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CAPACITY AUDIENCE WITNESSES
CARNEGIE HALL CONCERT
OF BANDURISTS

“VOICE OF AMERICA” RECORDS PROGRAM AND BROADCASTS
IT TO UKRAINE

The famed Ukrainian Bandurist Chorus, male singers each of whom accompanies himself on the bandura, made their Carnegie Hall, New York, debut Friday evening, December 30 last. A capacity audience gave them a splendid ovation, time after time.

Led by Hryhory Kytasty, this chorus of Ukraine origin fully justified the advance press praises of it.

The “Voice of America,” sponsored by the State Department, recorded the entire program.

The following day “Voice” broadcast a report of the concert in Ukrainian and other languages and played several of the recordings, including the stirring “Stavay Narode!” (Rise, Ye People!).

The “New York Herald Tribune” wrote the following about the concert:

N. Y. Herald Tribune Review

The Ukrainian Bandurists Chorus, heard last night in Carnegie Hall, is known for its group of thundering Ukrainian basses, which is an indication that their singing is bound to be harmonically full, and of a rich, resonant texture. And this is most certainly was. They have, in addition, some sweeping tenor voices, and the chorus's main delight is to allow these to sing very high while the basses sing very low. They do

this loudly, softly, at every dynamic level; and through it all they retain tremendous vigor. When the vigor is inappropriate they are also able to spin a soft web of sound, intonationally pure and bright of color.

The Ukrainian Bandurists Chorus' singing is wholly authentic; it has the melodic sophistication of folk music that has been thoroughly rehearsed, and its communicative drive is a product of its genuine spirit and sentiment. The individual voice is not a thing of beauty, but the Chorus is capable of grand and rousing effects.

Most of these effects are built around the bandura, the national instrument of the Ukraine, and one of these was in the hands of every singer. Looking like a large, malformed lute, and with a range of several octaves, the instrument, in solo, produces sounds on the order of a huge music box, while the ensemble takes on the qualities of a cymbal band. Its function is to underline and refine the vocal onslaughts necessary for marching songs, brindis and the like, and as played by the technically proficient chorus members its purpose was fully served.

The chorus was under the direction of Hryhory Kytasty and the concert was sponsored by the Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee.

Ukrainian Youth League of New Jersey
Elections

On December 18th, 1949 at the Ukrainian Pavilion in Carteret the UYL-NJ held its annual elections, reports Ted Shumeyko. In addition to various reports on the bowling tournaments being sponsored by the League for all member organizations, and the purchase of two sets of books about the Ukraine which were to be donated to Rutgers and Princeton Universities, an election of officers was held.

Elected president for the second year was Michael Tizio, dynamic youth leader from Jersey City. Edward Polewachak of Elizabeth vice-president, Joseph Boyko of Bayonne, treasurer, Anne Stec, recording secretary, Alice Polewachak, corresponding secretary.

The Ukrainian Youth League of New Jersey at present is hard at work making preparations for its

gigantic sports rally which will be held in Newark's largest hotel. The National Bowling Tournaments of the U.Y.L.-N. A. will be the featured attraction. The U.Y.L.-N. J. is also sponsoring bowling tournaments for all regular members. In addition to bowling, a social is sponsored, which is free to all members of the League. These tournaments and socials take place once a month in various cities in New Jersey. All young Ukrainian Americans in the New Jersey area are invited to join in the fun by coming down to one of these tournaments or meetings of the Ukrainian Youth League of New Jersey. For further information get in touch with the U.Y.L.-N. J. organization in your city or write direct to Michael Tizio, 169 Hopkins Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Prevent the Disease

The recent elections in New Zealand and Australia have a worldwide significance. In both cases, long-established socialist governments were decisively defeated. In both cases, they were replaced by governments which pleaded themselves to halt further socialization and encourage private enterprise and industry, to reduce taxes, and to relax some of the onerous restrictions on individual freedom of action which their predecessors had placed in effect.

It is true that the new governments can not immediately restore free enterprise as we understand it. Socialism has progressed too far in those countries to make it possible to get rid of it easily. But the vote certainly proves that New Zealanders and Australians have grown sick of political control of their lives — and of paying the huge tax bills that socialism ma-

keas inevitable. Press reports stress the fact that the voters had become disillusioned with super-government and with the welfare state.

It remains to be seen how successful Australia and New Zealand will be in breaking loose from the fetters that socialism placed upon them. At best it will be a long and grueling process. In the country, luckily, we can still save ourselves. The advocates of the welfare state are in full cry. So are those whose main ambition in life is to socialize such basic enterprises as the power industry. But they haven't reached their goal, and we can still stop them. We can close the door on socialism, and once more affirm our belief that government is the servant of the people, not the master.

The record speaks for itself. It is easy enough to denounce capita-

Hayvoronsky Memorial Concert
in Rehearsal

Participants in the Hayvoronsky Memorial Concert scheduled for January 29 in Carnegie Recital Hall at 5:30 p. m. have swung into rehearsals with a vim. Beginning Monday, December 26 the little band, friends of the late Michael Hayvoronsky, started going over the songs of his compositions which will form the program when most of us were still somewhat foggily reminiscing over the Christmas holiday.

Undaunted by the laziness which that rainy Monday should have brought with it, the group met at the 23rd Street “Y” in New York late that evening and doggedly went to work. Under the direction of Stephen Marusevich, well-known as the director of the Ukrainian Metropolitan Area chorus,

and with the able assistance of the Metropolitan Area's cultural director Olya Dmytriw at the piano, the group sang like larks. Little, if any, signs of fatigue were evident as the work progressed, and then, after a solo by Edward Kamensky, newly arrived Ukrainian tenor from Vienna, sang even better.

Kamensky's voice, of such caliber that it inspired the group, is of the lyrical school. As an added attraction to the already long list of Ukrainian musical greats consisting of Mary Lesawyer, Stephanie Nogga, Mary Bonar, Olga Pavlova, Joseph Stetsura and Lev Reynarovich, Edward Kamensky's first American appearance at the Hayvoronsky Concert will be made in distinguished company.—Anne Mitz.

Eleven Enslaved Nations Petitioned UN

An appeal that the members of the United Nations Examine the situation in their native countries and initiate action thereupon with respect to the Declaration of Human Rights proclaimed by the General Assembly has been by enslaved European nations.

The declaration proclaimed that all human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights and that everyone is entitled to a social and international order in which the rights and freedoms as set forth by the Declaration can be fully realized.

The eleven nations protested that such rights and freedoms are ignored and violated in their countries by the government of the Soviet Union and arbitrary Communist administrations. Specifically they charged:

- a) arbitrary arrest and detention; b) exile and deportation; c) cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment; d) slave labor; e) deprivation or limitation of free-

dom of movement; f) deprivation of the freedom of thought and opinion; g) arbitrary interference with privacy, family, home and correspondence; h) deprivation of the freedom of assembly or imposition of the duty to belong to organizations (particularly for youth and children); i) arbitrary limitation of the freedom of faith and conscience; j) arbitrary deprivation of nationality, and k) deprivation of the right of freely electing their government.

The signatories, namely, Ukraine, Belorussia, Bulgaria, the Czechs, Estonia, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Slovakia and Yugoslavia, offered to furnish either collectively or separately the necessary documentation in support of the charges.

Isaac Mazepa and Stepan Wytwysky, Chairman and Vice-Chairman respectively of the Executive Committee of the Ukrainian National Council, signed in the name of the Ukrainian nation.

Veterans Queen Contest To Highlight
UAV Rally Dance

Now that the “400” has had its annual debutante cotillion, Ukrainian-Americans of the New York-New Jersey area are turning their attention to the Veterans' Queen Contest being held by Ukrainian American Veterans' Post No. 6, in Newark, N. J., on February 4, in conjunction with the Pre-Convention Rally and Dance to be held at the Ukrainian Sitch Hall.

The exact requirements of the contest have not as yet been released. The only information available is that it “will not be a beauty contest”, but will depend on personality and talent. Presence of the contestant at the dance is the only requirement.

In addition to the contest, it has been announced that door prizes will be given to the lucky winners.

ism — but the fact remains that capitalism has given more people more abundance than any other system ever devised, and it has protected and maintained our liberties at the same time. Socialism, on the other hand, has invariably lowered living standards, destroyed initiative and independence, and made everyone a ward of the state. In its most intense form, as in Russia and Eastern Europe, it has turned whole nations into slave states.

