

СВОБОДА

Український щоденник



СВОБОДА

UKRAINIAN DAILY

File LVII Ч. 259.

Vol. LVII No. 259.

The Ukrainian Weekly

Supplement

3¢ в Зл. А. Америка; 5¢ За кордоном

Тел. „Свобода“: BERGEN 4-0237 14-0807 — Тел. У. Н. Союз: BERGEN 4-1016

5¢ in the United States; 5¢ Elsewhere

WEEKLY: No. 45

JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1949

VOL. XVII

WHAT YOUTH CAN DO

Three weeks have passed since the 55th anniversary of the U.N.A. was celebrated by a banquet and ball in New York. After a final tabulation of receipts and expenditures, the Youth of the U.N.A. can safely say that the affair was a success. As for the social viewpoint—that is best answered by questioning those who attended. Aside from the fact that the celebration was a social and financial success, is a much more important point. This served as an indication of what youth can do in concerted action, when energy and ideas are pooled together.

The celebration was well attended and, among the guests, many notables well-known in Ukrainian American affairs were present. However, through no fault of the committee, the names of two of the guests were not mentioned. They are: Mrs. Demydchuk, secretary of the U.N.A. Branches of New York; and Mr. Nicholas Hawryko, President of the United Uk-

rainian American Organizations Committee of New York.

The Youth of the U. N. A. is very happy that everything turned out as successfully as it did, and we would like to thank everyone who came to help us celebrate the anniversary of the greatest Ukrainian fraternal organization in America.

But the greatest vote of thanks from the Youth of the U.N.A. goes to one man. A person who inspired the youth, and helped us over difficult problems. The committee would like to publicly thank Mr. Peter Kuchma, Sr. the Supreme Advisor to the U.N.A. from New York, and the Financial Secretary of the "Dniester" for his untiring and unselfish help. Words are not enough to express our gratitude, only those who have worked with him can appreciate his endeavors.

To everyone, the Youth of the U.N.A. of Metropolitan New York says: "Thank you for helping youth."—William Shust.

WOONSOCKET HOLDS DANCE FOR DISPLACED PERSONS

The Ukrainian Youth League of Woonsocket, Rhode Island recently sponsored a most successful dance, the proceeds of which were donated to aid the Ukrainian Displaced Persons.

The affair was one of many sponsored by this hard working city league. For a number of years the Ukrainian Youth League of Woonsocket has been uniting young Ukrainian Americans. Through its social, cultural and sports program it has drawn into its circle some of the most active young people in the Woonsocket area.

During the recent convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, the League was represented by Miss Cornelia Jaszyn, the financial secretary of the organization. Closer harmony has been the result, between the two organizations.

In addition to the dance the group also sponsored a Hay Ride which boasted real hay and of course good, strong Ukrainian singing. Perhaps the Ukrainian Youth League of Woonsocket isn't the largest organization of its type in the country but it certainly is one of the most active. If ever you happen to be in the Woonsocket area, why not stop in and see how this division of the UYLN is making out. In true Ukrainian tradition you will be made welcome.

THE "UKADET" FOR OCTOBER IS OUT

The October issue of the Ukadet, official publication of the Ukrainian Folk Ballet of the Twin Cities, has been published. The magazine features a very fine article on the "Glorification of a Soviet Leader" by T. Luciw. Included in the issue are a number of other fine articles both in English and Ukrainian.

Anyone desiring more information concerning the Ukadet may write to the UYLN-NA, Room 252, 50 Church Street, New York 7, N. Y. or direct to the Ukadet at 505 Fourth Street, N.E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Included in this issue is an open letter to Ted Victor, Ukrainian Weekly columnist, for aiding in bringing closer cooperation between the Twin Cities and other Ukrainian organizations. The present officers of the Ukadet are: Miss Luba Perchysyn, Editor, T. Luciw, Associate Editor, Joseph Koshuba, Wasyl Spasyk and Olga Haywa, Staff Writers. Ukrainian Editor is Rev. A. Kist. Business Managers are: Marianne Pylatiuk and Stella Yurkew.

service of our country: Pfc. Walter Cap. Sgt. Eugene Ginda and Capt. John J. Markowitz. The fourth annual presentation will take place on Sunday, January 22, 1950 at the Ukrainian Pavilion.

The clubs bowling team captured the Eastern division championship of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America this past season. The Ukrainian Social Club is a member of the UYLN-NA and the Ukrainian Youth League of New Jersey.

Officers for 1949 are: Walter W. Wadiak, President, Michael Dobrowolski, Vice President, Andrew Kaskin, Secretary, and Stephen Wuy, Treasurer.

VATICAN REPORTS

False priests are being trained by the Cominform to spread confusion among Catholics in Russia and her satellites, it was said today at the Vatican. Informants there said that seminaries have been established where students,

Ukrainian Book Art in the New York Public Library

The original graphic works shown in this exhibition are, without exception, creations of Ukrainian emigrant artists who came to Western Europe after the war, and later emigrated to both Americas from the D.P. camps.

The twelve artists whose works are shown in this exhibit are now residing as follows: Four in the United States: Butovich, Hnizdovsky, Hordynsky, Malutsa. Two are in Canada: Balas and Leytysky. One is in Venezuela: Mazepa. One in France: Kulchitsky. One in Germany, U. S. Zone: Dmytrenko. One, Kovzhun, died in 1939. Two Khasevych and Sudomora, perished during the Nazi occupation.

Besides the original works, are shown. Here are displayed editions that were printed both in Ukraine (ethnics) and abroad. These books can be divided into three parts: Those published up to 1939 in Lwiv, Galicia, under Poland; those published in Soviet Ukraine (8 in all) and those published during and after the war,

mostly in the U. S. Zone of Germany.

Two distinguished graphic schools exist in contemporary Ukrainian art: One arose in Kiev in the twenties under the influence of Narbut, Rector of the Academy of Arts in Kiev. The second school developed in Lwiv in Galicia, where Kovzhun and Butovich were the leading artists. This second school had close contacts with Western European art and its modern trends.

Before the war, the following special exhibitions of Ukrainian graphic work were held: In Brussels, Belgium, in 1926; in Lwiv, Galicia, in 1933; in the Museum of Prague, 1933; in the Staty Library of Art, Berlin, 1933; in Rome and Naples, 1938; in Munich at the German National Museum, 1947. In the United States, Ukrainian Ex-libris artists participated in the International Exhibitions of Book Plate in the Los Angeles Museum, during 1933-1938, where they received many prizes and honorable awards.

ORGANIZATION-KEYNOTE OF UPPER NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION

The Second Convention of the Upper New York State League of Ukrainian Americans of Upper New York State was successfully held in Troy, New York, on October 29th and 30th at the Handrick Hundson Hotel.

Convention sessions were opened by the Mayor John J. Ahern of Troy early Saturday afternoon. Rev. Andrew Ivanyshyn of St. Nicholas Ukrainian Church in Troy delivered the Invocation. Various greetings were extended to the assembled delegates and guests by Rev. Shnuror of Herkimer and other notables.

The American Youth of Ukrainian Descent of Upper New York State is affiliated with the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. Theodore V. Shumeyko, Vice president of the UYLN-NA, was on hand to speak to the delegates on behalf of his organization during the sessions and at the banquet which was held in the ballroom of the hotel.

Chairman of the local convention committee, Timothy Paslow, greeted the assembly on behalf of the committee and then turned the meeting over to President of the AYUDUNYS, Miss Pauline Merena of Herkimer. Miss Merena officially opened the meeting and various League matters were brought up for discussion.

It was decided to postpone action on the scholarship drive until the organization as a whole was more strongly united. Plans were made to unite all the cities in the upper part of the state and in certain sections of New England. A more harmonious program, one that would draw the district to the UYLN-NA, was also advocated. Taking an active role in all the discussions during this time were young people from many cities. Florian Shnuror of Herkimer, Miss Nellie Fukes of Utica, Steven Falinski of Oriskany, Tim Paslow,

Walter Semenow, and Helen Weytowich of Rome, New York. Miss Amelia P. Katchmar then spoke on behalf of cooperating with the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. The possibility of holding certain larger scale affair that would help unite the entire section of upper New York State and at the same time to help bring greater understanding between the district and the UYLN-NA.

Election of officers was then held with the following people being overwhelmingly elected by the general assembly on the first ballot: Miss Amelia P. Katchmar of Troy, President; Florian Shnuror of Herkimer, Steven Falinski of Oriskany, John Cotch Jr. of Troy, Nellie Fukes of Utica, Vice Presidents; Miss Julia Edwards of Utica, Treasurer; Miss Marion Wansowich of Troy, Recording Secretary, Miss Ann Kryniak of Herkimer, Financial Secretary, and Steve Pishla of Little Falls, Sgt. at Arms. The newly elected executive board pledged full cooperation by the officers of the preceding year. Miss Pauline Merena, former president, was also called upon to aid in several matters pertaining to the League's future activities.

The Banquet and Ball in the evening featured two speeches, one by Rev. Andrew Ivanyshyn, Pastor of the Troy Ukrainian Orthodox Church, and the other, on the subject of Ukrainian Youth's duties, opportunities and accomplishments by Theodore Shumeyko, Vice President of the UYLN-NA. Rev. Ivanyshyn spoke eloquently about the rich heritage bestowed upon all young Ukrainian Americans by their parents and by Ukraine, long oppressed and long suffering land our fathers. Greetings were extended to the several guests from Syracuse and other cities beyond the regular circle of activities of the Upper New York State organization. A very enjoyable evening of dancing followed at the completion of the banquet. Miss Amelia Katchmar acted as toastmistress.

Sunday after church the many guests and delegates adjourned to the local Ukrainian Hall on 2nd Street for a most appetizing luncheon and social. At three P.M. the concert, sponsored by the young people of Troy was begun.

Featured during the program were the following: The Choir of St. Nicholas under the direction of the very capable Arch Deacon

Editorial PEACE AND THE SOVIET ATOMIC BOMB

In some quarters the news that the Soviets have the atomic bomb has called forth the hope that the "cold war" will undergo moderation and perhaps even be superseded by peace as now the Soviet Union has ceased feeling at a disadvantage with regard to America and will be amenable to reason. In these quarters it is believed that now is the time for new negotiations with the USSR for disarmament, for trade agreements profiting the Soviets, etc., etc.

The results of such negotiations can be foreseen by the informed part of the public without any difficulty whatever. For every trade agreement profiting the USSR the Soviets will say thank you and—not fail to make use of them for bolstering their war potential. All treaties obliging the non-Soviet countries to disarm will be met by the USSR with the claim that it is not sufficient to scrap armies: the police force, too, should be disbanded. At the same time the Soviet Union will not sign a single treaty obliging it to scrap even, say, one of more modern planes.

