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NEW YORK DEBUT OF HIRNIAK'S
THEATRE-STUDIO

With a spellbinding rendition of a soliloquy that can easily become the modern-day counterpart of Hamlet's immortal soul-searching, Joseph Hirniak climaxed his Theatre-Studio's distinguished debut before a New York audience on Sunday, October 9th in the play "Mother and I" based on Mykola Khvylovy's two stories and admirably adapted for the stage by Y. Dvynych and I. Koshelinetz.

The question—To be or not to be, a true Communist—which is the theme of this moving psychological drama and which causes the intense inner conflict in Hirniak's "Andrey," a staunch, intelligent young member of the Cheka, Communist Secret Police—made a tremendous impact on the jam-packed audience in St. George's auditorium on East 6th Street. The question was posed by this newly-arrived modern Ukrainian experimental theatre group, which in its first American production had the courage to mirror this most vexing of contemporary problems and with infinite dramatic artistry helped resolve it for a rapt audience. For the solution, as revealed by Hirniak and his fine co-artists in this little gem of theatrical writing, offers definite hope for the ultimate defeat of Communism by exposing its "Achilles' Heel"—one can become an ideal party member only at the expense of one's soul, conscience and human individuality. Watching the terrible disintegration on the stage of a sincere Communist into a soul-less human shell was a shattering experience for Sunday's onlookers.

Here is the ultimate in dramatic art. Here is true theatre—from Hirniak's masterful stage direction to Olympia Dobrovolska's inspired dramatic coaching, to Volodymir Lysniak's imaginative scenery, to the unforgettable performance of each actor: Olympia Dobrovolska (Mrs. Hirniak) as the Mother, and Joseph Hirniak as Andrey, Mykola Vasylyk as Ostap, Volodymir Zmyly as Ivan, her three sons; John Kosiw as Andruska, Volodymir Lysniak as Doctor Tahabat, Mykola Ponedilok as the Degenerate—all three, with Andrey, members of the Black Tribunal of the Commune; Krushelnitka and V. Zmyly as the Theosophians, and M. Vasylyk as a doomed prisoner. The non-speaking roles of the group of arrested nuns were nonetheless memorable for fine complementarity.

THE STORY

The four-act drama is set in Ukraine, 30 years ago, and tells the story of three brothers, one a Chekist, one a White Guardist and the third a Ukrainian Kozak. The heart-broken mother, counterpart of so many such Ukrainian mothers, can no longer bear the thought of brother set, to destroy brother, and seeks refuge in a convent. The youngest son Ivan joins his Kozak band. In the short time, while the shattered city is held by Andrey's Communist battalion, before they are finally routed by the oncoming Kozaks, the Secret Police captures Ostap, the White Guardist brother. Brought before his brother, head Chekist of the Black Tribunal, Ostap is executed. Andrey's loyalty is brought to the ultimate test when his mother, who personifies Andrey's love for Ukraine and symbolizes the Mother Mary with her deep compassion, her love for fellow-men, is arrested with the group of nuns and brought before him for "trial." Andrey is pressed on the one hand by his beliefs in the Commune—symbolized by Dr. Tahabat, the merciless, soul-less epi-

some of the ideal Communist and by the Degenerate sentinel, the coarse, animal-like executioner. On the other hand, Andrey must reckon with his "conscience," embodied in the person of the disillusioned young Communist Andruska, who balks at this sadistic building of the true revolutionary's road to the Commune over so many corpses of his fellow-men, "even over the corpse of his own mother." Andrey must make his decision—to be or not to be a true Communist.

Act 1 is set in the simple home of a shoe-maker's widow, the Mother of the drama. Act 2 and 3 take place in the palace of an executed nobleman, taken over as headquarters by the Cheka. Act 4 is set in the prison-cellar of the palace. Volodymir Lysniak's impressionist scenery in black and white tones sets the play's mood of tense introspection. His backdrops were in perfect keeping with the symbolism of the drama. Costumes and make-up were true, and lighting and sound effects, considering the theatrical inadequacies of the hall, were good.

REAL-LIFE DRAMA

It is interesting to note that in 1933, when the Soviets ended their Ukrainian honeymoon period with the great purge of Ukrainian national leaders, the author of "Mother and I" (Mykola Khvylovy, once an ardent communist, faced this crisis with his own inner turmoil and "soliloquy"—and made his uncompromising answer—suicide. In real-life too, Joseph Hirniak had occasion to employ the same soliloquy, before a Black Tribunal, as did his friend and teacher, Lesa Kurbas, founder of the "Berezilia" experimental Theatre, the group responsible for the brilliant, if brief, renaissance of the Ukrainian Theatre in Ukraine. Kurbas, refusing to bow to the Communist line, was staunch in his belief that the true Ukrainian theatre could exist only in freedom to develop along experimental lines as a true mirror of people, their problems and their foibles. He was rewarded for his unmovable stand by death in exile. His beloved pupil and disciple, Joseph Hirniak, also refusing to profane his art by becoming a rubber stamp of the Soviet regime, answered negatively to his soliloquy, emerging with an inner greatness that grew with his "reward"—exile in a labor prison camp in northern Siberia. For even in exile Hirniak had the admiration and respect of his enemies for building, at their invitation, and with the help of his wife who joined him in exile, a dramatic theatre group with an enviable repertory.

Returning to Ukraine after eight years of exile, Hirniak took advantage of the German advance and fled to Halychyna (Galicia), establishing a modern theatre in Lwiv, then in Bavaria.

If it was from Bavaria and from the tours of the surrounding DP camps that the fame of Hirniak and his Theatre-Studio reached the attention of the Ukrainian Youth League of North America Cultural Committee two years ago, which at that time was investigating the possibilities of establishing Ukrainian Cultural courses in America, that would include a Summer Experimental Theatre. Sunday's performance in New York by this same Theatre-Studio has given full promise that this group, with its fine school of acting techniques, its progressive policy of mirroring the present with an eye to the future, will start a

BANDURISTS ACCLAIMED
IN CHICAGO

The famed Bandurist Chorus, a male ensemble composed of thirty Ukrainian singers, each of whom accompanies himself on the "bandura," a Ukrainian national instrument, added luster to its reputation, formerly European and now American, by its concert given in Chicago's Civic Opera House on Sunday, October 9. American press reviewers were lavish in their praise of this unusual group of singers and "bandurists," who will give a concert in Washington, D. C., Sunday, November 6, at 3 P.M., at Hotel Statler. The concert will be closing feature of the Fourth Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent to be held there that weekend.

Typical of the Chicago press comments on the group's performance is that of the Chicago Daily Tribune (October 10), written by its eminent music critic, Seymour Raven:—

The text

Study music and get a liberal education. Go to enough choral concerts and you will learn when not to refer carelessly to Ukrainians as Russians; how to distinguish between balalaikas, banduras, and tamburitzas; and to sense that one region's Gregory is a man named Hryhory someplace else. If despite your accumulated knowledge you still have a grain of doubt on the authenticity of a new Ukrainian chorus, take along a close kinsman who hails from the vicinity of Kiev. When he says, "This takes me back 40 years," you know

UKRAINIAN VETS MEET

At a Convention held in New York City on Sunday, October 9 the Union of Ukrainian Veterans composed of those immigrants who in the past served in the ranks of military forces fighting for Ukrainian national liberation, dispatched a telegram to President Truman which in part reads as follows:

"We express our gratitude for the privilege of entering this free and democratic country and becoming its adopted sons, devoted to the ideals for which it stands. Our advent here is at a time when the greatest force in this world for freedom, democracy and human dignity, our United States of

new epoch in the Ukrainian Theatre, which in America has seemingly atrophied at a provincial level and has only too seldom risen above exhibitions of national costumes, and folk-lore.

FINE ACTING

Only a truly great actor as Hirniak could transcend his avowed antipathy to a hated cause and give such an honest and sympathetic portrayal of an idealistic Communist. Only a master-craftsman of the stage could make an audience forget their discomfort in the stifling swelter of an unseasonable heat-wave—could return to and sustain a difficult mood broken by repeated visits between acts back-stage by well-meaning friends. Hirniak as "Andrey" did just that and with the famous soliloquy left his audience deep in thought from which they wrenched themselves to give him a sincere ovation.

When one considers that Olympia Dobrovolska used only her voice—the necessarily dim lighting precluded the aid of facial expressions—to paint a tragic picture seemingly of all the heartbreak of all mothers of erring sons, in her

you have just met the genuine article.

Such a group is the Bandurist chorus heard last night in the Civic Opera house. They arrived in America under recent displaced persons legislation and their new home base is Detroit. Each man strums his own bandura [a lute-like instrument of innocent, personal, tuned character] as he sings, and all together they are a wholesome, often very impressive outfit, as well endowed vocally as any Ukrainian or Russian chorus we've heard. The director is Hryhory Kytasty.

The repertory is what you might expect—folksongs, history and legend in musical verse, love ballads, comic ditties, and pieces that indicate, whether you know the language or not, that Ukrainians don't like to be pushed around by aliens or first cousins either.

In one important respect the Bandurists excel other choruses of their type. They avoid the absurdities of over-arrangement. In what we heard there were no imitated sounds of cathedral bells, booming cannons, or hyperthyroid nightingales. And no recollections of Tchaikowsky's orchestrations. Which is folk music as it should be.

