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TALENT AUDITIONS: Left to right: W. Robitsky, Alice Kuciw, M. Minsky, L. Carson—judge, J. Moskowa, L. Mittman—judge, A. Trocianecky-Haines, W. Cycyk, M. Bonar, C. Gayowsky; Front: Mrs. Stowe, accompanist, L. Negres.

Metropolitan Area Committee's Town Hall Audition Winners Announced

Winners in the auditions held in New York City's Fashion Institute on Sunday, March 5, under the auspices of the Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee, have been announced by Olya Dmytriw, Concert Chairman. In addition to receiving the announced prize money, the winners of the contest, as adjudged by Leopold Mittman, internationally famous pianist, and Leon Carson, editor of the "Musical Courier" and nationally known voice authority, will appear in the Metropolitan Area Committee's Town Hall Concert in New York City on May 28, reports Ann Mitz, the organization's publicity director.

Out of a field of some 26 applicants, only 11 of whom actually auditioned, the judges with some difficulty and after long and harried discussion, finally made their selections. Their deliberations resulted in tying Jennie Moskowa-Vinnichenko, dramatic soprano, and Ann Trocianecky-Haines, lyric soprano, for first place as female vocalists, and, therefore, both will appear, instead of just one, at the Town Hall Concert.

Sheer amazement at her mastery of the piano after a comparative short period of study caused the selection of 10-year old Lois Nerges as one of the winners in the instrumentalist class. Cornelia Gayowsky, pianist, who has been heard in several concerts throughout the country and Canada, was the choice of the judges as being of such high caliber as to warrant a Town Hall concert appearance, and will be the other instrumentalist in the Metropolitan Area Committee's Town Hall Concert.

In the male vocalist category Michael Minsky, baritone, a recent arrival to this country, was the judges' choice as the winning contestant.

Chicago Arts Club to Present Music Festival

The Ukrainian Arts Club of Chicago has announced the presentation of the Second Annual Music Festival, on Saturday evening, April 1, 1950, in Chopin School Auditorium, 2440 Rice Street, Chicago.

The Festival has a double purpose, to promote, recognize and encourage musical talent of Ukrainian extraction in Chicago and to raise additional funds for the Ukrainian Arts Club Scholarship. The scholarship has been established at DePaul University to aide talented students of Ukrainian descent who are not able financially to continue with their college education. This scholarship is awarded to students who show evidence of superior scholastic ability and who will satisfy all the entrance requirements of DePaul University. Applications are received by the scholarship chairman Miss Marian Panko, 1242 N. Laramie Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

The Music Festival program will include selected UUkrainian choruses of Chicago, vocal and instrumental soloists, and dancing groups. Any information regarding the Festival may be obtained by contacting the Festival chairman, John H. Barabash, 2830 N. Parkside Avenue, Chicago 34, Illinois.

Ukrainian Opera Ensemble in New York Debut

The Ukrainian Opera Ensemble under the direction of Bohdan Piurko gave its first New York concert at the School of Fashion and Design on West 24th Street. Taking part in the program were Lydia Horn, dramatic soprano, Natalia Nosenko, lyric soprano, Ihor Sayfert, tenor, Michael Minsky, baritone and Michael Olchowy, basso. Mr. Piurko accompanied the singers at the piano for all selections.

The program consisted of the first portion containing several excerpts from Ukrainian operas and the rest from well known operas of the Italian school. The second portion was made up of various folk songs, duets and ensemble numbers.

The concert was thouroughly enjoyable which vouches for the artistic abilities of the singers. However it was interesting to note that a major portion of the audience was pleased more with the singing of folk songs than of the operatic arias. This is certainly nothing new under the sun and yet it is surprising how few singers realize it. It wauld have been far better if the group had chosen even more numbers from "Kozaks Beyond the Danube" than from "Tosca" and "Pagliacci." In America today, it is possible to hear the very finest voices sing the famous operas. However, seldom do we hear our own operas. Therefore it might be well if the Ukrainian Opera Ensemble realized this and acted accordingly.

Such excellent talents as Mr. Olchovy's mimicking and interpretations should not be confined to a strict recital type of concert. Too the other singers were much more appealing when they were singing the more popular folk songs and Ukrainian operatic excerpts. Ukrainians like opera just as much as any other nation does, however, it is seldom that we hear of an opera company, no less of a recital group, making a living. Since the Ukrainian Ensemble is primarily concerned with this fact it is suggested that it heed the suggestions offered.

The concert was sponsored by the Ukrainian American Veterans Post No. 7 of New York City.

Editorial

FRANKO'S EULOGY OF TARAS SHEVCHENKO

Once again Ukrainians the world over are observing this month the anniversary of the birth of Taras Shevchenko, the greatest poet and the national prophet of Ukraine. This year's anniversary, however, takes on added significance, for it coincides with the 110th anniversary of his "Kobzar," the famous collection of his poetry, generally regarded as the national Gospel of the Ukrainian people.

In the course of such celebrations, which will last throughout this month, it is worth recalling a characterization of Shevchenko written by another great Ukrainian writer and patriot, Ivan Franko (1856-1916). The characterization, one of the finest and tersest of of its kind, is taken from Franko's article about Shevchenko, which appeared in its English translation in a 1924 issue of the London "Slavonic Review." It is as follows:

"He was a peasant's son, and has become a prince in the realm of the spirit.

"He was a serf, and has become a great Power in the commonwealth of human culture.

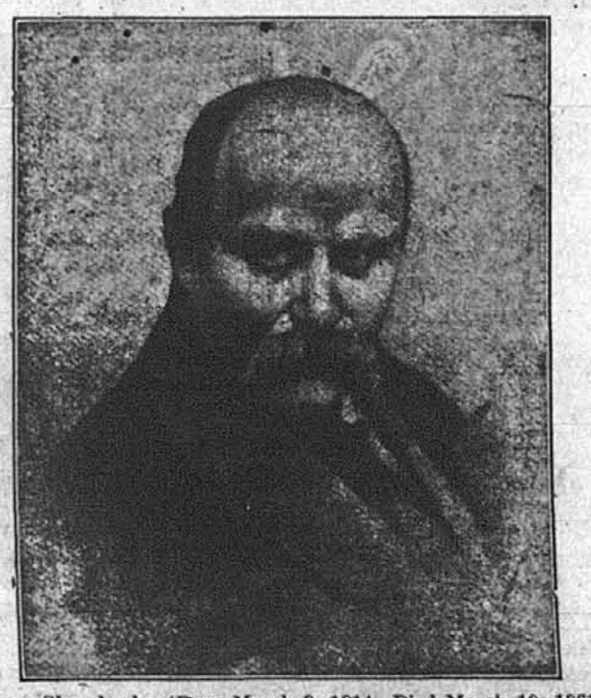
"He was an unschooled layman, and has shown to professors and scholars newer and freer paths.

"He suffered for ten years under the Russian soldiery, and has done more for the freedom of Russia than ten victorious armies.

"Fate pursued him cruelly throughout life, yet could not turn the pure gold of his soul to rust, his love of humanity to hatred, or his trust in God to despair.

"Fate spared him no suffering, but did not stint his pleasures, which welled up from a healthy spring of life.

"And it witheld till after death its best and costliest prize—undying fame and the ever new delight which his works call forth in millions of human hearts."



Taras Shevchenko (Born March 9, 1814; Died March 10, 1861)

SELECTIONS FROM THE "KOBZAR"

THE TESTAMENT

Dig my grave and raise my barrow
By the Dnieper-side
In Ukraina, my land,
A fair land and wide.
I will lie and watch the cornfields,
Listen through the years
To the river voice roaring,
Roaring in my ears.

When I hear the call
Of the racing flood,
Loud with hated blood
I will leave them all,
Fields and hills; and force my way
Right up to the Throne
Where God sits alone;
Clasp His feet and pray . . .
But till that day
What is God to me?

Bury me, be done with me,
Rise and break your chain,
Water your new liberty
With blood for rain.
Then, in the mighty family
Of all men that are free,
May be sometimes, very softly
You will speak of me?

(Trans. by E. L. Voynich)

BUT I CARE!

I care not, shall I see my dear
Own land before I die, or no,
Nor who forgets, buried here
In desert wastes of alien snow;
Though all forget me,—better so.
A slave from my first bitter years,
Most surely I shall die a slave
Ungraced by any kinsmen's tears,
And carry with me to the grave
Everything; and leave no trace,
No little mark to keep my place
In the dear lost Ukraina
Which is not ours, although our land.
And none shall ever understand;
No father to his son shall say:
—Kneel down, and fold your hands and pray;
He died for our Ukraina.
I care no longer if the child
Shall pray for me, or pass me by.
One only thing I cannot bear:
To know my land, that was beguiled
Into a death-trap with a lie,
Trampled and ruined and defiled. . .
Ah, but I care, dear God; I care!

(Trans. by E. L. Voynich)

THE REAPER

Through the fields the reaper goes
Piling sheaves on sheaves in row;
Hills, not sheaves, are these.
Where he passes howls the earth,
Howl the echoing seas.

All the night the reaper reaps,
Never stays his hand nor sleeps
Reaping endlessly;
Whets his blade and passes on . . .
Hush, and let him be.

Hush, he cares not how men writhe
With naked hands against the scythe.
Wouldst thou hide in field or town?
Where thou art there he will come;
He will reap thee down.