The people of New Zealand and Australia have rejected socialism — but they will still be paying the price of it for many years to come.

Proceeds of the dance, with represents the lighter side of the Veterans' Pre-Convention Rally, will be used for the Veterans' Welfare Fund to help needy veterans and their families.

On the more serious side the Rally itself will devote the entire afternoon to a discussion of veteran problems in the State of New Jersey, the current membership drive, and speakers from the U. S. Veterans' Administration will be present to answer questions that may arise.

High on the agenda also are plans for the election of New Jersey State Department officers necessary to the proper functioning of the Ukrainian-American Veterans on a statewide and on a national scale.

MOTHERS HOLD MEETING

The Mothers Club of Sts. Peter & Paul Ukrainian Catholic School of Cleveland, Ohio, held their annual meeting in their church hall on Wednesday, December 7, 1949. Mrs. Ann Onizchak, President of the Club for the past 1 1/2 years, opened the meeting. The new officers elected are as follows: Anna Buczak, President; Mary Fedak, Vice President; Ann Bobula, Secretary; Heren Kvaska, Treasurer

The people of the United States can prevent the disease, instead of having to try to cure it later on.

A LETTER

“Windy Place”-Camp, Germany
December 1949

Dear Santa Claus:

This letter is written to you by littlest Ukrainian Displaced Person. We are writing shortly because our fingers are freezing and there is no fuel for our stove. There is no food either. We live only on black coffee and bread without butter, and get a thin soup once a day. Mama went to the village to trade in my shoes for a little bit of fat and for skim milk. Papa was killed by enemies when we were still home. Dear Santa: We know you love us. We know you'll come to us also this year, on your holiday eve, and you'll bring us candy. Please don't do that. Mama will cry why we don't have it every day and it'll just hurt us. We ask you for something different: We heard that overseas there were people who take Displaced Persons. We heard they are good people, but they don't want to take such little children as we are. Why don't they want us? Here nobody wants us because we are foreigners, and there they don't want us either although we are theirs: Ukrainian children. Where should we go? Please, Santa Claus, go to those people overseas and tell them of our sufferings. Tell them we'll be good and won't bother them. We'll play with their children and teach them Ukrainian songs, dances and plays. We'll sleep in attics and basements in order not to spoil their furniture. And when we'll grow up we'll repay those people and our nation. If these people still won't want us alone, ask them to take us together with our adult relatives whom nobody takes because of us. And if they still won't want us take from this world that we will be in nobody's way. Lead us to Jesus and tell him who we are. He certainly won't reject us because when he was a little child he himself was a Displaced Person.

Sincerely yours,
Littlest Ukrainian
Displaced Person

DETROIT FIDDLER'S BAND
TO PRESENT CONCERT

The Detroit Fiddler's Band under the direction of Taras Hubicki, well known Ukrainian American musician will feature Victor Berge the Crown Prince of the key board at a concert on January 19th at the Music Hall.

The very popular ensemble of young musicians has presented several concerts in Detroit and has won for itself a very fine reputation in the music world. The “Detroit Free Press” had this to say about the Fiddler's Band: “Possesses beauty of intonation and musically performance of a very high order indeed.” The “Detroit News” on the other hand wrote: “The ensemble has developed a surprising suavity, and is able to handle some music which is far from simple.”

Therefore all music lovers in the Detroit area are urged to attend this important musical event in the Detroit area.

and Madeleine Wolansky, Hostess. The Club gave Mrs. Onizchak a big hand and congratulated her on the marvelous work she had done in the past years, reports Helen Oleksyk.

Father Gresko and his Assistant were present at this meeting, as was Mr. Walter Hawrylak.

Plans were completed to serve the children at the new school hot lunches every day, and arrangements were made for another bus to pick up the children. Therefore,

Editorial

Toward a Proper Way of Approaching
the Russian Problem?

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE NON-RUSSIAN PEOPLES STRIVING FOR FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE IS ANALYZED IN LIFE MAGAZINE

I. “Psychological Fission”

In the December 19, 1949 issue of LIFE, America's leading magazine, there appeared an article, which in our opinion, is the first attempt on the part of a reliable American writer to approach the intricate Russian problem properly and realistically. The article, entitled “It Takes a Russian to Beat a Russian,” (although somewhat misleading), was written by Mr. Wallace Carroll, a newspaperman and author of Persuade or Perish, a widely accepted book for the general reader on propaganda and “cold war.” He acts now in the capacity of a consultant to the National Defense and State Departments on psychological warfare. LIFE's editors, in an introductory note, state that “while not necessarily sharing all his conclusions, (they) believe they provide a perceptive and fresh standpoint from which to re-examine U. S. strategic planning.”

The author begins his analysis by the presentation of a little-known “story” pertaining to the swift advances of the German armies in the first stages of the German-Soviet war in 1941. He says that while we all know that the Russians stopped the Germans at Stalingrad, few know however, how did they push so far against the might and manpower of Russia. The answer is provided by the author on the basis of the documents found in the German military archives: the German armies had millions of eager allies within the Soviet Union.

The fact, of course, was known for a long time to a little circle of Russian experts in the State Department and to a limited number of American officers. The general public, however, was little or not at all acquainted with this unbelievable phenomenon — the desertions by millions of Soviet citizens over to the invading armies of the enemy. Today, writes Mr. Carroll, a wider circle in the armed forces is becoming aware of it and of the psychological blunders of non-Russian people. It is taken for granted that the lessons and losses suffered by the Germans are giving a new impetus to American military thinking and planning, and in fact, may contribute to a complete reversal of the basic strategy of the United States.

We are happy to record this amazing development in the thinking of Russia are concerned. Our happiness stems from the progressive awakenedness of our official circles in the matters Russian, and that this turning point toward a realistic approach to the Soviet Union may and will strengthen U. S. world leadership, and the hope of millions of non-Russian peoples now languishing in the totalitarian slavery of the Russians.

The article further stresses that “in the tragic event of a third world war the U. S. has the power to drop the atomic bomb on Soviet territory and kill or maim millions of Russians. But can we hope to do something much more difficult — arouse those millions and propel them at the decisive moment against Stalin's regime?”

The writer states that the United States has the power to “forge a situation”.

instrument to serve this purpose — an instrument which, unlike the bomb, the Soviet could never copy and use against us.”

He suggests that our military thinking be adjusted in such a way as to enable us to act with “great speed, some daring and a minimum of deference to conventional military thought.” For in “a war with Stalin or his successors, this instrument might well succeed where the products of atomic fission fail.” Mr. Carroll calls this instrument “psychological fission,” and contends that it entails the use of our concerted military, political and propaganda skills to unleash all those disruptive forces whose menacing existence was uncovered by the German invasion.

After his lengthy analysis of what seemed to be one of the greatest blunders ever committed by Hitler, i. e. his blundering in the case of the non-Russian peoples, Mr. Carroll recommends some suggestions, which he thinks should be taken into earnest consideration by our strategists. Those include: 1) an air force ready to deliver not only atomic bombs, but plaster the Soviet Union with leaflets bearing pledges and promises of the American government and people; 2) our readiness to answer the prayer of the peasant millions, who abhor collective farms; 3) our plan to meet conflicting aspirations of the Russian and the non-Russian peoples; 4) a program to encourage desertions; 5) thoroughly develop guerrilla warfare to novel heights; 6) a joint staff of civilian and military leaders to devise plans and techniques for “psychological fission.”

Looking from the Ukrainian viewpoint we might say that Mr. Carroll's article is most revealing and true in its contents. He states openly and authoritatively that the Soviet “monolith” is anything but monolith, that there are many nationalities, utterly dissatisfied with the Russians. The letter, or as Mr. Carroll calls them “Great Russians,” supply the driving forces of the Soviet state as they did in the time of the Czars. Their dominance has been resented by the lesser nationalities, and some of them, including elements among the 40-million Ukrainians, have cherished hopes for independence.

The author does not overlook the ever-present conflict existing between the Russian and the non-Russian, especially Ukrainian, people and says that whoever fights Russia, is confronted with a big dilemma. “The nationalism of the Ukrainians and other minority groups can be encouraged — but only at the risk of alienating the more powerful Great Russians. On the other hand, to maneuver for an eventual deal with the Great Russians may arouse the distrust of the minorities, many of which hold strategic positions on the perimeter of the country.”

But his conclusion is that, unlike in the previous war, the problem of the non-Russian people within the Soviet state is fraught with such potentialities which no wise statesman or strategist can ever discard or overlook.

