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Concerts of the Ukrainian Opera Ensemble

On Friday evening February 15th in the Ukrainian National Home in Auburn, New York the Ukrainian Opera Ensemble under the musical direction of Bohdan Pyurko will offer an unusually fine program of Ukrainian operatic and folk music.

On Saturday, February 11th and on Sunday, February 12th the group will appear respectively in Syracuse and Rochester. Many people will remember the male singers of this ensemble from their excellent performances with the "Banduristy." Together with two outstanding sopranos of European fame, they will offer a program of musical quality seldom heard on our local national home stages.

It is most important that our people both young and old give their whole hearted support to these concerts, for upon their success will depend a great deal of the further development of Ukrainian music here in America.

In addition to its regular program of Ukrainian operatic arias, duets, trios and quintets etc., the Ensemble also has in its repertoire a large selection of folk songs from the various districts in Ukraine. Among some of the finest are the beautiful Lemko songs that are constantly growing in popularity here in America.

The singers in the Ukrainian Opera Ensemble are: Lydia Horn, dramatic soprano, Natalia Nosenko, lyric soprano, Ihor Sayfert, tenor, Michael Minsky, baritone, and Michel Olchowy, basso.

GONAS TO RUN FOR UNITED STATES SENATE

...the man on the street has been asking, why not a United States Senator from South Bend, Indiana and Probate Judge John S. Gonas' name has been mentioned many times in the past few weeks. The background of the man, member of Branch 176 of the Ukrainian National Association, speaks for itself:

Reliable sources and from people who know, say that of the most active legislators that ever served in the Indiana State Senate is a Democratic candidate for the United States Senate.

Judge John S. Gonas, former State Senator, came up from the ranks the hard way. As a boy, he worked in a factory and coal mines. After graduating in law and Civil Engineering, he commenced practicing law in St. Joseph County. His first political office was that of Deputy Prosecuting Attorney Later he was elected State Representative. Gonas has a record of sponsoring many bills and was one of the most active members of the Legislature. As State Representative, his record helped to elect him State Senator. In his first term as State Senator, he served on the Budget Committee and other important committees and was elected by his Senate colleagues, Caucus Chairman. Not many legislators can boast of a record such as his. He kept his promise with his constituents. Among the many bills he sponsored are: Workmen's Compensation, Drainage, Compensation Laws, Pensions, and many others.

In the State Senate, Conas had a record of sponsoring many bills in favor of the laborer, farmer, veteran, old age pensions, teachers pensions, and small business. After a successful two terms in the State Senate, he was elected Probate Judge of St. Joseph County. From his past experience as a legislator and judge, he has developed an understanding of human personalities and the philosophy of life, which has brought him wisdom and knowledge. He can stand on his record.

TO INAUGURATE CATHOLIC LEAGUE PRESIDENT

The inauguration of Miss Mary Barnych of Astoria, L. I., N. Y., the new president of the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League of the

Miss Mary Barnych

United States of America, is to be held at the Grand Ball Room of Hotel Plaza, Jersey City this Saturday, February 11, 8 p.m.

Heads Insurance Board

The election of Daniel Slobodian to the presidency of the Municipal Insurance Fund Commission of Elizabeth, N. J. was recently announced in the local press. The election took place at the annual meeting of the commission, held at the City Hall.

Son of Mr. and Mrs Roman Slobodian of 341 Rosehill Place, Elizabeth, N. J., Daniel has long been active in Ukrainian affairs. He is past president and presently an adviser of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. During the war he served as captain in the Infantry and was wounded in action..

City Comptroller Patrick F. McGann was reelected treasurer and Joseph W. Furhman, chief clerk of the comptroller's department, again was named secretary of the Commission.

AKRON GIRL BOWLERS LEADING

Still retaining the lead in the Women's International Bowling Congress of Akron, Ohio, the girls team of U.N.A. No is entering the second half of the bowling season with high spirits. Since the start of the bowling season in September, the bowlers have won all but four of their games.

The present team is comprised of Theresa Taras, Helen Johnson, Vicki Taras, Eva Zepko and Pauline Taras. During the 1949 season the team took first place.

Under the captaincy of Theresa Taras, the bowlers are confident that they will also walk away with top honors at the end of this season.

CHORUS TO REHEARSE FOR HIGH SCHOOL CONCERT

The Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee has accepted an invitation made by the high school teachers organization of Mineola, L. I., N. Y. to present a Ukrainian program there.

The program will consist of a chorus, soloists, and dancers all in Ukrainian costume and will be presented some time during the last week in April, 1950.

Mr. Stephen Marusevich is the musical director of the program, and, as such, he has called a rehearsal of the chorus for Monday, February 6, 1950 (this evening). Everyone interested in participating in this Ukrainian program to be presented for Americans is invited to Room 202 of the McBurney YMCA, 215 West 23rd Street, at 8 P. M. tonight.

PIANIST HEARD OVER CBC

Roman Stetsura, young Ukrainian pianist now living in Edmonton, Canada, has recently been heard several times over the na-

Roman Stetsura

tion-wide network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. One of his programs was an all-Chopin one.

In his early twenties, Roman is the younger brother of the well known Ukrainian singer in this country, Joseph Stetsura, who resides in New York City.

A recent arrival in Canada, Roman Stetsura began studying at the age of five. Because of the exceptional promise shown during his early years, he was sent to Vienna when he was fifteen and was accepted there by Taras Mikisha. A year later he entered the Academy of Music in Vienna and was taught by Professor Dr. Paul Weingarten, head of the master class. From February 1946 to June 1948 Mr. Stetsura studied under Professor Josef Pembaur in Munich and during that time gave many concerts in Western Germany. His debut, scheduled for early 1948, was cancelled because his application for entry into Canada had been accepted. In October of this year Mr. Stetsura, sponsored by an Edmonton music company, gave 12 concerts in six days in the Peace River country.

UYL-NA Convention in N. Y. C.

In the executive meeting at Pittsburgh on Sunday, January 15, 1950, the officers of the Ukrainian Youth League of North America accepted the bid of the Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee to have the 1950 UYL-NA convention in New York City.

It will be in the Hotel Commodore.

With this in mind, the Metropolitan Area Committee has started work on the convention program. The traditional date is the Labor Day weekend, which falls on September 2, 3, 4, 1950; the place is New York City's Hotel Commodore; and this will prove to be the biggest and best convention ever held by the Youth League.

As usual many new and different surprises are promised, but any convention in New York City promises to be a great affair for everyone attending — especially a Youth League Convention.

The initial step has been made, now the voluminous project looms ahead.

The first meeting of the 1950 Convention Committee will be held on Friday, February 10, 1950 at 8 P.M., at the Hotel Commodore. Everyone from the metropolitan area who is eager to participate in the planning of the best convention ever, is warmly invited.

Remember: It's UYL-NA in N.Y. in '50.

BUY U. S. SAVING BONDS!

Reds Feared Konovalets

On May 28, 1938, Col. Eugene Konovalets, a Ukrainian military leader an dhead of a revolutionary organization operating clandestinely in Ukraine, was killed by a time-bomb on the streets of Rotterdam, Holland. It was reported that the bomb was put in his pocket by a courier who came from Soviet Ukraine and was trusted implicitly.

Some light on this murder was recently thrown by Col. Kiril D. Kalinov, a Soviet deserter and not so long ago a member of the Soviet general staff. Writing in **Figaro Literaire**, of Paris, on December 3, 1949, Col. Kalinov dwells on the appointment of Marshal Rokossovsky to the defense ministry of Poland. Mr. Kalinov stresses the causes of the swiftness of the German advance in Ukraine in 1941. He writes:

"The Germans could have exploited this campaign from the political viewpoint as well. The Ukrainian troops (Soviet) despite their appearance of being loyal, could have worked with the Germans as well. The disappearance of Konovalets, who was murdered on the eve of the war by one of the NKVD agents in Rotterdam, in great measure contributed to the weakening of morale of the Ukrainian soldiers. We were greatly surprised that the Germans did not take advantage of these traitors."

These words were uttered, according to Col. Kalinov, by Marshal Rokosovsky in one of his discussions with the Soviet General Staff Officers.

LADIES AUXILIARY OF U.N.A. ST. BASIL BRANCH 161

First row left to right: Irene Guron, Katherine Micholoson, Mary Drabak (Treasurer), Ann Medianowsky (Secretary), Mary Soldressen (President), Rose Tyro (Vice-President), Ann Suchy, Stephanie Jubinsky, Mildred Soldressen; **Second row:** Tellie Medianowsky, Ann Veloski, Katherine Dolinski, Ann Wolock, Betty Koodrich, Olga Jubinski, Steffie Koodrich, Ann Lytwyn, Ann Cheredarchuk, Mary Flajnik, Louise Wuycik; **Third row:** Ann Micholoson, Mary Kurylo, Jean Manestersky, Rosely Papinchak, Olga Tabiss, Ann Savie.

Editorials

THE HAYVORONSKY MEMORIAM CONCERT

An unusual event took place a week ago yesterday. It was a concert in memoriam of the Michael Hayvoronsky, noted and beloved Ukrainian composer, who after a long illness passed away some months ago and was laid to rest in this, his adopted land.