Serf and landlord
Great and small;
Friendless wandering singers,—all,
All shall swell the sheaves that grow to mountains;

Even the Tsar shall go.
And me too the scythe shall find
Cowering alone behind
Bars of iron; swift and blind,
Strike, and pass, and leave me stark
And forgotten in the dark.

(Trasl. by E. L. Voynich)

THE MOTHER IN SHEVCHENKO'S POEMS

Taras Shevchenko turned more than once to the theme of mother and child. Out of childhood remembrances the poet carried away a memory of his own mother whom poverty and drudgery drove to an early grave. He recalled a stepmother, not a very kindly one, and the contrast between the two, no doubt, colored much of his later thinking.

One Christmas Eve, so goes the story, a few months after the death of the poet's mother, he and his brother were sent to take some food to an aged kinsman. They entered the hut, and according to custom offered greetings of the day:

"Father and mother—"

But at the thought of their own who was not with them anymore, the boys burst into sobs. The Older Taras, never forgot the incident.

His heart, so sensitive to human suffering, dealt especially tenderly with the unwed mother. The Ukrainian village, consisting of a few hundred huts, was strict in its moral standards. The mother and father of the girl, who loved too well rather than wisely, often suffered social ostrocism no less than their daughter.

Shevchenko's heart went out to her whose only riches were "dark eyes and dark brows" and these not serving her well, though men jeered and women drew their skirts away and children pointed fingers at her, the "pokritka" found a staunch defender in this protector of lonely human being.

In Katerina, Naimichka, Maria, Shevchenko deals sensitively with the theme, riles against the injustices of man and speaks with anger against those who would cast the first stone.

One of Shevchenko's earliest was "Katerina," written when the poet was in his early twenties. It begins with the poet's admonishment to the girls not to love the "Moskaly," for their love is brief and trifling. They will love and leave with never a thought for the one they loved.

Katerina did not heed mother nor father. She loved a soldier from Moscow Land, met him secretly, and when the troops were called away; Katerina found herself alone in a village whose ways were strict and severe.

They covered Katerina's head with a kerchief as a sign that she was a woman, and though tongues wagged and months passed with no word from her lover, Katerina's heart continued hoping that he would return. For did he not promise?

Days went by but Ivan did not come back. A child was born to Katerina, and Shevchenko asks:

Woe is yours!
Where will you go
In this wide world
With your child?
Who will greet you?
Who will meet you
Without a beloved?

There was no peace for Katerina. She walked in the orchard but people stared and only when the sun went down, wrapping the earth in darkness, did she carry her little boy out. She whispered:

Here I looked for him,
There I spoke to him . . .

Father and mother turned away from Katerina, for she had brought disgrace to their home and family. They were kindly people but they felt that it would be better for her to leave, to seek Ivan in Moscow Land. With the little child in her arms Katerina left the village home. Shevchenko asks, why must this be? Why must human being be cruel to one another.

God alone doth know!
The world is wide,
But nowhere a place
For the lonely soul.

He continues,

Where are they,
The kindly souls,
With whom the heart
Once dreamed to live
And love?
They are no more, no more. . .

Katerina wandered far away from home, on the road to Moscowshchina. People met her. They wondered,

Why is she sad?
Why does she grieve?
Why tearful eyes?
A patched garment,
A bag, in hand a staff,
And in the arms
A sleeping child.

Hungry and weary, without home or kin, the young mother continued her search. Sometimes a roadside served for a bed. Girls should not ask why this is so, why people will shun an outcast soul;

Do not seek an answer,
Dark-eyed maid,
Men themselves
Don't know.
Whom the Lord hath
Punished in this world,
At him
They cast another stone . . .

Winter covered the fields of Ukraine,
The storm moans,
The storm roars,
Sweeps across the fields . . .

Katerina meets the Moskal troops. She asks whether Ivan is among them but they pay little attention to the bedraggled woman. Their laughter is thoughtless. They jeer and pass cruel jests among themselves.

In the distance Katerina sees a hut. She will go there. If they will not let ner in, she will sleep outside the hut. And when she is no more, where will little Ivan rest? With the dogs he will sleep and play. Perhaps,

The dogs will bite,
But they won't talk,
And they won't laugh
Talking . . .

More troops are on the way. Maybe Ivan is among them. Katerina leaves the child, rushes out to meet them, and then sees her Ivan, her own, heading the marching men. She speak to him. She cries out to him, she rushes back to fetch her little one. When she returns, Ivan is gone. She begs marching soldiers to take the little boy to his father. But they pass on and Katerina, crazed with grief, leaves her little son alongside the road. In the deep waters she finds peace,

A wind blew o'er the waters
And left not a trace.

Years pass. Katerina's child is now a little boy to whom

She gave fine brows
But gave no luck!

By the roadside they sit, the little fellow and an aged kobzar. Both are on their way to Kiev. Kindly people pass, drop a coin, a bit of food, a piece of bread . . .

A carriage comes along. A carriage driven by six horses, and inside, a lady, a gentleman and their family. The lady wavered her hand to the little fellow, the little fellow with the fine eyes.

The gentleman glanced at the boy. He recognized "those dark eyes and dark brows." The lady dropped a coin in the boy's hand, the carriage rolled away. Dust covered the little boy.

The aged kobzar and little Ivas counted their coin, sent a prayer, and made their way along the road.

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Ex-DP's Fire Heroes

The heroism of a Ukrainian sister and brother, former DPs, in a four alarm fire a week ago last Saturday morning on Thomas street in Newark, N. J. was front-paged, with pictures, in the **Newark Evening News** and the **Newark Star-Ledger.**

As reported in the News, Miss Daria Ratycz, 36, was credited with saving the life of John Hoskins as he lay in his flame-filled apartment adjoining the Ratycz third-floor quarters. Miss Ratycz's brother, Yaroslaw, 35, ran through the ill-starred building arousing the other sleeping families, then ran outside, turned in an alarm and then sprinted to nearby Clinton avenue to guide arriving apparatus to the scene.

Miss Ratycz said she was awakened by smoke shortly before 1 A.M. and she felt the wall at the head of her bed hot, indicating the adjoining apartment occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins was afire. She awakened her brother and sister-in-law in an adjoining room and then ran to the Hoskins's apartment. She said the door was unlocked and on entering she found Hoskins lying on the floor.

She dragged him by the hands to the head of the stairway and he was then able to make his way to the street. She said she did not see Hoskins' wife who was found dead in the apartment soon after the arrival of firemen.

Vital Papers Lost

When Ratycz was awakened by his sister, he donned a few clothes and then ran through the building, shouting the alarm in Ukrainian and pounding on doors. He was still crying the alarm as he ran into the street to summon firemen.

Shevchenko As an Etcher and Painter

By VOLODYMYR SICHYNSKY

(1)

Although the poetic genius of Taras Shevchenko is known to the Western world, his achievements in the realm of painting and etching are litttle appreciated, even among his own countrymen. Undoubtedly Shevchenko's chief claim to fame is based upon his poetic creations, which have unfortunately tended to obscure his activity in the plastic arts. However, it is noteworthy that Shevchenko himself considered painting to be his true vocation, and he worked steadily throughout his life in that field.

Shevchenko inaugurated a new period in Ukrainian painting and etching. He was a founder of that modern synthetic realism, which in the art of Eastern Europe of his day was a significant innovation and made a real contribution to the expression of form and content. More than his predecessors, Shevchenko identified himself with the art of Western Europe and represented the progressive tendencies which concerned themselves with social themes and utilitarian objectives in reproductive art. On studying the esthetic ideas of Shevchenko, we cannot but be surprised at the extent to which they are in accord with the progressive theories of Western Europe of the day, when they are not even in advance of them.

Upon reading Libelt's Esthetics, Shevchenko wrote that the author, like the Russian writer Zhukovsky, thought in a German manner. "They believe in the lifeless fascination of the emaciated, long-bodied ideal," he wrote. "Despite a sincere love of the beautiful in nature," he further remarked, "I feel an insurmountable, irrepressible dislike for philosophy and esthetics." Shevchenko rejected the formula of "art for art's sake," and the once popular theory of the existence of an absolute, permanent and unchanging "ideal of beauty." According to the new school of thought to which Shevchenko was inclined to adhere, the artist's objective was not only to gratify his own "esthetic needs" or to serve an ideal beauty, but above all to serve society.

In his theoretical views Shevchenko started from the principle that art exists not only to provide empty enjoyment and pleasure but to be an educational and directive force for the whole of society. Possessing a high social conscience and aware of the needs of his time Shevchenko specialized in those technical and manufacturing processes that facilitated the spreading of art. In painting he understood the value of reproductions, and he accordingly showed great interest in the techniques of engraving and other methods of reproduction to which he assigned greater significance than to painting. In 1857, prior to his liberation from exile, Shevchenko wrote: "Of all the fine arts, I am at the present time attracted to engraving. And not without reason. Being an expert in engraving is like spreading the light of truth; it means to be useful to humanity and pleasing to God." So the last years of the artist's life were devoted almost exclusively to the graphic arts.

A study of Shevchenko's biography reveals that he received his first artistic training in Ukraine, at a time when there were still alive the traditions of Ukrainian painting and engraving, which had flowed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As a twelve-year-old boy he loved to study books with engravings and lithographs, and is known to have made a collection of sacred pictures and to have copied them diligently. Some scholars believe that he studied painting in Vilna and Warsaw in 1830 in the studio of the French painter F. Lampi, Jr. So that by the time when he arrived in St. Petersburg he had a basic training in painting. In St. Petersburg he fortunately made the acquaintance of I. Soshenko (1807-1876), a Ukrainian painter, with whom he studied drawing and painting techniques and he became acquainted with the engravings of Raphael, Volpato, Poussin, Rembrandt, and Audran..