(In the next issue: “German Blunders and the Ukrainian Position”)

LOUDER AND SO FUNNY SOVIET, HUMORISTS ORDERED

Russian humorists have long had a tough time trying to follow the party line and be funny at the same time James Daniel, Scripps-Howard staff writer, reports.

Now they are beginning to feel the lash of the Communist party for failure to carry their end of the class struggle. The drive on them was begun when the Central Committee denounced the magazine Crocodile as a horrible example of un-Marxist humor.

In a recent report a critic named Boris Gorbato describes the progress of the drive against humorists. He still finds little evidence that Soviet funnymen

are performing their obligation to “unmask false bourgeois democracy and the repulsive American way of life.”

Instead, the Russian humorists continue to write sentimental sketches or episodes derogatory of life in Russia. Critic Gorbato cites several examples, of which this is one:

A collective farmer picks up a coverless book and notices it is about his village. He assumes it to be the work of a Soviet journalist who passed through during the war. Finding that some of the villagers are depicted as drunkards and there is no mention of the new power plant, he writes to the authorities asserting his town has been libeled. It turns out the book was by Anton Chekhov, a noted pre-revolutionary Russian writer,

there are two buses picking up the children scattered all over the West side of Cleveland.

MANITOBA'S UKRAINIAN CONTRIBUTION

By PAUL YUZYK, M.A.
Research Fellow, Manitoba Historical Society

Wilderness and "Stout Backs"

Canada's chief interest in encouraging the immigration of Ukrainians was to secure "stout backs and willing hands to break up aged prairie sod." In this respect the Ukrainian settlers, brought and raised on the soil for numerous generations have more than fulfilled the expectations. Since upon their arrival the best lands had already been taken up in Manitoba, they settled for the most part on secondary lands, many of which were unfit for cultivation.

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

By their determined efforts, the Ukrainians in Manitoba have opened up large tracts of land, and have brought civilization to many areas in this province where previously there existed a grim and seemingly impassable wilderness. Wherever the conditions at all permitted, they have responded to the most advanced techniques of Canadian agriculture. There are still many areas, however, where these pioneers are struggling perseveringly against great odds, but the majority have "made good." Today they rank among Canada's finest and most progressive farmers adding greatly to the wealth of Manitoba.

Builders of the West

An all but forgotten chapter of history is the role of the Ukrainians in the construction of the West. The late J. S. Woodsworth brought this out in true perspective in 1908.

"Much of the rough work of nation building in Western Canada is being done by the despised Galician (Ukrainian). The unskilled labor for which contractors and railway builders have been loudly calling is supplied principally by the Galician. In the cities and towns where new works are being pushed to rapid completion or out on the farthest stretches of the prairie where the steel is being laid for the coming settler, can be found the grimy, stolid Galician, puffing his ever-present cigarette and ing with a physical endurance bred of centuries of peasant life and indifference to hardship that seems characteristic of the Slav."

Typical Ukrainian Community

Today, the Ukrainian community is an integral part of the Canadian scene. There are, however, one or two distinguishing features. Each Ukrainian community has one, and quite often two or even more Byzantine style bulbous-domed churches, constructed in the form of the cross. The churches are of the eastern rite. Those with one-bar crosses on the domes are of the Greek Orthodox churches. Some of the communities still have from the days of the early settlers quaint, log-constructed, clay-plastered, thatch-roofed, white-washed cottages of old-country type. Each community possesses one and very frequently more Ukrainian community halls, which are the centres of the social, cultural, educational and political activities of the people of the district.

Winnipeg—Dynamic Centre

The dynamic centre, considered as a capital of all Ukrainian Canadians is metropolitan Winnipeg, which contains 27,000 of these people, the largest Ukrainian urban community in Canada. Located here are the seats of the archbishopric of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church, the archbishopric of the Ukrainian Greek Orthodox Church, a metropolitan of another Ukrainian Orthodox Church, and the seats of the Ukrainian Protestant churches. All of the dominion-wide Ukrainian organizations have central executives in this city. The leading newspapers and magazines in Ukrainian and English are published here. Two private schools, a college and a library and museum are also found here. The dominion conventions of the leading organizations are regularly held in this city.

(To be concluded)

ONCE AGAIN

By LUDMILA IVCHENKO
(concluded) (2)

A Slight Difference

Yes, there is a slight difference: When Dragha Mikhajlovich and Petkov were hanged, it had filed a protest, but when our Seleny or our Burlak was hanged the West just shrugged its shoulders. Not that the protest had any result whatever—no. "Once again." The world is confused and cannot understand. Only we are not amazed. We are used to these things, we learned to understand them many years ago, and we paid for this knowledge. Ukraine paid the most, for she was the wealthiest. We paid for the transportation by plane of an international legion to Spain, for inciting addresses of Dolores Ibaruri. We paid for China and Burma, for the revolt in Hungary and the future revolution in Germany. We even paid for the gasoline Russia sent Hitler at the beginning of the war. We paid for the transportation, food and above all the safety of Mr. Herriot, who afterwards told the world that Ukrainians had everything they needed since he had been served some excellent meals in their country. And this in 1933 when throughout Ukraine every morning large trucks carried hundreds of starved people to common burial places. They were hastily thrown into the trucks and covered with canvas, and only the yellow feet of tolling peasants protruded beyond the canvas, for the truck was crammed with corpses.

Mr. Wallace

We have seen so much, why should we be astonished that Mr. Benes is silent for ever, and Mr. Wallace speaks for the benefit of Russia in America? All this was in our curriculum a long time ago. We still remember when in the USSR Sun-Yat-Sen was proclaimed the greatest hero in the struggle for national emancipation, and we honestly must admit that Sun-Yat-Sen was a greater personality than is Mr. Wallace. And yet Communists in the world now eagerly fight Chiang-Kai-Shek who does nothing else than continue the work begun by Sun-Yat-Sen. And if they ever should succeed in splitting America as they have split China, they would not spare Mr. Wallace, to be sure! They would not spare any Communist who now enthusiastically works for the victory of his party in America! They would hang them as they hanged Serbian, Rumanian, and Bulgarian Communists. They would send them to death as they did Mr. Pyatakov who financed their revolution, Mr. Trotsky who organized it and Mr. Chernov who prepared it.

The world set its teeth and suggested: "Your Hutals shall dance! They look so exotic in the sheep-

Have you ever stopped to think about birthdays? People react to birthdays in many ways—depending upon their age.

In the first part of his life (up to the middle twenties) man looks at birthday benignly. These are his young years and a birthday is considered a joyous occasion. For it means laughter, gifts, and a party.

Here is a great event in his life. For the first time, he feels the satisfaction of an inflated ego and tastes that sweet opiate—Pride.

In the second classification, the middle-age period, man has quite a different reaction to birthdays. Now birthdays become a nuisance.

It is too much trouble to send out greeting cards, and there is no fun in what seems to be just an excuse for another party. Besides, if you receive presents, it means that you will have to reciprocate.

This is the time when man is "shrewd." He is mercenary, cynical, and often even unfriendly, as far as birthdays go.

Gone is the spontaneity and vivaciousness of youth.

skin in coats! Like Ekimos! Maybe their dance will come into fashion as the 'Ukrainian style' of hairdressing did in Germany!"

That made us say our last "Once again!" Our last hopeless "Once again," which is a short phrase, but all the same, bespeaks a world of grief. And what is still more—it bespeaks our destiny and perhaps even the destiny of the whole world.

Neither Surprised Nor Confused

We read and hear that a new war is planned. They want to block Russia by destroying the land that lies between Russia and the West. The cities of Kiev, Kharkiv, Odessa will be destroyed. But there is one thing the authors of this project failed to realize: that these are Ukrainian cities, and the territory around them is friendly to the West. Ukraine with her wealth of natural deposits, her industry and her fertile black soil. Should all this be destroyed to block Russia, Russia with the Urals and Siberia and her possibilities of expansion to Asia, America and Canada?

We Ukrainians can do nothing else but lift up our hands in prayer to God and wait. And whenever we hear that another country had fallen prey to the Russian Bear we shall say wearily: "Once Again."

We shall be neither surprised nor confused.

Impressions..

By WILLIAM SHUST

The circle of friends who remember his birthday tightens, and man dreads the coming of a birthday as a mark of old age.

Finally, the third period is one not often reached. This is white-haired old age. The winter of life. Here man has a unique attitude toward birthdays.