The thought, the arrangement, and the presentation of the concert was the product of small group of younger generation Ukrainian Americans. They were but a few of the numberless youg Ukrainian Americans who knew Hayvoronsky and appreciated his valuable contribution to their Ukrainian cultural heritage, and who, besides, grew to know and love him as a person.

The concert took place in the Carnegie Recital Hall, in New York. It was well attended by people from all walks of life. The program was fine. It featured vocal soloists and a choral ensemble, all of high quality. All of them donated their services gratis. They and others agreed that the proceeds of the concert should go to a Hayvoronsky Fund, to be used for the popularization of Ukrainian music, both vocal and instrumental, in this country.

The amount of initiative, energy, self-sacrifice and, what is equally important, self-effacement of the individuals involved—such as Olya Dmytriw, the conceiver and the power drive behind the entire affair Stephen Marusevich, director of the choral ensemble, Mary Polynack-Lesawyer, Olga Pavlova, Mary Bodnar, her sister Stepania Noga, these and other soloists and members of the Ensemble—all combined gave another illustration of the idealistic qualities of our younger generation, qualities inherited from the older generation, the Ukrainian immigrants, such as the speaker at this memoriam concert, Dr. Luke Myshuha, whose friendship for the late Hayvoronsky dated back to the times when they were comrades-in-arms in the famed Sitchowi Striltsi corps, which so valiantly fought for Ukrainian national independence at the close of World War I.

Worthy of notice, too, is the fact that among those taking part in concert were former DPs Reynarovich and Edward Kaminsky, soloists.

It's Different Abroad

In one of his revealing Saturday Sevening Post articles on his experience as Ambassador to Russia, General Walter Bedell Smith described the scarcity of consumed goods of all kinds. He observed, "Americans with their corner drugstores, super-markets and five-and-ten-cent stores can hardly imagine the life of foreigners in Moscow."

Lack of even the most necessary supplies at the retail level is always found in totalitarian economies. And this lack, of course, is the inevitable result of any system based on rationing, price fixing, and iron-handed, noncompetitive government control or ownership of practically everything. We saw, on a small scale, something of the same thing when OPA regulations were maintained for some time after the war. As soon as these regulations were lifted, and normal competition was restored, all the scarcities were swiftly made up and, in many lines, there was actual overproduction.

American stores, which we all take for granted, seem like miracles to visitors from other lands— and particularly the few who come here from inside the Russian orbit. They see the chains, the independents, the variety shops, the dealers in both necessities and luxury goods—and everywhere there is an incredible abundance judged by their past experience abroad. And, equally important, there is open competition which forces every merchant to try to offer lower prices, better services, more attractive stocks, or some other consumer inducement.

The retail store is the show window of the nation. It is an accurate reflection of this great country.

"RIGHTS" UNDER REDS

The Soviet Constitution, like that of the United States, guarantees freedom of speech, of the press, and of assembly (art. 125). The meaning attached to these guaranties, however, is altogether different in the two countries. In the Soviet Constitution they are secured —

by placing at the disposal of the working people and their organizations printing shops, supplies of paper, public buildings, the streets, means of communication, and other material requisites for the exercise of these rights.

If this concept were to be applied in the United States, the Federal Government would take over all newspapers, printing presses, publishing houses, educational facilities, radio stations, theaters and concert halls, museums, and all other means of communication, and then proceed to control them for political purposes, with no opposition to the party in power permitted.

If the Soviet attitude toward the press were to be applied in the United States, all private printing would be forbidden. A Government board would be set up to control all printing, publishing, and literary activities. This board would be empowered to suspend any publication, limit circulation, prohibit exportation, and suppress any views. Every publication would have to be "approved or tolerated." The editors of the leading papers would be members of the Communist Party, and members of the staffs Communists or Government officials. Publications would be put out by the Government, the Communist Party, the Army, trade-unions, and other groups. All of these publications, however, would be strictly official and would be regarded as instruments of Party propaganda, and would be financed by the Bovernment or the Communist Party. Factories, offices, and other enterprises could have "wall newspapers" (handwritten), which would be less rigidly controlled, but the scope of these papers would be limited. Their editors would usually be selected by the Communist Party group in the enterprise and comment could not depart from the Party "line."

Freedom of expression in the Soviet Union is not, then, freedom from Government control. The control is always present. The more difficult problem is to discover how far, as a matter of policy, the authorities choose to permit free discussion. Not all criticism is forbidden. Where is the line drawn?

POLITICAL TACTICS

Political tactics which will be followed by the major parties were described by the New York Times in the following words: "The Administration's strategy probably will be along these lines: Push forward the Fair Deal here and there. Keep alive the big issues of Taft-Hartley, civil rights and others, and blame Republican 'obstructionism' for lack of action on them. Make the most of those issues in the November elections.

"The opposition strategy will be less unified but generally along these lines: Fight hard for cuts in the budget and for lower taxes, and in this way bring pressure against a wide range of Truman proposals that involves expense... Counterattack day by day and watch for Administration openings and mistakes that can be exploited."

The Times also forecast which proposed major measures are likely to pass and which won't. It thinks the odds are in favor of expanded social security, aid to education, ERP, and military assistance to Western countries. The odds are against health insurance, civil rights legislation, the Columbia Valley Authority, the St. Lawrence Seaway, Taft, Hartley repeal, tax increases, and the Brannan farm plan. It observed, "The legislative accomplishments of the new session probably will be small. Instead, the floors of Congress will serve as a forum for political appeals by both sides, looking to election day, Tuesday, November 7."

It has been a long time since any Congress was so divided as this one, and had so many intensely controversial issues to wrangle about. In the early days of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal a vast mass of unprecedented and experimental legislation went through with hardly a tremor—but in those days the country was in a great depression, Congress was confused and uncertain,

On Record - - by Ted Victor

A PROBLEM OF SUPPORT

There has been something new added to our Ukrainian American cultural life. For the first time in a good many years we have amongst us individuals and groups who are striving to make a living from their voccation. Their vocation, I might add, is music and they are artists in the true sense of the word.

In Europe they were educated in some of the finest institutions of musical learning. They performed throughout Ukraine, Russia, Poland, Slovakia and many other countries. Some of these people were directors of operas, symphonic conductors, and stars of the concert and operatic stages. Today they have been forced sacrifice certain abilities in order to make some sort of a living.

It is a foregone conclusion that they are truly talented, and once given the opportunity they will add much to our prestige in America. Some of them have appeared on the American concert stage and have won for themselves high praise of America's finest critics. Others are just beginning to strive for this opportunity to perform before Americans. They are beginning on a small scale in our "national homes," "Ukrainian centers," and local high school auditoriums. They are depending upon our support. This is no side-line, social event, or amateur undertaking. On the contrary. This is their livelihood which in turn becomes part of our heritage.

The question today is: Will we support them properly or not? From years past to present day, we have had something of an adversion towards aiding our artists properly. The moment the word got around that these people were taking a major portion of the profits from the concert, play or exhibit, our people would inevitably condemn such an action. Yet these same people attend concerts by the Don Cossacks and never question the fact that all of the money realized from the concert goes into the pockets of this same organization. These people never hesitate to buy tickets for the movies, theater, or to pay exhorbitant prices in order to see some celebrity in a night club. Yet the moment our own artists attempt to make some sort of living from their work they are accused of being selfish, un-Ukrainian, etc.

It is high time we all realized that a true artist's life is anything but simple. The money earned, is really meager compensation for the tremendous amount of effort exerted and the obstacles surmounted. Today we have an opportunity to demonstrate our appreciation and to offer our support to some of these artists. The "Banduristy" and the Ukrainian Operatic Ensemble will soon be on tour again. Let us show them that we as Ukrainian Americans are capable of supporting our own. Certainly, no one community will be asked to make any sacrifices or to donate money of any kind. Actually the only thing being asked, is a bit of cooperation and a good turn out for the concert. Let us not begrudge them the opportunity of earning a living.

By doing this, by setting up a market for talent amongst ourselves, we will be actually doing something about spreading our Ukrainian culture. It will definitly encourage our rising young artists to take cognisance of their Ukrainian heritage, and once they have reached the top they will be more likely to offer their services to all Ukrainians.

Impressions...

By WILLIAM SHUST

One of the interesting things about the people of our earth is the difference in customs and practices.

Our point of departure today is not a reflection on this disparity of ideas, for what may appear humorous to us is a solemn event to another. Rather, let us take our own society and examine it critically.

Satire and humor arise from an exaggeration of the factual; and one of the most humorous actions of any people is: false affectation, what I call "Pretentious Parade." This is evinced in many ways.

1. There is the "Pizzeria Princess." The girl, or boy, who sits "oh, so properly" and tries to show the finest of manners in a blatant atmosphere. This same individual would be (and often is) at a total loss if the environment does call for a knowledge of "table manners."