The soloists are exceptionally good and there isn't a tired voice among them. The Bandurists should come back again. And we will welcome them no less warmly if they abandon "Love's Old Sweet Song" in favor of an entirely Ukrainian program.

America, finds itself confronted by the Communism, totalitarianism and terrorism against which we fought on battlefields and in the underground for the national liberation of the first victim of Soviet Russian aggression, the land of our origin, Ukraine. The spirit of Ukrainian resistance, as exemplified by those who fought in the armed forces of the Ukrainian National Republic at the close of World War I and as is today exemplified by the underground Ukrainian Insurgent Army, the UPA, is steadily on the rise."

The telegram was signed by Dmytro Halychyn, Commander, and Volodymyr Kalyna, Adjutant.

portrayal of the role of the Mother, one can appreciate her fine talents as an actress. When one considers the result of her coaching in molding student-actors capable of creating excellent characterizations, one is grateful for her perfectionism.

Mykola Wasylyk and Volodymir Zmyly as Ostap and Ivan, the other two brothers, give convincing performances of brothers stubbornly set against each other for different ideals. Zmyly, with his fine characterization of an additional role as the arrested Theosophian, was an example of the Studio's policy of not "typing" its actors. In John Kosiw's portrayal of the sincere young Andruska the author's original character emerges as a stronger, more intense figure.

The roles of Doctor Tahabat, portrayed by Volodymir Lysniak, and of the Degenerate-sentinel, portrayed by Mykola Ponedilok, seemed of equal brilliance. By demanding such finely-polished and masterful performances from every one of his cast, Hirniak has built a nice reputation of artistic integrity for his Theatre-Studio. Poor indeed will seem the Uk-

OUT TO GET M.A.

Unusual enterprise and ambition among our younger generation Ukrainian Americans is illustrated in the case of George Wolynetz, Jr.



George Wolynetz, Jr.

George Wolynetz, Jr., 26, youngest of the three children of Mr. and Mrs. George Wolynetz of Brooklyn, N. Y.

George is a New York policeman. He is a disabled war veteran who served as a lieutenant. He graduated from St. John's College with a B.A. and St. John's Law School in Brooklyn with an LL.B. At present he is attending evening classes at the school to obtain his Master's Degree. Aside from all this he is a member of the N. Y. Athletic Club. He has served as counselor in a boys' summer camp and as athletic instructor of the famed Boys Club of New York.

OPEN FOLK DANCING SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN

The opening in New York City of a School of Ukrainian Folk Dancing for Ukrainian American Children and Teen-Agers has been announced by Walter Bacad and Oksana Avramenko, well known younger generation Ukrainian American leaders in the art of Ukrainian folk dancing.

Classes will be held on Saturdays, between 2 and 4 P.M.

Ukrainian folk dances have won considerable fame in this country. Introduced principally by Vasile Avramenko in the early 20's, they have proved to be of one the chief cultural and recreational activities of our younger generation Americans of Ukrainian descent. The opening of the School of Ukrainian Folk Dancing in New York City, therefore, is a welcome event. Those interested may phone GRamercy 7-2534, and during the evening ORchard 4-5668.

IN THIRTY MINUTES

During the next half hour, the railroads, as usual, will be quietly going ahead with the job of meeting the huge transportation demands of this country. And what they will accomplish in that brief period of time may come as a surprise to the millions of us who, from long habit, take good railroad service for granted.

In the coming 30 minutes, some 600 freight and passenger trains will start on their runs from points all over the country. The freights will turn out a service which is equivalent to moving about 30,000,000 tons of goods for one mile.

In that same half hour, the passenger trains will perform a service equivalent to moving the entire Ukrainian community, at least in the New York area, that does not take advantage of the presence of Hirniak's Theatre-Studio with an invitation for them to perform for theatre-hungry communities.

M. M.

THE SOVIET "TRIALS"

In one of her newspaper columns, Dorothy Thompson writes: "The 'trials' of Lazo Rajk and other former members of the Hungarian Communist government followed the pattern established in the Moscow purges of 1936 and 1937, when men with three-star names in the Communist hierarchy joined the prosecution to confess to conspiring against everything to which they had devoted their lives. These 'defendants' confessed to having conspired with the hectic, Trotsky, and with German Nazis..."

"In the Budapest trials, Tito took the place of Trotsky and the United States the place of Hitler Germany. The trials in Budapest were a trial of the United States."

The accused Hungarians had all occupied high places in the Moscow-dominated government, and all had been active Communist revolutionaries for many years. Yet, according to the evidence they gave, they had, at the instigation of the United States Minister, plotted to overthrow the government and betray it to the hated capitalists. All of them, of course, were convicted, and sentenced either to either to hanging or long prison terms—and few political prisoners survive a prison term in the world beyond the iron curtain.

The Americans whose names entered the trial as co-plotters have vehemently denied the accusations, and denounce the testimony as a parcel of lies.

But that will never be known to

the millions of people who live in the Russian-dominated countries, especially in Ukraine, save for the few who take a long chance and listen to the forbidden American and British radio programs which are beamed in their direction.

The testimony of the condemned "traitors" has been printed and broadcasted over and over again by the Communist governments. The whole point is to convince the people that the Western nations, under U. S. leadership, are out to destroy them, and that the prolonged existence of communism capitalism in the same world is impossible. To quote Miss Thompson again, "The trials are directly related to war."

The Hungarian trials, like the far more infamous Ukrainian trials and purges are thus used primarily as instruments of propaganda. No dispassionate reporter believes that they have anything to do with the administration of justice as we understand in the Western world. The Russian Communists are past masters at producing "facts" to fit any thesis which they wish to sell to their peoples. Many now believe that they have perfected some strange drug, which destroys the will, yet leaves the mind clear to tell a clear and often complicated story of espionage and betrayal. In any event, the defendants always talk their lives away—seemingly willingly—and today the U. S. is always blamed as the black instigator of everything they allegedly did.

SHAWCROSS CHIDES MANUILSKY

In a special dispatch from Lake Success to the New York Times (October 12) Sir Hartley Shawcross, British Attorney General and Delegate to the United Nations General Assembly, paid a compliment to Foreign Minister Dmitri Z. Manuilsky of the Soviet Russian enslaved Ukraine.

"I must say I do have a feeling of admiration at his boldness in permitting himself to refer to Australia as the chorus boy of the United States and Britain," Sir Hartley said. "Now I am not quite sure what a chorus boy is but I must bow to Mr. Manuilsky's clearly superior knowledge."

"No one should know better the functions of a chorus boy than a Foreign Minister who has no Foreign Ministry, no Ambassadors, and no foreign policy save that which is dictated by the Kremlin."

Ukrainian Congress Committee Compliments Briton

The Briton's retort at Manuilsky's jibe evoked a telegraphed message to him from the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, dispatched by its president, Stephen Shumeyko. Its text follows:

Youth Convention in Troy, N. Y.

Americans of Ukrainian Descent of Upper New York State will hold their second annual convention in the Hendrix Hudson Hotel, Troy, New York this year.

The season for travel is with us. Autumn has donned its most colorful apparel for all the world to admire. Nowhere is the scenery more beautiful or the colors more beautiful or the colors more glamorous than in the historic Valley of the Mohawk.

If you have never visited Troy and all the surrounding territories, than the Troy Convention should be a must on your list of activities. Not only will you enjoy the scenery, but you will take part in a program of great interest. Business sessions on Saturday afternoon,

featuring outstanding young speakers. Important topics of interest for every young Ukrainian American will be discussed by all. This will be a session designed for working out your problems, your organizations' and those facing all Ukrainian Americans.

Saturday evening would not be complete without a delicious dinner, the dance. Not the usual. Far from it. Something you will always remember.

Sunday to church and then a fine concert by the outstanding talent in the upper part of New York State. Add all that to meeting your friends, singing, dancing, enjoying the scenery and you have an idea of how good the Troy Convention will really be.

POPE PIUS DONATED \$250,000 FOR UKRAINIAN REFUGEES

Over \$250,000 went to the assistance of Ukrainian refugees in Europe from the Congregation of Eastern Churches in Rome during the past few years. The information was given by Cardinal Tisserant to Most Rev. Andrew Boboretsky of Winnipeg during the latter's visit to the Vatican.

cal and dependable movement of goods. No other medium of transportation, when it comes to the big jobs, can do a little as much as the railroads.

The Influence of the Irish Spirit

By ROMAN SMAL-STOCKY
Marquette University

Americans are usually astonished that the first question of many DPs arriving in the United States is often—"Where are the Irish of this nation?" They become quite disappointed after talking with Americans of Irish extraction when they learn that they know very little about the non-Russian nationalities of the Soviet Union and their revolutionary struggle against Red Stalinism,—the latter, for them and others, an improved edition of old Tsarism. On the other hand, Americans of Irish extraction are usually most astonished at the enthusiastic welcome and cordiality of the handshakes they receive from these Eastern European newcomers.

No wonder. Irish public opinion for many decades has been focused on the West. Thus, the Irish, as well as the Americans of Irish extraction, are completely unaware of the tremendous influence their history, especially of the last hundred years, has had on the non-Russian nationalities in the old Tsarist Russia, and still has an all non-Russian peoples in the present-day Soviet Union who are struggling for liberty and independence against Russia, against Moscow. The Irish perhaps do not even guess that during the decades of their struggle against Tsarism the non-Russian peoples looked upon the Irish as a living example of a heroic people set upon winning their national independence. And from them these non-Russian peoples of what is commonly, although extravagantly, known as Russia, drew their inspiration to keep on fighting for their national freedom.