They are, in a way, festive occasions. At this point, man feels he is an oddity and takes each additional birthday as a personal triumph.

Here age is looked at with a chuckle and a smile, and each additional year is a victory in the battle of life. Among friends, the years are counted and compared like stamps.

These are three concepts connected with birthdays. Each has its merits and, of course, is conditioned by its own set of circumstances.

It can be seen that the happiest of birthdays are those which make up the first part of a person's life. And the secret of all birthday happiness is to live each birthday in this same youthful joy.

As is to be expected, when a generalization is drawn up, there are exceptions. The biggest group being women. However, birthdays and women are stories that require additional space of their own.

Other exceptions to this attempt at a definition of human actions are the many happy birthdays that we remember all through our lives.

Besides, no one can tell you how to celebrate a birthday—especially your own!

STORY OF BANDURISTS

As a popular national ensemble of high professional quality, the Chorus enjoyed a continuous but hazardous artistic career as a State Chorus of Soviet Ukraine.

Stalin is reported to have attended one of its performances.

Under the Soviets, the Chorus and its performances were subject to harsh government controls. Singers, directors and composers who deviated from the prescribed party standards, dared to do their individual creative work, expressed classical or historical values in their performances, or gave scope to the cultural dynamics of the native Ukrainian folk songs, were either liquidated outright or were sent away to the slave labor camps in Siberia.

Hitler's invasion of Ukraine added the Bandurists to Nazi spoils of war. Because of the Chorus' great national popularity, its appearances served only to rouse great resentment against the Nazi policies in the Ukraine, and it was in-

On Record - by Ted Victor

OUR CALENDAR

It seems as though each new Christmas raises the issue of when we of Ukrainian descent should celebrate our Christmas holiday. In looking through some of the first issues of the Ukrainian Weekly, I found even then, a number of letters both "pro" and "con" concerning this long debated problem. I would now like to express my own opinion concerning our present observance of the Julian Calendar.

The people who are for keeping the old calendar, celebrating Christmas and Easter after the rest of the Christian world celebrates these holidays, contend that we as Ukrainians would be giving up a rich heritage, customs and would in reality be admitting a certain weakness. Many feel that if we changed to the modern calendar we would eventually change everything concerning our traditional holiday observances. This would, of course, be the beginning of a major catastrophe.

For many people in America the separate holidays are truly more enjoyable and convenient. It seems to mean more to them because it is their own Christmas, just as they and their parents celebrated it in the old country. Also, we must remember that this separation was a distinguishing factor in the old country. The Ukrainians celebrated their Christmas and the Poles celebrated theirs.

One could go on for hours listing reasons why we should not change, and in most cases they would seem to be justified. To make my point a bit more specific

I say it would seem to be justified in most cases, if we consider Christmas as more of a Ukrainian holiday than as a Christian one. If we desire to hold on to the old calendar because of our rich Ukrainian heritage, our Christmas, nay, all our holiday customs, then surely we are missing the basic idea of Christmas.

Christmas is more important as a frame of mind rather than as day for following various customs. The union between the mind and heart, inspired to do good by the joy attained with the coming of the Christ Child, is something that should be shared by all men together. A good family desires to be together during times of sorrow and joy. All people are members of His family and as good children they should unite to pay Him homage. It would indeed be a glorious gesture on the part of all other Christians to celebrate the coming of the Messiah. There would be little lost and much gained. The rich customs, the beautiful carols, and the united spirit of goodness and joy that comes to all people would seem a more fitting tribute to Him at Christmas time.

Today when all the world has focused its eyes upon the problem of making the Holy City of Jerusalem into an international one, I cannot help but feel that in a way our Christmas is in a similar position. Just as there is but one Holy City so should there be but one glorious Christmas. It matters not whether it is the exact date, the very moment. That moment and that day has passed long ago. The Spirit of Christmas is far more important. Just as in Jerusalem so it is with Christmas, someone has to sacrifice something national for something international so that all may in spirit and deed be one on Christmas Day.

manent residence. In bidding them "bon voyage" at Hamburg, the American Vice-Consul, Roy L. Davis, Jr., said: "The United States is fortunate to receive you and your group will be a welcome addition to our cultural background." To which, Vice-Consul, A. T. Moot added: "After listening to your concert last night, you have my sincere best wishes for many future successes in America!"

In May of this year, the first of the Bandurists arrived in the United States. Undismayed by the hardships of a new life, these new Americans, these hardy professional artists went to work in factories and may other menial jobs. They have organized again in America and have given many performances here.

JOIN THE U. N. A. DO IT NOW!

Love and Chivalry

By YURA SHKRUMELYAK
Translated by Stephen Shumeyko

Christmas Eve, 1926, found us, a group of close friends and veterans of the Ukrainian Army, far from home, exiled in Prague. A local Ukrainian student organization had arranged a communal Holy Supper to which we were invited. But though the speeches were ardent, though the traditional Ukrainian courses were served, though we sang the "kolyadi," yet none of us felt at home. Despite all efforts of our hosts, the supper reminded us too much of the restaurant or mess hall. There was none of that warm atmosphere of home. And therefore, when at the close of the supper my comrade Casylko suggested that a small group of us leave and go to some more homey place and there finish our supper, we all readily agreed.

At the first opportunity we left, four of us: Vasile, Mikola, Volodimir, and myself. It was snowing. A few minutes of trudging brought us to the door of Volodimir's quarters. Entering, Volodimir made haste to start a fire, for it was quite cold inside. In a few moments the crackling and cheerful humming of the fire lightened our spirits. We discarded our overcoats and sat down to the tea which our host prepared.

In accordance with the ancient Ukrainian custom, we first sang a

few "kolyadi," but rather softly, timidly, so that we would not awaken the others in the building. The singing livened us up, however. We began discussing the various Ukrainian customs connected with Christmas. Volodimir refilled our cups with steaming tea.

"Listen, comrades," he broke in. "The night is long. Let's enjoy ourselves in some manner, but quietly."

"How can we enjoy ourselves quietly?" smiled the lively Mikola.

"I've got an idea," continued Volodimir, casting a rather strange glance at Mikola. "Suppose everyone of us tells a story based on some incident in his life that happened on Christmas Eve. That should be interesting."

"Good idea!" I exclaimed. "Let's start now."

For a moment there was absolute silence, as each one of us tried to recall some such incident. Mikola was the first to break this silence. He seemed, in the brief interval, to have saddened.

"Your minds are sluggish," he said, "and so I will tell my story first."

"Go ahead, Mikola, tell yours first," we chorused.

All grew quiet again. Somehow I had the strange feeling that this was to me an unusual story. This

feelin grew more positive when I saw Volodimir looking with peculiar intentness at Mikola.

"That about which I shall tell you," began Mikola, "took place in the winter of 1918-1919. You all remember those memorable years. The scene of my story lay on the Polish-Ukrainian front near Lviv. It was Christmas Eve, 1919.

I was a lieutenant then, in command of a platoon in the sector near the memorable for us and our enemy the village of Sokolnyk. You recall the fighting at that time—a long drawn out struggle. Neither the enemy nor ourselves could dislodge one another from his position. As a result, both sides dug in. Fighting diminished in intensity, which left more time on our hands than before. Leaves of absences were granted quite regularly.

But where could a soldier on leave go when he was so near the front. Some sat around in the rough shelters and played cards, talked, while others took a "jump" to the nearby villages. Among the latter was I.

In one such village, which I shall call Slavyaniw, I found a most welcome relaxation. In the local precursor's there was a very pretty, and what is more important, intelligent daughter, 18 year-old Slavtsya. She was a Seminary student, but now at home because her parents feared to be alone so near the front.

Slavtsya was a most agreeable girl, of a happy disposition, dreamy; and I was 22... This no wonder then, that we, having met "ac-

cidental," became inseparable. I fell deeply in love with her—and it seemed to me, she returned my love. Hardly two weeks had gone by when we had already determined to plight our troth. Christmas Eve coming in a few days, we decided to tell her parents of our intention then, and by the Jordan Holiday get married.

I was happy as a lark, but as yet I did not disclose my love for her to anyone. But no... there was one whom I told. His name was Roman. He was my closest friend. We had known each other well from boyhood, attended the Gymnasium together, and now, being lieutenants in the same sector, were inseparable comrades, so much so that we were dubbed "twins." And thus only he, my friend Roman, knew my secret, and in my company several times visited the girl's home as the guest of her parents. I disclosed to him my intention of marrying her. And he gave all evidence of his happiness at the news, congratulated me heartily, and began to prepare to be the best man at my wedding. I did not anticipate the slightest trouble from anyone, and impatiently awaited Christmas Eve—and then, Jordan!