While almost aspiring to a monopoly of peace talk, the USSR will not fail to seize the first opportunity for starting imperialistic conquest the moment it feels stronger than the rest of the world. The above assertions are not the products of a pessimistic imagination. They are supported by one of the most authoritative and official Soviet press organs, the magazine Bolshevik, No. 14, of July 30, 1949. There we read on p. 24:

"The whole history of the development of the Soviet State confirms the wise observations of Comrade Stalin that under capitalist environment our country 'must have at its disposal a well-trained army, well-organized punitive organs and a powerful intelligence service...'

By new nobody can say that the Soviets have not been consistent in coordinating theory and practice. No arguments (except armed power, of course) will make the Bolsheviks relinquish even one of these organs. A "well-trained army" being required owing to "capitalist environment," i.e., the existence of non-Soviet countries, according to the Bolshevik point of view, can be scrapped only when such countries no longer exist, or, in other words, when the whole world has been subjected by the USSR. The aforesaid article in Bolshevik states further:

"To the function of armed defence is originally linked the liberating mission of the Soviet Union for in the past war the aim of our struggle was not only to drive the German-Fascist usurpers from Soviet territory... The Soviet State, realizing its liberating mission, helped the workers in the countries of people's democracy to con-

solidate the freedom and independence, received from the hands of the Soviet army, to protect them from the designs of Anglo-American imperialism" (p. 24).

As may be gathered, the duty of the Soviet army is not only to protect their own country but also to "liberate" other countries from "Anglo-American imperialism." He cannot think of any country under the sun where, according to Soviet conceptions, such a "liberation" is not called for.

However, not only a "well-trained army and well-organized punitive organs" (MVD!) but also a "powerful intelligence service" are required to realize the Soviet plans for world conquest. This "intelligence service" is the fifth column in every country, consisting of "revolutionaries" and "internationalists." Both are defined as follows in the above mentioned issue of Bolshevik (p. 9):

"The great Socialist power is the lighthouse and hope of the toilers of the whole world, all oppressed races and nations. Therefore, as Comrade Stalin teaches, 'a revolutionary is he who without evasions, unconditionally, openly and honestly, without secret military councils, is prepared to defend and protect the USSR, because the USSR is the first proletarian revolutionary State in the world, engaged in the building of Socialism. An internationalist is he who without evasions, without vacillation, unconditionally is prepared to defend the USSR, because the USSR is the base of the world revolutionary movement and it is impossible to defend, to move on this revolutionary movement without defending the USSR.'

The above is a characterization of the Communist Parties of the non-Soviet world in a nutshell. It is for the people and governments of the States concerned to decide whether they shall be granted freedom of action in the name of liberties which the laws of the respective countries guarantee to the loyal citizens.

The Soviet atomic bomb as should be evident is not likely to alter the Kremlin's plans for world domination. If anything, it may only bring nearer the hour of the final showdown between East and West.

In view of the above the non-Soviet world is faced with two alternatives:

1. Either to wait patiently until the USSR has become sufficiently strong to realize the "world revolution" and to turn our globe into a Soviet colony;

2. Or not to wait but to avail itself of the fact that the Soviet imperialists are weak as yet and to put the Bolshevik menace out of existence once for all.

We are fully aware that both alternatives are highly repellent and loathsome. But, unfortunately, there is no third one and, moreover, there is not much time for deliberating the choice.

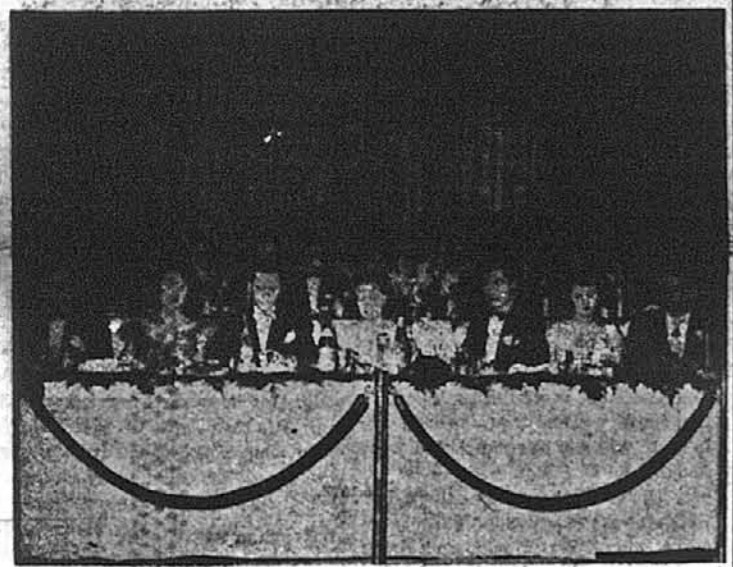
Nicholas Bryn, the Dancers of St. Nicholas, under the direction of Charles Sklaryk, and solos by Miss Jayne Holoduek, John Cotch Jr., Nicholas Paslowski, Mrs. Walter E. Bazar, Mrs. John Zonitch and Miss Amelia Katchmar. Miss Mary Ann Winnicky accompanied at the piano.

Troy is indeed fortunate in having such a fine conductor as Arch Deacon Bryn. Despite the fact the chorus is quite youthful and not yet completely capable of singing easily and clearly in the "fortissimo" passages, its excellent blending and beauty of tone in the "pianissimo" sections was a joy to hear. The interpretation of all the numbers, was excellent. This reporter has never heard a finer interpretation of "Bozhe Velykiy" anywhere. The soloists performed admirably considering that the majority of them worked throughout the entire convention at various other tasks. John Cotch and Nicholas Paslowski offered the duet: "When Two Are Parted by Lysenko. Miss Jayne Holoduek then sang two selections: "Soft Night" by Stetsenko and "Bright Moon" by Artemovskiy. She possesses one of the most charming voices heard on the Ukrainian concert stage. Young, sweet and captivating during the singing of sympathetic Ukrainian folk songs.

Two arias, one from "Natalka

Poltavka" by Lysenko and one from "Kozak Beyond the Danube" by Artemovskiy were sung by Mrs. Walter E. Bazar, soprano. A most unusual performance of "Mother Mary's Wanderings" by Leontovich was sung by Mrs. Zonitch. Singing in a full, vibrant tenor voice Mrs. Zonitch gave a thrilling quality to the entire interpretation of the song. In the final portion of the program Miss Amelia Katchmar was soloist in a very humorous number entitled "Tipsy" by Demusky. Miss Katchmar may not have a great voice but she does have a great time singing. The audience more than amply rewarded her efforts with its applause.

The performance of the dance group was heartily received by the people. The "Honi Viter" was particularly well done as was the spirited "Sword Dance." A solo, "Chumak" was danced by Nicholas Ostaszewski of Canada who is at present a student at R.P.I. in Troy. In the evening after the concert a farewell Party was enjoyed at the Ukrainian Hall by all delegates and guests who remained until the end of the convention. Represented at the convention were the following cities: Herkimer, Troy, Utica, Little Falls, Rome, Pittsfield, Mass., Albany, Syracuse, Cohoes, Amsterdam, and several smaller communities.



U.N.A. YOUTH BANQUET IN NEW YORK CITY
Committee and U.N.A. Supreme Officers (left to right) top: Anne Beley; M. Malevich, U.N.A. Vice-Presidentess; P. Kuchma Jr., Committee chairman; M. Piznak, Toastmaster; G. Herman, U.N.A. Acting President; Dmytro Halychyn, U.N.A. Secretary; Dr. Luke Myshuha, "Svoboda" editor; below: Z. Krawchuk, F. Pryslak, W. Shust; O. Halychyn, B. Nastyn, M. Kunicki.

Ukrainian Social Club of Carteret Observes Twentieth Anniversary

The Ukrainian Social Club of Carteret observed its 20th Anniversary on October 23rd, in the Ukrainian Pavilion, 691 Roosevelt Avenue, Carteret, New Jersey. A banquet and ball was held, at which were a number of outstanding Ukrainian Americans from the Carteret area. Present also were a number of young people from the Ukrainian Youth League of New Jersey, district organization of the UYLN-NA. Among those seated at the main table were Eugene Woloshyn, president of the UYLN-NA, Michael Tizio, President of the Jersey League and District Organizer and members of the local organization headed by the two most active Social Club members, Walt and Gene Wadiak.

The Ukrainian Social Club was organized on October 19, 1929 for the express purpose of uniting the Ukrainian youth into an organization without political or religious barriers. The club permitted only persons of Ukrainian descent into membership; later amendments allowed person of mixed marriages certain concessions.

The social and athletic activities have been of various nature. The club held Minstrel shows in 1932, 1933, and 1935 which still are considered the best in the vicinity. The scores of dances have always been of unique presentation.

The formation of the League of Ukrainian Clubs of America took place in Carteret on July 2, 3, and 4, 1932. In 1935 the 4th convention of the L.U.C. took place in Carteret.

Athletics have been the club's greatest activity. Baseball teams representing the club have won the Championship in 1939 and 1947, in Basketball there were the 1934 and 1935 L.U.C. Championships, 1935 the Y.M.C.A. Gold Medal, 1938 the U.C.Y.L. championship by defeating the Ansonia, Conn., representatives. The 1947 Basketball Trophy was the latest victory.

The club has sponsored a number of Ukrainian Youth Days which were very successful in bringing together the young people of neighboring states.

Athletic and social activities were sponsored for the benefit of the Mayor's Relief Committee, the American Red Cross, the Service-men's Center, the "Home News," the Infantile Paralysis Foundation and the Carteret First Aid Squad.

In 1945 the club voted to award three annual trophies for the major sports in Carteret High School to the outstanding students in basketball, baseball and football, based on ability, sportsmanship, and general play. The awards were to be a Memorial to the three club members who lost their lives in the

Vinnitsia—the Katyn of Ukraine

(A Report by an Eyewitness)

By M. SELESKO

Toward the end of February, 1944, when I was marking time in a German prison in Potsdam, I was transferred to cell number 20, already occupied by several other prisoners. After a brief acquaintance I learned that one of these was a Ukrainian from the vicinity of Vinnitsia. We came to know each other closely and he told me his life history. At that time he was twenty-three years of age, born and bred in Soviet Ukraine. He had been educated by the Communist party and had been a Communist in the full meaning of the word. Communist ideals were his ideals. He fought on the German-Soviet front. After his capture by the Germans, he was forced into anti-aircraft artillery work for the Germans in Berlin. Because of negligence in line of duty he was thrown into jail. There our paths met.