Ireland a Symbol

Why did Ireland become a symbol throughout Tsarist Russia and the Soviet Union? A document reply would require a voluminous book. I limit myself, therefore, to my mother country, Ukraine, and I shall explain the reasons with a few lines from the history of Ukrainian political thought during the past seventy-five years. I speak from personal recollection. I was born in Chernivtsi, in Austria's Ukrainian border province, Bukovina. Here the home of my father, then Vice-Marshal of the Diet, was a center not only of Ukrainian science but also of revolutionary work aimed to free Ukraine, at that time, before World War I, under the Russian yoke. In my father's house, as young boy, I met the famous writers, I. Franko, B. Lepky, W. Stefanyk, and also eminent persons from Kievian Ukraine; Petlura, later President of Ukraine; Kotsiubynsky, the famous writer who was Gorki's friend, Lesya Ukrainka, eminent poetess,

and many other leading personalities. How often did I hear the word "Ireland"! As a high school student, I was, quite naturally, a member of the secret circle conducted by the university students' organization, *Sitch*, which edited the monthly *Young Ukraine*. We were taught that this "Young Ukraine" must play the same role as "Young Ireland" in the liberation of Ukraine from Russia. The Ukrainian press continually published information about the Irish struggle for "Home Rule"—words which were not even translated into Ukrainian, but became in English a slogan for Ukrainian parties. Ukrainian peasants created for the Ukrainian term for Ireland "Irlandiya" a marvelous popular etymology "Wirlandiia," associating it with Ukrainian "Wira"—meaning faith, undoubtedly under the influence of news about Ireland's defense of faith and liberty. During the first World War I joined, as an Austrian subject, the "Union for Liberation of Ukraine," which was organized by Social Democrats and Social Revolutionaries from the Russian Ukraine. I became its representative in the camps of Ukrainian war prisoners in Germany. Traveling by train to Wetzlar near Frankfurt, with a bag full of revolutionary pamphlets amongst them,—*"How the Irish Are Fighting for Their Liberty!"*—I met an elderly gentleman with a beard who started a conversation with me. Since he saw that I was not a German, he inquired me about my nationality. And I, feeling that he was a foreigner who surely had never heard the word "Ukraine," explained to him that I was a Ukrainian, member of a people often called the "Irish" or Russia. The gentleman became speechless, but when finally he found his tongue, I was submitted to a thorough examination about Irish history. He was very much pleased to learn that I well knew who Parnell and Griffith were. Parting, he told me that he, himself, was Irish, and that his name was Roger Casement. I gave him a copy of a pamphlet in Ukrainian, "How the Irish Are Fighting for Their Liberty." Later I discovered that the Camp for Irish War Prisoners from the English Army was near the Ukrainian camp I was to visit. Still later I learned who Roger Casement really was and what his sad fate had been.

Influence on Ukraine

But then, to go back a bit, why did Irish history make such a profound impression on every Ukrainian boy and girl? The answer is that if a Ukrainian read a sketch of Irish history, he could not help but compare some of his own experiences with those of the Irish.

To be sure, Russian rule or rather misrule, was immeasurably harsher than that of the English over the Irish. Moreover, Russian rule also meant denationalization of the Ukrainians, and certainly the English did not attempt to denationalize the Irish.

Still, the fact remains that after the establishment of English rule over Ireland, English monarchs presented Irish estates to English lords until three-fourths of Ireland belonged to English nobility. The Tsars, especially Tsarina Katherine II, gave hundred of thousands of acres of Ukrainian soil to her Russian lovers and favorites. As a result, both Ukraine and Ireland became confronted with a similar agrarian problem. That, in part, forced the Irish to emigrate to America, and the Ukrainians to Siberia. British interests systematically hampered Irish economy, just as Russia did in the Ukraine. Religious antagonism between Irish Catholicism and English Protestantism has its counterpart in the relations between Ukrainian Catholicism and Ukrainian Orthodoxy on the one hand, and official Russian Orthodoxy on the other. The Fennian Association in America played the same role in Irish life as the Ukrainian National Association in the United States has played for Ukraine. In our "Young Ukraine" we saw "Young Ireland." After 1900, Sinn Fein became the model for the organization of our Sith societies, from which there developed, during World War I, the Ukrainian Legion, fighting Russian Tsarism, later the underground Ukrainian military organization (UWO), devoted to the cause of Ukrainian national liberation.

The Ukrainian people, however, was not the only one to have marked in mind Irish history and the Irish struggle. Other Russian-oppressed peoples reacted similarly—the Poles, the Lithuanians, the Finns, and the whole Caucasus. In the political life and the literature of these nations there are many traces of this influence. To Prof. Kita Tshenkeli, the well-known Georgian scholar, now teaching in the Zurich University, Switzerland, I am indebted for the interesting information that during the first Russian Revolution in the years, 1905-1906, J. Stalin, himself, usually used the Irish as an example of courage and perseverance for his own numerically small people in their fight against Russia! Apparently he hadn't anticipated his future role... Thus, Ireland became to all non-Russian nationalities a symbol of their own fate, and Ireland's fight, an incentive for fighting.

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The Fivefold Cluster of Unvanquished Bards

By SVIATOSLAV HORDYNSKY

(Courtesy, Ukrainian Quarterly, published by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America)

(Continued)

"Do we dare to use the experience of such an interesting writer as D'Annunzio? We do. The Orthodox theologians of the XVII century did not hesitate to learn from their Catholic opponents. Let us too study D'Annunzio, when we wish to do so, without considering his political conduct. We may be sure that there exist certain social rules in literary conceptions and an Italian fascist should not be able to convert anyone to his political faith by sheer eloquence."

Zerov

Zerov is regarded as the most profound among the modern Ukrainian critics. He made his criticism an art, and gave a masterful analysis of a series of Ukrainian authors, as he demonstrated how far the ideological aspect of their works was in accord with their fundamental artistic disposition. An erudite and brilliant speaker, he felled his antagonists in all literary discussions "so that nothing, not even a feather, remained of them," according to the words of Klen.

Zerov was an incomparable translator of poetry. He produced the best of the present-day translations of Latin poets (Catullus, Horace, Vergil, Ovid), and, of the French poets of the group of the *Pléiade*, Ronsard, Du Bellay, and J. M. Heredia. His original poems were printed in *Kamena* and in literary reviews. A hundred sonnets, the *Sonnatarium*, the poet sent secretly from exile to one of his friends, and during the war this friend managed to bring them to safety. These sonnets were published in Munich in 1948. Zerov cultivates to perfection and almost exclusively the sonnet and the Alexandrian distich. Among his poems are gems of surpassing beauty that belong to the greatest treasure of Ukrainian poetry.

His highly esthetic poems are at the same time full of allusions to the "vile and avaricious times," to the days of the "thirty tyrants" brightened only by the laugh of Aristophanes, and he himself often found vent in stinging satire, attacking "rhyemesters and scribbling females, who caught the confused step or literary fads and plaited for their masters wreaths of corrupt odes..."

Today the fate of Zerov is unknown, but he is regarded as dead. The attacks against him started in 1929, when the official Soviet critics accused him of directing his critical "formalism" against Marx-

ist methodology and charged that "causing no racket, as the futurists did, but armed with erudition and academic authority, he led a planned campaign against Marxism." When he finally stopped publishing his works, this was termed sabotage. An eyewitness, who succeeded in escaping from the Solovki Islands in the White Sea, wrote about meeting with Zerov and other Ukrainian writers at slave camps. Zerov always carried with him a small volume of Vergil's *Aeneid* and in his rare spare moments he read and translated from it. Because he never could dig the prescribed amount of frozen soil, he never received his full ration. In the Soviet Union an exiled writer ceases to exist. In 1938, when the academician A. Bilotsky published in Kiev an *Anthology of Classic Literature*, the finest translations in it were those of Zerov, but in this book of over 500 pages, Zerov's name was not mentioned even once.

Pavlo Pylypovych, also a professor of the University of Kiev, wrote a series of excellent critical works on Shevchenko, Franko and Lesya Ukrainka. As a poet he showed his talent in two books: *Earth and Wind*, 1922 and *Space*, 1925. His poems were symbolist in character, but their perfect classic form entitles him to be called a Neoclassicist. He does not hesitate to modernize his verse in its tonal aspect, but all his experiments are strictly confined within the bounds of the metatronic system of Ukrainian verse. His images are purely poetic: "the hungry eye of night looked through the window," "hands that dip water out of eternity's lakes," "out of his longing ris a dream," "a man stood over his proud field, proud as the sky, strong as the earth." Economic in expression, he deeply feels the poet's responsibility for every word and its function. He pictures his Orpheus as one "who was given not the fleeting smoke of words, but a sublime power which brought even stones to life."

Pantheistic oneness of will and purpose that rule the world, unity of man and nature are his poetic doctrine:
A single will that runes the world,
With a single aim leads us into the future
And we shall die with but one commandment
In our unconquered and unbending hearts.

(Continued on page 3)

Language Again - - by G. H.

When I entered the living room Marian F. was sitting in an arm-chair busy with a needle, her husband was immersed in the evening paper. What struck me with surprise was the work in Marian's hands—it was Ukrainian embroidery on a piece of material intended to be used as a curtain. The pattern was completed and now the little squares were being filled with thread of different color.

