що тільки наполовину божевільна є страшніша сотні божевільних...  
Без оселедців повернулася з чоловіком Федором. Наша розмова перервалася. Федір передав Ірині привіт від інженера, а сестра додала:  
— Від молодого і чорняво-го...  
Шахтарка зарум'янилася і подякувала.

Ростислав Єндик.

# ВІДСТУПНИК

(Продовження)

Іванова боротьба з собою була довга і важка. Він пішов, хоч кров його заливала, бо що мав робити? Скорити до горла? Та ж то тісто! Візьмеш його в пучки і воно розлізеться так, що гідь буде брати! Мав вбити паскуду? Та ці ляшки, як блохи. З порождяться. Вб'єш одного — десять ще поганих з землі виростає. Треба б панські садби з підвалинами зрівняти, плугом заорати, а решту з бурєю пустити, може б тоді з ними кінець. Інакше — возися з ними в решеті!

Іван ходив по землі і не бачив землі. Дивився на небо, але небо сповилося туманом і Бога йому прислонило. Раз-у-раз стояли перед очима тільки діти. Зробити їх зрадниками, чи жебраками? Або діти приймуть нову релігію як огиду, і залишаться повними людьми, або... Все одно пропадати! Земля стала маденька, а людей щораз більше.

Одного вечора не витримав і каже до жінки:  
— Таки піду ще нині по метрику.

Вона підвелася з лави, як неприємна, і стала перед чоловіком спокійна, аж свята.  
— То ти хочеш Бога за землю міняти?

— Я прожив з тобою стільки років, що хіба корець соли зліти разом за той час, але бачу, що не знаєш ти моєї душі ні за золоту порошокину, що літає в сонці. Ми разом працювали, сміялися, дітей годували, щораз радувалися, як на Свят-Вечір зірком визирали, але я лишився для тебе закритий, аж запечатаний. Та сьогодні знай: нема в мене нічого дорожчого над землею, бо вона з моїх дітей має зробити людей, щоб вони торбями не розбіглися по світі.

— За землю хочеш ти вбити в них святість?  
Її ноги задрожали і вгнулися під нею.  
— Я не можу допустити їх до жебручої палиці, ані фірманського батога! Дивися які в них очі! Очі старого чоловіка, що вже все розуміє. Вони зрозуміють і мене. Або хтось є чесним чоловіком і залишиться ним, бо є з доброї крові, або буде вічним злодієм і розбійником. Чесних не можна наробити! Але жебраків... цілий світ!

Жінка заголосила.  
— Нас люди будуть обманити, перед нами христитися як перед прокаженими.  
Іван твердо відповів:  
— Я знаю, я сам робив би так з ними, хоч я не святець, тільки людина. Та чому вони пана не обминають, що такої ганьби від нас жада? Вони бо язливі, а пан сильний і багатий!  
— Кожний має робити свою роботу і гадати свої гадки, — промовила крізь сльози, — Але ця робота і ці гадки мають бути Божі, бо інакше приїде кара, кара і щераз кара — на цим і на тім світі. Кам'яний град зіб'є твоє поле:  
(Дальше буде).

III.

— Я ще не бачив кам'яного граду, але в літню ніч бачив я дощ із зірок. Не такий гірший світ, як його благословляють і золотять з неба. І мене поблагословлять за мою працю. Пан хоче одної релігії, церква хоче другої, а чоловік уродився тільки з сумлінням. Це люди довкола нас є з добрим або злим сумлінням. А тих злих більше і вони — немов тічя розлучених вовків, яким спливає кров із писків. А ти хочеш, щоб вони і мене роздерли?

Іван почав поволі одягатися. Жінка станула на дверях і розпростерла руки. Коли він зближався до виходу, вона зверещала:  
— Я тебе не пушу!

Він подивився на неї зором, немов гралями її простромив, але вона навіть не ворухнулася. Прикликала до себе дітей і не пускала.

Іван став нерішечий, не знав, що має робити з нею. Він мав охоту її збити. За всі свої муки, Синець на синці, рубець на рубці — з усього тіла, аж кров циркувала б, аж грала б, аж обкипала б. Так люто був би, якби хотів вбити себе самого. Нічого не робив, лише промовляв словами, які були занурені в сердешній крові.  
— Нема Бога! Я шукав його на землі і не знайшов. Я підніс очі до неба, але небо мряло зліти разом за той час, але бачу, що не знаєш ти моєї душі ні за золоту порошокину, що літає в сонці. Ми разом працювали, сміялися, дітей годували, щораз радувалися, як на Свят-Вечір зірком визирали, але я лишився для тебе закритий, аж запечатаний. Та сьогодні знай: нема в мене нічого дорожчого над землею, бо вона з моїх дітей має зробити людей, щоб вони торбями не розбіглися по світі.

— За землю хочеш ти вбити в них святість?  
Її ноги задрожали і вгнулися під нею.  
— Я не можу допустити їх до жебручої палиці, ані фірманського батога! Дивися які в них очі! Очі старого чоловіка, що вже все розуміє. Вони зрозуміють і мене. Або хтось є чесним чоловіком і залишиться ним, бо є з доброї крові, або буде вічним злодієм і розбійником. Чесних не можна наробити! Але жебраків... цілий світ!

Жінка заголосила.  
— Нас люди будуть обманити, перед нами христитися як перед прокаженими.  
Іван твердо відповів:  
— Я знаю, я сам робив би так з ними, хоч я не святець, тільки людина. Та чому вони пана не обминають, що такої ганьби від нас жада? Вони бо язливі, а пан сильний і багатий!

— Кожний має робити свою роботу і гадати свої гадки, — промовила крізь сльози, — Але ця робота і ці гадки мають бути Божі, бо інакше приїде кара, кара і щераз кара — на цим і на тім світі. Кам'яний град зіб'є твоє поле:  
(Дальше буде).

Священик виписав метрику чисто і делікатно, але як почув, на яке діло вона потрібна, поставив назад у книгу і почав читати „Іванові проповіді“:  
— Опам'ятайтеся, батькаматір нагадайте і не публікуйтеся, щоб вони в трубі не первертали. В Божих книгах стоїть: не будеш мати інших богів крім мене.  
Але Іван стояв глухий. Хто дивився в небо і Бога не знайшов, той і святців не бачить.  
— Ви змудра оповідаєте, бо масний язык маєте, але з нього мої діти не натоплять собі сала!  
— То ви від Бога відвертаєтесь і з ним позиваєтесь?  
— Бог не трубить, як чоловіка губить. Не видить мене золотими очима, то й я на свої людські осліп.  
Священик відчув, що має перед собою якийсь твердий рішенець. По довшій задумі одізвався:  
— Бог нерівно наділяє: одному дає л'ять, другому три, а третьому один талант.  
— Така то справедливість у Бога, — почав богохулити.  
— Але побожности жадає від усіх — однакової і великої.  
(Дальше буде).

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