



The Ukrainian Weekly
Supplement

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WEEKLY No. 34 JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 21, 1950 VOL. XVIII

YOUTH LEAGUERS GET SET FOR CONVENTION

As the long-awaited Labor Day week-end draws nearer, there is a quickening of the pace in the everyday activities of American and Canadian young people of Ukrainian descent whose minds have been set on going to New York City as delegates from their local clubs, or as guests, to the Thirteenth Annual Convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

social and cultural gathering but are tied down with little ones the Hotel Commodore provides a "baby-sitting" service. Hence, there is no need to sit home and brood over not being able to participate in the convention.

Youthful Artist Visits Home Town

After being away from Winnipeg for several years Cornelia Gayowsky has returned for a well earned rest from the hustle and bustle of New York.



PETER TARBY, tenor, who will sing in the role of Andrei, handsome lover of Oksana, in the presentation, in part, of "Zaporozhians Beyond the Danube" at Carnegie Hall on Sunday afternoon, September 3rd.



MARY BODNAR, soprano, who will appear as Oksana in the showing at Carnegie Hall on Labor Day Week-end of excerpts of "Zaporozhians Beyond the Danube."

New Ukrainian-American Movie Star

Walter Palance, a young Ukrainian movie actor, struck gold with his excellent performance as "Blackie" in "Panic in the Streets" which ran early this month at New York's famous Roxy Theatre.

The New York Times (August 5) motion picture section ran a picture of Palance and the reviewer noted that, "A newcomer to films, Mr. Palance is a tall, rugged man with deep-set, piercing eyes and a granite-like face that commands attention."

Bandurist's Records Still Available

The album of Ukrainian folk songs recorded by the world famous ensemble of Bandurists under the direction of Hryhory Kytasty are still available to the public.

Hannah Prydatkevych Graduates With Distinction

Hannah Prydatkevych, pianist, for many years the student of the famous Paolo Gallico of New York, graduated this July with distinction (cum laude) from Murray State College (Ky.) with the degree of Bachelor of Music Education.

whom she assisted also as soloist, performing music of Ukrainian composers on the piano. Western Canadian newspapers stressed her splendid pianism and mentioned her achievement as a good trouper, speeding for hundreds of miles through Canadian spaces and being able to give remarkable performances after that.

Steinbeck On Ukrainians

An interesting commentary on the life and manners of the Ukrainian people by the famous American writer, John Steinbeck, appears in his mis-named book "The Russian Journal" (Viking Press).

of course officially conducted. Steinbeck was especially taken in by the Ukrainian people. He carefully distinguishes them from the Russians, and finds them more to his liking than the latter.

War Ministry For Ukraine

On July 5, 1950, the Supreme Soviet of Ukraine terminated its session with several important decisions, according to the press of Kiev. Among the most important are: to establish a War Ministry of Ukraine, as well as a Ministry of Cotton; ratification of the new national flag and new national anthem of Ukraine, and some amendments to the constitution of Ukraine.

been expended. Mere promises will not suffice. The Soviet record is one of broken promises. It must be assumed that they would be broken in the future, especially since to break them would serve the imperialistic ambitions of Communist Russia. Control by an international agency over all atomic production is the only guarantee of security.

forget the record of Soviet aggression and obstruction — to forget such matters as the Soviet walkout from the U. N., the police tactics in eastern Europe, aggression in Iran, Greece, Turkey, and Germany, the obstruction of armed forces for the U. N., and Soviet efforts to sabotage the Marshall Plan, Point Four and other constructive measures truly contributing to world peace and security.

MOSCOW'S SIGNATURE FOR PEACE CAMPAIGN

9. The fraudulent nature of this Moscow effort is glaringly obvious. In pressing for a simple "paper" ban on the use of atomic weapons, the USSR is simply continuing its effort to place a moral stigma on atomic weapons, conscious that any such prohibition would not be effective, but would dilute the sense of security among Western peoples arising from the current U. S. superiority in atomic stockpiles.

mercy of the Soviet Armies. The "appeal" which the Communists are circulating is an appeal to provide these strategic advantages for the Soviet Union.