My surprise at seeing this work in the lady's hands was justified, for Marian has been moving in the circles that were not Ukrainian even before she married a young man of another nationality. She knew my thoughts immediately and came forth with an explanation without waiting to be asked for it. "I decided that something Ukrainian ought to be featured at least in the home furnishings, to remind the children of their national origin," said Marian, "especially in the home of a mixed marriage."

They young husband now looked up from his paper, and there was another surprise in store for me. "Why not teach the children to speak Ukrainian, then? That will leave even a more lasting impression on them than embroidery. I always felt that every persons should know another language besides English." He went back to his paper, while Marian bewailed her inability to use the Ukrainian language on her tots.

In the matter of foreign languages America presents a strange paradox. It is safe to say that more languages are spoken in America than on any other continent. The people who came from other lands brought their languages with them, but their children have succeeded in reuelling the influence of mother tongue. Young America seems to reject the polyglot notion even in the face of experience.

There was a time when Greek was taught even in High Schools, but it was dropped when colleges eliminated Greek from required

subjects. Latin has also lost its ground with further lowering of college requirements. The modern languages are now getting the axe as other subjects crowd the curriculum. It seems that the two World Wars, which brought our troops in contact with other people, left no influence on the growing generations. Young people shun the study of another language even when the chances for its use are greater now than ever before.

The explanations for the trend away from language study have been various, with the first cause laid to the teachers. The fact that compulsory school age has been raised and that there are more and more young people in schools against their will—that seems to be passed over in silence. To many young people, school is something they are compelled to attend, not a preparation for life's work. As the chances for practical use of a foreign language seem to be remote, why study it? That attitude is a by-product of a free education.

But the study of Ukrainian language has a sound motivation although it is not taught in public schools. The awakening of interest in Ukrainian culture has already created a demand for language study among our young people. They find use for it in place where the language was regarded as handicap before. Our church services assume a greater meaning when the young man is able to follow them in his prayer book Ukrainian melodies produce a much better effect on the singer and the listener when they understand the words of the song. The emotions that seemed commonplace when expressed in English become delicately appreciated when painted in the colorful Ukrainian language.

So, if you want to produce a lasting impression on your children, that they may remember their origin, teach them to speak Ukrainian. But first learn it yourself.

On Record - - by Ted Victor

PITTSBURGH.—I had the pleasure of visiting the City of Steel last week-end for an executive meeting of the Youth League Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. We arrived late Friday evening and after squeezing in a few hours of sleep we were ready for the long and verbal session which comprised the meeting. I suppose I shall always remain amazed by the zest and spirit that is manifested when the word "meeting" is mentioned to some people. They love to talk and talk, and I suppose that is a good thing, for it is only through these long

"knock them down and drag them out" sessions that the real work is accomplished. However, despite long the sessions we did manage to go out a bit in the evening. After a most surprising dinner in Carnegie we all went down to the very attractive Ukrainian National Home of Carnegie.

(Concluded on page 3)

The Home has been completely remodelled and on a Saturday night one might think he was a regular night club in New York. In fact that was our only complaint. The place was beautiful but there was nothing in it to remind us that it was Ukrainian. A few slight changes, a Ukrainian theme here,

(Concluded on page 3)

The Jay's Wing

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated from Ukrainian)

No, I could bear it no longer. I lifted my gun, and aimed at the jay. A shot resounded, feathers flew up, and my rival lay in a heap with her wings still trembling.

You came running, pale as a ghost. You did not smile, nor stretch both hands to me as usual. You said with scorn: "What have you done, Manuasia? You have killed our little jay!"

But a reaction took place in me as soon as I fired the shot. My the dead bird's bleeding little head, the dead bird's bleeding little head. Do you remember how you wiped the jay's blood off me and kissed and soothed me? But you could never find out why I had killed the bird...

I knew then that we were doomed for separation, that the dead jay opened an abyss between us. I hid her wings among the pages of my prayer-book and never parted with them. I brought them with me here, to Port Arthur, and I am sending you one of them now. It seems to me that a half of my soul goes with it. If this half reaches you, it will be up to you

to decide whether the other half follow. If there is still a spark of love for me in your heart, a drop of desire to see me,—it will draw the other wing, the second half of my soul to you.

Fly, my little jay, into the wide world! Fly to the one who loved to listen to your chirping, to look into your eyes. Let your wing flutter over his soul, kindle the fire that is dormant under the ashes of disillusionment and indifference! Bring to him sweet dreams and pleasant memories! Move his heart, fill it with yearning, light bright sparks in his eyes, then cloud them with pearly tears! And when he will ask: "Where have you been? What have you seen?"—be silent!"

You are getting sentimental, dear lady. Poetic words and tearful phrases are not at all becoming to you. There is a whole lot more to be read. This is the eighth page. If the rest is of the same nature, it is tiresome. To be truthful, Miss Manya, I am not a bit touched, for it is all phraseology. There is no deep feeling in it, and, you know, I am an old-timer, and could

not be fooled easily. The story with the jay is out of place, and so is the mystery about the wing. It becomes little children or old women, but not you, Manya, not me.

I shall read a little more. If it is the same nonsense, I shall either leave it until tomorrow or throw it into the fire. I am not at all curious. I would much rather listen to the phonograph records. It is much more interesting than sentimental blabbering of this adventures from Port Arthur. Well, let us see what is written further.

"I know, Massino, that you hate sentimentality. You must be tired of my writing, and ask yourself: What does she want? Is she forever going to bother me with her tiresome questions—do you remember?"

That woman is the Devil herself! It seems that when she wrote, her soul conversed with me, and while she wrote down her phrases, her lizard eyes followed every move of my soul. She carries on a silent dialogue with me, answering every question that is born in my brain. It is a great talent! Or perhaps, it is something else? Let us read further and see whether she can use a different tone.

"I shall tell you something you never expect. Do you know that I am coming back to you? I shall soon bury my husband and be free. Then I will come to you. Do

not think me heartless. I am true to my husband, as I was true to his seven predecessors. But he cannot live very long. During the last attack a shell tore off both his legs and his condition has been hopeless for the last two weeks. I am nursing him day and night. In the few free moments I am writing this letter to you. When gloom eats heavily into my heart, I laugh to you in my thoughts. When cruel reality crushes my soul, I think of my past, my youth, happiness, and you,—always you, my Massino...

And I shall have you again. As soon as Mikola Feodorovich will die. He is expected to die any minute. I will immediately leave this hell. I shall board any Chinese boat and shall rush,—to the bottom of the sea, or to you, my Massino. I do not want to capture you, nor do I expect anything from you. It is immaterial to me whether you welcome me or cast me away. It does not matter! I only want to see you again and clasp your hand. After that—who cares...

You see what a dreamer I am. You would say: "A foolish little jay!" Well, I have not changed for the three years we have lived apart.

Do you believe in confession? When a child, I was very pious. My mother was very religious and brought me up in the same way. I always found wonderful relief in

prayers, and peace in confession. Then came gay, thoughtless youth. My father was a free-thinker and with his jests and arguments he shattered my childish faith. Later came the storm which carried me like a leaf all over the world and finally at the end of it dropped me here. During that time I never prayed, although there were painful and terrible times. But now... the night is so quiet and clear. The fragrance of autumn pours through the open window together with the warmth of the night. Somewhere far away I can hear the restless sea. Small lights twinkle upon the waves. At times great streaks of light fall across the sea. Those are searchlights watching the treacherous Japanese. My patient sleeps with a heavy slumber that is almost death. Over him weeps the shadow of his mother who is far away... I am sitting right near the bed and writing, conversing with you, my Massino. I am leaning against you like a poor, unfortunate orphan, wandering in a strange world. This contact with you leaves a softness in my soul. I feel the presence of a higher, nobler spirit...

Do you remember that marvelous passage in the Bible?

A storm was raging but Jehovah was not in the storm; it was thundering, but Jehovah was not in the thunder; a powerful wind was blowing, but Jehovah

was not in the wind. An earthquake shook the earth, but Jehovah was not in the earthquake either. But the storm passed, the sun shone from the blue sky, a faint breeze swept over the flowers, and—lo! Jehovah was in that faint breeze..

At this moment of quiet, peace and rest, which are so rare in my life, I feel this wonderful breeze. My soul opens like a flower which closed its velvety petals during the storm. I feel the need of confession. I must share my misfortunes, my sufferings and experiences with someone.

Massino, my beloved, the only one one earth whom I truly and boundlessly loved and still love! I beseech you, listen to my confession. I ask no mercy for myself. I do not ask you to forgive my sins, I ask nothing, but just listen to my confession. After that do as you please."

Femina,—animal clerical. Someone said this and made no mistake. Women are always governed by feelings. And as a flower turns to the sun, they turn to that which can best touch the strings of sentiments. Mysteries, secrets, sacraments,—this is their element. Their nature actually is in need of all this. If people would not have any faith in miracles, the woman would create it. Did not the first miracle occur to a woman? The snake spoke to her! If there were no churches with sacraments, the woman would

create them too. No wonder that during the early era of Christianity the woman played such an important part. What fools, these radicals are to speak of equality of man and woman. How is that possible? And of what use is it? Give them equality and governmental rights, and they will become the support of all reactionary and bureaucratic movements. Give them education, when to them it is just a new sort of make-up, a new way of attracting a certain kind of a husband. Of course, there are exceptions which should be treated differently.

But I guess this will do. Why give in to such an outburst of anti-feminism? Let us listen to the confession of our jay from Port Arthur.