I kept asking him questions about life under the Soviets. He formerly belonged to a civilian border patrol unit. Being a Comsol, he took his duties seriously and helped track down many foreign intelligence agents who were trying to slip across the border into the Soviet Union. There were others, young Soviet patriots like himself, in the villages and districts.

He told me of the steps taken by the Soviets in Ukraine as a preparation for war. In the Communist party at least as early as 1937 it was felt that war against Germany was imminent. Confidential instructions to members of the party and the Comsol stressed this eventuality. These instructions ordered that the Soviet hinterland in Ukraine be purged of enemies of the people. By the words "enemies of the people" were meant not only all those people who worked actively against the Soviet régime, but also those who were believed to be inclined to hostility toward the government, including those whose complete devotion to the régime had not been clearly manifested.

A purge of enemies of the population of the Soviet border regions was commenced. Herein lies the story of the Ukrainian tragedy in Vinnitsia, which was revealed to the world in 1943.

My young companions is now a Ukrainian patriot, and much about him must not be made public. Everything he said supplemented my own knowledge of the Vinnitsia tragedy and helped to complete the picture I had formed of it during my experiences in Vinnitsia.

In the summer of 1943 I was living in Berlin under the close supervision of the Gestapo as a

suspected foreigner, an unreliable alien and a Polish citizen. On July 2, 1943, during the noon hour, I was called to the telephone by what the Germans called the Ukrainian Confidence Service. This was a German government agency which registered all Ukrainians in Germany and it tried to win their support for German purposes among the Ukrainians.

The chief of this agency informed me that in the future a special committee for the investigation of mass murders in Ukraine would depart to do its work on the spot. He also told me that I had been appointed interpreter for this committee because of my knowledge of German, Ukrainian, Russian, and Polish, and in addition because I knew how to type in both German and Ukrainian. He suggested that I accept this position voluntarily and at the same time emphasized that, should I refuse, I would be drafted for it on the basis of a certain mobilization regulation.

I had no choice. I asked for several hours to consider the proposal. I immediately got in touch with my friends, among them Dr. Ileh Kandyba-Olzhych, the Ukrainian poet, who was living illegally at that time in Berlin. We agreed that it would be best for me to go with the commission, even though its destination was not known. And I had not asked, for in Germany during the war it did not pay to be overly inquisitive.

After two hours I called the confidence service and announced my willingness to accompany the commission as a translator-interpreter. I was instructed to await further instructions via telephone. About 5 p. m. of the same day the headquarters of the criminal police telephoned. I was ordered to appear at their address and to report to an official named Denerlein. I went.

Denerlein, a friendly man of rather advanced age, immediately introduced me to several officials in his department, and said that we would depart for Ukraine immediately. After brief interviews I was given appropriate military travelling documents and allowed to return home.

The criminal police department was swarming with uniformed police, some of them wearing an armband marked SD, which meant that these officials were from the special political section Sicherheits-Dienst. By piecing together various bits of conversation I deduced that our group was going to the front lines. Among the members of the commission were Raeder, Krupke, and Groner, all three commissars of

Juvenile Department - by G. H.

In another two months the U. N. A. campaign for membership will come to a close. From all indications this will be the conclusion of the first successful campaign, for the goal of fifty-five thousand members is clearly in view and the campaign needs only a healthy push across the last two months. The living monument to our deceased president will then be completed—the U. N. A. will have fifty-five thousand members at the end of fifty-five years of its life.

It might be interesting to know where the U. N. A. gets the new members. As might be expected, the former refugees furnish most of the candidates, while the Ukrainian American youth offers the usual resistance to joining the greatest Ukrainian institution. Several years of persecution, as experienced by the refugees, make quite a difference in the person's attitude toward his own national organization. And of course, the youth is reproached once more for being cool toward the U. N. A.

There is something incongruous in the repeated claims that youth shows insufficient interest in U. N. A. When we consider that the same claims were made twenty years ago, it would appear that youth is static as to time, that the same people then, as now, were slow in joining the U. N. A. It would appear that year after year, a certain element called "youth" remains with us, coming out of nowhere and becoming a problem to us. In other words we betray our lack of interest in youth during the age of childhood and discover youth only when it reaches the age of adolescence.

Of course, the U. N. A. has a Juvenile Department for all children below the age of sixteen. We accept the children as members without any privileges except that of pure insurance. Once we have them

enrolled in membership, we are interested in their dues only. The Ukrainian Weekly, the students' stipend and all benefits enumerated recently by Ted Lutwiniak do not apply to the children who are already members of U. N. A. in the Juvenile Department. We simply forget them until they become of age required for transfer to the adult classes. Only then do we take notice of them and discover that they could be useful in the U. N. A. work but—they are not interested in U. N. A. They have already formed their attachments, their likes and their characters have become more or less molded. Many of them do not even know that they are members of U. N. A. because their parents have taken care of the dues.

At this stage, when the former child is transferred to the adults and shows no interest in U. N. A., we become disconsolate and blame youth for its indifference to the greatest Ukrainian institution in the world. We forget that during youth's childhood we made no effort to win the child's heart to that institution. Have we ever given a U. N. A. party, at least at Christmas, to the children of our U. N. A. Branches? Have we ever brought these children together to any kind of meeting where they could enjoy themselves and think kindly of U. N. A.? No! We simply forget them. And when they become 16 years of age, we expect them to be brimful of love and interest for U. N. A.!

Our Juvenile Department could serve as a reservoir from which fresh blood, new life and new ideas with enthusiasm would flow into our old Branches. Instead, we have as much difficulty in holding the transferred Juvenile in the adult Branch as we have in signing up a new member. The solution is obvious: Let us show some interest in our Juvenile members.

my hand in ready position for firing against the machine-guns and mines of the guerillas. We were not attacked, however, for the insurgents shot up with machine guns the dummy tank train that had been purposely sent ahead of us and we experienced nothing but young fear. At the railway station in Shepetivka, however, we met action on a somewhat broader scale. After our train, loaded with German soldiers, pulled in at the railway station, the Ukrainians destroyed all of the four rail lines leading into Shepetivka and we could not continue the journey. We managed to reach Vinnitsia without any losses, around 11 o'clock at night. We were driven in police automobiles to No. 5 Mazepa street. Under the Bolsheviks this had been named Dzerzhinsky street and the building had housed

the criminal police. State-councillor Klass, the chairman of the commission, was already at the place where the commission was supposed to function. We set out July 4, 1943, by way of Warsaw, Lublin, Kovel and Shepetivka. Before our departure I was given a pistol as a preparation for any eventuality. We were unmolested in Warsaw, although at that time the battle in the Jewish ghetto was going on but beyond that city our route was through a region controlled by Ukrainian insurgents (UPA). Immediately outside of Warsaw, we passed long trains that had been blown up. In the town of Kovel in the Ukrainian province of Volyn we had to transfer to another train. Precautionary measures for defense against partisans were taken and, ridiculously enough, I was ordered to hold my pistol in

of my hands, then slapped his face with them. "Maniussia, I am a scoundrel! I lost you at cards to this... to Nananor Ferapontovich!..." He pointed to the giant who smiled and bowed to me. "Yes, I had the honor and pleasure!" he said. "What do you people want of me?" I asked. "Maniussia, forget about me! I am a scoundrel!" wept Volodia, "I am not worthy of your little finger! Spit upon me! I am not yours and you are not mine!" "You shall be very comfortable, Marya Karlovna!" said the giant. "I am a Christian, and I like you with all my heart."

"But I do not know and do not want you!" I exclaimed indignantly. "It will not take us long to get acquainted." Then he added, "Let us not waste time. Please, pack your belongings. My sleigh is waiting."

"Sir," I answered determinedly, "I do not understand all this. Please leave my husband and me in peace!" "If you please, Marya Karlovna," said Svetlov sweetly. "Do not be angry and do not try to oppose us. Remember that you are in Siberia and not in your heathen Germany. Here we live in fear of God and the law. My friend, the chief of police wishes to say a few words to you."

The chief of police came up to

"Two Belligerent Cats"

The latest chapter in the long controversy between the Navy and the Air Force shows how easy it is to effect unification of the services in theory—and how difficult it is to achieve it in practice. As the Wall Street Journal said, "You do not make two belligerent cats peaceful by putting them together in a barrel." The differences between the views of the forces are fundamental, they affect our whole concept of offensive and defensive war, and they are held with passion and sincerity on both sides.

The layman, of course, is not equipped to accurately weigh the merits of the arguments over the B-36 super-bomber. Ranking Navy admirals said in their testimony that it was a 1941 airplane in all essentials, that would be easily picked up on radar screens, and that it would be pretty much of a sitting duck for our new jet fighters, and, more important, for the jet fighters that Russia is developing. The Air Force top brass, in answer, held that the plane is as nearly invulnerable as aircraft can be, that it is our basic offensive weapon, that it needs no fighter escort on long bombing missions, and that its speed, service ceiling and firepower make it able to deal with any jets. It is worth remarking in this connection that not only the Navy disagrees with the Air Force view. As an example, some British experts published a scientific study some time ago which cast doubt on the operational efficiency of the B-36 under combat conditions, and which also advanced the theory that in these days of swift development of the jet engine the piston engine may be on its way out for military planes.

Be that as it may, the Navy, in the view of many, has one very strong talking point—and that is the too-many-eggs-in-one-basket idea. There seems little doubt that Air Force heads believe there is no need for Navy combat air strength, and that the Air Force should have it all. This was the reasoning that lay behind the order stopping construction of a 65,000-ton aircraft carrier after a start had been made on laying the keel. That order came as a body blow to naval men, who saw in it a plan to relegate their service to the status of a secondary, subsidiary force. The Navy's position, as presented by Admiral Denfield, Chief of Naval Operations, holds that "each service within budgetary limitations be permitted to design and develop its own weapons," and that the "views of a particular service are entitled to predominant weight in the determination of the forces needed by that service to fulfill its mission." This is one of the basic points which underlines the whole controversy.

On Record - by Ted Victor

TROY, NEW YORK

It started out to be a nice quiet weekend on Friday afternoon when I first left home for Troy, New York. It was still quiet when I arrived. It wasn't quiet when I walked into my room in the Hotel Hendrick Hudson though. Just as I closed the door a band beneath my window struck up the "Stars and Stripes Forever." Of course I knew it couldn't be for my benefit, but I was curious. It turned out to be of course, that all the noise and fuss was for the Republican candidates in New York's race for governor etc.

