



The Ukrainian Weekly
Supplement

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WEEKLY: No. 39 JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1949 VOL. XVII

U.N.A. BANQUET IN NEW YORK

Usually "new ideas" and "progress" are words used by young people reacting against what they call the "older generation." It is rarely that the young people admit that the old folks may have a good idea.

The date chosen for the jubilee is October 15, 1949, and the method is a grand banquet and ball at the Hotel Edison in New York. In addition to the conventional meal and speakers at the banquet there will be added attractions. These composed of various outstanding artists in the field of Ukrainian art and culture who will offer their contributions to make this a memorable evening.

Wins Promotion

Walter Bacad, New York City, well known in our younger generation Ukrainian American organizational life, was recently promoted to the post of Account Executive with the Fifth Avenue Office of his firm, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane, one of the largest investment houses in the country.

Killed in Air Crash

Lieutenant Roman C. Kirczow, son of Theodore and Mary Kirczow and grandson of the late Constantine Kirczow, a former president of the Ukrainian Na-



Lt. Roman C. Kirczow

tional Association, was killed in Alaska on September 13 last in an aircraft accident.

CANADIAN MINISTER INTERVENES IN BEHALF OF UKRAINIAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS

BRUSSELS.—It was learned authoritatively that in April, 1949 the Canadian Minister in Moscow made an official demarche to the Soviet government on behalf of Most Rev. Nikita Budka, a Ukrainian Catholic bishop and a Canadian citizen. Bishop Budka, it is recalled, was arrested together with the entire Ukrainian Catholic hierarchy in 1945 by the Soviets upon their re-occupation of Western Ukraine.

Lt. Kirczow was attached to the U. S. Air Force. He was a graduate from the Weather Officers' School at the Chanute Air Base in Illinois, where he trained as a meteorologist. He entered service in 1943 and served during the last war. He was a member of U.N.A. Branch 70 in Jersey City. Surviving him are his parents and brothers Robert and William, and sisters Vera and Irene. The body can be viewed at Burke's Funeral Parlor, 3279 Hudson Blvd., Jersey City. Requiem Mass will be this morning, 9:30 A.M., at St. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Catholic Church in Jersey City.

Bandurists to Appear at Congress

The recently arrived from Europe famed Ukrainian Bandurists Chorus, composed of thirty male singers, each who plays the "bandura" (a national musical instrument in the lute class) will give a concert at Fourth Congress of Americans on Ukrainian Descent, to be held under the auspices of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, in Washington, D. C., Statler Hotel, November 5 and 6. The concert will be given Saturday evening, on the 5th.

Vets Hold Autumn Frolic

The St. George Post No. 407, Catholic War Veterans, Inc., with clubrooms at 33 East 7th Street, New York City held their Fourth Annual Autumn Frolic on Saturday evening, September 24, 1949. The facilities of St. George's Hall, 217 East 6th Street, New York City were taxed to the extreme as friends and members of the Post made merry to the music of Al Fedyn and his Golden Bell Orchestra.

SOVIET PREDICTIONS: A RECKONING OF PROPHECY AND FULFILLMENT

The USSR is ruled by a party which takes pride in being guided by a theory. This theory, variously described as "Marxism," "Leninism," "Stalinism," or "Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism," is claimed by its adherents to explain political, social, and economic phenomena scientifically. Being scientific, Soviet theorists say it can be used to predict future developments; according to one Soviet writer, "Marx and Lenin have given us a philosophy which... permits us to foretell events to come and thus to take proper action in order to cope with these events."

based upon the theory have proved correct. If, therefore, an examination of past predictions by Soviet leaders reveals that the predictions were not fulfilled, then the Soviet leaders must be judged guilty either of relying on an inaccurate instrument or deliberately deceiving the people of the Soviet world. Among the most frequent predictions have been those concerning revolution, capitalist crisis, war, and attack on the Soviet Union. These are, of course, interrelated phenomena derived from the Soviet view of a world irreconcilably divided between capitalism and socialism. Because the only solution to this irreconcilability, according to the Bolsheviks, lies in the violent overthrow of capitalism by the proletariat, the hope of revolution plays a major role in Soviet Thinking.