It is then not surprising that before his enrollment in the Imperial Academy of Arts in St. Petersburg Shevchenko not only possessed latent talent but also was a recognized painter. This is proved by recent study of his portraits done in water color in 1837, —that is prior to his academic training. Previously the artist had studied engraving, by copying the works of the world masters in private and museum collections. At the time of Shevchenko's association with the Academy engraving was not taught except in the old-fashioned method of the use of a small graving tool (a burin). The teaching of etching and aquatint techniques at the Academy was instituted by Prof. F. Jordan years later, when Shevchenko was in exile. It was only in 1858, after Jordan had returned from a trip to London, where he had become acquainted with the latest developments in engraving and especially in acquatint, that Shevchenko worked with him as a pupil.

Shevchenko progressed rapidly in painting at the Academy, and during his first three years as a student (1838-1841) he won four awards and in 1845 he received a diploma for finishing the course. His highest award, however, came in 1859, when the Academy presented him with the title, "academician of engraving."

Shevchenko's paintings and engravings are noted for their independence, precision of method, originality in form and the technique of their execution. As a man deeply interested in and influenced by reality he expressed in a realistic manner his deeply-felt life experiences. In addition, his thorough knowledge of world art made it possible for him to be influenced by contemporary artists and masters of the past.

K. Shyrotsky, an authority on Shevchenko's painting, wrote that "Shevchenko continued the Ukrainian tradition of contact with the West, thus completing in his person the cycle of a historico-artistic process." He brings to mind the names of the Western European masters, such as the English painter of folk life William Hogarth, the Flemish masters Wildens, Rubens and N. Uerkolie and especially the great Rembrandt.

When we compare the artistic tendencies of Shevchenko with those of his Russian contemporaries, vital differences are strikingly apparent. The St. Petersburg Academy of Arts was dominated by a stagnant pseudo-classicism headed by Karl Bryullov, the idol of the Academy. Outside the academy Muscovite nationalism expressed itself in unhealthy and chauvinistic forms. This trend, to super-patriotism gave rise to the so-called "Suzdal style," which Shevchenko sharply rejected. This Muscovite tendency struggled against Westernism (Western Europe) because of its "corruption of thought and shamelessness of knowledge," as the Moscow journal Moskvityanin wrote in 1841. This point of view even percolated into "progressive" circles and was evident in the so-called "peripatetic exhibitions" in which Russian artists ignored Western art, both new and old—a phenomenon repeated in our day.

Much has been written concerning the influence of Bryullov on Shevchenko, based for the most part not on an analysis of the work of the two artists as on the fact that Shevchenko was a pupil of Bryullov. Within recent years the "modern" but outmoded Russian critics have seized upon this as the final argument for returning Shevhenko within the "Suzdal-Moscow" school. As a matter of fact Shevchenko did hold his teacher in high esteem and admired his drawing, especially of human beings, but he did not not share either the thematic approach or the artistic tendencies of Bryullov. Russian artistic criticism has greatly overestimated the significance of Bryullov.

(To be concluded)

TARAS SHEVCHENKO: Matchmaking

SOVIET GENOCIDE IN UKRAINE

STATEMENT BY PROF. LEV E. DOBRIANSKY, GEORGETOWN U., PRES. OF THE UKRAINIAN CONGRESS COMMITTEE OF AMERICA, FOR RATIFICATION OF THE GENOCIDE CONVENTION BEFORE THE SENATE FOREIGN RELATIONS COMMITTEE

(Concluded) (4)

c. Our Reply to the American Bar Association

When one scans over these frightful events of genocidal reality, one can only view with puzzled wonderment the wholly misapplied arguments advanced by the A.B.A. spokesmen. For their sincere expressions of good intentions and warm feelings toward the Ukrainians and other enslaved peoples behind the Iron Curtain we are profoundly grateful. But, paradoxically enough, these good intentions, coupled with a mode of reasoning exercised in a contextual void of any experiential understanding of what has been and is actually going on behind the Iron Curtain, have led them to conclusions that are capable of destroying every remnant of hope enkindling the hearts of these peoples for continued existence and ultimate salvation. Against the background of this mass Ukrainian experience with calculated Soviet genocide, their chief arguments opposing the ratification of the Genocide Convention appear, by sheer contrast, oustanding for their utter confusion, their total inapplicability, their flagrant naivete, and, I regret to say, for their inadvertent apology of nefarious Soviet genocidal practice. Let us briefly review them:

(1) **that the Convention does not apply to the peoples behind the Iron Curtain.** If this so, then it absurdly reduces itself to applying to no people anywhere, at any time. The whole intent, the wording, and the objective of the Convention are unmistakably aimed at the prevention of the very genocidal acts recited here, by outlawing such mass murders **and bioligical destruction.** Indeed, the living monuments of Soviet genocide and tyranny are the millions of Displaced Persons scattered about the free world today;

(2) **that the Convention limits the commission of crime to private persons.** This logically desperate argument is bluntly contradicted by an unsophistical reading of Article IV, which, in its obvious reference to state or governmental function, aims at an unambiguous fixation of responsibility for such a crime on specific persons. The omnipotent power of the state, in the eyes of some, will therefore be unable to serve as a shield of justification for such criminal acts, as Article IX specifically provides for responsibility of states for acts of genocide;

(3) **that Convention does not apply to genocide committed for pilitical, economic or other reasons.** This is patently untrue. Reasons for criminal acts or motivation in genocide are not limited by the Convention. Aside from situations of reasonable self-preservation and the like, in the manner that criminal homicide is established when one kills a human being qua human being, whether for money, love, grudge, etc., criminal genocide is established when one nation or state destroys another as a nation, whether for economic, strategic, religious, or political reasons. In the case of the Soviets, every genocidal act, as indeed any act, is political in nature, and anyone who opposes it, is ex definitione "an enemy of the State";

(4) **that a part of a group could be a single individual.** And, as Mr Schweppe argues, "in the case of Chinese murdered on the Pacific Coast, slayers could be considered guilty of genocide . . . instead of homocide." This argument is obviously ridiculous for it essentially disallows the basic intellectual distinction between the individual and the mass. Furthermore, even if the part were quantitavely extended, its proponency would still indicate an intellectual incapacity to grasp the crucial significance of destroying a nation in select part as against merely annihilating a part of a nation. Surely Mr. Schweppe is aware of the fact that if a Russian murders a Ukrainian who is an individual part of the Ukrainian national group, criminal law on homicide is instantly enforced in the Soviet Union in the same way that it is here, when a Chinese is murdered on the Pacific Coast. But can he inform us as to what written law covers the mass murders perpetrated by the Soviet government to wipe out organic national entities?;

(5) **that the Convention infringes on states' rights and the domestic jurisdictions of the states and that it will reduce the soverignty of the United States.** There is a strong rational foundation supporting the general states' rights argument, but those who misuse it in specific cases as this one, undermine the very strength of that foundation, and therefore can scarcely be regarded as the true defenders of states' rights. If it is theoretically assumed that such empirically-founded local crimes as lynching or racial or religious rioting resulting in mass murder might not be confined and prosecuted under our existing laws on homocide, then the proponents of this argument manifest little faith in the strength of these laws and more ultimately in the vital springs of our democracy. Logically, it would seem, then, that they begin to bolster their otherwise valid claim to states' rights by expending every effort in the direction of more adequate laws to deal with what are essentially local crimes. The preeminent fact is that genocide, sanguineously characterized by mass graves, calculated mass starvation, destruction of family units

(Concluded on page 3)

On Record - - by Ted Victor

THE U.A.V.

On May 6th, and 7th in the Hotel New Yorker in New York City the Ukrainian American Veterans will hold their third annual convention. It is interesting to note at this time just what has been accomplished and what sort of future the Ukrainian American Veterans may have.

The organization known as the Ukrainian American Veterans has for the past three years been undergoing rather a painful growth. Despite a great deal of effort on the part of a few individuals, the organization as a whole has failed to attain its rightful position in our Ukrainian American life. The causes for the U.A.V.'s slow growth are many and it would be useless to dig up old and dead reasons Suffice it to say that during its formation, the delegates attending the first convention in Philadelphia were influenced by people who had only their own selfish interest at heart. The error has been made and corrected. Today the U.A.V. is ready to go to work.

Through the efforts of a small and determined nucleus the Ukrainian American Veterans have managed to exert a good deal of influence in the right direction for various Ukrainian causes. Where other organizations have failed to gain admittance the Veterans have succeeded. It is important to note this, for in America today and for a good many years to come, the American veteran will have just cause to make demands and to his demands the public will listen. Logic tells us that a strong, well organized Ukrainian American Veterans organization would be able to exert a great deal more influence, if and when the occasion demanded it.

The leaders of the U.A.V. realize this important fact and are planning their organizational strategy accordingly. First and foremost on their agenda is the drive for official recognition from the Congress of the United States. Once it has been established upon this official basis, then for the first time in the history of our Ukrainian organizational life in America, we will have truly vital contact and influence group. The many individual veteran groups throughout the United States will head the U.A.V.'s call and join. However, it is more important that these veterans join now, even before the U.A.V. wins official recognition from Congress. It is important, for if the Ukrainian American Veterans can stand as a national unit rather than as just sectional then surely there will be no doubt what-so-ever in the minds of the Congress as to whether the U.A.V. should have official Congressional recognition or not. The U.A.V. has done this groundwork for all Ukrainian American veterans. It is up to them now, whether they will pitch in and finish the job.