After getting cleaned up, I hustled myself off to the Ukrainian Hall on Second Street, where the Vets and Girl's Clubs were sponsoring a Halloween Party for all the kids. Walking through the door of the Hall, I thought myself to be a three ring circus gone mad, with kids in garbs of every color, and shape imaginable. Standing on stage at the head of this screaming aggregation was Aime Katchmar, who was trying to pick the winner of the costume contest. The rest of the evening passed rather quickly, what, with meeting various people, talking, and answering questions. To say the least, it was certainly a warm welcome.

Woke up Saturday morning, made my way downstairs to the lobby where the hard working girls from Troy had set up the registration desk. Present to sign in all guests and delegates at nine in the morning were: Marion Wansowich, Anne Holoduek, Aime Katchmar, her sister Olga, and Kay C. Rahonia. I did my best to sell the various books I had brought up with me for the convention, but evidently my salesmanship wasn't too good so early in the morning. It was fun though, just sitting there with the girls and greeting the various people when they came walking in. Of course there wasn't one person who didn't know when grand and great Nellie Fukes of Utica walked in. Nellie always makes a grand entrance and don't let anyone ever tell you different. Just in case you haven't met her, she would like to add that Nell has a great big farm up Utica way. The only thing that possibly could be bigger and better than Nell herself, is her heart. The world would be a lot more fun and probably a lot better place to live in, if we had more people like her. If you are ever up Utica way, around RFD 1 Box 83A to be exact, then stop in and say "hello" to Nell. As she says, "There's always something to eat and drink and not one Uke has been turned away."

The sessions got started just a little late, according to American time. According to Ukrainian time it was just right. It was indeed interesting to listen

to the various little talks, to observe how this new organization huddled over many of the problems, that other older groups had at one time or another encountered. Suffice it to say they too overcame their immediate problems and perhaps what is most important, they set out on an active program for the coming year to finish off the rest of them. With their present officers they should go far. No wonder then, that after the sessions everyone moved upstairs to their various rooms for a few moments of horseplay before making ready for the banquet.

Of course when I saw Pete Dembitaky, his wife, Walt and Betty Vaga and Joe "He can sing anything" (here I must apologize for I can never remember his last name) a load fell from my shoulders. It was just that good to see the Syracusans again. To say the least, they are now accomplished conventioners. Ask anyone who was in Troy about that. The banquet was fun but the dance afterwards was even more. Just didn't seem to be enough time for meeting everyone. I could have used about five more people to just answer questions concerning the UYU-NA and the activities of its members in all parts of the country. The dance ended but as most of you well know, the fun just began. First around the hotel and then down to the Ukrainian Hall for some more of that wonderful Ukrainian singing.

I was certainly surprised to see so many people up for early Mass the next morning. Evidently they too are believers in that old Ukrainian saying: "Who can stay out late on Saturday, to play, can get up for church on Sunday." After Mass we all went down to the Hall where a very tasty luncheon was served. It was fun sitting with the girls from Utica, Rome, Little Falls and of course Troy. Thanks to the people from Utica, I didn't have to lug home with me a number of books. Each one of them purchased a book about Ukraine in English. The idea was to circulate them among the various members of their clubs. This is an excellent idea for all clubs to follow. Steve Falinski did me a great service by taking the copy of History of Ukraine by Hrushevsky off my hands. It caused me to bend from the weight of it, when I carried it with me. It's too bad we don't have more people like those from Utica, who are doing their bit to circulate these books about Ukraine. It might be a good idea, if more individuals did more than just talk about spreading Ukrainian culture. A written word will last much longer than one spoken.

(Concluded on page 3)

BUY U. S. SAVING BONDS!

The Jay's Wing

By IVAN FRANKO
(Translated from Ukrainian)

(Concluded)

I remember once at Dorpat, Henris was caught in the act of stealing and arrested. I sat alone at the hotel, when suddenly Zygmunt rushed in.

"Manya, dress up in your best clothes, and do not forget about fresh linen."

I did not understand and looked at him in amazement.

"Do not look at me as a calf looks at a new gate!" he said sharply. "Henris was arrested. Before he is transferred to the main prison, you can save him."

"I?" "Yes. Here is fifty rubles for the police-officer. Ask him to take you to the chief-of-police, whom you shall beg for Henris. Do you understand? Hurry up!"

In ten minutes I was on my way to the police-station. An hour later Henris was free. Do you know the price of his freedom? ...

That night I again tried to hang myself, but again Zygmunt rescued me from the noose. He seemed to have guessed my feelings and was watching me.

Our tour through Russia lasted quite a long time. In Spring we came to Odessa. There Henris disappeared. Zygmunt told me that

that he has been caught in theft on a steamer and was thrown into the sea.

"Well, Manya," said Zygmunt to me one day, "Now you are mine!" I looked at him in anguish, for I felt myself in his power.

"That milk-sop was not worth a single hair of your luxuriant tresses," he said, embracing me. "I shall show you how a husband can love."

When Zygmunt was to me the chief of the gang, surrounded by mystery and fatalism, his personality interested me, and I used to think that I could love him. But now, when he appeared before me as a mere man, homely of face, old, crude and uncultured,—I hated him. My hatred grew more bitter when he forced his love upon me, and haunted me. The more I hated him the worse I treated him, the softer he became, the stronger his passion for me, the weaker his will.

"Manya," he often said, when we were alone, "You will bring me to a state of mind when I shall put an end to both of us!"

"Too bad!" was my usual answer, "I care very little about myself and still less about you." Zygmunt was arrested at Nizh-

ny Novgorod and I was left alone. I was free and I had some money. But I was broken and corrupted by the dreadful life. What could I do? Go home? Where to,—to whom? What for?

I bought a ticket to Moscow without any reason. I thought I might find some work, some shelter there. On the way there, I met an engineer, who was bound for Irkutsk and further beyond the Baykal to build railroads. We became friendly. He was not married, was going too far, uncultivated lands, where he expected to get a considerable amount of money. When he asked me to join him, I agreed without hesitation.

Volodimir Semenovich was a wonderful man. I never met such delicacy and tender sympathy in a man. He guessed my thoughts and desire, showed me the care and affection of a mother. I marveled at the good men Russia has. But soon I learned how quickly they can fall.

We stopped at Irkutsk to wait for instruments and instructions from Petersburg. Weeks and months passed,—nothing came. My Volodya received a large salary, but could not do any work without implements. After our honeymoon was over, we grew lonely. There were no books, no people. The winter was cold, the snowstorms were severe. Soon my Volodya began to come home drunk. At first he would excuse himself and feel ashamed, but he

soon got over it. He was very pleasant and mirthful when drunk. One vice attracted another and he became a passionate gambler. I found out about his passion for cards when he lost all he had, including me.

The owner of a gold mine, Svetlov, came to Irkutsk from a distant part of Siberia. He was a middle-aged man. Stories were told about his wealth. He saw me with Volodia and fell in love with me. As soon as he had learned that our union was illegal, he began to contemplate how to get me into possession. When Svetlov heard about Volodia's love for cards, he got him drunk, induced him to play cards, and won all his money. Then he lent Volodia some money, which the wretch soon lost. Finally, Svetlov asked Volodia to stake me. If Volodia wins,—they will call it square; if Svetlov wins,—he takes me away.

Of course Svetlov won. I remembered that dreadful night. The storm raged, while I sat alone, waiting for Volodia. Suddenly I heard several voices, the sound of which frightened me. Something must have happened! Volodia came in and with him was a giant dressed in a fur coat, with a red beard, a stout red face and a flat nose. They were followed by the chief of police and several other people. Volodia approached me with tears in his eyes. "Maniussia!" he said in a broken voice. He first kissed both palms

of my hands, then slapped his face with them.

"Maniussia, I am a scoundrel! I lost you at cards to this... to Nananor Ferapontovich!..."

He pointed to the giant who smiled and bowed to me.

"Yes, I had the honor and pleasure!" he said.

"What do you people want of me?" I asked.

"Maniussia, forget about me! I am a scoundrel!" wept Volodia, "I am not worthy of your little finger! Spit upon me! I am not yours and you are not mine!"

"You shall be very comfortable, Marya Karlovna!" said the giant. "I am a Christian, and I like you with all my heart."

"But I do not know and do not want you!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"It will not take us long to get acquainted." Then he added, "Let us not waste time. Please, pack your belongings. My sleigh is waiting."

"Sir," I answered determinedly, "I do not understand all this. Please leave my husband and me in peace!"

"If you please, Marya Karlovna," said Svetlov sweetly. "Do not be angry and do not try to oppose us. Remember that you are in Siberia and not in your heathen Germany. Here we live in fear of God and the law. My friend, the chief of police wishes to say a few words to you."

The chief of police came up to

me and said curtly, "You know Zygmunt Zembetsky, don't you? Well, he is here in prison. If you do not want to join him tomorrow, do as you are told, without comedies. That is my advice."

Next day I went with Svetlov to the snowy plains of northern Siberia...

Mikola Federovich is dying. A Japanese shell has just burst in front of my house. Half of the roof is gone, all the windows smashed. What is next? It seems to me that someone stands behind me and whispers: "Hurry, hurry! hurry! Finish up!"

Hurry,—where? To what end does my fate chase me now? Under a bomb, to the bottom of the sea? Or to a ray of light, which shall gladden my heart and to which I must hasten?

Massino, mine! The thought of you gives me courage and strength in this hellish life. Everything I do seems to have one aim—to come back to my native land and to see you. What will our meeting be after all that has passed, all that is written on these sheets of paper? But,—why think of it? Hurry, hurry to the end whatever it may be!!

Svetlov was very good to me. But his lack of culture and his crude nature made him loathsome to me. God, when I think of the three months with him!... But, what are my sufferings, my bloody tears to you? No,—hurry, hurry... Once, when Svetlov and I were

going to Krasnoyarsk, we were held up by highwaymen. Svetlov was very strong and fought them for sometime. But one of the gang stabbed him with his knife and the giant fell exhausted. How they tortured him and made sport of his sufferings! I sat in the carriage like a corpse and looked on with the indifferent eyes of one who is already dead... When Svetlov was dead, the bandits got into the carriage. Who were they? An unfamiliar person took the place of the driver. Next to me, wrapped in Svetlov's fur coat, sat... Zygmunt.

"We have been watching for you for about a month," he said curtly. "Thank God! At last we have got you!"

Counsel was held further in the woods. God! What faces, figures, and voices! They were dividing the spoils. There was a terrible fight

(Concluded on page 3)

"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, N. J.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Post Office of Jersey City, N. J. on March 10, 1915 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, 1948.

Youth and the U.N.A.

WILKES-BARRE TO FETE HERMAN

The Spnday Independent of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., recently reported that a testimonial banquet in honor of Prof. Gregory Herman, who is acting supreme president of the Ukrainian National Association, the oldest and largest fraternal body of Americans of Ukrainian descent in America, will be held Saturday evening, November 12th, in S.S. Peter and Paul Auditorium, 633 North River Street, Wilkes-Barre.