Fourth Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent

Washington, D. C., our nation's capital, is the seat of our American Congress. On November 5th and 6th Washington will be the scene of a congress in its own right, an American congress of representatives of that segment of our nation's population which is of Ukrainian stock. It will be the Fourth Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent, its sponsoring body, the nationally representative Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, was formed at the First Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent, also held in Washington. The second congress was held in Philadelphia and the last one in Washington.

THE "FIVE-PERCENTERS"

The investigation of the Washington "five-percenters" is out of the headlines, at least for the time being, but the chances are that it will be a long time before it is out of the public mind. Most of the commentators and editorialists said that, even though nothing actually illegal was unearthed, the inquiry had disclosed a shocking state of affairs, whereby many business men couldn't get to first base in negotiations with government bureau without employing a man who had or pretended to have influence in high places.

their way around in the labyrinth that is the government, made very large sums of money with a minimum of effort. It is probable that the investigation has put at least a partial damper on this novel profession. But the situation that brought the five-percenter into existence—and that, in many cases, made his services essential to business men—remains. It lies in the incredible amount of red tape that has been built up within the government, and in an endless maze of rules and regulations and policies and protocol that no outsider can possibly understand or penetrate without aid.

Upper New York State Convention

The second annual convention of the Ukrainian-American Youth League of Upper New York State will be held at the Hendrix-Hudson Hotel, Troy, New York on October 29th and 30th.

ous other organizations who will explain the benefits to be derived from the formation of just leagues as the Ukrainian American Youth League of Upper New York State. A very interesting program, both social and business has been prepared by the hard working Trojans, who last year came to Utica with one of the largest delegations. Starting with registration of guests and delegates on Saturday morning, there will follow a spirited business session in the hotel's main ball room, then an interesting banquet, and ball. Sunday after Mass, the assembled delegates and guests will attend a very fine concert, and finally in the evening, everyone will want to attend the usually entertaining Farewell Party.

Unaware He Was in U.S.

Two groups of Ukrainians from displaced persons camps in Europe, who arrived recently in Boston aboard the SS General Elting, found themselves all at sea in Connecticut the next day. One of them insisted he did not even know that he was in the United States.

Police found them in the Waterbury station. Unable to speak English, they had \$4.00 and a slip of paper bearing the last name of a Thomaston man supposed to be the co-sponsor for the family. Police say that the Thomaston man disavowed all knowledge of them. A reporter for the Waterbury American, who knows a smattering of Ukrainian, said Laba was completely ignorant as to his whereabouts. He had signed up with "a committee" in Bremen, Germany, to "work on a farm," he said, and did not know the destination of the ship. He said he has no relatives in this country. He asked for employment.

Most observers think the five-percenter should be eliminated from the national scene. And they feel that the best way to do that is to eliminate the cause within the government which make his existence possible. It is interesting to note in this connection the reliance that was placed on a revolution in Germany in the early years of the Soviet regime. In 1917 Lenin was to call the German proletariat "the most trustworthy and the most reliable ally of the Russian and the world proletarian revolution." In March 1918 he declared: "the German revolution is growing, but not as fast as we would like it... It is the absolute truth that without a German revolution we are doomed... At all events, under all conceivable vicissitudes, if the German revolution does not come, we are doomed." When revolution did not materialize in Europe, Soviet emphasis shifted to the Far East—to India and China. Stalin prophesied in 1924 that: (To be continued)

Organize Republican Club

The Ukrainian Republican Committee of the State of New Jersey was recently formed, reports John Romanion, Irvington, its president. Other officers include Kalena Lissuk, New Market, vice president; Myron Leskiw, Newark, secretary-treasurer; Stephen Dembitsky, New Brunswick, and Eugene S. Rohach, Newark, directors. Plans have been made for a banquet at which Alfred E. Driscoll, Governor of New Jersey, will be the principal speaker.