In addition to its drive official recognition the U.A.V. has launched a campaign for a Directory-Journal. This Directory - Journal will be published on the occasion of the U.A.V. Convention in May, 1950. On its pages the veterans hope to list all the Americans of Ukrainian descent who fought during World War II for the United States. There have been individual directories issued in some cities but this is the first time that any group has undertaken the task of compiling a National Directory. The job is not an easy one and no matter how much work the U.A.V. does, it will be useless unless everyone, veterans, friends, and parents cooperate. It is vitally important that the names, addresses, outfits, branch of services of every known American veteran of Ukrainian descent be mailed in at once to the Ukrainian American Veterans, Hotel New Yorker 34th Street and 8th Avenue, New York City. The U.A.V. has undertaken this tremendous task with a great deal of determination. In addition to compiling the Directory, all expenses are being paid for them. This means that there is no charge for mailing in the above mentioned information.

I have covered in brief a few important points concerning the Ukrainian American Veterans. They have come a long way since 1946. Whether they go any further in their plan for the future depends upon them but also to a great extant upon each and everyone of us. By offering them our support at all times we will be doing them a service and perhaps what is more important we will be doing something vital for all Ukrainians.

Vet News Roundup

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I am an honorably discharged World War II veteran. Are VA education or training benefits available to me if I go to a private teacher who will prepare me to enter college?

A. If you are training under Public Law 16 because of a service-incurred disability, you may have a private tutor if one is prescribed for you by VA vocational guidance counselors. No private tutor is available to you under the GI Bill which stipulates that a veteran must attend a State-approved school or training establishment to receive VA benefits.

Q. Will VA guarantee my loan for the purchase of residential property containing more than one family unit? I am a World War II veteran.

A. Yes, but the total number of separate units in the apartment cannot be more than four if you are the only buyer. If other veterans are joining with you in the purchase, then one additional unit may be added to the above-mentioned four for each veteran participating in the purchase.

Q. Where does Veterans Administration conduct medical examinations for rating purposes?

A. Examination for rating purposes are made whenever possible in regional and sub-regional offices. If more convenient, they may be made in Va hospitals or by VA designated private physicians.

Q. Have I any recourse to civil courts if I do not like the decision of Veterans Administration on my claim for disability compensation?

A. No. The law specifically provides that the decision of the Administrator of Veterans Affairs in such matters is final and conclusive.

Ailing Hearts—and Healthy Faces

Right now the New Jersey Heart Association is working through a two weeks "clean up" period following its annual month-long drive for funds to relieve the suffering of heart disease.

Through all of that campaign one problem confronted those sought the much-needed money . . . confronted them in every one of New Jersey's 21 counties. This was the problem: heart disease rarely announces itself in the outward appearance of its victims. Heart disease does not show itself in the expressions of thousands of handicapped men and women dragging themselves to work. It seldom proclaims itself in the faces of school?children who may be unknowing victims of rheumatic heart disease.

In any effort to win support of the public, what the eye can see is of first importance. Since the eye cannot see through the chest to a defective heart, it cannot look ahead through the years to a life curtailed—the mind does not register sympathy. The net result: an appeal that must be based upon words and statistics and the promise of work to be done.

Yet here is an amazing and serious fact: If everyone in any average group of people destined to die of heart disease wore a red arm-band with a big red "H" on it, more than 50 percent of the crowd would be thus marked; and if all of the youngsters destined to die before the age of 19 should be similarly labelled, more than 50 percent of them would also be plainly identified.

The 1950 heart campaign is over. The Heart Association will use the money raised — far short of the $531,500 goal—to carry on educational activities, to help with heart research work, and to provide information on centers for heart disease treatment.

But heart disease in the final analysis is a grim and personal responsibility for every conscientious parent, every school teacher, and every employer. It is a shadow which ultimately will fall upon the lives of more than half of the people you know. And most tragic of all, it is a scourge that will cut down—on the basis of recent experience — from 15,000 to 20,000 persons in New Jersey this year.

If you have not yet given to the heart fund, you still have an opportunity in this "clean up" period by addressing your contribution simply to "Heart" and mailing in an envelope addressed to "Heart" to the local postmaster.

Impressions...

By WILLIAM SHUST

By now, there isn't soul in any city in America who doesn't know that 1950 is the Catholic Holy Year. At every turn, in every paper there are reminders.

And everyone has thought about the countless who will make the pilgrimage of devotion and love. It reminds one of the exciting pilgrimages of history. The time of Richard the-Lion-Hearted, when Europe was Catholic and worshipped in the one true Apostolic Church.

Doubtless, after the year ends, there will be reports of the thousands who travelled for the special blessings connected with the pilgrimage. But what of those who can only experience the trip vocariously? The thousands for whom such a trip is an impossible luxury.

To these there will be exhortations of "spiritual pilgrimages." For those who stay at home, there will be fervent devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Mother, and 1950 will witness the ncrease of prayer throughout the world. The prayer which so many have forgotten, and so many others have never known.

To some, prayer indicates weakness. The thought of a heart lifted above its mortal coil and exalted in spirituality seems like a trite story or pious poppycock. For them, religion connotes puritanical living, or a prosaic, peasant-like family that doesn't appreciate the "finer things in life."

(Yet, paradoxically, the simple people are often healthier in mind and body than their intellectual and skeptical neighbors.)

However, the answer is not to deride these but to show them prayer's value and necessity.

And now is the time for prayer. When part of humanity lives in fear and the other part instils it with hatred, the world needs the clean breath of love. The love that comes only through understanding. The understanding that comes only through God.

Now is the time to stand in sack cloth and ashes and humbly pray to the Holy Mother and Her Son for peaceful blessings.

The happiness which seems just out of reach, beyond the distant hill, can be reached. But it can only come as a result of a pilgrimage, a spiritual pilgrimage to the altar of God.

UKRAINIANS TO APPEAR ON TELEVISION

Under the sponsorship of the Womens National Institute a number television programs will be presented featuring various Ukrainian artists over "ABC" Channel No. 7 on Saturdays: March 18th, 25th, and April 6th, 1950. The Ukrainian artists will appear as a part of the "Market Melodies," show which goes on the air at 2:00 to 4:00 P.M.

In the order of their appearance: Miss Olga Garyshyn, soprano, Ukrainian Folk Dances under the direction of Mrs. Irene Mushkevich, the Bandurist Quintet directed by Stephen Hanushevsky, and finally on April 6, 1950 Miss Gloria Surmach will demonstrate the process for coloring Ukrainian Easter eggs.

"SVOBODA"
(UKRAINIAN DAILY)
FOUNDED 1893
Ukrainian newspaper published daily except Sundays and holidays by the Ukrainian National Association, Inc., 81-83 Grand St., Jersey City 3, N. J.
Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Post Office of Jersey City, N. J. on March 10, 1911 under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for Section 1103 of the Act of October 3, 1917 authorized July 31, 1918.

Salesman's Luck

An Original Story

By PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Concluded) (3)

He had brought home an evening paper with him, and pulling it out of his pocket, he opened it out and commenced to scan the headlines. "Pickpockets Make Big Haul. Suspects Held." Suddenly he lost all desire for the news and turned to the inside pages. It opened at the sheet headed "Financial News", and underneath were long serried columns of stocks listed with their opening and closing prices. With a groan, Robinson crumpled the paper together, hurled it into the corner and began to undress. He got into bed, not without first putting his hand under the pillow to see whether the wallet with its fateful contents was still there...

He woke in the early morning with a hollow feeling inside. He looked up at the narrow strip of light between the window sill and the blind not fully drawn down. Then things came back to him in a flood that left him almost gasping. Yesterday, oh what a day! 'Monarch Supplies.' Yes, he had canned him. Then the fleeting meeting with the unknown in front of Pannemaker's store—here his hand went up behind him to the wallet under his pillow. Yes, it was there all right, he could feel the little lump it made. And then Mrs. Wheeler's little reminder. At that thought he got up hastily and looked at his watch. It was a little early, but all the better. If he could only get out without seeing her, or rather, without her seeing him! He dressed carefully as usually and went out on the landing, listened, and diescending the stairs, slipped and into the cool brilliance of the morning.

How he put in the day until the appointed hour drew near, he scarcely knew. At one time he thought of getting the thing valued and went down to Main Street where there are some of those stores whose grimy windows seem to contain a medley of everything secondhand from surveyor's instruments to supposedly antique violins, with the sign painted across the top, "Money to Loan." He hesitated in front of one and was almost on the point of going in, when a policeman came down the street, scanning a list he held in his hand, and turned briskly into the store in the window of which Robinson was gazing. That was enough. He walked away in a panic and only stopped when he had got into a part of the city that was totally unknown to him. But he recovered himself, and after spending sometime in the reading room of a public library consecrated to the memory of a one time penniless young man, who died a millionaire, and who, if he did not exactly leave footprints on the sands of time, at least left a trail of libraries for the taxpaying public to support to the glory of his name, he started out for the rendevous indicated by the mysterious stranger.