2. Then there is the cosmopolitan type. The person who considers a subway ride incomplete without chewing gum.

3. Subways, and all public places, unearth the "All-American." The person who uses speech to show that he or she is "typically American." These are the people who have always said "wawk" for WALK but now say "wahk," and change AVENUE into "av-noo" instead of "av-nyou."

4. The opposite of Number 3, is the individual who knows that his diction is bad and so affects a "home town" accent. If he is of foreign extraction, he learns foreign language songs and words to be the "life of the party."

5. Or have you come across the "smart" boy? The cool, calm, and collected chap, whose nose curves naturally in the air. He is the fellow who tries to show refined taste, and calls other "inferior minds" or, more commonly, "peasants." This is the same boy who always carries a book around for the effect.

6. How about the boy that's "sharp"? The sartorial clothes horse. His prime interest is clothes, but he is quite inconsistent. He saves his clothes splurges for big occassions like Saturday night. Other days he dresses like a ragamuffin.

7. Or "One-Suit Harry." The fellow that always wears the same shirt, suit, and tie. Someone once told him that he looked good in this particular combination, now (and forever) he wears the same ensemble until it become a trade mark.

8. But the boy who merits the greatest attention, and is in a class all by himself, is "White Sock Sam." The boy who wears a dark blue suit, black shoes, and white socks. Sometimes he heightens the effect by changing the black shoes for "yaller" ones. However, the thing to see, and this is a collector's item, is white socks with formal evening clothes.

9. Last, and we hope least, is the ignorant person who won't admit it. This type is ageless. His common methods of defense are either to laugh the whole matter away, or use age as a barrier.

Still, these folk make life what it is—interesting.

HOW MUCH FREEDOM IN THE USSR?

(Continued) (2)

Freedom from arbitrary procedures

In the early days of the Revolution law was administered by workers' tribunals, whose members were instructed to use their revolutionary conscience as a guide. Counter-revolution, sabotage, and speculation were dealt with by the famous Cheka, an extraordinary agency, subordinate only to the highest political authorities. This agency, some of whose functions were taken over by the G. P. U. (later O. G. P. U.) in 1921, had power to carry out searches, arrests, and executions independently of the judical system. The administration of justice was in accord with the view expressed by Lenin:

> I have discussed soberly and categorically which is better, to put in prison several tens of hundreds of instigators, guilty or not guilty, or to lose thousands of Red Army men and workers? The first is better. And let me be accused of any mortal sin whatever and of violating freedom — I admit myself guilty, but the interests of the workers will win out!

Since this early period, laws have been codified, a hierarchy of courts has been established, and comprehensive procedural measures have been devised. There has been a tendency to afford greater protection to the individual accused of crime, and to take more pains to prevent punishement of the innocent. The evidence is clear, however, that Lenin's view still prevails, and that, as one writer says, "the protection of the State against treason and crime is deemed more important than the protection of the individual against abuse of authority." Hazard notes that in Soviet writings advocating greater protection of the individual—

> there is always present the lurking suspicion that a really clever counter-revolutionary or spy might twist the procedural rules in his favor and upset justice, and one finds the experts trying to protect against such an eventuality, while preserving the new protection of the individual.

Various protections are provided in the 1936 Constitution. They have generally a limited application. In all courts cases are heard in public "unless otherwise provided by law," and the accused is guaranteed "the right to defense" (art. 111). The Constitution also guarantees "inviolability of the person" and provides that no one shall be subjected to arrest except by a court order" or with the sanction of state attorney" (art. 127). Trials must be in the local languages and interpreters must be provided where needed (art. 110). The prosecutor of the U. S. S. R. has the duty of seeing that officials, as well as citizens, observe the laws (art. 113).

> An individual may telegraph or write if he is placed under arrest or otherwise penalized in what appears to be an illegal fashion. The Prosecutor maintains a special department to hear complaints. While this procedure would hardly seem as protective as the writ of habeas corpus in common law, the Soviet jurists claim that it is designed to achieve the same purpose.

The inviolability of homes and secrecy of correspondence are "protected by law" (art. 128). This guaranty is said to "prevent an individual without training or experience from making an unauthorized arrest or search."

Youth and the U.N.A.

Double Indemnity:

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

Dividends:

In 1950 all persons who were admitted to membership in the U. N. A. on or before December 31, 1947, will receive dividends. The U. N. A. pays dividends annually to all members who have been in goodstanding for at least two calendar years. Adult members will receive their dividends by check, as will juvenile members insured in Classes 4, 5, and 6. Juvenile members insured in Classes 1, 2, and 3 will receive the usual waiver of one month's due.

The New Juvenile Educational Certificate:

For the past few years the U. N. A. has been issuing, in amonuts of $500 and $1000, a new endowment certificate for juvenile members called "Endowment at Anniversary Following 18th Birthday." This certificate, designed to mature when most young people are about to enter college, has proven to be very popular. Parents insuring their children under this plan of insurance are actually providing for the further education of their offspring. When the certificate matures, its full face value is paid in cash and the parents have money to give their children a start in college. It also insures the child in case of death up to the maturity date of the certificate.

U. N. A. Sports:

As in the past, the U. N. A. will give financial aid to athletic teams composed of members who play under the U. N. A. name. Several teams representing the organization are active in different parts of the country, and other teams are taking advantage of the U. N. A. offer. Before the war there were so many teams participating in the U. N. A. sports program that a number of leagues were formed. Interest in sports is returning slowly and it is possible that a U. N. A. league will be formed before long. A New York—New Jersey bowling league has been functioning successfully during recent years, and this is a very encouraging indication of things to come.

The War Clause:

Several persons have inquired about the war clause appearing in U. N. A. insurance certificates. They were informed that, despite the war clause, the U. N. A. was one of the very few organizations to pay death benefits in full to the beneficiaries of those of its members who were killed in World War 2. The U. N. A. did not have to make payment in full, but it did so. Members should remember this, for is proves that the organization has their interests foremost in mind at all times.

The Ukrainian Weekly:

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

Advance Payment of Dues:

The U. N. A. has received a number of requests for information concerning discounts for dues paid in advance. Dues may be paid monthly, quarterly, semi-annually or annually. There is a very small savings on quarterly payments, slightly more on semi-annual payments, and the most on annual payments. Savings on annual payments usually exceed 5%.

* * *

Readers, members and non-members alike, who desire further information on any subject treated in this column, should communicate with the Ukrainian National Association, P. O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J., or else contact the officers of U. N. A. branches in their localities. Post cards or letters addressed to the U. N. A. will receive prompt attention. Persons desiring information on how to become members should give their birthdays and mention the amount and type of insurance in which they are interested. The insurance, it must be remembered, is not the only advantage of membership. There are other advantages or benefits, such as stipends for members attending colleges or universities, aid for members who are incurably ill or permanently disabled, loans on insurance reserve at only 4% interest (most companies charge more), double indemnity for a very small additional cost, and all the other features to a fraternal benefit society. Write for further information without delay.

T. L.

GREEN HORNETS

It's rare day, indeed, that the sun sets on the air-fleet of transports operated by the Strategic Support Squadrons stationed at Biggs Air Force Base, Tex. Known kas the "Green Hornet Line," these squadrons utilize Air Force bases the world over as operational points in accomplishing their mission — supporting tactical units of the USAF Strategic Air Command.

Today, some "Green Hornets" may be in England bolstering the air supply program that maintains the B-29 and B-50 bombers of the Air Force there. Tomorrow may find these two units, the 1st and the 2nd Strategic Support Squadrons, winging theid way to such places as Guam, Alaska, Panama, or Japan. In fact, any place in the world where aircraft of the Strategic Air Command are on duty may become a destination point for the two squadrons whose pilots in 1949 flew their planes an equivalent distance of 80 times around the globe.

From bombers to jets to cargo planes, the 1st Strategic Support Squadron can capably handle the air supply for any USAF aircraft mission. The SSS suplied the air support for the first trans-Atlantic crossong of jet fighters to England. It assisted in a 30-day service test of the C-97 cargo plane on the Berlin Airlift. Whenever and wherever big airplanes have made aviation history for America, frequently members of the Support Squadrons have been in the background. They helped to refuel in flight "Lady Luck II," the B-50 which flew nonstop around the world last spring.

Whether in the Pacific or Europe, the green stripe, running from nose to tail on SSS airplanes, is a familiar "trademark" of the "Green Hornets." Because the "Hornets" are seen so constantly at bases around the world, many thing that the SSS is a large organization. Actually, only two squadrons com-

(Concluded on page 3)

The Painted Fox

(Fable)

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by Stephen Shumeyko)

Once upon time there lived in a deep forest Mykyta the Fox. He was a very crafty fox. Several times the hunters chased him, set dogs on his trail, laid iron traps for him, tried to poison him, yet they never succeeded in bringing him to his end. Mykyta the Fox merely mocked at them, evaded all As for raiding chicken coops and even warned his friends of them. As for raiding chocken coops and storehouses, there was no where more a bolder and cleverer thief than he. In fact, things came to such a pass that he even began to make such raids in broad daylight, and never returned emptyhanded.

Such unusual luck and his cleverness combined to make him terribly proud of himself. It seemed to him that nothing was impossible to him.