12. The trap set in the "Stockholm Resolution" is apparent. It proposes a "control" that would be no control at all. The United Nations has been tackling the problem of how to achieve security against the destructiveness of the atom bomb for the past four years.

Red Propaganda Trap
13. The Major aim of this Soviet propaganda trap is also apparent. While this "signatures for peace" campaign is obviously an important move in the Soviet peace offensive strategy, it is in effect a diversionary tactic. It seeks to distract the attention of the American and other peoples from the real issue, by concentrating their attention on a phony issue.

Editorial

"WON'T GIVE YOUTH A CHANCE"

Under the above caption an article was recently received by us from one of our steady contributors. Its gist is contained in the following two paragraphs which we quote:

We have institutions and organizations where the youth isn't given a chance to get, in, despite its willingness, qualification, capability and interest in such work. Ofttimes simply by reason of seniority they will come to the conclusion that such positions and duties are not for the youth.

should have been presented. Then all of us would have had the opportunity of passing judgement upon the same. As it is, we cannot. Aside from this aspect of it, however, we find that this general charge takes little or no account of the realities of life. According to it, the youth are ready and willing but aren't given a chance.

WHOM TO CLAIM

"We don't want that which is not ours"—is a line in a Ukrainian song that well expresses the sentiments of our people in the matter of their national and territorial aspirations. What they want is what rightfully belongs to them.

Yet why even spend the time in "discovering" and hailing those "Ukrainians" who though they be noted professionals, industrialists, movie stars, or sport luminaries nevertheless refuse to acknowledge either by word or deed their Ukrainian origin?

and will now use armed invasion and war."
14. In the struggle for peace by the United States and its allies, the United States will continue to demand, at the bar of world opinion, that the words of the Soviet Union shall be judged in the full perspective of Soviet actions.

and freedom for all peoples.
II. Support United Nations measures of collective defense to stop all aggression.
III. Lift the fear and burden of armaments by:
a. Adopting the UN plan for enforceable control of atomic energy in order to make effective the prohibition of atomic weapons and to assure the use of atomic energy for peaceful purposes only;



TREES — (With apologies to Myroslava) — by MYROSLAV

"Hummm..." said the bird of ficioiously adjusting the spectacles on his beak.

"It's an article on trees."

"Read it," said the old oak, and the forest grew still.

The mushrooms which grew amongst the trees, and which in fact overshadowed some of the smaller ones, ceased their chatter and became silent. The squirrels which were hopping from place to place as though they were playing hide-and-go-seek stopped and gathered in the limbs of the old oak tree to listen. The other great oak trees standing as straight as soldiers stretched their roots and branches for they were beginning to feel a bit stiff.

"Go on," said the oak.

The bird bent over the piece of newspaper caught in the oak's top-most branches. The rain had faded it somewhat, but the printing was still legible. The bird began to read, covering his head with one wing so that the hot summer sun would not annoy him. His voice was sweet and floated through the air to the ears of his listeners like strains of beautiful music. A hill which happened to be winding by at the moment lifted its head to listen.

"... a tree is one of God's greatest gifts to mankind..."

Here the bird was interrupted by the trees which clapped their leaves in approval while an English walnut which was in the grove said heartily: "Hear, hear."

At this demonstration of approval the bird, the squirrels, the mushrooms and the hill began to protest vehemently. Of all the trees only the red-cedar did not join the trees in welcoming this admission of their superior status. Instead he began to speak:

"Comrades, plainly the paper our colleague the bird is reading must be a bourgeois imperialist rag, since it advocates the fallacious fascist theories of race or the superiority of certain species. As we know, this has been conclusively disproved by Marxist dialectics which..."

But the rest of the trees would not let him finish and set a general clamour which drowned him out, and with a low grumble about his democratic rights the red-cedar ceased his harangue. The bird continued.

"... Immediately the hot summer sun begins to annoy us..."