(To be continued)

BUY UNITED STATES SAVING BONDS!

"SVOBODA" (UKRAINIAN DAILY)

FOUNDED 1903
Ukrainian newspaper published daily except Sundays and holidays by the Ukrainian National Association, Inc., 81-83 Grand St., Jersey City 3, N. J.
Entered as Second Class Matter at Post Office of Jersey City, N. J. on March 10, 1914, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Accepted for mailing, at special rate of postage provided for Section 1103 of the Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 31, 1918.

Youth and the U.N.A.

737 New Members Sets Record!

During the month of September the Ukrainian National Association admitted 737 new members to set a new record. This boosted the total membership to the all-time high of 53,743 members as of September 30, 1949.

A breakdown of the figures reveals that 522 of the 737 new members joined the Adult Department; the remaining 215 joined the Juvenile Department. Department totals are 39,459 for the adult and 14,284 for the juvenile.

The U.N.A. still has three months (October, November and December) to realize its 55th anniversary campaign goal of 55,000 members by the end of the year. It is now only 1,257 members short of the goal and there is every reason to believe that the objective will be attained. October applications are being received in very encouraging quantities.

Branch 194 of New York City admitted the largest number of members during September... over 80... thanks to the efforts of U. N. A. organizer Basil Zahayevich. Heavy enrollments were noted in Branch 361 of New York City, Branch 221 of Chicago, Branch 14 of Newark, and other branches located in or near large cities. Branch 361, one of the largest and most active groups in the U.N.A., had substantially increased its membership without any outside help; its members are cooperating in organizing members and M. Malych and others have very impressive records.

Candidate for Councilman

Francis E. Cahill is a newcomer to Carlstadt, N. J. He and his wife, the former Nadia Husar, a member of Branch 171 of the Ukrainian National Association of Jersey City, live at 465 Central Avenue. Since moving to Carlstadt he has taken a sincere interest in his town. Frank was born in 1921 in Jersey City and graduated from the local schools there. He received a degree of Bachelor of Arts in Education from St. Peter's College in 1942. After his discharge from the Army Air Force he continued his education and graduated from Rutgers University with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Accounting. He is now a Certified Public Accountant and his position and background qualify him as an expert on municipal financial and tax problems. His knowledge and experience of municipal accounting and auditing will be invaluable in stabilizing the town's budget and placing the borough on a sound financial basis.

New Branch in Los Angeles

A new branch of the Ukrainian National Association, number 257, was recently organized in Los Angeles, California. The officers are Dr. H. G. Skehar, 7815 Crenshaw Blvd., Los Angeles 43, president; Mykola Novak, 1811 Effie St., Los Angeles, treasurer; Peter Sylichak, 656 Solano Ave., Los Angeles 12, secretary. Interested residents of Los Angeles are requested to contact any of these officers for further information.

MORE FIRE PREVENTION WEEKS

This year's observance of Fire Prevention Week ran from October 6th to the 15th. It will be tragic if the lessons learned during the week are immediately forgotten. Careless individual habits are responsible for all but a small minority of fires. Fire prevention must be practiced for 52 weeks of the year—not just for one.

During the first eight months of 1949, our fire waste totaled nearly \$450,000,000. This marked a decline as compared with the same period last year, but most of the drop was probably due to slightly lower commodity and construction costs. Our fire record is the worst in the world, and it cannot adequately be measured in mere financial terms. It can be seen in the death and maiming and disfigurement of thousands upon thousands of human beings annually, many of them children—in the destruction of great forests and other invaluable natural resources—in lost jobs, in piles of ashes that once were homes, in ruined factories.

What makes this all the more disgraceful is that most fires can be so easily prevented. The major causes of fire are "little things"—carelessness with matches and cigarettes, rundown stoves and heating systems, improperly stored paints and solvents and other such flammables, out-of-repair electrical equipment, and so on down the list. A little thought, a little effort, could eliminate most of these hazards.

If, as individuals, we make every week a fire prevention week, we will win the war against this great destroyer.

ON RECORD

(Concluded from page 2)

a mural there would have done the job perfectly.

Met a lot of friends from conventions at the Home, Joe Rodio and John Smith plus a number of other boys were down from Ambridge. Present also were a number of local fellows who were more than surprised to see so many people from New York, Detroit, Ohio, and Jersey. No matter who I started talking with I ended up by getting a lecture on why more news is not printed about the activities of the American Youth of Ukrainian Descent of Western Pennsylvania. After giving various reasons I finally managed to convince them that it was partially their fault for leaving the job up to one or two people. As a result there are now several reporters working on Pittsburgh's activities. A good example to follow in all other cities. As a result I mention here and now that Pittsburgh will certainly be publicized for all its activities. The Bandurysty on the 22nd of October, a series of dances in various cities surrounding Pittsburgh, and finally that most unusual of all Ukrainian New Year's parties, in Pittsburgh this coming January 1950. That even will last two days and already they are asking people to register. Nothing like being prepared.

While down at the National Home in Carnegie we were informed by the president that the Home was going to have a big anniversary banquet in a few weeks time. It might be interesting for all readers to hear more about this important event. It's a good chance for some young person from Carnegie to write up a short history of the Carnegie Ukrainian National Home.

The meeting ended Sunday afternoon at five P. M. After saying our good-byes—and promising to see everybody at the Fourth Congress of Americans of Ukrainian

THE INFLUENCE OF THE IRISH SPIRIT

(Concluded from page 2)

Lord God of Nations

It is indeed a pity that modern, independent Ireland has not considered it worthwhile to collect and catalog scientifically the political and literary influences which the Irish struggle has had upon the non-Russian nationalities in Tsarist Russia and the peoples of Central Europe. Contemporary Ireland is not aware that the blood of Irish patriots flowed not only for Irish liberty, but for an ideal dear to the whole of mankind, that Ireland shaped and formed the modern national idea of the non-Russian nationalities of the Soviet Union. Ireland is the spiritual god-father of all these nations who struggle for their liberty and their independence. Therefore it is with the deepest emotion that I recently read Cardinal Spellman's invocation in verse, delivered during the gathering in honor of the former Irish Premier, Eamon DeValera, in New York a year ago:

Lord God of Nations
From this world in tumult
We send up our prayers:
Bless Thou Eire!
Bless Thou this nation
That refused to die.
Preserve her as a beacon
To nations in darkness,
Strengthening peoples
Now mourning in chains.
Bless Thou her love for Thee
In triumph and in failure,
An example to nations
Now scoffing in hate.
Lord God of Nations,
Crown Eire with glory,
The glory that cometh
Only from Thee.

Also Ukraine and all by Moscow oppressed nationalities—we refuse to die! Irish spirit and Irish example is constantly within the mind and heart of all non-Russian nationalities now fighting Communism, the new form of ancient Russian imperialism. From this point of view, do not the Irish and the Americans of Irish descent have a historical mission to aid these nations which are their spiritual children? Do they not feel the need to protect and help them in their struggle for independence and democracy according to the noble principles embodied in the American Declaration of Independence? Through their moral help to these non-Russians within the Soviet Union, they could these Irish, create traditions which would survive the present totalitarian Soviet Union prison for peoples, and lead mankind to a better and more peaceful world, a just world: the world of free united nations.

Descent in Washington, D. C., Hotel Statler, on November 5th and 6th—we departed on our trip home.

Don't forget, that besides the most important sessions at the Washington affair there will also be a very fine social and cultural program. And if you haven't heard the "Bandurysty" then you should make a point of coming to Washington in November. The concert will be in Sunday, November 6, and at 3 P.M., in Hotel Statler.

Before closing I would like to mention that many of the same people who were Pittsburgh last week are also planning to visit their friends in Troy, N. Y. for the 2nd Convention of the American Youth of Ukrainian Descent

Unvanquished Bards

(Continued from page 2)

Beauty and himself will man redeem,
New life will spring from ashes of the ruins,
The single dream, the wise and great
Swings not in vain bells of the universe.

The ages fly, but in an infinite sea
On only sun burns for the earth
And all will be united in space—
Man and beast, the flower and the blue.

Fylypovych is likewise listed as destroyed. He was last seen on the Solovki Islands, from where he is to have been transferred to the mines north of Leningrad, and there all trace of him was lost. He also was accused of being a "bourgeois eclectic," of "formalism" hostile to Marxism.