But it seemed rather queer. Number 125, Avenue A—why that must be pretty near to the business center. Wasn't that where all the automobile showrooms were? Mostly one or two enormous windows, with gorgeous cars glittering under spotlights, standing alone like museum pieces. Yards of shining floor space with luxurious offices railed off, and immaculate salesmen standing about as high-powered as the cars they were there to sell. Robinson somehow had got the idea the meeting ought to take place in one of those mysterious quarters, where sinister figures lurk in the doorways of buildings behind whose darkling windows strange scenes were enacted, and he was rather relieved to find Avenue A such a bright highway. Nevertheless he had misgivings. However there was nothing for it but to go ahead, having gone so far. He would at least play the hand out that Fate had dealt him.

He looked up at the numbers as he passed. Yes, here he was in the hundreds. Why the whole block was nothing but showrooms for the fifty two varieties that clutter up the highways of the land! 125, "Consolidated Motors, Inc." This was the place all right. Maybe the stranger was going to meet him here in the bright lights in the open where no one would suspect anything crooked. Pretty slick. In front of the door there was a little group of well-dressed men, apparently having a hilarious time over something. One was holding a small object in the air, while the rest were laughing and all talking together. Inside two or three of the immaculate, high-powered salesmen were standing looking very much annoyed.

Suddenly, to Robinson's amazement, a figure shot out of the showroom with his hat jammed down, darted past the little group who all turned round as one of them shouted, "That's the guy!" The man jumped into a car, and with a grinding of gears was off down the avenue. Robinson got a good look at the man and recognized the stranger of yesterday. The others in the group seemed to recognise him too, but instead of showing hostility, they burst out into a mighty guffaw, as one called out, "Well, fellows, you've got to hand it to him, it was a good one!" while another answered, "Yes sir, that's the demon salesman for you. Rule number one: Arouse the prospect's interest."

Bewildered, Robinson remained standing in front of the show window as the group melted away. Presently someone came to the door, tapped him on the shoulder and a voice said in his ear, "Well for the love of Mike, if it isn't Gerry Robinson!"

He wheeled round and looked into the face of his old chum Gerdy Fraser, whom he hadn't seen for years. As though in a dream he shook the extended hand.

"Come right in Gerry!" said Fraser, and Robinson followed him in across the shinning floor into one of the little railed-off sanctums, where he was soon seated, with his host on the other side of the desk.

"Say, did you see that bunch out there? We've been having a sweet time this evening with them and others too numerous to mention. We took a new fellow on the other day, one of these chaps brimming over with ideas for hooking prospects, breaking down sales resistance and all that sort of thing. What do you think the crazy goof did? He went round town yesterday, bracing likely looking fellows and dropping a piece of phony jewelry into their pockets, letting on that he was a dip and the cops were right after him, and that they were to meet him tonight at our number. Say, we nearly had to call out the reserves. Some of them were mad enough to bite the lamps off the cars when they found it out, but some, like the last gang you saw there, took it like sports. But you can just bet we bounced him in short order. He went out as mad as hops just as I saw you standing outside."

"Oh, that was the guy, was it? I thought he looked kinder queer," replied Robinson, as something inside him seemed to turn over. He took off his hat, fanned himself a moment, and gathering himself together with a mighty effort, said as carelessly as he could manage:

"I didn't know you were in the car business here, Gordy!"

"Well, I only took up the agency here a couple of weeks ago. I was going to look you up. How's the world using you, old scout? Still selling for— Let's see, what's the name?"

"No I'm not with Barlow and Sons any more. Quit yesterday. Got tired of it. Thought I'd like a change. Old Barrow was getting quite a pill."

"Why, Gerry that's great! Say, how'd you like to try it out with Consolidated Motors? You know all about cars anyway and you could soon pick up the superior points of our make. We've got to have someone else in place of that crazy loon we just fired. I don't want any more like that. What do you say?"

"Sure, Gordy, I'll try it. Always did think I'd like a chance selling cars."

And as Fraser went away for a moment in response to a signal from one of the salesmen, Robinson put his hand into his pocket, felt the piece of fake jewelry there and whispered to himself, "Well the luck's breaking my way again. Thanks, old chap, whoever you are. Better luck with your next selling scheme."

MET AUDITIONS: Miss Olha Dmytriw, concert chaiman, Mr. Carson and Mr. Mittman, judges, Mr. W. Bacad, committee chairman.

WESTERN UYL-NA PLAYOFFS TO BE HELD IN CLEVELAND

On the weekend of April 1st and 2nd in Cleveland, Ohio the Western Basketball Playoffs of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America will be held. Participating will be Rossford, Ohio, champions of the Ohio State Ukrainian Basketball League; Detroit, Michigan, representatives of the Detroit Ukrainian League, and the winners of the Western Penna. Ukrainian League, which at this time, will probably be Monessen, Pa. ... Michael Myzolosky of 986 East 130th Street, Cleveland — the UYL's sports director in Ohio will handle all arrangements. Hence, any questions pertaining to the above affair should be addressed to him...

TEAM STANDING IN THE UYL-NA DISTRICT LEAGUES

Metropolitan N.Y.C. League

	W	L	Pct.
St. Georges - AUSAC	4	0	1.000
New York U.N.A.	2	2	.500
New York Ukrainians	2	2	.500
Queens A.C.	0	2	.000
St. Georges D.B.C.	0	2	.000

New Jersey State League

	W	L	Pct.
Bayonne	3	0	1.000
Elizabeth	1	0	1.000
Perth Amboy	1	1	.500
Carteret	1	1	.500
Jersey City	1	2	.333
Passaic	0	3	.000

Tri-States League

	W	L	Pct.
Chester, Pa.	2	0	1.000
Wilmington, Dela.	1	1	.500
Philadelphia, Pa.	0	0	.000
Camden, N. J.	0	2	.000

Toronto District League

	W	L	Pct.
Toronto M.U.N.	4	3	.571
Sport 'Ukraine'	4	3	.571
West Toronto	3	4	.429
Toronto SUMK	3	4	.429

Western Penna League

	W	L	Pct.
Monessen U.L.B.A.	2	0	1.000
New Kensington	1	1	.500
McKees Rocks	1	1	.500
Ambridge U.W.A.	0	2	.000

Schedule of UYLNA Tourneys:

Basketball: Toronto, Canada,—April 22 and 23; Bowling: Newark, N. J.—May 26 and 27th; Softball, Golf, Tennis: Detroit, Mich.—July 4th Weekend.

WALTER W. DANKO
Sports Director, UYL-NA

Soviet Genocide

(Concluded from page 2)

in order to produce the biological annihilation of the group, and endless stream of human bodies forcibly canalized into death-ridden labor camps, is unquestionably not a democratic phenomenon, but one intrinsic to barbaric despotism. Thus, to even suggest any possible reduction of sovereignty on the part of the United States as a consequence of ratification is, to say the least reckless thinking: on the contrary, the moral and legal sovereignty of our country would be doubly enhanced; and lastly,

(6) **that the Convention is of no** value. It is a logical truth that where objects are not properly undestood, no value can be assigned to them. This applies poignantly to the baseless stand taken by the A.B.A. representatives. We are not obtuse to think that the Genocide Convention will, under current conditions, effectually resolve this vicious issue of genocide, but we possess at least that requisite vision and perspective to appreciate its significance as a vital step in the right and necessary direction. Its specific values are as follows: (a) it will impart immense genuine hope and strength to the suffering hearts and minds of the enslaved Ukrainians and others who are persistently haunted by the deathly axe of Soviet national genocide; (b) it will focus the moral condemnation of the world on the business-like Soviet genocidists and indirectly reinforce judicious popular obstruction and opposition to their subversive agencies abroad; (c) because of this, it may serve to moderate the rate of Soviet genocidal advances which may be caused to become more secretive and hence more difficult to execute; (d) placed on the books of international law, it will stand as a formidable promise of human liberation and concrete redress; and, finally, (e) our true and candid adherence to its provisions will serve to enunciate the civilized principles for which we stand to fight and to which we aim to attract loyal minds in Ukraine and elsewhere in the Soviet prison and cemetery of nations.

d. Conclusion

The Genocide Convention is another major step in American world leadership. Its vital importance to the national existence of the Ukrainian people, as to those of other subjugated peoples behind the Iron Curtain, is beyond dispute. Bestial Soviet genocide is destroying the Ukrainian nation in an essential select part and therefore as such, and its motivation in the annihilation of this culturally Western nation is as in everything else, political by nature. The Convention, by its definitional inclusion in the concept of genocide of the destruction of nations in part and as such by its non-limitation of reasons of motivation, applies conspicuously to the Ukrainian nation which has been suffering long and extensively from criminal Soviet genocidal activity. Its colossal moral and political implications, such as have been alluded to in the course of this presentation, cannot be too strongly emphasized. Those who oppose it are are playing, whether they are aware of it or not, the ignominious role of Soviet apologists, and are contributing to the detriment of American world leadership. It is because of these rationally founded reasons that we urge (1) that this Committee report favorably and unanimously on the matter of the ratification of the Genocide Convention by the U. S. Senate and (2) that the U.S. Senate accept to ratify this Genocide Convention at the earliest date. To remit this Convention to the United Nations would, in effect, sound its death-knell. Let's not destroy this magnificent opportunity. We have sold states down the river, the Yalta ones and China, let's not sell nations, their bodies and souls, also!

JOIN THE UKRAINIAN NAT'L ASSOCIATION. DO IT NOW!