"Guess what!" he exclaimed boastingly one day. "I have hunted long enough in the villages. Tomorrow in broad daylight I shall go to the big town, and steal a chicken from the very market."

"Oh, g'wan, don't talk such nonsense!" his friends sought to dissuade him.

"What! nonsense, you say? Well, you'll see! You'll see!" boasted the fox.

"Maybe we will, maybe we won't, but you yourself know that in that town the streets are just filled with dogs, and you would have to change yourself into a flea to escape being seen by them and torn to pieces."

"You just wait and see. I won't have to change into a flea, nor will they tear me to pieces," the fox retorted, and firmly decided that on the morrow itself, the busiest trading day, he would go to the town and steal a chicken from the market.

But this time poor Mykyta overreached himself. Through the fields of hemp and corn he managed to steal safely right up to the town limits; then by skulking through the backyards, jumping fences and hiding in vegetable patches, he reached the very center of the town. Alas! This was the furthest he could get without being seen. He saw that he would now have to leap into the street, even though for an instant, run along it to the market, seize a chicken, and then return the same way. And yet both the street and market were filled with milling peasants, whose shouts and cries mingled with the creaking of wagons, the rumbling of wheels, the thudding of horses' hoofs and the squealing of pigs, and created such a bedlam as our Mykyta had never imagined possible even in his most delirious dreams.

But what else was he to do! Once you start something, you have to finish it. Crouching low for several hours in the weeds near a fence, he gradually became accustomed to this bedlam. Then having gradually rid himself of his first fright and thoroughly examined the route he would have to take to reach ois objective, Mykyta the Fox gathered his courage, took a short run and leaped over the fence, to land right on the street.

Fortunately for him, in the dust raised by the throngs no one paid any attention to him. Just another dog—thought those who happened to see him. Mykyta grew a little more cheerful. Crouching low he dashed through a ditch straight into toe marketplace, where sat a long row of women with their baskets filled with eggs, butter, fresh mushrooms, cloth, seed, poultry and other such fine things for sale.

Suddenly, just as he was but a few leaps from the trading row a dog bounded out towards him then another from one side and still another from the other side. Dogs were something that our Mykyta could not fool. As soon as they scented him, they immediately leaped towards him with loud barks. Lord, how frightful! Our Mykyta whirled about like a fly in boiling water: what was there to do? which way could oe run? Without wasting much time with such thoughts however, he darted through the nearest open hallway, then through the oallway into the backyard Cowering and looking about for a way to escape he listened at the same time whether the dogs were following. Oho! He could hear them! Already near! Glancing desperately about he saw a barrel standing in corner by the fence. With one bound he was by it and then with another right into it.

It was in the nick of time, for hardly had he disappeared in the barrel when a whole batch of dogs swept into the yard, barking, growling, sniffling.

"He was here! He was here! Search for him!" howled those in the front.

The whole pack scurried about ing the small yard, sniffing, furrowing, and scratching,—but not even a trace of the fox. Several times they approached the barrel, but the unpleasant smell that emanated from it repelled them from it. Finally, being unable to find him, they ran off. Mykyta was saved.

Saved, but how!

The barrel, which had so providentially served him in this emergency, was more than half-filled with thick blue paint mixed with oil. You see, in that particular house there lived a painter, who painted rooms, plank fences, and orchard benches.

It so happened that on the morrow he was supposed to paint a large section of a fence and had therefore prepared for himself the paint for this job. Jumping into the barrel, Mykyta the Fox dived into this thick mixture headfirst and for a moment it seemed as if he would suffocate in it. Having found the bottom with his feet, however, he raised himself erect, so that although his whole body was submerged yet his muzzle, well smeared with the blue paint, protruded above. In this position he remained until the frightful danger had passed. The poor fellow's heart beat like a trip-hammer, hunger gnawed at his intestines, and the smell of the oil nearly choked him, but what else was there to do? Thank God, he was alive! Who knew what would happen next to him. Suppose the owner of this barrel found him there, then what?

Yet there was nothing he could do about it. Nearly dying of fright, poor Mykyta the Fox had to sit in the paint until evening fell, well knowing that if he appeared on the street in his present state, then not only the dogs but the people themselves would swoop down upon him and kill him.

Only when dusk fell did Mykyta the Fox climb out of his unusual bath. He ran across the road and unseen by anyone leaped into an orchard, thence into the weeds,over the fences, through the corn and cabbage patches, then over the fields to the forest. For quite some time long blue streaks trailed after him, until the paint dried a little. It was already quite dark when he reached the forest, and it was not on the side where was his home but on the opposite side. He was hungry, tired, barely alive. To reach his home he had still to run two more miles, but he had not the strength. So after reviving himself a little with several eggs, which he found in the nest of a quail, he crawled into the nearest empty hole, evened out the pile of leaves in it, burrowed his muzzle into them, and fell asleep just as after a hot bath.

Whether Mykyta the Fox rose early or late the next day, that is not inscribed in the books. Suffice it to say, that awakening from deep slumber, stretching luxuriously and and spitting thrice in the direction where yesterday he had such an unpleasant experience, he warily, like all foxes, climbed out of his hole.

A sharp glance this way and that way. Then sniff-sniff! Peace and quiet everywhere. Mykyta grew cheerful. Everything is just perfect for a good hunt—he thought. Yet some uncomfortable sensation prompted him to look at himself, —My God! What was this? Horrified, he leaped away from the spot he was standing in; but alas one cannot run away from himself, so he came to an abrupt stop and looked at himself more carefully... This can't be me! This can't be my fur, my tail, my legs! No, this can't be me at all! Instead, he saw in himself some terrible animal, glaring blue in color, with a horrible smell emanating from it, covered with nettles, thorns, and porcupine quills, while his tail was no tail at all, but something big and heavy like a large mallet, and prickly all over.

Thoroughly alarmed, our Mykyta began to examine himself more closely. Evidently something had happened to him. He sniffed at himself, shook himself—but no luck. Next he rolled on the ground —but still no luck. He still remained the same strange self. He tried tcratching off this blue substance—yet though it hurt, nothing came off. Next he tried to lick it off—no luck either. He ran to a nearby puddle of water, jumped in to wash it off—but in vain. The paint mixed with oil had hardened overnight and now would not come off in the least. What was he to do! Poor Mykyta!

Just then brother wolf leaped into sight. Only yesterday the two were bosom pals, but now, seeing this strange apparition before him all blue in color, and covered with nettles, thorns, and porcupine quills, and with such a tremendous, stiff tail, the wolf fairly yowled in fright, and recovering his senses tore gaspingly away into the depths of the forest. In his mad flight he encountered his mate together with a bear, a boar, and a stag. They quickly crowded around him, causing to slacken his breakneck pace, and asked what was the matter. To all such questions he could barely gasp a reply, so frightened was he:

"There! Over there! Oh, oh, how terrible! Oh, how horrible!"

"But what?" pressed his friends.

"I don't know! I don't know! But it's awful!"

What could this be! The animals tried to pacify the wolf, gave him some water to drink, but all in vain, they could not elicit a single intelligible word from him. Finally they decided to see for themselves this terrible something that frightened the wolf so. In a few moments they reached the glade Mykyta was still trying to get rid of his paint. One glance at him was enough! In a flash, they fled helter-skelter from him. No wonder! They had never seen such an animal nor even heard of one. Who knew what terrible strength it possessed, what damage it could wreak upon them if it so wished!

All this alarm did not escape the keen eye of Mykyta, even though he was so busily enaged in trying to get the paint off himself.

"Hmm," thought he, clever fox that he was, "it's not so bad that

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UKRAINIAN SPORTS NOTES

By WALTER WM. DANKO

FOOTBALL:

The annual **Ukrainian All-American College Football Team,** which dates back to the Fall season of 1935, will make its yearly appearance in next week's issue of "The Ukrainian Weekly." **Al Yaremko** who is now the proud proprietor of **"Al's Cafe"** at 523 W. Columbia Avenue in **Philly,** instituted the "All Ukes" idea and compiled 10 consecutive teams. Several of the boys who'll appear on the 1949 edition of the "All Uke" team could make up a backfield having Chicago as their hometown: QB **John Pasco** of Santa Clara; HB—**Elias Maricich** of Georgia; HB—**Steve Wadiak** of South Carolina, and FB —**Mike Swistowicz** of Notre Dame (who can also play HB). Incidentally, Mike appeared in the annual North-South game (with the former team) along with QB **Ed "Butch" Songin** of Boston College (who is also an "All American" hockey player) and QB **Steve Romanik,** Villanova's great passer. Ed and Steve are rated as the number 2 and 3 passers in the nation, respectively. All 3 "Ukes" played great games and were instrumental in defeating the Southern squad. Steve, incidentally, is quite a baseball and basketball player, too, having been the leading scorer of the five **Millville (N.J.) Ukrainian Basketball Team** in the **UYL-NA Basketball Programs** 2 seasons ago and is also member of the **U.N.A.** All 3 boys, senior now, are ripe material for the "pro" ranks. I believe that **Nick Kotys** (Villanova '36) who is backfield coach at Yale and who make the 1st annual "All Uke" team in 1935, may have aided his boss, coach **Herman Hickman** of Yale, in prepping the Northern squad for the aforementioned game.