"Not necessarily," said the sun from low over the horizon. "Not necessarily. Annoy," is a bit too harsh, don't you think?"

He received no answer. The bird read on.

"... we see great oaks standing straight as soldiers..."

"Not always, some of us are quite gnarled and twisted," commented an old oak. "As a matter of fact some people think that is when we are most charming."

There was a murmur of approval for all the oaks found standing as straight as soldiers a great strain on their trunks and preferred an informal stance.

"One sees a little bird in the tree-tops building a nest for his young."

At this the assembled congregation set up an uproarious laugh. The bird, a sparrow, blushed so deeply that he looked like a robin for a moment. Then he said, in an embarrassed tone:

"His young, goodness gracious!"

He recovered his poise (sparrows are rather coolheaded), and when the mushrooms had stopped laughing he went on:

"Where would our birds, little animals and insects dwell if there were no trees?"

The assembled birds, little animals and insects stirred at this mention of them. A murmur of appreciation swept through their ranks and a tree-toad hurriedly moved a vote of thanks to the writer for this expression of interest in the welfare of the birds, little animals and insects. A woodlouse remarked wryly that humans themselves provided habitation for his namesakes, but in the general excitement his remark went unheeded for he had a reputation for cynicism.

"Little infants can sleep comfortably under a shady tree, while the little bigger ones can swing to an embarrassed tone: branches."

A cypress standing nearby, who was a morbid creature and a misanthrope, said hollowly:

"By their little bigger necks, I hope."

An oak silenced him.

"And at night, in the moonlight, young lovers can enjoy sitting be-

That's a real purty piece of rustling leaves."

"That's a real purty piece of writin', mighty fancy." It was an old elm with a plebeian background which was reflected in his rustic, rough-hewn speech. A porcupine who had been sleeping and who awoke in time to hear the last bit asked excitedly:

"What's he reading? What's he reading?—Havelock Ellis?"

His neighbors assured him that such was not the case and he dozed off again. It was growing dark and the purple shadows were creeping over the hills and through the valleys. The bird read on, faster, so that he could finish before it grew too dark.

"Such are the roles a tree is designated to play in life, and should be appreciated by man."

"We hope so," said all the trees.

"We hope so," said all the mushrooms.

"We hope so," said all the birds.

"... Hope so," said all the little animals and insects.

"... Hope so," replied the echoes from the hillsides. The hills wound on. The sun sank below the horizon. They all yawned.

Just then a little breeze blew. It fanned the embers of a campfire which a careless camper had neglected to put out earlier that day. A little wisp of flame appeared. The grass around the camp fire began to crackle and burn.

The dry leaves on the forest floor caught fire. Soon the whole forest was a raging holocaust. The fire crawled from tree to tree on its red belly laughing to itself as it ate up everything in its path. The little animals and the insects were trapped and died. The trees cried out in their fear but they could not be saved. The birds flew away.

The fire reached the tall old oak tree in which the paper had lodged. It crawled up the trunk and into the branches. The tree hissed in pain. Up, up went the red flames to the very top of the tree. They reached the paper and it began to burn with a quick yellow flame. And the last part of the paper to be consumed, was the part which read:

"... Yes, a tree is one of God's greatest gifts to mankind, and yet, how little people appreciate its purposes and beauty."

Impressions by William Shust

What do you think of in August? When memories of spring have died and the heat of July is too quick to remember.

When the heat of day presses upon you and an occasional wind blows past your left ear.

What do you think of then? Perhaps of white sails framed against a blue crystal sky.

Perhaps of the wonders that a picture calendar shows for August.

Or, perhaps of the autumn that is just ahead.

No, autumn or winter will not occupy our mind. At least not for the present.

For this is August, the mature youth of the year. Older in grace and beauty than rash July—younger than autumn.

Overhead, a bird crosses the pattern by the roaring silver wings of an airplane.

And your eyes turn to follow the noisy man-made bird.

Yes, what does one think of in August?

When idle clouds peep from behind dusty horizons.