SLAVE LABOR IN SOVIET RUSSIA

The existence of a slave labor force in the Soviet Union no longer is a matter of speculation. Reports from all sources continue to corroborate it daily. The question has resolved itself into a matter of its extent. All the outset, it must be conceded that the exact number of slave laborers at any given time may never be obtainable.

the output of the Western democracies, the Soviets have used every trick and dodge they could legally get away with in order to extort the maximum amount of work and effort possible from their peoples. But these did not prove enough. To their self-created nightmares of unfulfilled quotas has been added that of the atom bomb. Too much effort and time were wasted on the feeding, clothing and housing of the human beings doing the work.

UKRAINIANS IN EXILE

(Concluded) (2)

When the Ukrainians settle, even if temporarily before trying their luck overseas, the procedure is always the same. They form immediately a community centre of their own—a school, a church, a chorus, dancing clubs, their own paper—above all a church—even when, as in Continental devastated Europe, they had to use army food tins. Hundreds of such church buildings are to be seen now in thousands of D.P. Ugrainians camps in Europe as well as welfare centres, all beautifully decorated with gay embroidery and other handicrafts of national emblems.

of volunteers in the Canadian overseas forces. The same zeal was shown in the U.S.A. In spite of the small pay of manual workers all these Ukrainian E.U.W.s freely and generously contribute to their elected national committees. In the United Kingdom they bought a house for their S.U.B. (Ukrainian Association in the United Kingdom). Now they have collected enough funds to buy a manor house in the country as a rest home for their invalids.

Uncle Mat's Monthly Letter

If I had to listen to the radio dramas the children do, I would not only need heaps of breakfast food, but vitamin pills, adrenalin, and a regular blood transfusion. These programs seem to be one continuous round of machine gun bullets, foreign guttural voices, occasional screams, and the neighing of horses. None of the heroes ever spends a quiet evening at home.

Following is my conception of some of the dramas to which the children listen avidly, glued to the radio like barnacles on the bottom of a ship: The program opens with one of three things (a) the sound of a gong (b) the rattle of machine gun fire (c) the clatter of hoof-beats.

The announcer then informs the children that if they want to grow as big and husky as daddy (in our domicile this is no challenge) they must gorge themselves on Bleadies or some other breakfast food guaranteed to grow hair on juvenile chests.

The announcer then repeats this in case the children weren't listening the first time, and just for cadence, says it again. He then says in a voice dripping with dire forebodings: "Today we find Isaih Hairlip sitting in his office, picking his teeth with the stiletto he pulled out of Dirty Ike's back yesterday."

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" some female with a nasal twang gurgles, presumably wringing her hands around a handbag containing a bottle of sulphuric acid. "Sit down and tell me your story," Hairlip says without even getting up.

"My father disappeared last night," Fannie cries into a bucket. "We suspect foul play. He is a cashier in a bank, but his disappearance is only a coincidence."

"Did he ever eat a Brazilian nut about three years ago?" Hairlip asks, shooting off a machine gun for practice. "He did, he did," Fannie yelps in admiration. "I remember because it stuck in his teeth and we had to take them out. But how did you know?"

"It is my job to know these things," Hairlip declares modestly. "I think I'll take a trip to Brazil." While Hairlip is flying to Brazil the announcer goes into a tizzy

Have A Heart! - by G.H.

To every living creature the Almighty has granted a gift which is commonly called an instinct of self-preservation. He also endowed His creatures with means for self-protection from enemies. The fragrant rose has its thorns, and the lowly insect assumes the color of its environment so as to be inconspicuous. Man has been most generously endowed with other qualities that serve for preservation of his species, such as love for his family and loyalty to his race.

armed conflict with their enemies. An estimate of situation on Ukraine's front gives us a picture of Ukrainian people in the clutches of the most unscrupulous enemy that history of mankind ever produced. They are being slowly exterminated by methods that only an advanced civilization is able to devise.