Youth and the U.N.A.

WHAT IS THE "SOYUZ"?

Readers of The Ukrainian Weekly are familiar with the facts concerning the Ukrainian National Association, for information about the organization has been appearing in this paper since the first issue was released more than 16 years ago. And that is how it should be because the majority of the readers are U.N.A. members and they should know everything about their organization. There are many young members, however, who do not read the Weekly and who have no idea what the U.N.A. is and what stands for. That may sound peculiar... surely a U.N.A. member should know something about an organization in which he holds membership... but it should be remembered that thousands of children were enrolled by their parents when they were mere babies, and this is the group to which we refer.

Many of these youngsters are now in their teens. They are as energetic and ambitious as their older brothers and sisters were in years gone by...they are, in fact, replacing their brothers and sisters where club and organization activity is concerned. The youngsters are taking over where the mature youth left off to become husbands and wives and fathers and mothers. The youngsters, however, seem to be interested in social and athletic clubs... non-Ukrainian in many cases... and are neglecting the U.N.A. branches.

Youth interest in the U.N.A. reached a peak in the years preceding the last war, but today there are only a few active youth branches. The mature young people have married and are busy with their homes and families... which explains the current "slump" in U.N.A. youth activity... and the youngsters have not yet been introduced to the benefits of fraternalism. In short, the youngsters were too young for U.N.A. activity when their older brothers and sisters were active, and now that they are old enough for such activity their older brothers and sisters are too busy with their marriage responsibilities to show them the way.

Consequently, even though the youngster may be a U.N.A. member, he knows next to nothing about the organization. He may have heard his parents speak of the "Soyuz" and the "Svoboda", but such words explain nothing and probably only puzzled him. He may have seen copies of the "Svoboda" about the house... he may even have seen a copy of the Weekly... but with no one to explain and encourage him to read these papers, how could anyone expect him to show any interest? To him, "What is the 'Soyuz'?" is a $64 question.

Of course the youngster's parents may attempt to explain the "Soyuz" to him... but how far can such an explanation by the parents go? Can they explain the youth angle in such a way as to interest the child? Can they point out the benefits of youth membership and the social opportunities? Can they take the youngster to a branch meeting and expect him to understand what is going on, particularly if it is a Ukrainian-language meeting with the old folks predominating? The efforts of the parents may help... certainly it is better than no effort at all...but, on the other hand, it may only confuse the youngster and even discourage or "scare" him away from U.N.A. activity.

We, the mature youth, must remember that we were attracted to U.N.A. activity. In our day U.N.A. youth activity in general was at itn peak. There was always something going on. U.N.A. youth branches were more numerous and more active... there were many U.N.A. affairs and rallies. By participating in these affairs and reading the reports in the Weekly we learned the facts concerning the organization. Everything came naturally. But the youngsters have an entirely different situation... they are ready for participation in youth activity with very little to attract them to the U.N.A. Where there was much going on in prewar years, there is very little today outside of an occasional branch affair, purely local in scope.

What is the answer? To begin with, that $64 question, "What is the 'Soyuz'?", must be answered. The youngster should know what the U.N.A. is and what it stands for. And the answer should come from the mature... the brothers and sisters of the youngsters who are ready for youth activity. The youngsters should be encouraged to read the Weekly and should be introduced to U.N.A. activity via a youth branch meeting or affair. With such a helping start the youngster is sure to take a real interest in the Ukrainian National Assoviation, and that, in turn, will lead to greater U.N.A. activity to the benefit of all concerned.

It is up to the youngsters to bring U.N.A. activity up to the high peak attained in prewar... and all they need is a gentle push by their older brothers and sisters.

The Juvenile Department of the Ukrainian National Association consists of more than 14,000 members, many of whom are ready for active participation in U.N.A. affairs. Let us give them an encouraging push... and then everything will come naturally.

T. L.

ST. JOHN'S C.W.V. KEGLERS ON WINNING SPREE

By STEPHEN KURLAK

As though tired of having the pack on their heels only two or three paces away, the powerful St. John's Catholic War Veterans of Newark bowled their way to victory via a three-game sweep over their heretofore constant rivals from U.N.A. Branch 14, also of Newark, last Friday, March 3rd. The St. Johnsmen, whose John Chutko rolled up a spectacular three game series of 635 pins, thus setting a new record in the U.N.A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.J.-N.Y. Area, not only upset whatever designs Branch 14 had on the championship, but increased their lead to six big games over their nearest rivals.

Finishing his first game with a tally of 212 pins, Chutko "coasted" on a mere 189 in the second and really put on the pressure in the third with a score of 234, registering the first "600" series in the books of the league since its inception three years ago. His fellow St. Johnsman, Luke Janick, was also in fine fettle and he produced a series of 215, 176 and 202 for a total of 593. Although the boys from Branch 14 bowled what would ordinarily have been winning games, their games of 801, 864, and 800 were no match against the St. Johns' 865, 865, and 879. Ed Komon, for Branch 14, did his stint with a set of 530 pins.

The Irvington Ukrainian Eagles capitalized on Branch 14's upset, and by winning two games out of three from the undermanned U. N. A. Branch 435 team of New York, set themselves up as undisputed claimants to second place standing in the league. Byron Magalas was again in good form, and his 513 series was the highest for the Eagles. The New Yorkers, who have been exerting greater effort lately to get themselves above the league's lower ranks, lost their chance for seventh place by their defeat. During this process, an unexpected development made itself evident when the score summary of the New Yorkers showed your reporter to have bowled a series of 527 pins.

With a more than adequate contingent of seven able-bodied bowlers present, the aggressive senior "A" team of the Jersey City Social and Athletic Club failed to come through in two out of three games with Maplewood's U.N.A. Branch 272, and thus lost their hold on the tie for fifth place which they shared with their younger Team "B" brothers. The Maplewoodites, who won the first game by a margin of only one pin with the aid of a handicap, were sparked by Mike Zalepsky whose score of 494 was top for his side, while the efforts of the Jaysees were highlighted by the good pinning of Jahnny Laszek (once known as the "Big Noise"), who rolled up a series of 501 pins.

After having toppled the strongest teams in their matches of the past few weeks, the unpredictable St. George Veterans of New York bowed to the doughty "B" team from Jersey City in two games out of three. Record-breaker Joe Kufta was the head man for the Jerseyites with a set of 490 pins, while "Doc" Baron made the best showing for the St. Georgians.

The DYA boys representing New York's U.N.A. Branch 361 were on the march again and won two games in a row from the Newark Ukrainian American Veterans, but fizzled out in the third. Mike Sawitsky led the New Yorkers with a 453-pin series, while Leo Zolto did his best for the Vets with a big 487 set.

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION LEAGUE TEAM STANDINGS

	Won	Lost	High Game	3 Game High	Total Pins	Aver.
1. St. Johns C.W.V., Newark	47	25	879	2609	54431	756
2. Irvington Ukrainian Eagles	41	31	923	2534	53813	747
3. U.N.A. Branch 14, Newark	40	32	876	2469	55723	774
4. U.N.A. Br. 272, Maplewood	40	32	919	2412	52886	735
5. Jersey City S.&A. Team B	38	34	818	2257	49738	691
6. Jersey City S.&A. Team A	37	35	850	2407	54207	753
7. U.N.A. Br. 361-DYA, NYC	32	40	859	2417	52086	723
8. U.N.A. Branch 435, N.Y.C.	31	41	814	2296	50924	707
9. Newark Ukr.-Amer. Vets	29	43	806	2292	50498	701
10. St.. George C.W.V., N.Y.C.	25	47	822	2244	48785	678

WEEKLY BANTER

"Bill shouldn't have married Irene. In less than a year she's made him a pauper."

"Really! Is it a boy or girl?"

★

A member girl is one who can meet the wolf at the door and come back with a fur coat.

★

"I heard Admiral Byrd took his dogs with him when he went to went to the South Pole."

"Yes, and they say it was the dogs who first discovered the pole."

★

Some ladies attain their ends by taking 'nough exercise.

★

An English boy and a Canadian boy were talking about their grandfathers.

English boy: My grandfather was a great man. Queen Victoria touched him in the shoulder with a sword and made him a knight."

Canadia boy: "That's nothing. An Indian hit my grandfather on the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel, I think."

★

About the only outfit that makes money without advertising is the Mint.

★

"The doc says I've been working too hard. Suggests I get a little sun and air."

"But Honey, didn't you tell him we can't afford one yet?"

RESERVISTS AND DISABILITY AND RETIREMENT BENEFITS

Members of service reserve components who are receiving disability or retirement benefits must waive such payments during any period of reserve duty training for which service pay is sought under the terms of Public Law 434 of the 81st Congress, Veterans Administration said in answer to numerous inquiries.

The low Provides Federal pay for certain periods of duty, drill and training as specified in the Act. It contains a provision requiring that payment of any pension or retirement benefits must be waived for periods during which such pay is received.

V-A has set up a procedure whereby a reservist need sign but one waiver during any fiscal year in order to meet this requirement. The waiver is based on the estimated length of time the reservist is likely to be in reserve pay status during the remainder of the fiscal year. Any necessary adjustment in the number of days for which waiver is made is accomplished later.

ТАРАС Г. ШЕВЧЕНКО

(*9-го БЕРЕЗНЯ 1814; †10-го БЕРЕЗНЯ 1861)

РОЗРИТА МОГИЛА.