Among other "Ukes" who'll appear on the '49 "All Ukrainian" grid team will be rapid **Johnny Papit,** Virginia's bulldozing fullback (a junior edition of the great **Bronko Nagurski**) who was the 2nd leading ground-gainer in the nation. John, a Philly youngster who had every big school in the nation on his trial a couple of years ago when in high school, made the majority of the "All American" teams . . . **John Govach,** rough and ready "tackle" of Penn Military College, is a "Uke," and is a cousin of Villanova's **Mike Dzamko.** Both boys come from **St. Clair, Pa.** which incidentally, has a quintet entered in the **UYL-NA's South Anthracite District League** . . . **Mike Dzvonar,** a Navy vet from W. Aliquippa, Pa. was the 2nd leading ground gainer in Pennsylvania's college circles while performing for Juniata College this past season . . . **Frank Sukana** rugged and unsung defensive and offensive guard for the 3 years for my alma mater (NYU) writes that **Alex Dmitruk,** who appeared as a freshman on New Mexico U's team in the 1946 Sun Bowl game, and big **Art Kalska,** who rates as one of NYU's great center, are both "Ukes." Frank, who knows all the tricks of line-play and is a "physical ed" major, would like to obtain a coaching job, and we certainly hope he fulfills his desire, for I (as an NYU man) know of the unhappy conditions under which Frank and the rest of his teammates played. Frank, an army veteran who participated in 3 sports in high school, originally hailed from Frackville, Pa.

A very sad note had been injected this past football season as 21 year old **John Lasak** of CCNY died about 36 hours after he scored 3 touchdowns agains Susquehanna in the opening game of the season last September. Johnny was a well built athlete (6ft.—185 lbs.) who was a great competitor, and his "Uke" team-mate **Jinah Juhase** said . . . "one of the best guys around who never gave up until the final whistle." His team-mates, along with the entire school body, have gotten together funds for a **"John Lasak Memorial Trophy,"** to be given annually to the student-athlete who best typifies John's great competitive spirit and skill. John also was a varsity outfielder on city's baseball team and played semi-pro-ball on several championship teams. In that opening game, he went 102 yards for a TD on an intercepted pass, 79 yards off-tackle for another TD, and caught a pass and went the rest of the way for the 3rd TD. Beside his great offensive talents (year before he was City's 2nd leading ground-gainer and scorer) Johnny was a bear on defense, backing up the line and last year won his coach's award for having made more tackles on opening kick-off returns than any other city player. My heartfelt regrets and sincere condolences go to the deceased player's parents, **Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lasak** of Long Island City, N. Y. John D. Lasak will be accorded a "place of honor" on the 1949 "All Ukrainian" College Football Team for he was truly a fine "All American" with the aggressiveness, spirit, skill and talent of the long ago but not forgotten, Ukrainian Kozaks.

Ukrainians had several outstanding "T" quarterbacks in their ranks with the aforementioned **Pasco, Songin and Romanik** along with **Paul Dubenetzky** of Temple, **Walt Pastuszak** of Brown, **Ed Kissell** of Wake Forest, and **Stan Burak** of George Washington U., among others. Incidentally, **Alex Burak,** co-captain of F and M the past two seasons, sent us 9 "Ukes," 6 at his school (including himself); his two brothers (Stan GWU and another at Scranton) and **Martin Tullai** of Western Maryland, a cousin of F and M's **John Tullai.**

The "Ukes" also had a number of college coaches, fellows who (with 2 exceptions) have been placed in "All Uke" teams in the past, as participants. Some are: **Emil Ladyko,** head coach at Arizona State (Flagstaff); **Walter Kondratovich,** head coach at Bridgeport N.; **Paul Sokol** of St. Thomas; **John Druze** of Notre Dame; **Steve Sinko** of Indiana; **Bill Pritula** of Morningside (Iowa) College; **Nick Kotys** of Yale; **John Petchell** of Duquesne and **Nick Wasylik** of Colgate. Some "pro" coaches include **John Michelosen** (also on the 1st "All Uke" team when with Pitt U.) and **Joe Skladany** head and end coaches respectively, for the Pitt Steelers. John, incidentally, just signed a new 2 year contract for bringing the Steelers into 2nd place in the Eastern Division of the NFL. The past season was Michelosen's 2nd as head coach, and at 33 years of age, makes him the youngest head coach in the pro ranks. **Joe Stydnar** on Chi Bear great, coached the LA Rams line and ace radio broadcaster Harry Wismer called the Rams' line the best in the nation . . . Speaking of the "pros," the Philly eagles recently won their 2nd consecutive NFL title and have been called by many experts as the greatest football team ever put on a gridiron. Of course, I am inclined to believe that's true because of the "Ukes" on the squad: fullback **Joe Muha,** tackle **George Savitsky,** center **Charley Bednarik** and **Leo Skladany** at end position.

Well I hope this little preview of the **1949 Ukrainian All-American College Football Team** will suffice for the time being. If any interested readers know of any Ukrainian or part Ukrainian players, I'd appreciate hearing from you. The "imfo" can be sent direct to the writer at: 347 Avenue C, Bayonne, N. J.

BASKETBALL:

Basketball is now going strong in all parts of the country, and our **UYL-NA Basketball Program** ("Finals" will be held in **Toronto** in **April**) is going along in fine style. Last year, of the 49 Ukrainian players reported for the annual Ukrainian All American College Basketball Team, almost half participated in the UYL-NA program throughout the Northeast and Midwest. That's a sure sign that the caliber of basketball in UYL-NA play is really top flight.

Incidentally, 2 of the big boys of last year are now making "names" for themselves in collegiate circles. One is 6:6 **Bob Zawoluk** of Brooklyn and **NYC St. George Ukes,** who added the "touch" that has made St. John's U. the top team in the nation this season. Bob was "All Scholastic" at St. Francis Prep (never played ball before entering that institution) and as a frosh player last year, scored 137 point in 7 games (he entered St. John's in mid-season, Feb. '49). Of big Bob the basketball expert of NY.'s Herald Tribune wrote . . . "If he's not the best basketball centre in the nation, he soon will be." To that I just say "Amen" for what else is there to say?

Another lad, just about at present coming into his own is 6:5 **Myron Lotoski** of the **Bayonne (N.J.) Ukrainian Sporting Club,** who gives little Siena College (one of the best teams in the nation) height and hustle under the backboards. Myron was "All N. J. State" twice while in high school and as a freshman performer 2 seasons ago, sparked the Siena fresh team to a "23 won and 3 lost" record, the best in their history. He scored at a 14.4 points per game average in 17games, breaking all frosh records. Last year, he didn't quite measure up to his previous billing, but this year he has improved to become a tremendous rebound artist, a team man, and a great defensive player. With the passing of time, Myron's scoring totals will be increasing, too. His big obstacle was to readjust from the familiar wild helter-skelter fire-horse brand of ball that he had been used to, to the definitely slow moving, deliberate, defensive style used at Siena. He has learned his lessons well and both Bob and Myron bid fair to becoming truly great stars. Watch these two "Ukes" as they will probably go into pro-ball, if all goes well.

Incidentally, if any interested readers know of any Ukrainians in college or pro-ball, drop me a line at the address listed above.

TRIPLE-TIE FOR SECOND PLACE BOWLING SPOT

By STEPHEN KURLAK

With the U.N.A. Branch 272 team of Maplewood, N. J. winning three games, the Irvington Ukrainian Eagles, winning two games and U.N.A. Branch 14 of Newark losing two games, a triple tie for second highest honors in the U.N.A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.J.-N.Y. Area was created last Friday, January 27th. The leading team, the Newark St. John's Post of the C.W.V. is only three games ahead of this cluster and the results of the 19th tourney on February 3rd may have quite a bearing on the standing of the teams.

The night of the 27th last was loaded with surprises. Branch 272's John Sipsky broke the individual high league game record by registering a robust 244 score in the match against Branch 435 of New York. In the first game his team smothered the New Yorkers with an avalanche of 919 pins, the second highest team single game of the league this season. The remaining two games went to the Maplewoodites by substantial margins and the Friendly Circle found itself on the losing end of a clean sweep for the first time in twelve tourneys, even though Tony Gulka punched out a big 490 series.

The Irvington Ukrainian Eagles had a letdown from their last week's performance, and only inconsistent bowling on the part of the opposing New York Br. 361-DYA team gave them the last two games. Bill Nastyn and Fred Broda bowled their usually fine game for New York but had little support from the rest of the team, while the Molinsky part of the well-known Irvington combination were hot and cold, alternately.

The league's cellar-dwellers from New York, the St. George Veterans, pulled off their biggest surprise of the year when they blasted the unsuspecting second-place Branch 14 keglers with a walloping 845 game in the third after having split the first two. Considering that the week before the St. Georgemen had lost two games to one to their neighbors from New York, Branch 435, this upset had the effect on H bomb in Tarlowe's alleys that night. Most of the damage was done by Mike McKee's 514 pin series with an assist from Pete Kapcio whose 196 was decisive in third. Bill Banit did his bit for Branch 14 with a big 528 set.