At the time this is written the only member of the Fivefold Cluster, who at the present moment is known to be alive Maxym Rylsky. He is one of the most prolific Ukrainian poets. More than twenty volumes of his original verses have been published, beginning with *On the White Island* (1910) which was printed when he was sixteen. Most important are his books of lyrics published in 1918-29: *Under the Autumn Stars* (1918), *Blue Distance* (1922), *Through Storm and Snow* (1925), *The Thirteenth Spring* (1926), and *Where the Roads Meet* (1929). Here one finds sincere lyricism, mellow with memories of childhood and quiet dreams, and at the same time echoes of passages from history and his favorite authors Shakespeare, Mitrial, Daudet, Dickens. In these years, according to Serhiy Yefremov History of Ukrainian Literature, "Rylsky attained unreach heights," and we have to agree with Yefremov. While in Zerov the scholar surpasses the poet, in Rylsky both scholar and poet are harmoniously united. The main theme of his poetry is: "Eternity came and put her hand on my brow." The poet's duty is to listen to life and catch its rhythms "the deceitful, the true, dark and bright laughter, and weigh them not as Themis the judge, but jut them on the scale with calm hands and seeing eyes..." "In his first works he was always the poet of a peaceful Ukrainian Arcadia, of rustic idylls and the world of Skovoroda's "sweet" philosophy. In his esthetic, fastidiousness he tried to avoid everything brutal and alarming that might destroy his peace. His fears were not of a dramatic but a purely lyric character: "Never will the past return, it is gone and everything seems but a moment," or:

You may have found no happiness,
But why yearn for it, my friends?...
He sees himself as an inhabitant of a lonely cell, "a monk without a God, and a priest without a prayer," he insists that the cold calm of his cell is above all the love and grief of this world. His most characteristic trait is a dreamy flight to far off countries—Mistral's Provence, Venice, Paris, the Sahara. In the midst of the primitive

of Upper New York State on October 29th and 30th at the Hotel Hendrix Hudson, Troy, N. Y. If you live within a few hundred miles of Troy make certain you are in Troy on October 29th and 30th.

conditions of Soviet Ukraine, of the war and the revolution what a truly great power of imagination one had to possess in order to write:

White-robed Desdemona
Stands high upon the stairs;
With roses of the evening star
Her forehead pure is crowned...

But in his book *Through Storm and Snow* the rhythm and noisy chaos of the city is beginning to be heard. His poetry takes on a new aspect, that of drama and tragedy. "What is your grief to any one? The shadow of your solitude? Is your small agony Gogol's? And your words—are they crosses? In the tumult of great spaces are your someone, are you something?"—he asks, and here is true anguish. But he still avoids the actual, he still shows us these things through the prism of his deeply poetic allegories. The stress, however, increases, and the poet seeks to evade it by limiting his original creativeness and turning to translations. One after another he completed a row of masterful works: *Pan Tadeusz* by Mickiewicz, *The Cid* of Corneille, *The Phaedra* of Racine, *The Misanthrope* of Moliere, *Voltaire's The Maid of Orleans*, *Boileau's Art of Poetry*, *Shakespeare's King Lear*, *Pushkin's Eugene Onegin*. The only original longer work, and at the same time his first attempt at social motifs, is the rhymed novel *Maryna*, written with the sweeping breadth of Mickiewicz, which discloses the epic in his poetry. The purpose of this poem was to show the social order in Ukraine during the times of serfdom. This subject, so to say, disfigured the backbone of the poem, because the author could not portray his characters otherwise than as prescribed by the Marxist theory of class struggle, which divides mankind in to two opposite camps: the "exploited proletariat" and the blood-drinking bourgeois."

(To be continued)

Weekly Banter

Facing the nun on the train sat an awed little girl about nine years old. She kept glancing shyly at the nun's habit all through the journey, but not until the train jerked to a stop did she let the delighted spectators in on her secret. "You don't know who I am but I know who you are," she said to Sister. "You are Ingrid Bergman and you played in 'The Bells of St. Mary's' with Bing Crosby."

The superintendent of the insane asylum, making his rounds, came upon an inmate writing a letter.

"Writing a letter, Mr. Jones?" he asked with a smile. The inmate lifted and eyebrow.

"Obvious, isn't it?" he replied sarcastically.

"To whom are you writing?"

"To myself," was the short reply.

"What are you saying to yourself?" pursued the superintendent. Whereupon the inmate threw his pen down and exclaimed:

"You can ask more darn foolish questions! How do I know? I won't get it till tomorrow!"

The little girl showed unusual interest in the church wedding and then suddenly turned to her mother with a puzzled look.

"Did the lady change her mind?" she whispered to her mother.

NEWARK BRANCH 14 IN BID FOR BOWLING LEAD

After following the first place St. John's Catholic War Veterans closely behind for the past several weeks, U.N.A. Branch 14 came up with a challenge for top honors in the U.N.A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.J.-N.Y. Area by winning three games straight from the Irvington Ukrainian Eagles. The St. Johnsmen lost one game to Branch 272 of Maplewood, and thus created a tie for first place. A triple tie for third place came into being as a result of the three game defeat of the Irvington Eagles; and the winning by the Jersey City Social and Athletic Club Team "A" of two games from the St. George Catholic War Veterans of New York, and Branch 272's copping of one game. All of this took place on Friday, October 7th in the fifth of the series of tournaments sponsored by the league.

Branch 14 won three games from the Irvington Eagles through the exceptionally good pinning of Bill Klopoy and Ed Komon who scored 538 and 531 respectively while the team's series of 2383 makes it the best of the season. For the Eagles, Herb Clay had a fine series of 502.

The St. John's C.W.V. team won two games from Branch 272 and fubbed the middle game in which each team was trying to give it to the other. John Chutko was top man for the St. Johns with a 473 series, while the losers were

led by Joe Kolba who registered a small 441.

After winning the first two games by substantial margins from the St. George C.W.V. team, the senior Jay-Sees cooled off and lost the last game when St. Georgeman W. Baron rolled an even 200 game. Milton Rychalaky, aided and abetted by Sam Walczuk and Joe Berwecky, was mainly responsible for the first two Jersey City victories.

New York's U.N.A. Branch 361 won two games from its close neighbors in Branch 435 with some of the best pinning it has turned in up-to-date with games of 782 and 766. The third game was lost by a close margin, at the end of which the final tally showed that Fred Broda was high man for Br. 361 with a 524 set, while Tony Gulka was tops for the Friendly Circle with an even 500.

The junior "B" team from Jersey City took the first two games, from the plucky Newark Ukrainian Veterans, running up their best score in the first with 816, the second best for the evening. They lost the third game due to the very good pinning of Vets Steve Dwornik, Buddy Bemko and Leo Zolto, who had scores of 186, 170 and 164 respectively. For Jersey City, Pete Switnicki and Joe Kufta registered series of 475 and 470, while for the Vets, Leo Zolto was the most consistent with a total of 454.

STEPHEN KURLAK.

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION BOWLING LEAGUE

Team	Team Standings					
	Won	Lost	High	3 Game Total	Aver.	
1. U.N.A. Br. 14., Newark	13	2	820	2383	11265	751
2. St. Johns C.W.V., Newark	13	2	834	2311	11109	741
3. Irvington Ukr. Eagles	9	6	809	2270	11058	737
4. Jersey City S. & A. Team A	9	6	819	2228	10927	729
5. U.N.A. Br. 272, Maplewood	9	6	808	2306	10691	713
6. U.N.A. Branch 361, N.Y.C.	8	7	782	2218	10637	709
7. Newark Ukr. Veterans	5	10	745	2131	10097	673
8. Jersey City S. & A. Team B	4	11	816	2170	9873	658
9. U.N.A. Br. 435, N.Y.C.	3	12	792	2207	10186	679
10. St. Georges C.W.V., N.Y.C.	2	13	723	2080	9982	665

"Why, no, what makes you think that?"

"Cause she went up the aisle with one man and came back with another," the child replied.

"Dear," asked the little woman, "is my hat on straight?"

"Yes, yes," her husband replied impatiently. "It's absolutely straight. Now do hurry; we're late already."

"I'm sorry," the little woman rejoined, "but I'll have to go back, then. This isn't supposed to be worn straight."

A preacher whose congregation regularly spurn seats in the front of the church was surprised to see one man, a stranger, in the very first row. After the sermon, the pastor asked the man why he sat down in front. The man replied that, being a bus driver, he wanted to find out how the preacher got the people to move to the rear.

Father Sheridan had been away for four years when he came back to the parish. To renew his old acquaintance with the children he was going from room to room in the parochial school. At the 1st grade he suddenly realized that the tots would be too young to remember him. So, for the fun of it, he asked, "Is there any little boy here smart enough to know who I am?"

Up shot a hand. A little boy was sure of himself.

"Well, who am I?"

Quick as a flash came the irrefutable answer, "You're a man. You're a creature composed of

"KNOCKS 'N' BOOTS"

"HISTORY REVEALS—Life is unfair to men. When we are born, our mother get the compliments and the flowers. When we are married, the bride gets the presents. When we die, our widows get the insurance."

"I think that I shall never see, A girl refuse a meal that's free A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed, Upon a drink that's being mixed, A girl who doesn't like to wear, A lot of junk to match her hair Girls like this are loved by me, For who in the heck would kiss a tree."

CONSCIENCE OF A WOMAN

— Why is it that women are so critical of their own sex? Everything indicated woman's best friends are men. Their severest critics are women. One woman editor states: "I am glad that I am not a man for then I should have to marry a woman. Women are not as intelligent as men, and every woman who denies it, proves it. The thoughts of women ever hover around their own persons. What is woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders." But don't get downhearted girls, our bachelors still love you all.

"I knew a girl named Passion I asked her for a date. I took her out to dinner And gosh! How Passionate."