The affair is being sponsored by the Youth of Ukrainian National Association in Wyoming Valley. Proceeds from program advertisements will be donated to the Ukrainian Orphanage in Stamford, Conn. Prominent speakers will be featured on the program, after which there will be dancing.

Metro Orral is general chairman for the affair; vice chairmen are Mrs. Alice Malischak and Miss Stella Iwaniv. Other members of the General committee are Andrew Garber, Jacob Elko, Stephen Yahas, Michael Grózio, Mrs. Mildred Dobransky, and Miss Mary Slawich. Miss Phylotetta Horoshko is chairman of the speakers' committee, and her assistants are Tillie Klever, Henry Bolosky, Michael Malischak, Joseph G. Tomascis, and Miss Helen Slawich.

Joseph Radko, student at Wilkes College, is chairman of the entertainment committee; he is assisted by Michael Galaida and others.

DETROIT HAS BARN DANCE

Dynamic Detroit is again coming into the spotlight, this time with Club Mazepa, Branch 183 of the Ukrainian National Association, reports Gerry Bafak. Something new has been added in the way of entertainment amongst the Ukrainian youth of today, with a gala crowd of divchata and khlopsti in blue-jeans and cowboy outfits, one and all having a grand time. What was it? It was a barn dance, of course... terrific!—with real ("How you all, podner?") cowboys!

Heading the committee for the dance were Nick Medved, Michael Fisanick (alias Blockbuster), Walter Twinko, and, least but not last, Andy (Playboy) Wichorek, who

kept his eyes open to see to it that all guests were in good spirits. In from Sause America came none other than Harry (Don Juan) Fisanick.

Leading lady in the first square dance of the evening was Beatrice Krupka, who managed to struggle through without injuries.

Future plans are keeping Club Mazepa very active; the members plan to take over the Ukrainian National Temple, 4655 Martin Ave., for a really big year where the youth are concerned... starting off with a bang!—a New Year's party and dance!

JERSEY CITY HAS HALLOWEEN DANCE

On October 29th the Jersey City Ukrainian Social and Athletic Club, which has two teams entered in the New York and New Jersey Ukrainian National Association Bowling League, sponsored a successful Halloween Dance. The dance committee, headed by Sam Baranik, went out of its way to decorate the Ukrainian Center for the occasion, stringing balloons, lollypops and apples across the dancehall, and erecting a "jail" for the accommodation of those dancers who attempted to snatch at the ornaments.

Many "marriages" took place during the evening, and the best costume and, though there were a number of girls from Elizabeth, N. J., in cowgirl suits, the prize went to a city slicker who looked the perfect farmer, complete with corn-cob pipe.

Thanks to the activity schedule maintained by the Ukrainian Youth League of New Jersey, of which the Social Club is a member, many out-of-town folk attended the affair; that is because the league attempts to concentrate on supporting just one affair on a given date.

The club invites interested boys and girls to attend its next meeting, slated for 2:30 P.M., Sunday, November 13th, at the Ukrainian Center, 183 Fleet Street, Jersey City.

The members are now making plans for the annual New Year's Eve party and advance indications are that the affair will be even more successful than those held on previous occasions. T. L.

JAY'S WING

(Concluded from page 2)

over me. Zygmut tried to prove that I was his wife, but there in the Siberian woods his proofs were of no avail. I was given away to the leader. Everybody called him "Shashka," but no one knew his nationality, religion, or anything about him. I think he was a Jew.

Before leaving the gang, Zygmut whispered to me: "Don't be afraid."

One night two weeks later, the den of the gang was raided by a regiment of soldiers. Shashka was hanged then and there, while the others, including Zygmut, who brought the soldiers, were put in chains. I was taken away by captain. I never saw Zygmut after that. Night had brought us together and night had separated us. He forever remained in my memory as a frightful creation of Night.

What happened then, was the most dreadful, the most terrible of all I went through in life. Neither life among bandits, roaming in Siberian marshes, nor in tramping in the Siberian Steppes, were as loathsome and filthy, as the life in the Captain's house. He had a lawful wife who was as mean as a snake, but was kept in constant fear by the Captain. He drank heavily and beat both of us. Think of it, what a life we two had! Days and nights passed alike in mad labor. At last I escaped. I intended to drown myself, but just then I happened to come across a train of soldiers bound for China. I went with them. It did not matter to me with whom and to where...

The night had been terrible. The bombardment has been heavier than ever before. It seems as though the town were going to be shattered to dust. Mikola Fedorovich is dead!—is dead!—He is going to be buried with military honors. It is quiet today. Both Sides are burying their dead, attending to the wounded. If you could see all that these few insignificant words conceal!...

A Chinaman has told be that the mall is going tonight. I am finishing this letter. Enough. It is impossible to tell all, but at least you can see that I did not mean to conceal anything from you.

Goodbye, my beloved! We shall meet yet! If not here, then—there... I believe, don't you? If I lost this faith, I could no longer live. Perhaps this faith is a symptom of insanity?

Goodbye! I hear the bursting of shells again! A new attack, I suppose. I am going to the sea, to give this letter to the Chinaman. Once more, farewell! Till we meet again!

"Your Little Jay."

And this is the truth? No, never! Just lies of a foolish romantic girl, for the purpose of... But what is the matter with me? It is a quarter to twelve. My God! And I am still sitting over this letter, which is now wet with my tears! The New Year is approaching. Is that how I planned to meet it?

Where are my expected joys? Where are my esthetic principles, my quiet satisfaction? All is lost forever! Here is life! This suffering, this struggle and disappointment, these tortures, and these fragments of joy which obliterate cruellest sufferings!

What is man to man? God and executioner at the same time. Contact with him means torture, but life without him is worse still. Cruel, unsolved riddle!

"Till we meet again!" Is it possible? Is it possible for us who are separated by so many graves, to meet again? No, I cannot believe. And over those graves, flows a great river of suffering. Till we meet again, my heart! Come, come, let whatever is left after crossing all those graves, whatever remains alive in our hearts among the ruins—let it live! Let it hope! But, perhaps Spring cannot come to us anymore! Maybe we buried our

WESTERN TENDENCIES IN UKRAINIAN CULTURE

By PROF. IVAN MIRCHUK

(Excerpts from the writings of Professor Ivan Mirchuk, prominent Ukrainian scholar, formerly of Prague University and now head of the Free Ukrainian University in Munich).

The entire public and private life of the Ukrainian, and above all, his cultural achievements throughout his entire history, reveal certain unmistakable characteristics. The peculiar and definite mentality evolved by the Ukrainian people is a significant factor in the proper evaluation of the complicated conditions in Eastern Europe; it is a

Vinnytsia

(Concluded from page 2)

the building had housed the regional headquarters of the NKVD.

Excavations in Vinnytsia

In Vinnytsia I was informed about the purpose of the commission by one of its members, a photographer, who arrived in the city at some earlier date. With the aid of the civilian population mass graves had been discovered, in which thousands of corpses had been buried. These graves were to be opened and the commission was to establish whom the NKVD had murdered. The commission lived and worked in the former headquarters of the NKVD, the place from which the massmurder was directed. It included among its members German specialists in criminal investigation.

The excavations in Vitytsia began on May 25, 1943, and were carried on in three places. The population was of the opinion that there were around 20,000 victims in the war years. In addition to our commission two other bodies—a legal and medical commission—look part in the investigations.

Our committee unpacked its equipment, set up its office and on July 7 after lunch set out in automobiles for the scene of the exhumations—a garden along the Litynska highway, which leads from Vinnytsia to Lviv by way of Lityn.

From the conversation of the police, who were housed in the same barrack that we were, I had gained a more or less adequate picture of what had taken place. The first sight of the corpses horrified me, as did the stench that came from them. It was a hot summer day and it was necessary to steel one's nerves in order to live through the horrible experience. I had been a soldier in the Ukrainian army during the First World War and had seen many men killed in battle, but what I had then seen can in no way be compared with what I witnessed in that park.

(To be continued)

Spring and no power can bring it to life again?!

Where are you now? Still at the bloody Port Arthur among the wounded and those doomed to death, with your own cemetery in your heart? Or perhaps your bones have long since been washed ashore by the stormy Yellow Sea? May be you are again in the marshes of Siberia or in dirty Chinese towns, thrown out by fate, which plays with you like discarded broken toy... My little dove! Where are you? Let your spirit come over the far seas on this last hour of the Old Year and touch me with its wing! Let a breath of real, endless, suffering life come to my frail, useless existence! Perhaps I will wake up, break my bonds and start a new life! The doorbell! At this hour! What can it be?! A telegram? I hear Ivassie is opening the door. A sound of voices... What is it? Who is it? Who is it? Steps in the parlor...

"Is that you, Ivassie?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Weren't you asleep?"

"No, Sir, I was reading."

"Who is it?"

"A lady to see you."

"A lady? Young or old?"

"I don't know. She wears a veil. I asked her to come in, but she only slipped her fur coat off and remained in the cold hall, shivering in her thin red dress with white dots."

"Show her in!"

flat contradiction of the commonly accepted view of uniformity. Here we are not interested in the economic role reserved for this people in the reconstruction of the Eastern hemisphere, nor in the political significance of the country's geographical position, but first and foremost in the message of its cultural history and its share in the intellectual life of the eastern Slavonic world.

Studying the basic traits of the Ukrainian we see his definite, and sometimes overemphasized individualism the practical trends of his idealism mark him definitely western in outlook. These have included his country from the very beginning in the sphere of influence of central and Western Europe and have determined him to be an instrument in handing Western culture on to the nations of the East. In the entire history of the Ukrainians, from their first appearance on the stage of European history up to modern times, we find clear traces of this tendency towards the West. In spite of the position of this territory on the frontier of the European world this tendency has never allowed its living contact with the West to weaken, but has helped it to remain accessible to new Western ideas and to assimilate them.

First Mention

The very first historical mention of the Kiev empire, which arose on the Ukrainian territory of today and expanded in all directions, shows it in contact with a Western power. In the Annals of Bertinius we read of an audience given at Ingelheim by Emperor Ludwig on May 18, 839, to a Greek delegation, which included in addition to the ambassadors of the Greek Emperor Theofilus, men "qui se, it est gentem suam Rhos vocari dicebant." One can assume with a fair degree of certainty, that these men had been sent first from their native country to Constantinople and had accompanied the Greek delegation on its long journey from Byzantium to the Rhine and that the name "Rhos" is identical with the later "Rus." The Grand Princess Olga, who embraced the Christian faith, sent a delegation in 960 to the German Emperor Otto I with the request to send priests to her almost unknown country. The request of the Grand Princess was granted and a mission under Adalbert set out on the long journey, which, however, did not have any practical result.