The "A" division of the Jersey City Social and Athletic Club had no trouble with the Newark Vets and won all three games, although the first two were hotly contested. The return of "Big Noise" Laszek had a stimulating effect on his A'ers and they rolled a greatly improved series with Laszek shooting a healthy 555 set, the second highest for the night.

The St. Johnsmen garnered two in a row from the "junior" Jaysees but seemed to relax in the third which the latter copped by a few pins.

A last reminder. The keglers' friends and readers of this column are urged to attend the league's third annual dance which will be held at the Ukrainian Center in Newark on the night of February 11th. Proceeds of this affair will make many prize-winning bowlers very happy.

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION LEAGUE
TEAM STANDINGS

	Won	Lost	High Game	3 Game High	Total Pins	Aver
1. St. Johns C.W.V., Newark	36	21	857	2412	42727	750
2. U.N.A. Branch 14, Newark	33	24	876	2469	43797	768
3. Irvington Ukrainian Eagles	33	24	923	2534	42303	742
4. U.N.A. Br. 272 Maplewood	33	24	919	2412	41986	737
5. Jersey City S.C.A. team A	31	26	827	2406	42815	751
6. Jersey City S.&A. Team B	29	28	818	2241	38866	682
7. U.N.A. Br. 361-DYA, NYC	26	31	857	2256	40866	717
8. Newark Ukr. American Vets	25	32	798	2292	39875	700
9. U.N.A. Branch 435, N.Y.C.	22	35	814	2296	40026	702
10. St. George, C.W.V., N.Y.C.	17	40	822	2244	38365	673

Brother Airmen

The brothers Lewis who fought in World War II as aerial gunners in the same plane crew, still work together in the United States Air Force. S/Sgts. Oron (left) and Doron recently told newsmen that they prefer the more quiet life of a peacetime administrative job which they now hold at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas.

What They Say

The President's Council of Economic Advisers, in its recent report:

"The informed business man of today is acutely aware of the menacing challenge to free enterprise and free government which confronts the West. He knows that this challenge must be met by firm and comprehensive countermeasures, largely in the area of our international economic policy. He knows that the United States must take the leadership in these measures . . . Ironically, the actions of those who believe that free enterprise and free government are incompatible, and that one or the other, or both, must be destroyed are prompting free enterprise and free government in America to close ranks and to work together in the supreme cause of human freedom."

Senator Arthur M. Vandenberg,

"To me, the bipartisan foreign policy means a mutual effort under our indispensable two-party system to unite our official voice at the water's edge, so that America speaks with maximum authority against those who would divide and conquer us and the free world. It does not involve the remotest surrende of free debate in determining our position. On the contrary free cooperation and free debate are indispensable to ultimate unity"

Gordon Dean,

"To me, the great challenge in the atomic energy program is this: That we so balance our program that we can adequately serve the common defense and security of the nation witho. . at the same time curtailing our efforts to secure the maximum good from atomic energy for the peoples of this country and the world.

WEEKLY BANTER

First Communist: "Nice weather we're having."

Second Communist: (grudgingly) "Yes, but the rich are having it, too."

"What are ethics, pop?" asked the eager young offspring.

"Well, Benny, I'll tell you. Suppose a customer comes into my shop and buys a necktie that costs a dollar. He gives me a two-dollar bill and walks out without the change.

"Now, here's where the ethics come in. Should I keep the extra dollar myself, or tell my partner about it?"

Pete: "What's a chaperone?"

Andy: "That's an old maid who never made the first team but still hopes to intercept a few passes."

SO IT SEEMS: Divorce has become so common that some folks are staying married to be different... When a woman loves a man he can make her do anything she wants to... A flirt is a girl who got the man you tried to get... Love is blind but the neighbors aren't... It is better to be broke than never to have loved at

they're so afraid of me I can make good use of this fear. Just wait a moment, my good friends, and I shall show myself to you."

Raising his tail high into the air, and blowing himself up very proudly, he went into the depths of the forest, heading for the spot where he knew the animals usually gathered.

In the meantime, news about the new, strange, and fearful monster, had penetrated into the innermost recesses of the woods. From everywhere the animals hurried to have a look at him, but only from a distance. Yet Mykyta the Fox pretended that he did not notice this at all. He just stalked through the woods as if in very deep thought, unmindful of what was going on about him, until he reached the meeting-place. Then, without slackening his deliberate pace in the least, he walked over to the stump which the bear always occupied, and sat down on it. Calmly he awaited further developments.

A bare half-hour passed, and the meeting-place now became filled with all sorts of animals and birds. All had come to see what sort of strange animal had come among them. Yet despite their numbers none dared to approach very close to him. All of them stood a respectable distance away from him, trembling with fear, ready to show their heels at the first sign of danger.

It was then that the fox deemed it propititious to address this mixed assemblage. In soft kindly tones he said to them:

"My dear beloved ones! Do not fear me! Come closer and I shall tell you something very important."

But the animals did not come closer. Only the bear managed to utter in an awe-stricken voice:

"Who are you?"

"Come closer and I shall tell you everything," the fox replied, gently and sweetly. This time the animals did move up a little closer, but not too close.

"Listen well, my beloved," said Mykyta the Fox, "and rejoice! For this morning St. Nicholas created me of holy clay—look and see yourself how beavenly blue it is!—and having given me life, he said to me:

" 'Oh, Wise One! In the animal kingdom there has arisen disorder, injustice, and trouble. As a result, no one there is sure of his life or well-being. Descend, therefore, to the earth and become the king of all animals. Rule wisely, justly and permit no harm to come to anyone!' "

Upon hearing these words, the animals clapped their hands in joy.

"Oh, then you shall be our king?"

"Yes, my children," Mykyta replied gravely.

"The animals were filled with great happiness. Everyone of them them threw himself into the task of bringing about a new order in their kingdom. The eagles and hawks brought in fowl, the wolves and bears brought in sheep and calves. Everyone contributed something. And all put their kill at the feet of their new king, Mykyta the Fox, who set aside a small portion for himself and distributed the rest justly among those who were hungry. Joy welled anew at the sight of such humanitarian justice. This was indeed a king! A kindly, generous king! Solomon himself! With such a king to rule over us we shall live a long and merry life, as in heaven itself! Long live the king!

Days passed after days. Mykyta the Fox was indeed a good king, just and merciful, all the more since now he did not have to go out hunting for food, nor to lay in wait for his quarry, nor kill. His faithful subjects brought him food already killed, skinned, and prepared; and where it was a fowl, even with its feathers plucked; all he had to do was to eat it. Yet, we must note here, his justice was as justice always is among animals; he who was stronger, was considered betfer, while he who was weaker, never won his case.

And so, in reality the animals existed under the rule of their king just as they had before his coming: he who hunted successfully, ate; he, who had no luck nor skill, went hungry. He who was shot by hunters, had to die; while he who managed to escape, thanked God for his life. Nevertheless, all of them were very happy that they had such a wise, mighty, and merciful king, and — so different from all other animals.

Mykyta, the Fox, on the other hand, enjoyed imensely this experience of being a king. It was like living in heaven itself. Only one thing he feared, that the paint would come off and his subjects would recognize him for what he really was. For that reason he never went out in the rain, never prowled among the thickets, never scratched himself, and slept only on soft bedding. In a word, he took every possible care that his ministers and subjects should not recognize the fact that he was only a fox, and not the Wise One.

A year thus passed. The anniversary of his ascendance upon the throne drew nigh. To celebrate this anniversary properly, to show their gratitude to such a wonderful king, the animals laid plans to present a great concert on that day. Accordingly a chorus was formed, composed of foxes, wolves, and bears. Next a beautiful cantata was composed for the occasion. In the evening of that memorable day, after all the ceremonies, dining, and speeches eulogizing the king, had come to en end, the chorus appeared in the center of the banquet grounds and began to sing. It was simply wonderful! The bears rumbled a bass so deep and powerful that the very oaks shook. The wolves raised their voices in solos so high and moving that the others could barely prevent themselves from joining in. But when a group of little foxes appeared in their native costumes and began to yelp in their high tenor, the king could no longer hold himself in. His heart bursting with happiness, his caution gone with the wind, he lifted high his muzzle and let loose into the air a piercing fox yelp!

My God! What had happened? All singing suddenly ceased. The scales of ignorance had fallen off the eyes of his erstwhile subjects, and our poor Mykyta the Fox stood revealed in his true colors. Why, their king was only a fox! A plain, ordinary, common fox! His fur was covered only with ordinary paint! Tchfu! Tchfu! And we thought he was goodness knows what! Oh, you liar! Oh, you swindler!

They remembered no longer his goodness. A great rage took possession of them all for having been fooled so completely. With one accord the whole pack threw itself upon the unfortunate fox and tore him to bits.