But! Trouble never sleeps! Listen further.

Came Christmas Eve. And it so happened that our company became transferred to my sweet-heart's village. It could not have been any better!

"Well, today is the day of your major offensive on the ramparts of

Slavtsya's heart!" exclaimed Roman banteringly.

I nodded vigorously.

"Yes, today is the day. I shall propose to her, ask for her parents' consent, and then we shall become engaged!" And in my happiness I vigorously pumped his hand.

"Go, pal, and good luck to you!" Roman said as I was leaving.

And I went.

The Holy Supper went off very pleasantly. My Slavtsya's cheeks were red as roses. We both had considerable difficulty in repressing our excitement while waiting for a suitable moment to break the news to her parents.

Finally that moment arrived. After we had sung the first "kolyada," I rose from behind the table and approached her parents. Just then I heard a slight sound outside the window, as if someone had darted past. But in my present state of nervousness, I paid no attention to it. I stepped up to the father and mother of my Slavtsya, and, bowing ceremoniously...

Suddenly, the door was flung open. It banged against the wall. In the doorway appeared my friend Roman. He looked wild and dishevelled.

"Christ Is Born!" he greeted us excitedly, and then turning to me, cried:

"Mikola, don't lose a moment! The enemy has broken through our lines! Our forces are in full flight. They are nearing the village right now! There is no time to lose! Come!"

I felt as if the ground had drop-

ped out from under me. My Slavtsya was pale as a ghost. Her parents looked as if they were about to faint. However I did not utter a word. Just a "good night" and I was out of the house.

Two saddled horses were standing nearby. I looked inquiringly at Roman.

"I got the horses because our commands are far in the front, and we will have to race to catch up with them," Roman explained.

"So let's go!"—and off we went.

We galloped with the wind for about two miles. All around us was deathly silence. Above a full moon shone. Our racing shadows cast grotesque shapes on the snow-covered ground.

"Why is everything so quiet, if there was an attack?" I asked Roman, who was riding at my side.

"Probably a lull," he replied. "Over there yonder, beyond the rise in the ground, are our troops."

We topped the rise.

Nobody was in sight. All quiet and peaceful.

"What is this, Roman? Are you playing a joke on me?" I cried, bringing my horse to a halt. A sudden thought struck my mind. Yes! That was it! Now I knew!

"No, Mikola, I'm not joking," replied Roman. "I was never more serious in my life. Listen, I purposely got you out of the house so that you would not become engaged to Slavtsya!"

"That's not it, Mykola. The fact is—I love Slavtsya too! And whether she is to be yours or mine, we shall settle right now, with weapons!"

"Oh!" I cried, wónded to the very heart. All my ideals came tumbling down before my feet... But quickly I recovered my self-possession. Jumping off my horse I drew my revolver, and said:

"Agreed, comrade! Get ready! Five steps!..."

Roman took his position five paces away from me and drew his revolver.

"On 'three' we shoot! Aim well!"—and he began to count off.

"One... two... three..." Suddenly the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun was heard, followed by sounds of heavy firing. We could hear the cries and shouts of men, somewhere to the left of us.

For a few seconds we stood there like grave images, then slowly lowered our guns.

(Continued on page 3)

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TOWARD DISMANTLING THE IRON CURTAIN

By ROMAN SMAL-STOCKY
Marquette University

Every student of the methods of the Russian Communists is aware of the existence of an ingenious Russian conspiracy within the United States, a conspiracy which has achieved and continues to achieve outstanding successes in every sphere of American life. But the ordinary American, the common man in the street with his direct, open and straightforward way of thinking, does not even suspect its existence. He is wholly unaware of the systematic way in which moral forces are being pried away from the solemnly proclaimed principles of American foreign policy.

For a truly remarkable performance is being executed every day in American public life by two well trained and well-organized teams—the White Russian emigrés on the one hand and the representatives of Red Russia, with all its open and hidden auxiliary organs, on the other. The ball is so well hit from one side to the other that nobody seems to see that the whole play is a fake, that in reality both teams are fighting a common struggle against a common enemy: the nationalism of the submerged and oppressed non-Russian nationalities of the Soviet Union. And that both parties fight with a common basic aim: to deny the non-Russian nationalities the right of self-determination.

Let us take a look at these two efficient ball clubs.

The Two Partners

After 1920, there was a considerable influx into the United States of White Russians from the former Tsarist Empire. This included a great many of the younger generation of the titled aristocracy, of the old Tsaristic bureaucracy, and a few Russian left-wing "democrats." Those with titles, easily established contact with certain levels of American society. Inroads into business and science were made as well. Through this "underground work" of social friendship, they occupied, during succeeding decades, almost all the important posts concerned with "Russia" and Eastern Europe in the universities, the press, business and, after acquiring American citizenship, in many offices of state. This is partner Number 1.

After American recognition of the U.S.S.R., the Soviet Union installed in the U. S. A. its missions, its apparatus for propaganda, whose activities were re-inforced during World War II by the millions spent on propaganda by the American government to convince the American people that the Soviet Union is not a communist dictatorship, but rather a "progressive democracy", in which the submerged non-Russian peoples enjoy a paradise. And here we have the second partner in the game, the Soviet partner who convinced Americans by systematic propaganda that Soviet Moscow even "yearns" for cooperation with the United States!

During 1946 and, 1947 came the rude awakening from these illusions. Now, in the "cold war," in which America of necessity must engage, we find old White Russian emigrés often acting as "experts" in solving American questions of policy with respect to the Soviets. Because of their American citizenship and their knowledge of things Russian, these men are officially employed everywhere on the native assumption that between these former Tsarist patriots or Russian left-wing democrats and "Red Rus-

sia" there exists an impassable barrier of basic ideological differences. Nothing is further from the truth.

How the Partners Perform

In reality the partners disagree only in so far as the desirability of the social system in the Soviet Empire is concerned. But upon the vital question of Russian nationalistic politics there is full agreement. Both groups form a common front in common action against the basic principles of American foreign policy as expressed in the Atlantic Charter, the Four Freedoms embodied within the Statutes of the U. N., the principles proclaimed by President Truman and, most important, the traditional ideals on the value of government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," for which ideals the non-Russian peoples oppressed by Soviet Moscow now fight. Both these groups, by the spoken word and the written page, have always defended the "unity and indivisibility of Russia"—meaning the nation contained within the Soviet Union—and doggedly fight against the right of self-determination of all non-Russian nationalities under Soviet Moscow. Both sympathize, as secret "Russian patriots," with the territorial expansion of Moscow and her "Pan-Slavic" achievements, of which the "Tsars could not even dream." And both ridicule always the tragic fates of the Baltic States, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia, and hate Catholicism and the Christian denominations of the West.

(to be concluded)

Vet News Roundup

Veterans in training under the GI Bill or Public Law 16 who acquire a dependent or dependents through marriage or birth of children should submit necessary evidence of dependency to Veterans Administration as soon as possible, if they desire additional substance allowances, V-A said.

The evidence should be sent to the V-A regional office having jurisdiction over the area in which the school or training establishment is located.

If a veteran in school full-time acquires one dependent, V-A explained, his subsistence payments might rise from \$75 a month to \$105. The monthly rate is \$120 for veteran-trainees with more than one dependent.

On-the-job training subsistence rates are \$65 a month for veterans without dependents and \$90 for those with one or more dependents.

The following constitute "satisfactory" evidence of dependency: For a wife or husband, a certified copy of the public or church record of the marriage.

For a minor child, a certified record of the birth or the record of the baptismal. If evidence of marriage was not previously reported to V-A, a certified copy of the marriage record also should be submitted.

For an adopted child, a certified copy of the court record of adoption.

For dependent parents, (1) a certified copy of the public record of birth of the veteran or the church record of his baptism, and (2) an affidavit of dependency (a V-A form) filled out by the parent or parents and sworn to before a notary public.

JOIN THE U. N. A. DO IT NOW!

Youth and the U.N.A.

MISS ELVIRA WOLOSCHUK — VIOLINIST

Miss Elvira Woloschuk of St. Louis, Mo., daughter of Helen and Walter L. Woloschuk of New York City, is a violinist with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. Her father is the well known New York furrier; he is a member of Branch 361 of the Ukrainian National Association.