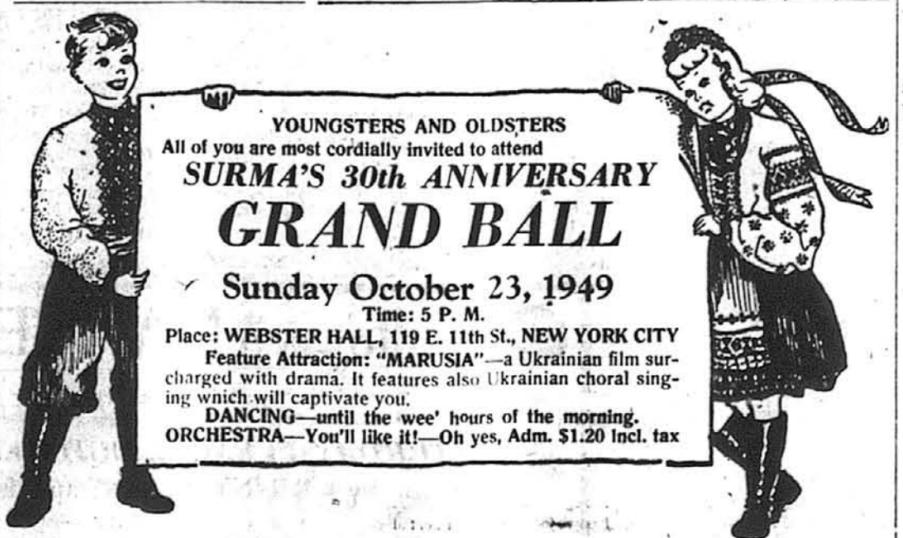
HENRY HAWRYLEW

body and soul and made to the image and likeness of God."

IVAN FRANKO'S "MOSES"
Trans. by Waldimir Semenyak
With a biographical sketch of Ivan Franko
by Stephen Szuczynko
Price 50 cents

Jubilee DANCE
Commemorating the 55th anniversary of the Ukrainian National Association
Sponsored by:
BROTHERHOOD STS. PETER AND PAUL,
Ukrainian National Association Branch 102
AT THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL HOME
2255 W. 14th St., Cleveland, Ohio
Saturday, October 22, 1949
Music by ANDY KORSNAK and his orchestra
Starts 8:30 until? Donation 75¢

YOUNGSTERS AND OLDSTERS
All of you are most cordially invited to attend
SURMA'S 30th ANNIVERSARY GRAND BALL
Sunday October 23, 1949
Time: 5 P. M.
Place: WEBSTER HALL, 119 E. 11th St., NEW YORK CITY
Feature Attraction: "MARUSIA"—a Ukrainian film surcharged with drama. It features also Ukrainian choral singing which will captivate you.
DANCING—until the wee' hours of the morning.
ORCHESTRA—You'll like it!—Oh yes, Adm. \$1.20 incl. tax



"COSSACK BEYOND THE DANUBE"
presented in its complete form by
THE BANDURYST
OF ST. MICHAEL'S UKRAINIAN CHURCH
Saturday, November 26, at 8 P. M.
NEW HAVEN HIGH SCHOOL, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Chorus of 45—Folk Dancing—Scenery—Costumes—Orchestra
featuring LEVKO RAYNAROWYCH and MARY BURELLA
supported by
Mary Rawlick, John Szpak, John Podlisky, Thomas Zelechovsky

Євген Зубальський.

У дальшу мандрівку

Опустіли, погдухи ще так недавно гамором наповнені й всебічно діяльні німецькі табори українських скитальців...
 Не видно вже ні школярів ні пластунів по площках. Не б'ють вже ранній ранком в „шини” й „калатала”, що заступали дзвони. Не спішить таборова громада до церковці посеред майдану. Все змінилось...
 Лиш хрестики на могилах наших найдорожчих, приятелів, друзів, що відійшли від нас знеможени у другий, краптий світ, сумно похилились серед зів'ялого квіття по чужих кладовищах...

Там на сході, де заграва, — Україна, а скитальцям дорога в протилежну сторону, на дальше скитання...

Зібрали свої клучочки й подалася у незнане... А з ними й українські пластуни з всіх земель св. Володимира рушили з серцем повним невимовного жалю й любови до рідного Краю, з вірою в Пластову Ідею — через різні країни світу — в дальшу Мандрівку до Великої Меті!

Прогуділи мотори автомашин, просвітлили гудки паровиків, прошуміли пропелери літаків. Десь на безкрайному океані завмер рев корабельних сирен...

Свисток! Другий! Останній перевірки документів. Праща-а-а-вайте! Ско-о-о-о! Ста-а-а-а-р-р-р!

Серце з жалю завмирає... Розкуйоважени оліяні хмари обнялися з морськими холоднотиними хвилями й відгородили від „мандрівників” знайома позадю сушу, а там десь й Україну...

Рої думок сунули крізь голови вигнанців. Вони все дальше й дальше відбивалися від Батьківщини, де пережили найкращі роки своєї юної молодості, де залишили весь зміст їхнього життя... Та не самі українські пластуни їхали в Мандрівку! З ними невідступно крокували Тіні наших славних Предків...

І линуло наше Пластове Братство думками, хто в верхів'я гордого Кавказу, в сади

розкішної Кубані, хто через Дніпрові хвилі, у Чигирин, у Київ думками брив... Неодному нагадалися мандрівки по ліпних, тихих волинсько-польських водах з високими комишами... Многі шукали у підсвідомості споминів про Львів, св. Юр, де колись Князь Української Греко-Католицької Церкви, Великий Митрополит Кир Андрей гр. Шептицький, найбільший приятель українських пластунів, працював і за свій народ Богові молився...

...Шорічно мандрували розсміяні, обсмалені весняним сонцем українські пластуни гірськими плаями й полонинами через Чорногору, дико-приманчіві Горгани, Лисоно, Маківку... до пластових таборів на Соколі...

...По дорозі квітчали ніжні ручки українських пластунок похилі березові хрестики на могилах Українських Січових Стрільців...

...Шорічно спішили ми з пластовим поклоном до кедрової палати Митрополита у Підлюті, де Він благословив всіх нас на нові труди й змагання...

І інші плали думками — мріями у Данилів Перемишль, де руїни Його замку гордо вгору пнуться, де срібнолентий Санілаве; зупинили свої бистролетні думки на Попраді, що обліває каміння — української Лемківщини...

В уяві виринули Ляборець, Уж, Тиса, що несуть на своїх водах шеніт струнких карпатських смерічок і гомін недавньої слави Срібної Землі — у синій Дунай — у Чорне, Українське Море...

Європа — поза нами! Нагадуються нам відбуті там пластові зустрічі, пластові табори, українське пластво в Джемборі в Миттенвальді... Я головний з Великої Ватри, що її головний з Великої Ватри, що її кожний пластунок одержав у Мандрівку, бо нам призначено запалити першу пластову Велику Ватру в освoboдженому Золотоверхому Києві! А як далеко ще туди?! Кількі боїв доведеться ще звести за душу й існування української людини? У вухах ще звенить

Олекса Раш.

С Я Й

2)
 Вернувся Сяй додому і поховав свою небесноку матір на високій горі, де орел розповідав горам про велич височин, де цвіли, як гордість, дивні квіти, а ще вище, на шпильх лежали сніги, що, осяяні сонцем, нагадували душевний спокій янгола. Коли ховав, то небо плакало росами вранці, а жайворонок вічний гімн брив, гімн життя і Туги загадкової. Поховав її там, щоб наблизити до неба, де янголи співатимуть їй пісню раю. І потім довго там співав він пісню сироти. Тільки янголи й чули її.

— Що залишилося для мене у житті? Хто другим буде, братом, сестрою, матір'ю і батьком? — питав він себе.

Напоїв себе так своєю піснею, що аж заснув, як дитина від маківки чи красуня від чарівних напоїв Грузії. Тоді прийшов Сон і забрав його туди, де поховав він свою матір. Там квіти рожи, як висока жура, припадав вітер до квітів, як заблуканий жибрак до дітей, а орел брав людські гарячі бої і ніс угору, щоб охолотити їх, обвітрити від них зло землі і кинути знову вниз, як непотрібну жужелицю.

Коли прокинувся Сяй, то наказ: „Витривати! Дійти! Перемогти!”

З вірою на розгорнення дальшої пластової діяльності серед нового довкілля, з надією в успіхи жертвенної праці серед української еміграції, зі свідомістю назріваючих подій — станули й ми, українські пластуни, у нашій дальшій Мандрівці до Великої Меті на вільній землі Вашингтона, серед численних, розкішних оаз нашої старої еміграції, де знайшли ми часто-густо „шире серце й слово ласкаве!”
 На цьому новому постолі розпочинаємо тепер в першу чергу перегляд власних пластових сил, перевірку духового й фізичного вряду і думаємо вже про чергову справу до останньої фази нашої Мандрівки до Щастя, Слави й Свободи!!

Отож, плакаймо в Пласті сильну волю, щоб перемогти слабість, красу, — щоб піднятися понад сіру буденщину, обережність, — щоб спрямувати нас на правий пластовий шлях, бистрість, — щоб пізнати довкілля й запевнити собі перемогу!

Запалайте Пластові Ватри по всіх українських оселях в ЗДА!

Переведіть в чин пращальні знаменні слова Верховного Пластуна, Сірого Лева, на П. Пластовій Зустрічі в Авсбурзі: „...засипайте рови, що їх штучно викопали вороги України поміж нами!єднайтеся!”

Хай співають до кожної пластової ватри жадна чарівних українських пісень, пластових гор і забав — українська молодь, Приятелі Українського Пластового Руху й чужинці навіть, щоб почути правду про мітичну, зруйновану, але воюючу Україну!

Всюди, де б'ється в грудях українське серце, — хай закипить жвава пластова, планова праця, самовишкільна й культурно-освітня діяльність. Творіть пластові з'єднання за правильними Головною Пластовою Старшиною, а де Вас мало — творіть пластові Стежі й Групи!