From that time the saying grew popular among our people:—that when a man believes in a lying friend and permits himself to be fooled completely; whenever any scoundrel swindles us, so that we emerge from the experience a little wiser than before, then we always say: "Eh, I knew it all the time! I recognized him as I would a painted fox."

The "Green Hornets"

(Concluded from page 2)

orise this alliterative unit — the 1st, with C-97 transport planes, and the 2nd, which was activated last year, with C-54's. The C-54 is known as the "workhorse" of the USAF, having won fame in missions over the "Hump" in the war and in the post-war Berlin Airlift. The C-97 is a cargo version of the B-50 bomber.

Crew members average nearly 100 hours a month in the air, and usually hold down a ground job in addition to their flying duties when at their home base. Even the two-squadron mascot, "Duke," a brown-eyed boxer, has piled up 200 hours of air travel in the States. Son of a former combat member of Germany's Luftwaffe K-9 corps, "Duke" stays home when the squadrons take off for over-sea missions.

When the "Green Hornets" visit service and noncom clubs at various Air Force bases throughout the world, there's one jukebox number that definitely doesn't fit their activity . . . "Don't Get Around Much Anymore."

THIRD ANNUAL

DANCE

— to be given by —

U. N. A. BOWLING LEAGUE

of the Metropolitan N. J.—N. Y. Area

Saturday Evening, February 11, 1950

at the UKRAINIAN CENTER

180 William St., Newark, N. J.

Music by OLEY BROTHERS Orchestra

Admission $1.00 Tax Incl. Dancing from 8:30 P.M.

Кость Галан.

ЇЇ СЕРЦЕ

Де ти блукаєш тепер, любий друже? В пам'яті спливає твоє страдницьке обличчя передчасно постаріле, хоробливо палаючі очі, ветхе вбрання...

Ти був для мене справжньою Шехерезадою й кожне твоє оповідання я ношу в свойому серці, як скарб, як ключ, що відкриває мені таємниці складного, віками невивченого життя.

Коли в запалі твій голос підносився майже до крику й я стривожено зачиняв вікна в кімнаті, ти посміхався і махав рукою:

— Хай чують. Мені байдуже.

Отже, слухайте, що говорив мій друг:

— Я загубив усе: молодість, сміх, віру. Але все це дрібниці, порівнюючи з останньою втратою... Дрібниці! Уяви собі, що десь над краєм безодні, в холод і сльоту блукала самотня людина. Власне, вона була самотньою цілий вік. І ось, хтось тихо взяв її під руку, пригорнув до себе, погладив... Я не люблю сантиментів, сміюсь із них, але...

— Хто ти? — запитав я.

— А тобі не однаково? Я ж нічого у тебе не прошу...

І ми пішли разом, притиснувшись одно до одного.

Боже, яке то було щастя! Все життя мріяв про розуміння, коли думка вгадується ще в зародку, коли жінка попри жіночі свої чари має інтелект, тотожній з твоїм. О, це велика справа — тотожність!

Ми кохались. Вона кохала мене не з якогось розрахунку, і звичайно, не за мою зовнішність, бо роки відняли і її. Вона кохала мене за те, що я був людиною.

Скільки пережила ця жінка! В тринадцять років її зґвалтував двадцятирічний балбес. В дев'ятнадцять вона мала чоловіка, який з помсти за „зраду" перед шлюбом, одразу після народин дитини зійшовся з другою жінкою. Потім повернувся назад. Потім покінчив життя самогубством.

Вона сама двічі намагалась отруїтись, але ж її врятовували.

Так, вона ще була молодою, тільки в волоссі де-не-де мигтіли срібні нитки. Я пив її свіжі, жагучі поцілунки, слухав розумну розмову і дивувався:

— Як можна було її покинути?!

О, я беріг її, як бережу коштовний склеєний посуд, називав „своєю душею" і нікого більш не хотів.

У хвилини смутку вона казала:

— Можливо, ти підеш від мене, але пам'ятай: збиратимеш по кусочках...

Кохана моя, я знаю, що ніколи не зберу й половини того, що загубив. Коли б я зустрів тебе знову, я б пестив землю, на якій ти стоїш, і всі зорі ранішні і вечірні, замінили б мені твої розумні очі.

Ось я піду — незнаним мандрівником, до відчаю самотнім, буду працювати й мислити, буду, навіть, досягати якихось вершин, але місце поруч мене залишиться порожнім.

Мій друг схилив голову і по павзі запитав:

— Ти зрозумієш слова? — Я віддав десяте чуття першим дарунком... Я знав гарних, ніжних, мрійних, добрих, співчуваючих, веселих, але ніколи не знав розуміючих. Ось, піди сюди...

Друг відчинив двері в суміжну маленьку кімнатку без вікон, включив електрику і... я став, як зачарований. З стін на мене глянули частково докінчені частково розпочаті малюнки. Я недостатньо розуміюсь на живопису, але мене настільки вразило багатство сюжетів і фарб, настільки яскраво лежала печать таланту на всіх без винятку картинах, що якась містична побожність скувала мої уста.

— Ти вражений? — запитав друг — не сподівався?

Так, я не сподівався. Я знав, що колись, в юності, він мріяв про шлях мистця, та вартість творів його завжди була середня і вище цього він не підіймався. Потім, з невідомих причин, покинув мистецтво взагалі.

— І це зробив ти!? Слухай, це ж щось надзвичайне, це... слава і — всі життьові розкоші до послуг...

Друг посміхнувся.

— Це зробили мої руки і... її серце.

Ти пам'ятаєш колишнє? Так то було смішне. Я почав наново.

— Я не зовсім розумію тебе...

— Щодо серця? Звичайно, у мене є своє, але воно завжди було непевним своєї сили і здібности, борсалося в вічних шуканнях і в вічних сумнівах, воно було слабе...

Я починав обережно, кількома штрихами, задум ще тільки легким міражем віяв перед моїм духовим зором і я кликав її, і як школяр, питав: так?

Вона ставала замисленою, наче творила сама, а потім висловлювала свою думку таку глибоку й віру, що ніколи до кінця роботи в мене більше не спинялася рука. А скільки нових чудових сюжетів дала мені моя подруга. Все, що ти тут бачиш, належить наполовину їй, на всьому дотик її високого, розумного серця.

В очах мойого друга прокралися темінь і біль.

— Часом сидячи поруч моєї коханої, я мріяв уголос:

Ще не все загублено. Попереду може бути краща, хоч і остання, половина життя. Ми побачимо води Адріятику, венеційські палаци, славетний Лювр. Твори безмежного людського генія, створені віддавна і до цього часу, стануть перед нашими очима, і ми забудем злиднену, сіру, нудну й страшну буденщину минулого.

Ввижалась ясна дорога, родинний любий затишок, якого я ще ніколи не мав, радісна, натхнена, сягаюча аж за межі доступного робота... Я мріяв...

Друг махнув рукою і замовчав.

— Але де ж вона, про яку ти говориш?

— Не знаю. І, можливо, не взнаю ніколи.

Нас розлучила — війна.

(Нові Дні).

В кожній українській хаті повинен знаходитися часопис „Свобода".

Р. Завадович.

ГЕРОЇ УКРАЇНИ

(В річницю Крут).

На кривавих полях, в перебоях залізного віку,
Наче сталі шматок, гартувалося серце Твоє,
України герою, на службу святу і велику,
Що нічого не хоче, а все батьківщині дає.

Стогуніли віки, наче лицарі крицею броні,
І орда супостатів, мов повінь кипіла вокруг —
Ти на вежі стояв, непохитний в німій обороні,
Непокори незламної, волі відвічної дух.

Чи не ти багатир, про якого співали билини,
Що в безкраїх степах здобував перемогу дзвінку?
Чи не Байда ти той, що за славу і честь України
В Царгороді далекім зі сміхом вмирав на гаку?

З Сагайдачним колись розбивав ти невольницькі брами,
За Богдана твоя ворогів розтоптала п'ята,
Ти на Київ ішов із Карпат з Січовими Стрільцями,
У завзятих повстанцях ти бився один проти ста.

Відки черпав ти міць, що знесилля змогла подолати,
Відки віри огонь, що просвітлює розпачу дні?
Хто завзяттям поїв твоє серце, що тричі розп'яте,
Мов підстрелений птах, до нової зривалось борні?

Не даремне ж степи зчервонив ти рубінами крови,
Не даремне хрестами границі закреслив ти їм!
На руїнах осель прокидаються квіти обнови,
І герої нові виростають на шляху твоїм.

Спіє посів святий великого світлого Чину,
Йдуть борці молоді з серцем, повним любови ущерть—
Ти покажеш їм шлях, невмирущий Герою Вкраїни,
Лицарю волі, що дужчий за смерть.

Женя Лисогірська-Шевчук

ВЕСІЛЛЯ

(На тлі народного обряду. Село Фільварки під Манастерисками, Зах. Україна).

Зустрів її у вечорі біля кооперативи й вперто питав чи піде за нього.

— Хочеш знати? Присилай людей...

— Ні, я хочу скоріше сам від тебе почути слово чи...

— Побачиш! І пустилася домів.