Miss Woloschuk, a native New Yorker, was educated in the local schools. She is a graduate of the High School of Music and Art, student of Hunter College of the City of New York, and graduate of Juilliard School of Music in 1945, where she studied the violin with Edouard Dethier. Since then she has been a student of Ivan Galamian of Juilliard and Curtis Institute.

In 1945 Elvira became a member of the New York City Symphony Orchestra under Leonard Bernstein. At that time she was also a member of the Kneisel String Symphony and played in groups all over New York City, such as Robert Shaw's Collegiate Chorale. She also made numerous solo appearances for organizations, churches, and the like.

In 1947 Miss Woloschuk joined the St. Louis Symphony, this being her third season with the orchestra. Her work is rather diverse. She has a girls' string quartet (the St. Louis Women's Quartet) which appears locally. She also has been doing some solo work, the last at a concert in Belleville, Ill., on December 15. She was scheduled to perform the Mozart Duo Concertante with the St. Louis Women's Symphony on January 5.

After her season's end in St. Louis in March she spends her Springs playing in the Columbia, S. C., Music Festival.

The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra is celebrating its seventieth year of existence and is making a large tour of the Eastern United States in connection with this celebration during the month of March. The orchestra will perform in such large cities as Cleveland, Syracuse, Boston, Washington, Memphis, Atlanta and Augusta and will climax the tour with a concert at Carnegie Hall in New York City on March 8.

NEW U. N. A. BRANCHES

A new branch of the Ukrainian National Association was organized during December in Chicago by Rev. O. Mycyk; the branch, which admitted many Displaced Persons as charter members, will be known as Branch 114.

Another new branch, to be known as Branch 418, was organized in Toronto, Ont.

Additional information concerning these new U. N. A. lodges will appear in a future column.

Helen: "My husband has been marvelous to me lately."

Sophie: "Whom do you suspect?"

Ukrainian Youth League Sport Notes

By WALTER W. DANKO

ROSSFORD UKES CAPTURED INDIVIDUAL BOWLING HONORS

The Rossford, Ohio Ukrainian Citizens Club, which captured the National Championship of the UYL-NA last season, is again excelling against other Rossford and Toledo teams. — In the Bowling sweepers for individuals at the Reynold's corner Recreation in Toledo, Ohio, Eddie Vimond captured first place with 820 for four games and Ed Kussner came in fourth place with 779 for four games. . . .

Rochester, N. Y. . . . Word from District Sports Director Hank Saver, of the West New York State UYL-NA Basketball Loop, has it that six teams are entered. They are: Syracuse, Rochester, Auburn, Johnson City, Sayre, Pa. and Binghamton. Keep your eye on these pages for all the latest scores.

Windsor, Ontario. . . . Many thanks to pal Tony Woloch of Barberton, Ohio for the following info. . . . William "Moose" Moiseszyn, star snapper (center), who plays on the Gridiron for Windsor's Kennedy Collegiate, made the 1949 Collegiate All-City football team in Windsor, Bill, who is of Ukrainian ancestry, is 18 years of age, weighs 195-pounds and stands 5'11". Making this All-Star Squad for the second-consecutive year, Bill hopes to enter an American college this coming fall. . . .

Monessen, Pa. . . . Play in the Western Pa. UYL-NA Basketball League will start in mid-January advises Sports Director Andrew Sotani. To-date, five teams are entered. They are Monessen U. L. E. A., Ambridge U. N. A., McKees Rocks, New Kensington Ukes and Ambridge U.W.A. The next conv. of this Loop will be held Saturday, January 14th in the McKees Rocks Ukrainian Home. All teams interested, are invited to attend.

Wilmington, Delaware. . . . From this city comes a very strong appeal to all the Ukrainian colonies in the Tri-States Area to participate in the Tri-States UYL-NA Basketball League. Teams from Philadelphia, Camden, Chester and Wilmington are entered; but how about the other parishes, youth groups and clubs? Pete Anderson, one of the Wilmington Uke's manager writes that they have contacted as many towns as possible but some undoubtedly were overlooked. If any of you Ukes in this area are even remotely interested, contact district sports director Michael Kowalechuk of 3053 Tuckahoe Road, Camden, N. J. . . . How about it all you Ukrainians in Eastern Pa., South Jersey, Maryland and Delaware? At the last district meeting — they have resolved to recruit clubs until a league of 10 teams is realized.

Raleigh, North Carolina. . . . Tony Romanowsky of Girard, Ohio, was selected by his team-mates to captain the North Carolina State football team next season. Tony, whose both parents are Ukrainians, plays end and is a Junior in school. Check this coming issue of the UYL-NA's Bulletin for a write-up complete with a picture, on this outstanding Ukrainian star. Also appearing will be a picture of Pete Rywak of North Carolina University who hails from New Kensington, Pa. Pete, who graduated this past month with a B. S. degree in Commerce, played with N. C. in the Sugar Bowl in 1947 and 1949 and the Cotton Bowl this past Monday. . . .

Shamokin, Pa. . . . The newly organized Shamokin Ukrainians recently dropped a game to the Beaver Meadows Sts. Peter and Paul A. C. by the score of 47 to 29. This was a regularly scheduled game of the Anthracite UYL-NA League which is headed by Michael Yonkovig of 149 S. Shamokin Street, Shamokin. Other quintets in this loop are St. Clair and McAdoo. Mike informs me that a few teams can still get into league this season. If any of Anthracite Ukes are interested, contact Mike.

Toronto, Ontario. . . . The Toronto UYL-NA Basketball League is really going great guns. At the last set of games, writes Jean Harasym, over 400 spectators were in attendance. The team standings are as follows:

	W	L	Pct.
West Toronto	3	1	750
Sport "Ukraine"	2	2	500
Toronto M. U. N. 2	2	2	500
Toronto S.U.M.K.	1	3	250

The Hamilton Ukrainians will play the champions of this league; the winner to face the West New York League champions for sectional honors and the right to participate in the National Tourney which will be held in Toronto on April, 22 & 23rd. All wishing hotel reservations for this tourney are requested to contact Jean Harasym, 386 Bathurst street, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Should really be a "rip-roaring" affair.

Detroit, Michigan. . . . This town certainly is sports-minded. Every Sunday, a 12-team bowling league performs with both the guys and gals participating. Also the Detroit UYL-NA Basketball League is going along fine, according to sports director Andy Wichorek. The Detroit Chadsey High School gym is taken up every Tuesday evening from 8 to 10 P.M. by the Detroit league and only Ukes are admitted. In attendance is Pete Harlow, a "physical education" graduate from Michigan State, who acts as athletic director.

Binghamton, N. Y. . . . The weekend of January 21st certainly will be very active in this fair city, reports sports director Steve Koston. The Rochester Ukes are scheduled to play the Binghamton Sacred Heart Ukrainians in the latter's new basketball court in the evening.

U.N.A. BOWLERS COMPLETE FIRST HALF OF SEASON

By STEPHEN KURLAK

Last Friday, December 30th, marked the end of the first half of the third bowling season of the U.N.A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.J.-N.Y. Area. One would think that after bowling on sixteen consecutive Friday nights, the players would end the seventeenth tourney in listless, holiday-minded fashion. But such was not the case with our league keglars. They came through with more pep than when they started about four months ago.

Take the Irvington Ukrainian Eagle for example. That Friday night they registered a sensationally high team single game of the season (a total of 923 pins) and are now in the money, so to speak. Also of interest is a tie for second place between U.N.A. Branch 14 of Newark and U.N.A. Branch 272 of Maplewood, each having won 29 games and having lost 22. The two teams representing the Jersey City Social and Athletic Club are still tied for fifth place, while the up-and-coming Newark Ukrainian Veterans are pushing close behind with 25 games won. All in all, it begins to look like a close finish, if the results after the first half are to be considered an indication of the final finish.

With half of the holiday season already behind them (the second half would be the Ukrainian part), the St. John Vets of Newark managed to hold on to their first place lead even though they won one game from the "A" team from Jersey City. The latter team registered a couple of good games (838 in the second and 800 in the

third) but because the "B's" won two also, they remain tied for fifth with their "junior" counterparts.

The junior "B" team had little difficulty in taking two games from New York's Friendly Circle Branch 435, but they were somewhat taken by surprise to find themselves losing the third game even though the New Yorkers had only three men bowling. The keglars on both teams were away off their usual form and, it seemed, they were only playing a "holding" match.