The Ukrainian immigrant of fifty-five years ago was not content to make his own life secure in the new environment. His thoughts went to his family whose welfare he had to protect by founding the present Ukrainian national Association. His next step was to do something about the preservation of his race, and he contributed generously toward alleviation of misery and ignorance in his native land.

about breakfast food, pausing often to wipe off his chin. The radio is then filled with what is supposed to be some Spanish natives exchanging chit chat in the marketplace.

Hairlip is then identified sitting in a cafe talking to Marijuana Manual, a horse thief if there ever was one. In the background a couple of people are shot audibly, glassware is shattered, and a donkey brays (or maybe it's the announcer clearing his throat).

There is a fast switch back to Hairlip's office in the state and Fannie pops into the office, breathless. "Oh tell me," she laments, "did you bring back my father?" "No," says Hairlip, "but I brought back a Brazilian nut."

At this Marjuna Manuel cackles hollowly from his vantage point in a closet, there is a burst of machine gun fire, and sirens are heard coming up the street. This ended the episode, and for all I know, they are still looking for Fannies' father. Maybe the old goat listened to a children's program and went to Java.

A segment of Ukrainian population has been fortunate to escape Stalin's clutches. Thousands of Ukrainians have found a temporary shelter in the countries of Western Europe and a small percentage of them are allowed to enter America—providing our citizens accept them. Although the percentage of those admitted is small as compared to all exiles, the number of new arrivals is in the thousands.

There is an emergency on our hands. The doors to new immigrants are about to be closed and those who are left in Europe may eventually perish. Our relief committee in Philadelphia is doing its utmost to bring as many Ukrainians across the ocean as the law will permit. Every week a thousand Ukrainians are arriving on shores—to be left to the mercies of kind-hearted people who will take them temporarily into their homes.

It is a test for Ukrainian Americans, a test of their love for their own people. Are they still in possession of that instinct of self-preservation of their race or are they devoid of the primitive feelings that are ascribed to the lower order of God's creatures. It is a test whether the Ukrainians anywhere in this wide world are worthy of having their own country and their independence.

A FINE UKRAINIAN PRESENT PROF. MANNING'S Excellent Book TARAS SHEVCHENKO, Poet of Ukraine Price \$2.50 SVOBODA BOOKSTORE

The Jay's Wing

By IVAN FRANKO (Translated from Ukrainian)

Tomorrow the New Year will arrive bringing with it my fortieth birthday. I have decided to celebrate this double holiday. Ha, ha, ha! Celebrate! What is the usual celebration of a New Year's Eve? A noisy crowd, young feminine voices, which ring like silver bells; the older folks chattering sedately like oaks in fair weather; bright lights, music, songs, recitations, applause...

But the past is past. I shall start my fortieth year in another way than I did last year and the year before. I shall live like a hermit. This year I shall try to start with more harmony, more beauty than the two previous years. To begin with—may the devil take melancholy! The last two years I have been a novice in the cruel school of seclusion and solitude. The links of the past and present were not yet broken. I was still yearning for something. Somewhere in the depths of my soul still lived the little child which cried for its mother. Now that is all gone. The old accounts have been settled, the old wounds have healed... where once storms raged, now silence and peace reigns.

thing sensibly, practically, thoughtfully, and first of all—calmly, peacefully, as becomes a man of forty.

He is fool, who on the threshold of his fortieth year has not understood the full value of life and has not become an artist of life! I have passed through the hard school of life and, I guess, I have learned something. I lost many flowers on the road of life, buried many illusions, but I rescued a costly fruit from all its catastrophes. This fruit which remained untouched, is the ability to live and enjoy life. To live just for oneself, within oneself. Life is my property, and all riches in the world cannot pay me for the minutest part of it, for a single moment. No one has the right to demand any sacrifices from me, as I do not expect them from anyone.