The fact that the Kiev Princes accepted Christianity from Byzantium can be explained by geography, politics and economics. In spite of this, however, and despite the following dependence of the church on Constantinople, they showed their desire to cooperate in the general European cultural life through political and marital alliances with the Western powers as early as the reign of Volodymyr the Great and his son Yaroslav the Wise (10th-11th century).

Pursuing this Western policy, Yaroslav appointed Hilarion, a native among of some standing, to be Metropolitan of Kiev, a position hitherto always held by a Greek; he sought in this way to strengthen his position with regard to Byzantium in the ecclesiastical, as well as in the political world. Iziaslav, Yaroslav's eldest son, first negotiated with King Henry IV, whose wife Praxedis was a daughter of Vsevolod, the Grand Prince of Kiev, and later with his adversary Pope Gregory VII, in order to establish contact with Rome. These and similar facts point out clearly that in spite of their geographical position and distance from Western Europe, in spite of the vicinity and influence of the Byzantine empire, Kiev and its leader pursued a policy that was definitely western.

After the final break between Rome and Constantinople, the Ukraine was pre-eminently suited to assimilate influences from Eastern and Western Europe and to transform them into a new and unique whole. In the early years of the history of the Kiev empire, the Grand Princes made definite efforts not only to include Kiev in the sphere of interests of Byzantine culture, but also to make it a centre of native culture. This aim was to be achieved by means of the

Connecticut Youth To Present Operetta

Levko Raynarowych, former European opera singer and one who has appeared in this country on television and radio, is to play the role of Ivan Karaś in the forthcoming production of "Kozak Beyond the Danube," to be presented at the New Haven (Conn.) High School. Mary Burbella, Ukrainian American soprano, and needing no introduction to the Ukrainian public, is to play the part of Odarka. The rest of the cast is composed of Mary Rawlick as Oksana (it is interesting to note here that Mary is the wife of an up and coming fireman and the mother of two children but this has not stopped her from attending one rehearsal during the last three months.) John Szpak (our only ringer in from Ansonia, Conn.) is singing as Anrei, John Podliany as Imam and Thomas Zelechovsky as the Sultan.

The chorus of 45 voices should also be headlined as stars for their diligent attendance at rehearsals for months has made them a proficient and well knit unit. Our colorful folk dances need no further introduction.

It is not our intention to keep this production a local affair. New Haven High School seats 1500 people, the acoustics are excellent and the costume and scenery departments are trying hard to live up to the rest of the cast. We're not setting ourselves up as a professional group by the whole but people who have witnessed our rehearsals make us feel our efforts, from the theatrical point of view, are not wasted.

It's been a long time since Connecticut has had a step forward in the cultural field—and although the proceeds of this affair go largely toward the building fund of a new church, the operetta is being produced for the Ukrainian public at large.

Connecticut should attend automatically. It's going to be a worthwhile evening and a thoroughly enjoyable one. New York and other close by Eastern areas are in the habit of being supported by the suburbs and we in turn expect a little of their support. The American press has been most favorable to our venture and on the whole with the cooperation of our own people we should like to be able to announce that this production was not so much a financial success as a morale builder to other parishes. With the cooperation of the elements in our parish, namely the older immigrants, the D.P.s and, we're happy to report, a majority of the American born, we have prepared what we believe is a good show featuring good singers, a chorus, dancers, and an orchestra.

Why not come and see what we have rehearsed to give you as an individual.

natural affinity with the East as well as by the maintenance of intimate bonds of contact with the West.

After the Tartar invasion of the Ukrainian steppe, the reins of government in Ukraine fell into the hands of the Galician-Volhynian Realm which, as an advanced outpost on the route to the West, became a channel of communication between the "world" of those days and the East. The Galician Prince Daniel received the crown at the hands to carry out a great campaign against the Asiatic barbarians with the help of Christian Europe. As was natural, the Western influences became stronger; the Roman style dominated architecture and Latin became the language of public life. But the waves sent by the West did not stop merely at the country that was nearest in space; they spread further east, where, from the outset, they counteracted the on-sided influence of Byzantium.

The Lithuanian dominion over the Ukraine in the 14th century had a fundamentally peaceful character; Lithuanian had the upper hand in politics but Ukraine was superior to her partner in culture, advantage which persisted after the union with Poland. But this latter historical fact brought the Ukrainian state into still closer contact with the movements of Western European culture; it was much facilitated by the already existing Western type of principles in Ukraine, and aided

NEW 200-GAME RECORD FOR U.N.A. BOWLING LEAGUE

By STEPHEN KUBLAK

Sportsminded members of the Ukrainian National Association can point with pardonable pride to the performances being turned in by participating players and teams composing the U.N.A. Bowling League of the N.Y.-N.J. Area. At the eighth in the series of tournament held under the auspices of the league last Friday, October 30th, five games of 200 or better were registered by four of the bowlers. Luke Janick of the St. John's Catholic War Vets team of Newark rolled two games of 204 and 202, Vic Romanyshyn and Paul Wowhuck, both of Newark's Branch 14 team, bowled 215 and 202, respectively, and Myron Lytwyn of the Ukrainian American Veterans of the same city, registered a 215 game, highest for the evening.

It seemed to be Newark's night that week, for all Newark's teams came out victorious over their opponents from the neighboring cities. The St. Johnsmen won all three games from Jersey City's Social and Athletic Club Team "A" by comfortable margins, with Janick turning in the best scores for the quietest from Newark and Alex Kolba a Close runner-up. The senior Jay-Sees put up a good showing, with Mike Chelak scoring a stand-out set of 527 pins for his team.

The Ukrainian Vets of Newark also made a clean sweep in their match against New York's last place St. George Catholic War Vets, thus assuring themselves of a tie with Branch 272 for 5th place in the league standings. The Vets bowled exceptionally well with Myron Lytwyn leading them with a 564 pin series. Mr. McKee was tops for St. George's with a 439 set.

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION BOWLING LEAGUE

Team Standings

	Won	Lost	Game	High	Pins	Aver.
1. St. Johns C.W.V., Newark	21	3	856	2412	18260	761
2. U.N.A. Branch 14, Newark	18	6	853	2412	18326	764
3. Jersey City S.&A., Team A	14	10	825	2406	17670	736
4. Irvington Ukr. Eagles	14	10	809	2270	17458	727
5. U.N.A. Br. 272 Maplewood	12	12	808	2306	17213	717
6. Newark Ukr. Veterans	12	12	793	2251	16681	695
7. U.N.A. Branch 361, N.Y.C.	11	13	482	2318	17144	714
8. Jersey City S.&A. Team B	8	16	818	2170	15879	662
9. U.N.A. Branch 435, U.N.C.	6	18	792	2207	16311	680
10. St. George C.W.V., N.Y.C.	4	20	720	2080	16040	668

ON RECORD

(Concluded from page 2)

The concert that afternoon was truly a pleasure to hear for any lover of music. I would suggest that all people in the upper part of the state make an effort to hear this unique group. Certainly they are not professional, but they have one of the finest conductors I have seen in a long time. With only untrained voices at his disposal, he has wrought a minor miracle. It would be unfair to ask more of him. It seems to me, that the real job now is up to the young

singers themselves. They must learn how to use their voices properly. How to sing loud as well as soft with the same quality. And perhaps what is most important, how to sing together whether on stage or during a general song fest downstairs at the Hall. Too, they should try and get as many young people into their group as possible, for only then can they be certain they will have enough singers at all times.

The Farewell Party which followed, was a combination dance, and old fashioned get-together. Met a lot of older people who have long been active in Ukrainian life, in the Ukrainian National Association and each one of whom proclaims the fact he reads the Ukrainian Weekly and Svoboda religiously every day. At times I have to wonder, as to who has the more energy, we the supposed younger generation or they who are supposed to be the older generation? Sunday night in Troy one would have questioned just who was who?

Met some of the old timers from UYL-NA days who don't remember me but who did talk about the people they worked with in the League: John Panchuk, Steve Danielson, Johnny Roberts, Mike Piznak and many others. These people still insist, there is nothing today that compares with the times they had when things were just getting started. Perhaps they are right. It takes mighty good roots to produce a strong tree. I know all of us "Third Chapterites" feel mighty proud of having such predecessors.

The party ended, I relaxed, tired but contented from one of the most hospitable weekends I have ever had. I had a wonderful time from start to finish, and I still think Ukrainians are more fun than anyone else on this earth of ours!

U.N.A. Branch 14, also of Newark, had a little rougher going in its match against New York's Branch 361 but managed to take two games out of three. After winning the first game handily, the "High Point Milkman" was nosed out of the second by the New Yorkers by a mere seven pins, but then came back in the third and won by seven pins. Vic Romanyshyn did most of the spade work for Branch 14 with a 576 series, ably assisted by Ed Komon who came through with 493 pins. New Yorker Fred Broda rolled the highest for his team with a 498 series while one pin behind came T. Lyba with 497.

Branch 272 of Maplewood set back the Irvington Eagles by winning the first two games of their match and losing the third even though the handicap was in their favor. The Irvingtonians put up a good showing even though they bowled with only four men who evidently missed the capable support of their Byron Mogala. Pete Molinsky came through with a 462 series, while for Branch 272, Mike Zelesky stood out with 467.

Down in the league "cellar," the quite evenly-matched "B" Team of Jersey City and Branch 435 of New York spirited by vied against each other, with the final outcome in favor of the New Yorkers. The latter lost the first game decisively, but came back strongly to win the final two. This was the first time that the Friendly Circle got "two wins in one night" since the league opened. The best series for the two teams were 471 pins rolled by Tony Gulka for New York and Joe Kufka for Jersey City.

Юрія Косач.

РИБАЛКА

Якраз над цю вирву привів мене, я не знаю, навіщо. Ріка тут завертала й пропада-ла, тремтіла за очеретом, мов тисячі лез. Берег потойбіч був шалений, туди підходили топністі дуги. А ми стояли на грудку. Вниз, в зарві, сокотала хвиля, а зв'язана за день, зміталась лепеха над чорним ганбом.

Стали ми, закурили ми. Дядько Спламенитебе, — так я називав його про себе — вийшов теплим димком махорки. Він, рибалка, стояв осьде, в зеленому відсвіті місяця-лісовий фаш-хорошун, водяник; на ногах у нього були постолі, а мені здалось, що він вгрузав в низьку траву лапами лісового рибозвіря, птахоріба. Та й лице в нього було таке з рідкою, русявенькою борідкою й вузькими шпиринками очниц-птаначе, сміхунцеве обличчя.