U.N.A. Branch 361 of New York turned in its best game of the season when it beat U. N. A. Branch 14 of Newark 867 to 814 in the third game after having split the first two. Terry Lyba led the New Yorkers with a 510 series, while Fred Broda followed close behind with 508 pins. Ed. Komon, who registered a 205 pin game in the third, was the heavy hitter for the Newarkers.

The Newark Ukrainian Veterans, (another team that bears watching) held on to their league standing by winning two out of three from New York's St. George Catholic War Vets, who put up a good hitter for the Newarkers.

Before he takes a brief respite for the next two weeks on account of the holidays, the writer wishes to remind his readers that the third annual dance to be sponsored by the U.N.A. Bowling League at the Ukrainian Center in Newark, is only weeks away. February 11th to be exact.

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION LEAGUE TEAM STANDINGS

	Won	Lost	High	3 Game Total	Aver.	
1. St. Johns C.W.V., Newark	34	17	857	2412	37974	745
2. U.N.A. Branch 14, Newark	29	22	876	2469	38971	764
3. U.N.A. Br. 272, Maplewood	29	22	839	2359	37367	733
4. Irvington Ukrainian Eagles	28	23	923	2403	37611	737
5. Jersey City S.&A. Team A	26	25	826	2406	38149	748
6. Jersey City S.&A. Team B	26	25	818	2241	34563	678
7. Newark Ukr. - Amer. Vets	25	26	793	2292	35691	700
8. U.N.A. Br. 361-DYA, NYC	24	27	867	2256	38629	718
9. U.N.A. Branch 435, NYC	20	31	814	2296	35853	703
10. St. George Post C.W.V. NYC	14	37	764	2087	34168	670

The Mechanical Age WEEKLY BANTER

Just how many motors are working for you in your home?

Whatever you answer, the chances are that it will be low. Few of us realize the vast amount of motor power, most of it produced by electricity, that we have at our command.

Here, for instance, is a partial list of the motor-operated machines and appliances that are commonly found in homes: refrigerator, mixer, vacuum cleaner, freezer, electric heater, fan, phonograph, dishwasher, ironer, floor polisher, electric razor, movie projector, washing machine, power saw, sewing machine and many others.

These motors that serve us are a reflection of the electric industry's revolutionary contribution to living. We touch a button or turn a switch, and a thousand and one jobs are done quickly and easily — jobs that once would have taken a great deal of time, toil and plain sweat. And electricity serves us at an amazingly low cost. The money we spend for it is among the smallest item in a family's budget, much less in most cases than is spent for tobacco and beverages. It is always there, and always ready.

This industry is a prime example of private enterprise at work. It began with an individual's invention. It was developed through the labor and savings of thousands upon thousands of individuals. It is not a creation of government. It has successfully met an apparently ever-increasing demand for electric service, often under the most difficult conditions. It is one of the largest and most dependable sources of taxation for government. And its contribution to the life on the farm and in industry, as in the home, has been immeasurable.

The little motors turn and perform their tasks. A great industry, built by individuals in the American tradition, makes them possible.

"I didn't see you in church last Sunday."

"I know you didn't. I took up the collection."

It's funny that a woman who can spot a blonde hair at ten paces can't see a pair of garage doors... You can't keep trouble from coming, but you needn't give it a chair to sit on... A pink elephant might be called a beast of bourbon... The weaker sex is the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.... It is much easier to spend allowances than to make them...

A doctor had an urgent call from a man to the effect that his small son had swallowed a fountain pen. "All right," replied the doctor, "I'll come at once. What are you doing in the meantime?"

Came the answer: "I'm using a pencil."

Intuition is a gift which women possess which enables them to arrive instantly at an infallible and irrevocable decision without the aid of reason judgement or discussion.

The world judges you not only by what you stand for, but by what you fall for... The modern girl's hair may look like a mop, but that doesn't worry her — she doesn't know what a mop looks like... Did you ever notice that people know a lot more when you try to tell them something than when you ask something?...

Anyway, a man can still take a chew without feeling that he should first offer one to a lady...

One of our friends has steam shovel ears. She picks up all the dirt... How easy it is the night before to get up early the next morning... Beware if she starts stroking your hair... She may be after your scalp... Any time you feel indispensable take a walk through a cemetery and read the headstones. Those guys were pretty hot stuff, too.

Once upon a time an enterprising poultry man crass his hens with parrots, to save time. He used to spend much time hunting the eggs, but now the hens walk up to him and say: "Hank, I just laid an egg. Go get it."

A Christmas Story

(Concluded from page 2)

"Mikola!" spoke Roman. "Let's leave this to some other time, for it will indeed be a crime to settle a personal dispute at this time."

I nodded my head in assent. "I think the enemy is trying to surround our sector," I commented dully.

Without another word we both mounted and galloped off to the sound of the firing. In a quarter of an hour our company fell upon the enemy, who was attempting a flank movement, and quickly wiped him out. Such was Christmas Eve in 1919.

And in the early morning, when our work was over, I stood by a sleigh, and on it there lay—Roman, dead. He had been killed in the thickest of the fighting—a hero's death.

Standing there by his corpse, the corpse of my dearest friend, I resolved:—Farewell, my Slavtaya, forever!... My comrade Roman won you and not I... for he laid down his life before me in a holy cause—Ukrainian Freedom. I shall never become engaged to you. That is my duty to my dead comrade, who loved you too. . . .

And thus I wrote to her—about everything, just as it happened—and from that time I have never heard from her nor seen her. I

did not want to see her. . . . "And so," concluded Mikola, "my story is finished." His usually lively features were heavy with sorrow.

No one spoke. All of us stared into the ground, sad and thoughtful.

"But no, Mikola! It is not finished!" Volodimir's voice, tense, broke the silence.

We all looked up, surprised. "Listen, Mikola!" Volodimir continued, rather breathlessly. "Is your resolution to never marry Slavtaya as strong as ever? Neither you nor she are married, you know. . . ."

"Do you know her, Volodku?" Mikola asked in an amazed tone. Volodimir nodded his head.

A gleam of happiness appeared in Mikola's eyes, but just as swiftly disappeared.

"Yes, Volodku," he continued, sadly, yet resolutely. "My resolution is as strong as ever, and always will be. I shall never marry her."

"In that case I have a free hand with her!" exclaimed Volodimir, drawing out of his pocket a letter, and handing it over to Mikola.

"I have known Slavtaya for a long time and have loved her from the very start," he explained. "She

told me about you two, Mikola and Roman, and for that reason I did not take steps to marry her. For I first wanted to hear from you. And tonight I purposely gave the beginning to the recital of your story, so that we could mark a 'finis' to the whole episode. Please try to understand, and don't be angry with me. . . ."

Mikola finished reading the letter, his hands slightly trembling. He gave it back to Volodimir, and said in a quiet voice:

"She sends her greetings to me. . . . Yes, Volodku, go ahead and marry her, and may God bless you both. You have my best wishes. And as for me—tell her to forget me. . . ."

Volodimir rose and gripped Mikola by arms. His eyes were glistening when he sat down again. Mikola, the "lively one wept unashamedly.

Nobody spoke after that. We were all too moved to listen to any more stories. Drinking down the tea, we bade each other good-night and a Merry Christmas, and departed.

Trudging home through the snow, which was still falling, I felt rather depressed, and yet I could not help but feel happy that Chivalry still lives in this world, and that among us—Knighthood is still in flower.

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Христос Родиться!

Здається ще так недавно, ще в свіжій пам'яті оце останнє наше Різдво Христове в родинному гурті.

1939 — містечко Сколе на Бойківщині, обмержене Карпатами, усе в глибокому снігу. І ми — діти, вернувшись із лещетарської прогулянки в горах, затворили вітром, перемучені, вийшовши до хати, ласим оком споглядали на прасмаки, що їх готовила наша мама на Св'ят Вечір.

Не рухайте нічого, постити слід — відганяла вона нас — слідуйте за першою зіркою, тоді засвітимо свічки на Ялинці і сядемо за стіл.

Батько закликав нас до другої кімнати, і вільний від постійних адвокатських клопотів, прохав розказати про наші успіхи і клопоти в школі. „Щоб після вакацій не попусувались“ — наказував.

А коли перша зірка засіяла, заблестіла Ялинка, і після короткої молитви, кутею обмінялись — до вечері сіли. До Св'ят Вечері, згадуючи Народини Того, що світ спасти прийшов.