— Гасю, Гасечко, чекай поговоримо...

Пішла, не сказавши певного слова. Вона бо вже аж надто обережна, щоб наразитися на парубоцький глум.

Одначе самі Гасині уста склалися на тихеньку пісню:

Прийдуть старостоньки
Сеї суботоньки.
А в суботу не в суботу
То прийдуть в неділю...
Ой, мамуню, мамунцуню,
Старіст ся сподію.

Та не в неділю, а в четвер довго світилося у Подайлашків. Злагода. По звичаю полупала Гася піч, наварила мати з самого сира вареників, а староста, обговоривши справу з родичами, викликав Гасю на двір.

— Ну, що тато то тато, мама мамов, але я хочу від тебе знати, чи хочеш ти його. Бо то не штука... вони з ним жити не будуть, а ти... і то не годину, не дві, не рік, не два, а вік!

— На вік!.. На ціле життя! — Затремтіло серце в Гасі. Справді це велика і не легковажна справа, але чи тепер, чи в четвер заміж піде, та чи знає чи не гірше колись її знайде?

Йдуть „заповіди". Не йде Гася слухати, боїться, щоб горшки їй не билися в новому ґаздівстві. Сорочку молодому до шлюбу вишиває, та так дрібненько, так густенько чорною низинкою нитки укладає, як нивка свіжо виорана; а збирочки з-під дуди та обшивки як свіжо розчесана голівка. Ніде не пропустить нічого, навіть з браку часу нічо не „зафалшує", хоч його і так не буде видно, це тому, щоб в нього ніде не ховалося ні крихітки фалшу.

А пастушня на пасовищах, а дівчата, молодиці при роботах тай і в хаті, помагають Падайлашисі ладити до весілля, приспівують молодій весільних. А ці пісні такі упереджуючі, такі жалісні!.. А мати й свої заввагі дає:

— Слухай, шануйся, ласкаве теля дві мами ссе, а бистре ні одної!.. Вставайси раненько, тримайси чистенько, будуть ті люди знати, за сусіду мати...

І ще інші приклади давала мати, а Гасі ті науки, ті пісні, сплітаються з власними думками, то розлітаються, стираються, рвуться, загудзуються аж голова сохне.

А в свекрухи їсти трохи, роботи до волі,
Ой, не тра ми мамусенько, гіршої неволі.

Не вона співала, не самі уста, а щось з глибини.

Тяжка, тяжка доля подружжа!

З хати Подайлашків вже заносить запахом печива. Хліб, коровайчики. У дружки Парані і в молодої в пуделках куповані вінки „Засьцежки", та молодому квітка.

Осінний ранок повільно озолочувався, як дружка з молодою зривали в саду під сливками барвінок на вінки. Це ж нині вже перший день „весільи".

Убрала дружка молоду в вінець, стрічки; розцвіли і на її голові по квітці. Поклонилася молода тричі матері до ніг і пішли: дружка вперед, за нею молода, пішли в село дівчат „на вінки" прохати. Прийшли: Дружка привіталась: „Просить вас молода на вінки" ...А молода старшим до ніг впадає, а з рештою обціловується: „Прошу вас на вінки"! І пішли з хати до хати, молода залишаючи за собою двері нарозтвір, щоб в тій хаті женелись, віддавались.

А в хаті молодої кухарка вже вечерю ладить; капусту, кашу пшоняну. Збігаються дівчата вінки плести.

За стіл ми засідаєм,
Чогось собі бажаєм —
Барвінку зеленого,
Повісма півлняного.

Староста Ганусі вніс решетом барвінок і почались співи і робота. Дві шило вінки для молодої і молодого, два малі віночки, щоб у церкві ними повінчати, а решта робили квіти для старіст, сватів і собі по одній.

Надійшла Гасуня з села:

Ой, йде Гасуня з села,
Сумна та не весела:
Спросила паняночок
Ви вплели їй віночок.
Квіти мої зелененькі,
Дружки мої молоденькі,
Вже ми в квітках неходити,
З дружечками не дружити.

Заплакала Гасуня, на поріг вступивши, а за нею одна по одній дівчата.

Витягла зі скрині позолітки, позолотила вінці, квіти. Староста вніс коровай і Явдошка заложила на ньому вінець. Чимдуж утікав староста з хати, бо з дівочих кулачків сипалися за ним останки барвінку а опісля впімнулися за собою:

Далисте нам роботу,
То давайте нам охоту,
Води рученьки вмити,
І меду сі напити.

Староста не давав довго просити, почав частувати медом, почавши від Явдошки, бо вона молодій вінок плела. А далі поставив кілька мисок колоченого сира, весільного хліба.

Явдошка перша скінчила їсти, і хоч ще де хто ладився проковтувати, вкладав до губ хліба, то вана встала і задзвеніла:

Їжте, паняпки, їжте,
Гей, та в долоні ріжте...

Дарма: хто не скінчив, то і ніяк не було вже кінчати. Так по звичаєві! Гей, а зараз як не забреніли, не загули троїсті музики коломийки: тру-ру-ру! Тру-ру-ру! Як метелики замерехтіли самі дівчата з собою, лише вишневі спідниці млинським колесом вітер гонили по хаті.

Сидить Гасуня на подушці пушистій. Чергою, від родичів почавши, підходить рідня і по кусникові косу розплітають. Гнатиха, що найкраще убирати вміє, в дрібні складочки, збирає на нитку стрічки. Над самим чолом туго склала зелену на палець вузеньку стрічечку, а понад нею вінок золотистий, вище нього бурячкову, ще вище білу, а решту волосся квітками заповнила. Квітками-шпильками до вінка прикріпила цвітисті широкі стрічки, що по плечах розплилися. А коли встала Гася прибрана, сіли на лаву батько-мати з трибохонцевим хлібом а перед ними молода і дружка. Староста промовляв:

По першому разу. Стало тих двоє дітей перед вами, як ангели перед Господом Богом і просять вони найперше Господа Бога і Матір Пречисту і всіх святих і вас тату і вас мамо — може вони вам коли догорили абисте їм простили, абисте їх благословили і в село виправили.

Впала Гасуня до ніг.

— І по другому разу... І по третьому разу...

Впала Гасуня і залилась слізми. Поблагословили хлібом Божим, підносять батьки доню, а присутні співають:

Благослови Боже,
Благослови Боже
І отець і мати,
В село виправляти.

З музикою виправили аж до воріт. І знову пішла Гасуня від хати до хати і знову те саме в кожній хаті; „Просить вас молода на весілля! Просили вас тато і мама і я вас прошу, абисте прийшли до мене на весілля!"

За цим разом обдаровує господиня молоду то повісмом, то грішми.

(Дальше буде).

ПОШУКУВАННЯ

Пошукуємо тітки Агафії Климус, зам. Сенюк з села Плісів, пов. Любачі, Галичина, котра виїхала до З. Д. 1907 р. і перебувала в околиці Ню Йорку. Хто про неї знає або вона сама — голоситись до:
STEFAN & OLENA (Beng) BUNKA,
Route I, Eden Prairie, Minn

Тету КСЕНЮ ГРИЦЮК, родом зі села Мелин, замешкалої в Ню Йорку, пошукує АННА СТАСИШИН, дочка Ілька і Марії Кузишин зі села Виспа, пов. Рогатин. Хто знає про неї, або вона сама, прошу писати:
ANNA MUC
East Selkirk, Man., Canada.

СТАВАЙТЕ ЧЛЕНАМИ УКРАЇНСЬКОГО НАРОДНОГО СОЮЗУ, А ТИМСАМИМ І СПІВВЛАСНИКАМИ 11-ЦЯТИ МІЛЬЙОНОВОГО МАЙНА ОРГАНІЗАЦІЇ

UKRAINIAN CATHOLIC YOUTH LEAGUE
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
INAUGURAL BALL
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УКРАЇНСЬКА МОЛОДЬ ФИЛАДЕЛФІЇ
рішила відзначити 32-річницю Крут
„ВІЧЕМ УКРАЇНСЬКОЇ МОЛОДІ"
під кличем „Україна кличе — ставаймо в зорганізовані лави",
—: що відбудеться :—
В НЕДІЛЮ, 12. ЛЮТОГО (SUN., FEB. 12) 1950
в годині 1-шій пополудні
В ЗАЛІ ГОРОЖАНСЬКОГО КЛЮБУ, 847 N. FRANKLIN ST.
З СЛІДУЮЧОЮ ПРОГРАМОЮ:
1) Відкриття віча — Іван Поритко; 2) „Крути", найвищий ступень героїзму українських визвольних змагань, реферат — Богдан Кравців; 3) „Українська молодь на чужині", реферат — студент Ярослав Мадай; 4) „Українська молодь на нових позиціях", реферат; 5) Привіти; 6) Ставаймо в зорганізовані лави— заклик до молоді — Яр Славутич.
В цій першій зустрічі молоді нової і давної іміграції молодь візьме зорганізовану участь. Рівнож просимо й старше громадянство до масової участи. — Комітет Обєднаних Організацій Молоді.

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