Рибно тут, то ж і правда, хто не приїде, хвалить — дукоса поглядів на мене, й лукаво глядів полесун, — спламени тебе, яка рибка йде... А раки, он там при березі... Так і вздріш згорі, як лязять по березі...

Таки справді видно їх?... Вода ж чиста, ну, слюза, не вода... Човном іде — все бачить... Оце вчентелька їздила та й перетенця згубила — засміявся він, а все одно блистять між водоростю, на глибу, але, але...

Він присів навкарачки і курив і пахав козячою ніжкою й думав і дивився на ріку й слухав, як виплескується рибка. На чорному затоні спалахували тоді, зривались у гору срібні іскорки й потахали. А то дзвенів сухий очерет, там де тисячі зелених лез.

Я приїхав сюди, щоб робити поміри. Не знаю, чи дядько Спламенитебе знав про те, що план регуляції передавчав замість цих незчислених рукавів, тонких зарв і трясовинних лугів, вирівняння одного голвного русла, по якому покотилася б, між метонними берегами, ця ріка й там далі, вийшовши з лісів, ув'язнена греблями, обертала б турбіни електроспоруд. Дядько Спламенитебе може й знав про це, але він досі не торкав тієї теми. Він сидів сторожкий, зо-

рив шось, йому тільки в хвилі помітне й говорив із собою подумки, чмихаючи своїм пташачим носом. Іноді він стрепенявся, як і ця ріка, найжена срібними вистрами й проказував: „А спламени тебе“, але любляно, пестливо. Приворожувала його, як і мене ця тонь, ця не бистра чорна течія. Хистко тягнулись за течією, шеленіли лілеї.

Приїздили сюди, кажу, в Велику Глушу, до нас такі — говорив Спламенитебе (він насправді звався Грибюк, Родіон Грибюк), приїздили, та чи їх запам'ятаеш усіх? Давніше й оце у цю войну. Ходили, міряли. А що міряли? Ки'б то знати? Мо' шукали чого, мо' річку хотіли повернути всп'ять...

Він таки знав, хитра bestія, чого я приїхав. — Але куди там — продовжував він, то не їхня, то не людська сила... Ки'б то міг? Але, але... То на кпи, все на кпи...

Близинув зукоса знов на мене бистрими очницями, а я теж сів біля нього. Так і дивились ми, мовчки на цю тиху воду. Шелевів очерет, зв'язався крижні, крикнули й пропали в сріблястій млі.

Така спокійна, не шалава ріка, така глибока рахмань, протята серпом місяця. А от з неї на цюка видьметься, заревить, заворить. Тисячеліттям пливе ця ріка поуз ці луки, поуз цей грудок. На провесні заливає низи, а грудок — острівцем серед повіді. Тут і дуби стоять, стіною знялись над берегом, а тиха вода підмиває ім корінняччя. Йі підміти, може за сто, може за тисячу літ, упадуть могучими конарами в трясовиння й лежать колодами, поки не заростуть айдеями, водоростями. Йі знов ждуть побратима, може й по-сестру вільшу й березу; а ті що низше лежать, западаються глибше й так обиваються цурупалаям, корінням, гіллям гниють і кам'яють ці мертві деревини нечуваними, твердими породами.

В імлі брижі далеких світел. Коли мряка обважніє й опадє на трави, засріють стріхами села. Рибальські села. Протоптаними стежками позагороддям, поза клунами, понад дугами, грудком, по купинах ідуть люди з клоннями, з неводами. В очереті ось ось зашарудить пласкодонка.

Але, але, перегада ска-зав дядько Спламенитебе, рибалити осьде можна, паночку... Щупаки й карасі — он які, а бува' сом підойде. О, дивіться — пішов, пішов, спламени тебе... Викинулась бачи-те, от жеж славно... Тут кожний, як вздрить річку, затруд-ситься, бігме... Рибка йде, ой іде ж цього року рибка... Але як буває, паночку, як буває... А що як буває?...

Посидів, помовчав. Так може й цілу ніч сидів би. — От сказати б позирнув на мене, а тоді дивився вже на місяць, мов до нього й говори-в. Приїхав сюди теж один, спламени тебе, тартака, каже, ставити. Панище нічого собі, але, але... З рушницею, як той бусел, ходить усе по пастов-нях. Рубав ліс. Ну, люди рубали, а він то тільки пасся. Дівки не мене, спламени тебе. Собацюра в нього — он який. Чоботи теж славні. Мисли-вещ, каже, рибалка. Але, але... Хвалиться; я каже, вам таке тут заведу, що самі не визна-ете... Це, каже, я до вас Вели-ку Глушу корчувати приїхав... Ну й що, — захихотів дядько, аж захекався, показав... Тар-так, спламени тебе, так і сто-їть, не пішов...

— А що ж сталося?.. — Не вернувся з рибки, от що. Він, той, що тартака став-вив. Але, але... Пішов, паноч-ку, та й нема... — Нещастя яке, чи що? — Мо' нещастя, мо' щастя... Або я відаю?..

Сміявся дрібно, увесь зален-куватий від місяця. Як боло-тний божок спорно сміявся, наче щолши виліз із очерету і стріпував срібні бризки.

— Ось тут в цій вирві й па-дуть могучими конарами в тряс-овиння й лежать колодами, поки не заростуть айдеями, водоростями. Йі знов ждуть побратима, може й по-сестру вільшу й березу; а ті що низше лежать, западаються глибше й так обиваються цурупалаям, корінням, гіллям гниють і кам'яють ці мертві деревини нечуваними, твердими породами.

В імлі брижі далеких світел. Коли мряка обважніє й опадє на трави, засріють стріхами села. Рибальські села. Протоптаними стежками позагороддям, поза клунами, понад дугами, грудком, по купинах ідуть люди з клоннями, з неводами. В очереті ось ось зашарудить пласкодонка.

Але, але, перегада ска-зав дядько Спламенитебе, рибалити осьде можна, паночку... Щупаки й карасі — он які, а бува' сом підойде. О, дивіться — пішов, пішов, спламени тебе... Викинулась бачи-те, от жеж славно... Тут кожний, як вздрить річку, затруд-ситься, бігме... Рибка йде, ой іде ж цього року рибка... Але як буває, паночку, як буває... А що як буває?...

Посидів, помовчав. Так може й цілу ніч сидів би. — От сказати б позирнув на мене, а тоді дивився вже на місяць, мов до нього й говори-в. Приїхав сюди теж один, спламени тебе, тартака, каже, ставити. Панище нічого собі, але, але... З рушницею, як той бусел, ходить усе по пастов-нях. Рубав ліс. Ну, люди рубали, а він то тільки пасся. Дівки не мене, спламени тебе. Собацюра в нього — он який. Чоботи теж славні. Мисли-вещ, каже, рибалка. Але, але... Хвалиться; я каже, вам таке тут заведу, що самі не визна-ете... Це, каже, я до вас Вели-ку Глушу корчувати приїхав... Ну й що, — захихотів дядько, аж захекався, показав... Тар-так, спламени тебе, так і сто-їть, не пішов...

— Якій капелюшок? — А це — захихотів знов дядько Спламенитебе, як той другий пішов на дно, то при-йшли-прибігли за ним... голо-сильнічій такий, наймити... Там у нього Варвара така була, ку-ховарка... Шукають, гукають, а спламени тебе, сміху було... А по ньому тільки білий капел-юшок плавав... Бо він його завжди брав собі на голову, од сонця, бач... але, але... — То так двоє їх і пішло?.. — Мо' двоє, мо' троє, або я відаю — прижмурив шпа-ринки очниц, а чи я їх личив? Кожний піде, паночку, кожний піде...

Імла вже перейшла на цей бік. Над рікою вона висіла легка, мов повісимо, але тут стала сіра, густа. Йі дядько Родіон то виривав із імлі, то зчезав. Його голос наближав-ся й віддалявся від мене. Іноді я кризь мряку, як через сон, бачив його цигарку, що жев-рїла, мабуть приклеена до тон-кої, нещадної губи.

— А що вони, сказав я, ку-палися, чи що?.. — Знов той сміх фавна глузів-ника.

— І не купалися, а так-от і пішли... А хіба воно штука? (Він нахилився до мене, виступив із мряки зеленим фавно-вим личком і ледви стримую-чись від сміху, зашепотів) ти-хесенько ззаду підкрався, у білий день навіть і шубовість у воду... А вир уже схопить, а вир уже потягне, але, але... Паночку, й не мучиться... І на, дно, каже, на дно...

Мені приверзлось, що в тій чорній вирві, де холодні, серписті вистіги місяця, опадає, поки не скаламутить води, торкнувшись до дна, тільки рибалки. А тоді тисячі рибок і риб, поміж ними й вусатий, дебелий сом, жмутами вогни-стих стріл злітаються до біло-го тіла топленика, що коли-вається між водоростями й лі-лями. А зпід берегів повзуть, уже видно їх добре, чорні ра-ки. Тільки бриль плавав на по-верхні, його ще не підхопила течія. Білий бриль колоніза-торів.

Я поглянув на дядька Спла-менитебе. Я, навіть, мимохіть підвівся. Чи ж не був і він вар-твиничим великої Глуші? Він стежив пильно й мовчазно за мною й хитрючий посміх ков-зався його таранкуватим об-личчям. Мряка засотувала нас, гостра волога йшла з ріки.

Мені приверзлось, що в тій чорній вирві, де холодні, серписті вистіги місяця, опадає, поки не скаламутить води, торкнувшись до дна, тільки рибалки. А тоді тисячі рибок і риб, поміж ними й вусатий, дебелий сом, жмутами вогни-стих стріл злітаються до біло-го тіла топленика, що коли-вається між водоростями й лі-лями. А зпід берегів повзуть, уже видно їх добре, чорні ра-ки. Тільки бриль плавав на по-верхні, його ще не підхопила течія. Білий бриль колоніза-торів.

— Нехай говорить, раді по-чуті з вуст його солодких мудрості! — Хай промовляє коротко і ясно! — Хай заспокоїть душі на-ші — як його батько вмів ро-бити! — Тепер нагода є почути красномовство, — говорив ді-док в останніх рядах.

Народ затих, як у вечірній молитві. — Осиротів наш край відто-ді, як відійшов мій батько в потойбіччя. Велика втрата для нас усіх. Але це більше не-щастя чекає нас: Незабаром буде війна, захочуть вороги поневолити нас. — Буде війна?... — Буде війна!.. — А звідки знає він, — прогукнув натовп, немов над жертвою робив таємний ви-рок.