Світе тихий, краю милий,
Моя Україно!
За що тебе сплюндровано,
За що, мамо, гинеш?
Чи ти рано до схід сонця
Богу не молилась?
Чи ти діточок непевних
Звичаю не вчила?
Молилася, турбувалась,
День і ніч не спала,
Малих діток доглядала,
Звичаю навчала.
Виростали мої квіти
Мої добрі діти,
Панувала і я колись
На широкім світі, —
Панувала... Ой Богдане!
Нерозумний сину!
Подивись тепер на матір,
На свою Вкраїну.
Що, колишучи, співала
Про свою недолю,
Що співаючи, ридала,
Виглядала волю.
Ой Богдане, Богданочку!
Якби була знала —
У колисці б задушила,
Під серцем приспала.
Степи мої запродані
Жидові, німоті,
Сини мої на чужині,
На чужій роботі.
Дніпро, брат мій, висихає,
Мене покидає,
А могили мої милі
Москаль розриває..
Нехай риє, розкопує,
Не своє шукає...
А тим часом перевертні
Нехай підростають,
Та поможуть москалеві
Господарювати
Та з матері полатану
Сорочку знімати.
Помагайте, недолюдки,
Матір катувати.
На четверо розкопана,
Розрита могила...
Чого вони там шукали?
Що там схоронили
Старі батьки? Ех, якби то...
Якби то найшли те, що там
схоронили
Не плакали б діти, мати не
журилась...

———o———

СОН.

(Уривок).

У всякого своя доля
І свій шлях широкий:
Той мурує, той руйнує,
Той неситим оком —
За край світа зазирає,
Чи нема країни,
Щоб загарбать і з собою
Взять у домовину.
Той тузами обирає
Свата в його хаті,
А той нишком у куточку
Гострить ніж на брата.
А той, тихий та тверезий,
Богобоязливий,
Як кішечка підкрадеться,
Вижде нещасливий
У тебе час та й запустить
Пазурі в печінки, —
І не благай: не вимолять
Ні діти, ні жінка.
А той, щедрий та розкішний,
Все храми мурує;
А отечество так любить,
Так за ним бідкує,
Так із його сердешного,
Кров, як воду, точить!...
А братія мовчить собі,
Витріщивши очі!...

———o———

* * *

Роботящим умам,
Роботящим рукам
Перелоги орать,
Думать, сіять, не ждать
І посіяне жать
Роботящим рукам.

* * *

Мені однаково, чи буду
Я жить в Україні, чи ні.
Чи хто згадає, чи забуде
Мене в снігу на чужині —
Однаковісінько мені.
В неволі виріс між чужими,
І, неоплаканий своїми,
В неволі, плачучи, умру,
І все з собою заберу —
Малого сліду не покину
На нашій славній Україні,
На нашій — не своїй землі.
І не пом'яне батько з сином,
Не скаже синові: Молись!
Молися, сину: за Україну
Його замучили колись. —
Мені однаково, чи буде
Той син молитись, чи ні...
Та не однаково мені,
Як Україну злії люди
Присплять, лукаві, і в огні
Її окраденою, збудять...
Ох, не однаково мені.

(В казаматі 1847).

———o———

* * *

Схаменіться! Будьте люди,
Бо лихо вам буде!
Розкуються незабаром
Заковані люди.
Настане суд, заговорять
І Дніпро і гори!
І потече сторіками
Кров у синє море
Дітей ваших... І не буде
Кому помагати:
Одцурається брат брата
І дитини мати.
І дим хмарою заступить
Сонце перед вами,
І навіки прокленетесь
Своїми синами!
Умийтеся! Образ Божий
Багном не скверніте!

— — — — — — — — —

...І немає злому
На всій землі безконечній
Веселого дому.
Я ридаю, як згадаю
Діла незабуті
Дідів наших. Тяжкі діла!
Якби їх забути,
Я оддав би веселого
Віку половину.
Отака то наша слава,
Слава України.
Отак і ви прочитайте,
Щоб не сонним снились
Всі неправди, щоб розкрились
Всі могили
Перед вашими очима,
Щоб ви розпитали
Мучеників: кого, коли,
Защо розпинали?
Обніміте ж, брати мої,
Найменшого брата, —
Нехай мати усміхнеться,
Заплакана мати.
Благословить дітей своїх
Твердими руками
І діточок поцілує
Вольними устами.
І забудеться срамотна
Давная година,
І оживе добра слава,
Слава України.
І світ ясний, невечерній
Знову засіяє...
Обніміте ж брати мої,
Молю вас, благаю!

(З „Посланія").

———o———

Страшно впасти у кайдани,
Умірать в неволі,
А ще гірше — спати, спати,
І спати на волі.

ЗАПОВІТ.

Як умру, то поховайте
Мене на могилі,
Серед степу широкого,
На Вкраїні милій:

Щоб лани широкополі,
І Дніпро, і кручі
Було видно, було чути,
Як реве ревучий!

Як понесе з України
У синєє море
Кров ворожу... отоді я
І лани і гори —
Все покину і полину
До самого Бога
Молитися... А до того —
Я не знаю Бога.

Поховайте та вставайте,
Кайдани порвіте
І вражою злою кров'ю
Волю окропіте!

І мене в сім'ї великій,
В сім'ї вольній, новій,
Не забудьте пом'янути
Незлим тихим словом.

———o———

* * *

Доле, де ти? Доле, де ти?
Нема ніякої!
Коли доброї жаль, Боже,
То дай злої, злої!
Не дай спати ходячому,
Серцем замирати
І гнилою колодою
По світу валятись.
А дай жити, серцем жити
І людей любити,
А коли ні... то проклинать
І світ запалити!
Страшно впасти у кайдани,
Умирать в неволі,
А ще гірше — спати, спати,
І спати на волі —
І заснути на вік-віки,
І сліду не кинуть
Ніякого: однаково —
Чи жив, чи загинув;...
Доле, де ти? Доле, де ти?
Нема ніякої!
Коли доброї жаль, Боже,
То дай злої! злої!

———o———

ДАВИДОВІ ПСАЛЬМИ.

43.

Боже, нашими ушима
Чули Твою славу,
І діди нам розказують
Про давні криваві
Тії літа, як рукою
Твердою своєю
Розв'язав Ти наші руки
І покрив землею
Трупи ворожі. І силу
Твою возхвалили
Твої люди і в покої,
В добрі одпочили,
Слав'я Господа... А нині!...
Покрив єси знову
Срамотою свої люди, —
І вороги нові
Розкрадають, як овець, нас
І жеруть!... Без плати
І без ціни оддав єси
Ворогам проклятим.
Покинув нас на сміх людям,
В наругу сусідам, —
Покинув нас яко в притчу
Нерозумним людям.
І кивають, сміючися,
На нас головами;
І всякий день перед нами —
Стид наш перед нами.
Окрадені, замучені,
В путах умираєм.
Не молимось чужим богам,
А Тебе благаєм:
— Поможе нам, ізбави нас
Вражої наруги!
Поборов Ти першу силу,
Побори ж і другу,
Ще лютішу! Встань же, Боже,
Вскую будеш спати,
Од сльоз наших одвертатись,
Скорбі забувати?
Смирилася душа наша,
Жить тяжко в оковах!
Встань же, Боже, поможи нам
Встань на ката знову.

———o———

Н. Т.

Великомученице кумо!
Дурна єси та нерозумна!
В раю веселому зросла
Рожевим цвітом процвіла.
І раю красного не зріла,
Не бачила, бо не хотіла
Поглянути на Божий день,
На ясний світ животворящий!
Сліпа була єси, незряща,
Недвига серцем; спала день
І спала ніч. А кругом тебе
Творилося, росло, цвіло,
І процвітало, і небо
Хвалу Творителю несло.
А ти, кумасю, спала, спала,
Пишалася, та дівувала,
Та ждала, ждала жениха,
Та ціломудріє хранила,
Та страх боялася гріха
Прелюбодійного. А сила
Сатурнова іде та йде,
І гріх той праведний плете,
У сиві коси заплітає.
А ти ніби не добачаєш:
Дівуєш, молишся, та спиш,
Та Матір Божію гнівиш,
Своїм смиренієм лукавим.
Прокинься, кумо, пробудись,
Та кругом себе подивись,
Начхай на ту дівочу славу
Та щирим серцем, не лукаво,
Хоть раз, сердего, соблуди!

* * *

Не так тії вороги,
Як добрії люди —
І окрадуть жалкуючи,
Плачучи осудять,
І попросять тебе в хату,
І будуть вітати
І питать тебе про тебе,
Щоб потім сміятись,
Щоб тебе добити...
Без ворогів можна в світі
Якнебудь прожити.
А ці добрі люди
Найдуть тебе всюди,
І на тім світі, добряги,
Тебе не забудуть.