В родинному кружку — забулось, що світ хитався в своїх основах, що по Західній Україні йшли арешти, що Гітлер погрожував усім.

Христос Роздається!

1941 — Відень. Ми всі в комірному в нашого старенького дідуна, що колись приїздив до нас в гостину, дарунки привозив і наші молоді серця запалаювали бажанням мандрувати по світу.

І ми перемандрували, розбившись по різним сторонам, та ще раз — усі — зійшлися святкувати Різдво Христове. І знову молитва, та вже скромненька ялиночка, скромні стравки, ніжні квіти.

„Бажаю Вам усім, щоб нове Різдво стрічати у вільній Україні!“ — дрижачими устами каже 90-ти літній Дідунько, що 40 років прожив тут.

Без коляд, щоб не турбувати сусідів, без нашого щорічного Вертепу, тихо пройшов Св'ят Вечір.

В свідомості — майже вся Україна в руках безбожного Прода, який старється Новонародженого знайти і вбити. Чи вб'є?

А по цьому боці могутня держава германського вождя, що наказав слугам Христовим собі служити і перемогу проповідувати.

Війна стрясала світом. 1942 — рік минув і скільки зміни! Два кровожадні диктатори пішли на себе війною, — один, що б здобути Україну, другий, що б її вдержати.

Де батьки, де дідуно, що з ними — невідомо. Де брати, де сестра? Живі ще? Святкують Різдво?

Такі думки мучили, коли тіло обкутане в свити та „валянки“ товклося на низьких саях.

Ось, гляньте, каже візник: це наша найстарша козацька Церква!

Мороз щипає за ніс, за лице, добігає до шиї, та хочеться добре побачити новомосковську, глибоку на Східній Україні, горду, багатобанну Церкву, де цього року, після довгих років мовчанки, Нове Різдво святкуватимуть невідьки Третього Райху.

„Щоб тільки не задержали нас на Самарі чортові німаки, каже візник, а то можемо потрапитися на перекладчика-фольксдойча, який зразу пізнає, що Ви не з цих сторін“.

Хоч тілові тепло — воно здригається від холоду. Друзі в Кривому Розі, в Жмеринці, Києві, Дніпропетровську, в Запоріжжі — деякі тільки чомолкаються, деякі вже побратались із смертю.

„Україна для Українців“ — на плоті напис. Це бажання, бо дійсність інакша. Самостійницькі змагання придумані брунатним чоботом, кров'ю летіє по всій Україні, ворожа і своя. За різні ідеї і цілі. Наша — за Святу Ідею.

„Здорові були, кричить на зустріч староста, думали — не добереться. У нас спокійно, дурні німаки думають, що їм тут безпечно, не кидаються“. Коротка нарада із старостою, короткий звіт, інструкції.

„Буде“ — каже староста і просить в кімнату, де маленька Ялинка пригадує що Різдво прийшло. На столі — українські, справжні українські страви, ніякі підмінки — і самогоно.

„Що б на другий рік святкувати могли без остраху перде червоними чи брунатними, що б вільна Україна була“ — кутею здоровимось.

Охорона вводить оброслого, скривавленого, обдертого мужчину. Староста поглянув на нього — і скрикнув: здоров Федоре Миколаевичу, святкувати прийшли з нами?

У в'язня, якого зловили на окраїнах лісу, жах в очах. Благання і біль.

„Ну, як там з комоною, питає староста і шепотом розяснює: це комісар, що має на сумлінні сотки і тисячі невинних наших жертв, він походить із цього села.“

Братці — хрипливим голосом відзивається — я ж Ваш! „Наш, кажеш? — глядиш у вічі староста, — а тоді, як розстрілював своїх братів і сестер був також нашим, га?“

„Власть казала“ — борониться.

„Яка власть? Чортівська! От, як був би їм служив, так

Остан Тарнавський

РІЗДВИНИЙ МТ

Струнка, морозна ніч до зір і дзвоном просторій співає, як звила двері відхилила і хатний дух несе у даір.

Стоїть задивлений — заслухан з мольбою на третині губ між стріхами земних халуп самий під зорями, мов дука.

І жде у що тасму ніч пророчою значення народки, як голосом плигає Господені та голубом Вселенній віч.

І жде, що в ту величю пору, коли хвилос зміжний лан, народиться новий Богдан — предсказан володар просторів.

Шукає зірки з-поміж зір і підгляда під кожну стріху, де люд випісує про вітку, про новий час, про новий мир.

Хоч світом смуток ходить гордо, мов тін від Грода царя, та вже стоїть ясна зора і світ скрипять дзвінком акордом:

Та вже співає вся земля і колудя людське серце, що Бог ступив між люд наш вперше на наші снігові поля.

як ми німцям, тоді і нашим ми б тебе звали. Своїх обороняв, їм шкочив, і ідею в серці мав. Яка ж у тебе, біса, ідея?

Деє почути було стріли. В'язень здригнувся і нервово переступив з ноги на ногу.

„Звільніть його, нехай іде з Богом, сьогодні Різдво Христове. Ми в мирі і з чистим сумлінням хочемо його святкувати та з нашим звязковим побалакати“, — дає наказ староста, а в'язень паде на коліна і кричить несамовито:

„Ні, ні, ні, лишіть мене тут, германці катуватимуть, убийте краще ви. Я винуват, я сам до вас прийшов. Змилюйтесь“.

„В тебе зорне сумління, Україну продав, йди в ліс і пробивайся в Московщину, там тобі може і шану віддають, там може і почетею нових закоштуеш. В нас, тобі діла немає“.

Не минуло 5 хвилин, як влітає сторожа і звітує: він підрізав собі бритвою горло, вмірає на снігу.

Мовчка, а по хвилині бас старости починає: „Бог Предвічний народився“.

„Не здійснилися пляни, що їх кували. Згоріло село. Староста згинув в УПА у волинських лісах... Україну залляла знову червона маса...“

1945 — Аугсбург, ДП табір. Кусок Батьківщини. Земляки із усіх закутин широкої України. Св'ят Вечір... „Немає вже батьків, пропав брат, а другий і сестра десь в ДП таборі в Австрії. І хоч на чужині — вільно зустрічаю Різдво з дружиною. Скромно, та повен надій.“

По таборі лунають коляди, настрий святочний, велика Ялинка серед площі мерехтить світлами.

Христос Родиться, здоровимось, дай Боже діждатися

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ЗБОРН ВІДДІЛІВ У. Н. СОЮЗУ

1950 — Америка. Країна, де панує справжня свобода. Свобода, якої Україна ще не знала. Країна, де Різдво — час радості, веселості, час дарунків і підсумок успіхів та час планування на майбутнє. Родинне свято усіх без винику.

Останки нашої сімі пораять-ся біля пишної Ялинки, якої ще в такій красі в житті не мали. Світла мінються, дарунки ждуть, і в серці спокій панує — ніхто нас не арештує, ніхто не заборонить співати коляд, ми без журби за страти на столі.

Наш сибочок, роджений в Америці, перший громадянин в нашій сімі, своїми розумними очками радісно приглядається до різнокольорових прикрас. Сестра, брат, дружина, син. Знову родинне Свято, свято Христового Різдва.

„Вже зійшла перша зірка?“ — питає дружина. Брат пильнує на дворі. В хаті тепло, привітно.

„А ця тарілка — нехай залишиться порожня — для Тих, що не можуть бути з нами, для Тих, що в святій боротьбі буйні голови поклали“.

Сідаємо за стіл, відмовляємо молитву, і хоч стараємося настром дорівняти американцям — думки про Україну, про криваві події на Рідних Землях, про змаг, що йде — не дають.

Чи повернемось колись... Пластинка нагадує, що де б ми не були, яка доля нас не зустріла б — Різдво Христове вічне, вічна й Україна:

„Нова радість стала, яка небувала“...

ПОШУКУВАННЯ

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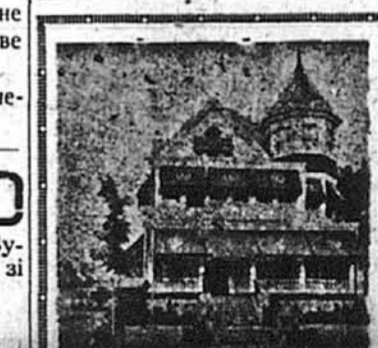
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