— І я піду перший захища-ти край наш. Клянусь я честю батька і своїм героїством. Промовивши це, Сяй взяв у руку меч і, тримаючи його, мов свічку, протягнув у пра-вій руді вперед на повну ру-ку, ліву ногу виставив вперед. Стояв хвилину тихо він, сціп-нивши уста, повинчавши з мужністю обличчя. Усі стояли, заворожені немаче.

Пророкування Сяй здійсни-лось. Край незабаром боро-вся з ворогом. Сяй був героєм, командиром загону.

Одгремів бої, мов заколот в земному пеклі. Запанувала скрізь могильна тиша. Бага-то було знищено людей, міст і сел. Люди й коні, земля кві-ти — все було перемишане. Розкладені й незакопані тру-пи смердїли так, що, здава-лось, не було й повітря без смороду. А вночі тіні умерлих зустрічалися з живими. Кра-ччя тужило сови і сичі і су-мував місяць. Вишкірені коня-ника.

Нудно кричав у болоті якийсь птах. Зміно соколат місячний потік, що став зовсім блідим. Ріка ж замерла. Йі не чути бу-ло б зовсім, коли б не гостра лепеха, об яку розтинались квюла хвиля. Мені здалось, що я на кінці світу. І ще цей чор-тівський рибалка з його хихо-тінням, цей рибалка, що ви-повз з трясовиння, зі своєю зеленкуватою борідкою, може витканий із імлі, може ви-плеснений тією проклятою хвилею.

Я мимоволі поступився. Він дається стояв за мною. — То йдемо, чи що, — ска-зав дядько Грибюк, що по тій рибі, коли й так нема снасті. Хочби кловенку взяти... Зав-тра, але, але... — Народ у вас видно тем-ний, сказав чомусь я. — Народ добрий, спламени тебе. Чого народ темний? На-род тихий... — Бралось на вітер, може дощ буде над світанням. Ріка стре-пенулась; блиснула за осокою. — Добра йде рибка, сказав ще раз озирнувшись на ріку Родіон Грибюк, рибний рік, паночку, рибальський рік...

С Я Й

(Продовження)

чі зуби сляли при місяцю, як дурноватий докір небу. — Усі з загону Сяй полягли в бою, а він лишився живий, як свідок сонячного героїзму, щоб бути приниженим людською заздрістю. Вернувся з бою, щоб привезти злі людські язички в рух, як приводить в рух колеса вода. І почали говорити: — Я думав, що він загине. — Він таки в злагоді з чор-том, бо і в бою не згинув, тоді, як всі лягли. — Замість того, щоб співати хвалу герою, карали дрібним злом позачочі і ненависть помножували щоранку, мов отруту почі.

Не раз виходив Сяй до Го-лубого Озера до мовчазної красуні, та вона не тільки не відповідала йому, але почала втїкати з мовчанкою від нього. А раз прийшов і не застав її. Наговорили їй недоброго, щоб вона боялася його, немов чуми або вогню, бо він накла-че дихо. Розлучився Сяй із нею і не знав, що вона його не любила. Думав тепер тільки про те, що життяове його коло все меншає на батьків-щині, що повітря давить йому в горлі мов каміння. І вирі-шив він залишити батьківщи-ну — примусив він себе покрити кров'ю в серці біль за нею і усміхатись гірко до чужини.

Коли уранці ворон викидав з грудей і біль і розпач, коли горобці творили у деревах свято сонця, не помічаючи страдниць-землі, коли ранок долитав свій келех рос, — Сяй перестрився, — слюзи впа-ли на пісок дороги, випив тру-нок мандрів і розлукки і пішов.

В той час втекла із лоху красуня Троянда, що полюби-ла Сяй, всіма ненависного, і була батьком замкнена навчи-но в лях за своє кохання.

Вона його самотнього зу-стріла в полі, коли вже ворон прокрывав шось-вечору. Сяй здивувався, коли побачив жі-ночу постать, що переймає його. Хто в час такий ще хоче його бачити, коли у нього тор-ба за плечима, а чужина як горб великий спереду?

Сяй спинився, мов від на-казу неба. Душа його пила легкість того чекання, мов рай-ський нектар, що сівяв із си-няви, простилювався лагід-ним сонцем. Троянда підій-шла до нього, зайшла наперед і впадала навколінчя, як під-стрелена горлиця, зчепила ру-ки, звернула божевественно — тужний погляд до Сяй. І Сяй

відчув душею в стиснутості її рук, вроджене еднання їхніх сердець, а в очах прочитав безконечну смугу життєвого шляху, надиханого блаженним смутком Бога. Йому здалось, що вічно на тій шляху буде бриніти ім'я Троянди.

(Кінець буде).

БИЗНЕСОВІ НАГОДИ РЕАЛЬНОСТІ

ДИМ НА ПРОДАЖ
в Woodhaven, 2-фамільний, цегляний, 7 кімнат, парогр., 6 надолних, мовка, сучасне обіччя, 2 бляхи від собою. — Ціна \$12,250.
Ozone Park — 3-фам., цегляний, 13 кімнат, 4 покої і порч сечас можна обіччя, oil steam heat. Карфана ланчичка. \$12,750.

Richmond Hill — 3-фам., сам в собі, 6 кімнат, лота 30x100, приватний вїзд, 3 бляхи від собою. \$9,490.
W. S. H. P. K. A.
Real Estate
94-09 Jamaica Ave.,
Woodhaven 21, N. Y.
Tel.: Virginia 9-0689-9-6632

ІВАН КОВАЛЬЧУК FUNERAL HOME

COMPLETELY AIRCONDITIONED
ЗАНИМАЄТЬСЯ ПОХОРОНАМИ В СЕРПІ
NEW JERSEY
ШНИ ПРИСТУПНІ ДЛЯ ВСІХ
ОБСЛУГА ЧЕСНА І НАЙКРАЩА
У випадку смутку в родині
кличте як в день так і вночі!
JOHN KOWALCHUK
129 GRAND STREET,
cor. Warren Street
JERSEY CITY, 2, N. J.
Tel. BErgen 4-8131

ІВАН БУНЬКО

УКРАЇНСЬКІ ПОГРЕБНИКИ
карпатське погребництво на шість мислів за \$150.
ОБСЛУГА НАЙКРАЩА.
JOHN BUNKO
Licensed Undertaker & Embalmer.
437 East 54th Street
New York City
Dignified funerals as low as \$150.
Telephone: GRamercy 7-7661.

Петро Ярема

УКРАЇНСЬКІ ПОГРЕБНИКИ
Занимається похоронами
OUR SERVICES ARE AVAILABLE
В BRONX, BROOKLYN, NEW
129 EAST 7th STREET,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Tel. ORchard 4-2568
Branch Office and Chapel:
707 PROSPECT AVENUE
(cor. E. 155 St.)
Bronx, N. Y.
Tel. MEtrose 5-6577

ПОШУКУВАННЯ

МИХАЙЛО ВАПЧАК і сестра ЛІ-НІШКА, родом з села Медони, пов-Верезжани, пошукує рідних і знайо-мих. Хто знає про таких, або вони самі, прошу голоситися на адресу:
STANLEY SELINSKY
R. F. D. 2, Sterling St.,
Hicksville, L. I., N. Y.

УКРАЇНСЬКІЙ ЮВЛІЕР ІВАН СЯРЧИНСЬКИЙ

2928 Poplar St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Tel. St. 2-7602
З нагоди 30-річного істновання
мого інтересу злинуку ціну на 10
процентів на всі ювілейські това-ри, як: зарученні перстень для
дівчат, шлюбні обручки, годинни-ки і веслу срібну сполуку посюду.
Український Грибюк для муж-чин і жєнщин. Всі товари гарн-тую. — Українці, пам'ятайте на-клич: СВІЯТ ДО СВОГО!

ПОШУКУВАННЯ

МИХАЙЛО ВАПЧАК і сестра ЛІ-НІШКА, родом з села Медони, пов-Верезжани, пошукує рідних і знайо-мих. Хто знає про таких, або вони самі, прошу голоситися на адресу:
STANLEY SELINSKY
R. F. D. 2, Sterling St.,
Hicksville, L. I., N. Y.

УКРАЇНСЬКІЙ ЮВЛІЕР ІВАН СЯРЧИНСЬКИЙ

2928 Poplar St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Tel. St. 2-7602
З нагоди 30-річного істновання
мого інтересу злинуку ціну на 10
процентів на всі ювілейські това-ри, як: зарученні перстень для
дівчат, шлюбні обручки, годинни-ки і веслу срібну сполуку посюду.
Український Грибюк для муж-чин і жєнщин. Всі товари гарн-тую. — Українці, пам'ятайте на-клич: СВІЯТ ДО СВОГО!

УВАГА! — НЮ ЙОРК І ОКОЛИЦЯ!

Братство св. Володимира
відділ 130 Українського Народного Союзу
— дає —
ВЕЛИКИЙ БАЛЬ
до яких буде пригравати знаменита музикант СНИГУРА.
В НЕДІЛЮ, 13. ЛИСТОПАДА 1949
В ШКІЛЬНИЙ АВДИТОРІЙ СВ. ЮРА
217-219 East 6th Street, New York City
Вступ лише 75¢ — Управ.

FALL DANCE
— sponsored by —
ST. MARY'S CHOIR
to be held at
ST. MARY'S PARISH HALL
1745 Washington Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.
Saturday Evening, November 12, 1949
Music by STEVE DREMUJ and his Orchestra.
Commencing at 8:30 P. M. Admission 75¢

FOURTH ANNUAL FALL DANCE
— sponsored by —
CHORAL SOCIETY OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL
AT THE UKRAINIAN HALL
Twin Avenue, Spring Valley, N. Y.
Saturday, November 12th, 1949
Music by BARON BROTHERS and Their Orchestra
Dancing from 9 till? — Donation 75 cents

WILKES-BARRE, PA.! Youth of U. N. A.
... presents ...
THIRD ANNUAL BANQUET
Honoring the Acting Supreme President of U.N.A.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1949, AT 6:30 P.M.
SS. PETER AND PAUL AUDITORIUM, 633 N. RIVER STREET.
Proceeds go to Charity. Per Plate \$2.75
Tickets may be obtained from: Mildred Dobranski, 530 N. Pennsylvania Ave., Mary Slawich, 56 Wayne St., or Stella Iwaniw, 644 N. Main Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

PVT. NICHOLAS MINUE POST 1260
Presents a
FIFTH ANNUAL FALL FROLICS
Saturday Nite, November 12 1949, 8 o'clock
at **LENOX HALL** 256 East 2nd Street New York City
Featuring the music of **MILTON OLEKSON** and his Orchestra.
Admission — \$1.00 (tax included)