Пізнавайте нову країну! Вивчайте природу, побут, мову! Мандруйте! Приймайте українську пластову проблематику до нових життєвих умов!

Доповняйте духовий і фізичний вяряд, бо наказ у дальшу Мандрівку до Великої Меті — граде!

Сяй почув спів. Світло стало бузково-божественного кольору і тиша запанувала, немов у передвер'ї раю. Побачив Сяй: один янгол білокрилий ліне у повітрі, не доторкуючись до верховин гір. Прилинув і став на горі, недалеко від Сяя, а докруги самотнього янгола стояло ще багато янголів, творили коло. Сяй побачив, як його мати вийшла на високу гору, а за нею сестра, а потім батько. Зобачивши Сяя, нетерпляча мати, почала гукати:

— Сюди, сюди, скоріш до нас ходи, весняний промінь мій! — і простягла руки, хоч Сяй далеко був від них. Він слухав голос матері і не чув більше нічого і не бачив. А тим часом сестра підійшла до нього, узяла за руку і повела на верховину до батька й матері.

Побралися за руки усі троє і почали співати. Сяй слухав. Йому здалося, що вони не були такі сердечні, як за життя, а більш урочисті, до Бога ближчі. Не чувся, як зникли його рідні перед очей, не поспридавшися. Він пішов додому. А янголи співали пісню, все голосішу і величнішу, що проясняла небо.

Коли прокинувся Сяй, то не бачив біля себе нікого — був самотній. Побіг у долину, як сп'янілий від вітру чи одурений життям, і гукав Весну. А вона не відзивалася. Припавав вухом до струмків і прислухався. Йому вчувався голос сестринного звертання у срібному брязкоті струмково-го плівку. Йому здавалося, що кожний білий квіт, то засоромлене личко його сестри Весни. Коли врядигоди подихав вітерець, Сяй думав, що вона, його сестра, Весна, невдимкоко пробігає повз нього і повіває своїм легким вбранням — павутинням. Але чому ж вона не прийде, як раніше, не розповість тогб, що думає, не стане біля нього, не гляне в очі, не розділить серця надвоє, щоб розділити й життя, не спійнить його від погоні за вітром.

Йому причулося, що з верб

З НОВИХ ПЛАСТОВИХ ВИДАНЬ

Саме появилася перше число „Пластового Листка” — урядового вісника Краєвого Пластового Проводу. На зміст цього числа складається: Заключок до пластунів в ЗДА, Об'їзник Уповноваженого ГПС — Про створення Краєвого Пластового Проводу на ЗДА, Об'їзник референта пластунів — про організаційне оформлення і діяльності напрямки на терені ЗДА, Об'їзник референта господаря — про грошові зобов'язання пластунів і про „Пластовий Фонд”, З життя Пластових Станиць, Від Редакції й Адміністрації, Адреси пластунів в ЗДА.

Кожний пластунок в ЗДА повинен прочитати цей „Пластовий Листок”. Замаляти в: EUGENE KULCZYCKY, 2346 Commor Ave., Detroit 12, Mich.

ПЛАСТУНИ Й ПЛАСТУНКИ! Подавайте свої адреси й у всіх пластових справах звертайтеся до Уповноваженого Головної Пластової Старшини на ЗДА: EUGENE KULCZYCKY, 2346 Commor Ave., Detroit 12, Mich.

над Голубим Озером його гукає мати. Побіг туди. Але нікого не було там. Лиш над берегом був самотній лебідь, що відплив, коли наблизивсь Сяй.

Відтоді Сяй не перестав відвідувати Лілею, що росла в долині материних сліз. І хоч туга за рідними не меншала, а більшала, та Сяй відчував, що він стає щодень новий, багатший якостями героя, надзвичайної людини. Немов би крила в серці виростають в нього. Почував, що в ньому родиться дух, легкий і світлий, немов лет сокола під сонцем. Почав він малювати добре, чарівно говорити і на солотій граті надзвичайно, співавши, як соловей, що покинув землю.

Вже Сяю 20 років. Він все частіше відчував, що не тільки туга за батьком, матір'ю, сестрою, його кличе. Його душа, його уміння не полегшували його життя, а навпаки, погіршували, бо між його бажаннями і тим, чого він бажав, була велика прірва. Чим більшою ставала та прірва, тим частіше й сильніше хтось безголосий звав його кудись. Здавалося Сяю, що він би тугу свою зменшив, коли б кудись пішов. Тоді виходив він на гору. Гірські квіти, вирощені з гірської суворості, обвіяні вітром, вітали дитячою ширістю його, орел спускався до нього і співав про те, як солодко лишити землю, гора немов дворянка давня, шептала про вічно молоду величню гордість. Безодня була мов мовчазна розлука. Орел, елускаючись, лякався її, мов пекла, і тикав скоріш до неба.

День нап'яв сонячні струни на Голубе Озеро і брив мій майбутньо-мрійну пісню. Цвіли сади, як тиха журна юна гордість життя. Сяй відчував, що в його серці розвіло інос велике, не те, що подарувала йому Лілея з материних сліз, — інше вроджене, велике, як світ, нестримне, як океан, гаряче, мов живий райок. Він почав співати. Коли заспівав, то і Лілея, що його навчила, схилилася в задумі і здивованні. А він співав. На крилах пісні підлетів до хмар і сів мрійно сонця долам, дарував свого багатого серця мовчазним горам. Щоб говорило все, співало, щоб жило.

Підняв свої вії. Немов туман ранку розвіявся вітром. Побачив біля себе дівчину, що слухала його побожно, зачарована, безвільна, не говорячи нічого, тільки її очі співали йому хвалу. Неначе вітер, явився Сяй і побіг з горі униз. Куди, чого шукати? Він не знав і не питав себе. А якби і запитав, то не міг би відповісти відразу. Голос його душі гонив його, наказував йому: — Іди, біжи, шукай, шукай! — Добіг між верби на березі Голубого Озера. Узняв човна і поплив. Приплив до другого берега, що, здавалося, за кимсь скучав. Сяй зійшов

на берег і побачив: на лавці під вербою із трійдями в руках сиділа панна. Він підійшов до неї. Вона доповнювала озерну ідилію спокою, байдужності і самоти. Її очі, немов поверхня озера світлозелена. І душа, здається, в неї — рівновага. Зовнішність — степово-морської загадкової чарівності, що часто снілася в весняних снах йому і хвилювала уяву, легку, мов сокіл, і далекосажу, мов вирійовий журавлиний ключ. Але він не любив спокійної байдужої душі, що в молодість була уже старою. Погане й гарне для такої душі не існувало — вона холодною північною скелі відштовхувала все від себе.

— Самотня панно, берегова мріє, побожність вільних нив! Ви сидите там, де й я колись любив часто сидіти із своєю сестрою Весною. Ви така смілива, що з самотою подружилася. Єдина моя сестра! Я подарував їй половину серця. Так любив її. Але десь зникла вона безслідно. І тепер самотній я завжди, як Ви тепер над озером. Про що Ви мрієте? Неваже Ви думаєте про те, про що не думали ще люди?

Але данна лишилась непорушена, немов би біля неї нікого й не було. Вона не зрушила й погляду свого. Дивилася беззмінно на озеро, немов воно було володарем її душі. Запитання, привіт, ніжність — ніщо не зворушило її. Вона лишалася такою, як й була.

— Може вона зачарована природою, а може ця ідилія нагадує їй щось важливе, велике, знаменне, або трагічне, а чи дороге. А може тиха журба засіла в її душі тому, що ходять чутки про війну, — так роздумував Сяй, коли йшов додому. Він невдоволений, навіть злий на себе, за те, що він привіт і ніжність не міг віддати їй.

— А може, — думав він, — її виковання ведить її бути такою з незнайомцем. Прийду й завтра знову. Якщо буде вона, тоді інакшою буде зустріч наша, бо вірю, що й вона інакшою буде. Байдужість в ній, не розумієш її таємниці. Як що таємниці — то велика нагорода молодцеві — відчинити її двері.

Він ерозумів тепер, що почуттям тим дивним, що його гонило, було кохання, таке і боляке і горде, але й таке велике і нестримне, що його треба було комусь віддати. Сестри віддав він половину серця. А де ж та, що він їй може віддати своє кохання, отже другу половину серця. А що залишиться собі? Подароване коханою серце. Так, так — добровільна велично-небесна заміна серця.

А тим часом, ширились про Сяя недобрі чутки.

Однієї краси Сяя вистачило б для того, щоб її боялися не тільки жінки, а й чоловіки.

Як таємниця містля, осяяна сонцем, ходив він вдень, як володар небесної пісні, що і з вічним смутком роздавав її людям, як сурма сонцесейного раюку, брив його голос. Коли тужив він, то здавалося, що ластівка з вишневим цвітм жаркотіла біля його лица, вічно-заблукані далекі тумани схилилися над ним. Коли всміхався, здавалося, що сокіл, володар синів шатів неба, укрив шматочок сонця і подарував йому на мить, а він нап'яв на нього синьо-білі струни серця і дзвенів на них. Вуста його, мов соромливі сонячні рожі.

Коли співав, він, стихало людське серце, добре й эле, німліли гори і журились птахи, заздрячи йому. Як говорив, здавалося, — морські хвилі пліли із сайвом місяця і душевним привітом янгола, чи квіти дивні, що їх красуна дмхнула з садів Шехерезади. Розумний був, як мудрість юна, велично-спритний як герой-лицар.

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