It is not momentous, not a result of mad struggle and strain. It is my everyday life, but it is elevated to a higher step, lighted by the rays of the sun, saturated with beauty and harmony.

This immobile fortress, where I live and dominate, is creation. Hidden from all its vanities, I view the world from there. This fortress was built in my soul. The storms of the world, needs and passions pass somewhere above me, without reaching my fortress. I contribute my donation to the outside world for the material and the spiritual food it gives me. I work for a certain bureau. I am friendly towards my co-workers but reserved. They all respect me, but no one can enter my sancta sanctorum. I have never opened my soul to anyone, nor does any one care about it. As for the inquisitive—I quickly free myself of their acquaintance. All those who greet me, shake my hand, talk to me at the bureau, never dream that I have a real life of my own under the cloak of convention and triviality. No one suspects that this dry pursuer of formality, this realist is really an artist, who knows how to live.

to pull a thorn out of his foot. On every table are flowers.—my favorite chrysanthemums of many hues. On the desk lies my diary; near by is a table set and decorated. Even the blue flowers of the barvinok, have not been forgotten. The mischief-maker, Ivasee! It was he who invented this surprise for me. He knows my belief that myrtle brings happiness to the New Year. Whether I believe or not, does not really matter. It is pleasant to rock oneself in a hammock of hope.

Since my last romance in the woods three years ago, queer feelings sweep over me at times. When a young girl, especially a brunette, smiles at me, I imagine that the flesh on her face becomes transparent, and a frightful skull grins at me. Is it a sign of old age, or is it something else? Yes! What is the program of this evening? For special occasions I like to work out a program, with the condition that I am free not to follow it. This gives me double pleasure. I enjoy and anticipate every point while planning the program, and afterwards, when I change it, the new combination gives me new joy. The first item on the program is Rossini's "Overture to William Tell" for the harmonium. This is my favorite piece of music, which always leaves me in an animated mood. Then we shall examine the chrysanthemums, the heliotropes and the tuberose in my salon. The poor things have been expecting me for some time and have blown into full blossom today. Then we shall have a drink and a bite. After that we shall read the last number of the "Neue Deutsche Rundschau," mainly Wilde's article about Christ. I am curious to know what such a master of style and such a sickly creation of the new hour can say about Christ. After that,—but what time is it?—Seven! Well, there is plenty of time until twelve. We shall also glance through the latest illustrated journals: Jugend, Libereum Veto, and the artistic almanac. Some good people provide them for us, sinners, that we may not be lonesome. Should the illustrations prove to be a disappointment, we have still another luxury saved for this evening,—a set of new records for the phonograph. I shall hear Jerez thundering from the parliamentary tribune, Gabrielle D'Annunzio's speeches on the necessity of propagating the idea of beauty among the people; I shall hear Duse in the role of Giacomina, and the chatter of Cleo DeMerced with her friends. It is true, I would want to—oh, no, no! I want nothing. There is no use of wanting anything above the things which common sense deems possible and within one's reach. One should not desire any baked ice. Let the young and the dreamers strive for the impossible! My desire must

and shall go hand in hand with the possible and real.

When twelve o'clock strikes, then... What is that?—The door bell rang! At this hour! Someone to see me? Impossible! Of course, I am home to no one! Who has the right to intrude tonight and spoil my quiet, harmless, hard-earned joys? Quiet steps in the salon. "Is that you, Ivasee?" "Yes, Sir." "Who rang?" "The letter-carrier. There is a letter for you, Sir." "A letter, for me?" I hold the letter in my hands. It is really a package. The address is written negligently, just my name of the city—Lviv. Lucky that there is no one else by the same name. It seems, it was written by someone, who... (To be continued)

Have You Enrolled Your Children in Ukrainian National Association? If Not—Then Do It Now!

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