* * *

Все йде, все минає — і краю немає...
Куди ж воно ділось? Відкіля взялось?
І дурень і мудрий нічого не знає.
Живе... Умирає... Одно зацвіло,
А друге зав'яло, навіки зав'яло...
І листя пожовкле вітри рознесли.
А сонечко встане, як перше вставало,
І зорі червоні, як перше плили,
Попливуть і потім; і ти, білолиций,
По синьому небу вийдеш погулять,
Вийдеш подивиться в жолобок, криницю
І в море безкрає і будеш сіять,
Як над Вавілоном, над його садами
І над тим, що буде з нашими синами.
Ти вічний без краю!... Люблю розмовлять,
Як з братом, з сестрою, розмовлять з тобою,
Співать тобі думу, що ти нашептав.
Порай мені ще раз, де дітись з журбою?
Я не одинокий, я не сирота:
Єсть у мене діти, та де їх подіти?
Заховать з собою? — Гріх: душа жива.
А може, їй ліпше буде на тім світі,
Як хто прочитає ті сльози-слова,
Що так вона щиро колись виливала,
Що так вона нишком над ними ридала.
Ні, не заховаю, бо душа жива.
Як небо блакитне — нема йому краю, —
Так душі почину і краю немає.
А де вона буде? Химерні слова!!
Згадай же хтонебудь її на сім світі, —
Безславному тяжко сей світ покидать.
Згадайте, дівчата, вам треба згадать!
Вона вас любила, рожевії квіти,
І про вашу долю любила співать.

(З „Гайдамаків")

* * *

Чого мені тяжко, чого мені нудно?
Чого серце плаче, ридає, кричить,
Мов дитя голодне? Серце моє трудне,
Чого ти бажаєш? Що в тебе болить?
Чи пити, чи їсти, чи спатоньки хочеш?
Засни, моє серце, навіки засни,
Невкрите, розбите... А люд навісний
Нехай скаженіє... Закрий, серце, очі...

1844.

Іван Смолій.

Шляхом Євангельських Історій

(Уривок з повісти „ЗРАДА").

2)

Від цього свисту Валя підхопилась мовби від удару батога, мовби злякалась, що хтось чужий увірветься у саму душу. І Поліна, прокинувшись, дивилась на Аксакова з дитячим зачудуванням.

— Серьожа, та що ж це за маскарад?

Аксаков стояв посеред кімнати в темному цивільному одязі, зовсім не той, не та людина, навіть обличчя не таке, якесь лагідніше, не грізне, не таке тонко-жорстоке. Він обернувся кругом, щоб придивились краще, й питав.

— Ну, як? Хорошо?

— У мундирі тобі краще — завважила Поліна. — А так нічого, виглядаєш, як парняга з села.

— Отого мені й треба. Точно!

— Навіщо?

— Навіщо? Празник сьогодні великий, забули? Піду в церкву гріхи одмолювать.

Всі ахнули, навіть Веря Абрамовна, що, прокинувшись, лежала досі ліниво, підвелась тепер на лікті, струсивши рухом голови з обличчя взад смаглочорне волосся.

— Та ти справді не жартуєш? — питала наївно Поліна.

— Ну, бачиш, Міша, які вони — звернувся Аксаков до Міші, що заглядав хитро в вікно, увесь час тихо сміючись у захопленні. — Не повірять. А я ж і кажу вам, гріхів багато на душу взяв. Хіба не багато? — питав він, лукаво посміхаючись до всіх. — Та й Бога давно не бачив, хочеться сьогодні згадать. Ну, і того, як його звать, Валя, отца...

— Ах — відгадала все Вера Абрамовна, згадавши вчорашню розмову про батюшку та наради з Мішею.

— А христитить то вмієш? — питала Поліна.

— Вмію, чом же ні. Оце мабуть так — замотав Аксаков руками і, вдаривши глибоко поклона, заспівав, наподоблюючи сільського дячка, — Господі помілуй, Господі помілуй, помілуй! Правда, Валя, що чудово. Так, до свідання, девушкі!

І він хвацько вийшов з кімнати.

Стежка до церкви, вузька та втоптана, повилась від дороги понад тихий потічок, переступила його кладкою і постелилась далі під горбок, за село.

Аксаков ішов швидко та розглядався бистро в новому оточенні. Ось деревяна брама на церковне подвіря, тільки легко відхилена, ніби ніхто туди сьогодні й не заходив ще. Аксаков штовхнув її ногою ширше і пристанув, вражений незвичайністю картини. (Дальше буде).

Остап Тарнавський

ОКСАНА

Поема

Поволі сонце котиться на захід,
звисає з вікон виноградом тьма,
і вишні в тихім вечорі запахли —
як привид, Україна запашна.

І знов, і знов чекаю я на тебе,
заслуханий у ніжний шелест трав,
біля тополі, що торкає небо,
де ще недавно на тебе я чекав.

Кохана, ти живеш зо мною завше,
крім тебе я нікого не любив;
постарівся я і — радости не знавши,
згубив її, мов птаху серед нив.

Але любов одна. Як нині, бачу:
пливуть під вітром золоті жита,
а між житами я іду та плачу,
в подертій свиті — вбогий сирота.

Топлю свій плач у тихім морі
збіжжя,
сховавшися від світу в колоси,
й тоді уперше ти ясна та свіжа
прийшла до мене в золоті роси.

Цих голубих очей вже не забути,
ніколи не забути злотих кіс.
Ти сполохала з серця чорний смуток
і легко очі витерла від сліз.

І раптом світ став милий і ласкавий,
здавалося, що все кругом моє:
далекі гори, запашні отави
і серце добре, віддане твоє.

І я — малий, жовтоволосий хлопець
уперше чув, як просторінь співа;
і я мовчав, з тобою сівши попліч,
в твої ясні заслуханий слова.

Від слів твоїх у мене серце встало,
у простір вилітало, наче птах...
А ти мене в чоло поцілувала
і, мов русалка, зникла у житах.

Я знав, що томишся у панських
наймах,
кріпацьку, чорну долю кленучи;
та як до тебе крізь шляхи розстайні
було дістатись в пітьмі, уночі?

Зимою в кучмі, в батькових чоботях
нераз під панським я стояв вікном,
аж виходив із двору хтось напроти
і проганяв на шлях мене ізнов.

Та панський крик змивав твій ясний
образ
і дер малюнок неспокійних мрій.
Але не вміла панська лють недобра
затерти в серці світлий привид твій.

І скоро шлях мені значила гулко
мандрівка хмар у синій вишині,
щоб знову у виленському заулку
зустріти тінь твою в вузькім вікні.

А потім шум веселої столиці
і воля, Академія, Брюлов,
здавалося, це сон, це тільки сниться,
що друзів я на чужині знайшов.

У тебе, може, жаль, що на сальони,
на зимний усміх дивної княжни
я проміняв задуму безгомонну
вкраїнських піль під теплим сонцем
жнив?

Та вір мені: в далекім, млистім місті,
проходжуючись в сумі самоти,
я знав, що серце туги не помістить,
що там мені від тебе не втекти.

І знову сни в кімнаті на піддаші,
нічні прогулянки у Літній Сад,
де блідо місяць усміхався й часом
на Україну закликав назад.

До тебе вітер ніс закляту тугу,
що в темну ніч писала перший вірш:
він нам ворожив, чи зійдемось
вдруге,
чи нам ніколи не зійтися більш.

А потім привид: степ, Дніпро
ревучий —
знайомий образ пізнає душа...
Там, як — бувало — мачуха
докучить,
я до стовпів залізних вирушав.

І, мов хлопчак, я їхав в Україну,
де під вітрами клоняться жита,
де у садах вишневих пісня лине —
така велична й, мов мужик, проста.

Здавалося: там радісним промінням
життя мережить сонце, як рукав;
а довелося — довелось незмінно
зустріти те, що перше покидав.

Тоді я знав, що не пора вже марить,
що мріями кайданів не зірвать;
...І піднімався гнівний Костомарів
і віщим словом чавив рабства гать.

...І знову сни в кімнаті, на піддаші:
шум моря, рев гармат і людський
гам.
Плили човни, йшли коні, люди
мажі —
свободу Гамалія ніс рабам.

Вбігали в хату люті гайдамаки —
минулих днів невмовклива луна —
і Україна, наче квітом маків,
повстаннями зривалась, вогняна.

Тобі, Оксано, шепотів Ярема
те, що ховав я у своїй душі...
— в його словах тобі привіт від
мене,
в його словах — мої думки усі.

Так не було ритунку ні-від кого.
Рабам лишився гайдамацький ніж.
І я — проклявши самодержця
злого —
свій заповіт доказував мужніш.

А потім із-за крат, з-за темних
мурів,
дивився я сумно в сіру далечінь,
чи сонце не мигне в вікні похмурім,
чи не мигне твоя нежданна тінь.

А там: солдат-вигнанець у шинелі,
я виглядав, чи хоч листа нема.
Та не було! Лише піски, пустеля,
щоденна муштра і нудьга німа.

В ночі, мов злодій, вийшовши з
казарми,
в німий простір кричав я, накликав.
— Та крик лунав самітно і надармо,
вгорі лиш місяць сторожем стояв.

Плили літа. Кати скували серце
і кинули його в глибінь пустинь.
Та там воно кричало і тепер ще
живе, товчеться і дзвенить, мов
дзвін.

Ще раз воно забилося міцніше
в запалих ґрудях хворого старця,
як день надію цвітами розвіяв,
ясний світанок волю обіцяв.

Ще раз летів я птахом в Україну,
стрічати волю, як колись-давно;
здавалося, що там тебе зустріну,
в хатині над омріяним Дніпром.

...Не довелось. І знову на чужині,
в кімнаті на піддаші сам один —
і знову жду тебе, як там під тином,
нанизуючи довгий лік хвилин.

Тобі уже назустріч зорі вийшли,
і місяць просить хоч на мить
зайти...
Чи вітер з далів зносить запах
вишні,
чи твій це ніжний подих?

Ах, це ти!

ПРАЦЯ

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