And half the world wallows in ease while the other half wishes it could.

What happens to thoughts then?

Yesterday's longings—past.

Today's existence?—it is still here.

Tomorrow's surprises—we shall not think.

So, from day to day. And August lives, too busy to think of that gone by or yet to come.

Too busy living the life of youth leaving remembrance for the time of age.

August, the majesty of youth, lives serenely and joyously in its everyday pattern; youthfully unaware that things must be thought out and have a reason. And, by not attaching too much meaning to everything, August enjoys itself beyond time.

What does August think of? Nothing, but the joy of life.

On Record - - by Ted Victor

Convention Thoughts

Once again the Convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America is almost with us. Bags are being packed and prepared for the excursion to the city of New York nestled between the East and North Rivers. Hundreds of ideas are being maulled over, plans are being made and visions of enjoyment are crossing the minds of many youthful guests and delegates. With all this going on it seems almost a crime to remind these happy individuals of a certain duty, a job to be done, an endeavor that must be advanced. This endeavor is nothing else but the Youth League itself, its welfare, its future. What can be done? What can each and every guest and delegate contribute towards this end? Here are but a few suggestions:

Coming right down to brass tacks we must admit that everyone attending the convention can and should contribute a great deal towards furthering the League's policies. Guests and delegates alike may do much, providing, of course that they work together. The convention floor is open constantly for the airing of views and ideas. The people present should take advantage of this opportunity. The discussions held at the convention not only provide good copy for newspaper write-ups but also offer guidance to the entire program for the year. If there are questions as to certain administrative tasks, decisions or undertakings, then the convention should provide the answers. Delegates should attend the sessions with this point in mind. The convention is being held for their benefit. No question, opinion is too big or too small to be brought up. The convention floor is the place for all arguments. Why hold them in private and deprive all the other delegates and guests of a little fun. After all, half the fun of attending conventions is found in the airing of views on the convention floor. Some of my best friends have been at various heated convention and rally sessions.

Points for specific consideration by the convention body should include the overall development of the League. To date an executive secretary has been employed with good compensation without the expected dividends from such a position. And then, throughout the year

there have been several undertakings sponsored by the League that just haven't clicked for various reasons. These should be brought up at the convention so that they may be remedied in the future. Various drives sponsored by the League, too, have met but with mediocre success.

The problems facing this convention of the UYL-NA are great and varied. They must be solved or else the League will suffer. And today more than ever before, with our own country enveloped in a hot not cold war with the forces of atheistic Red Russia, with land of our fathers bleeding beneath the boot of this same evil force, a league such as our Ukrainian Youth's League of North America may render great service once again to all humanity.

The Youth League has not only moved forward these past years. It has shaped leaders, provided inspiration and united the sons and daughter of a once mighty and proud Ukraine here on the shores of the "Washington's Land." It has welded our young people into a compact society so that all are bound together with a love of God and country. We have learned to be better Americans and good Ukrainians through its efforts. We have convened at our conventions, expressed our views and listened to the words of others. In one way or another the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America has been of great and lasting service to all of us. For some it has acted a Cupid (just notice how many matches have been made during the conventions and rallies), while for others it has been a teacher and for some it has provided an avenue for experience. In all cases the Youth League has done more than advance or progress. It has become a part of our life and has grown with us. We owe it to ourselves and to all those who worked so hard to build it to continue this superb organizational task. For as League grows, so grow we and all future Ukrainian Americans who come into its fold. A strong and vital UYL-NA may one day aid even more in attaining a free and independent Ukraine. An ideal that has been with the League's founders and to our parents. We owe it to them and to ourselves to succeed.

Ukrainian Poetry

The Sacrifice

By VASYL PACHOVSKY

Your hearts be steeled, the trumpets sound for doom.

The crimes and evil tear the earth asunder.

It bursts, like hell, like ocean of the gloom,

The bottoms of the seas will quiver under thunder.

We grow as the Apocalypse of latter days,

We grow by days, by nights, by hours,

The Golden Gate on Mountains shews us ways,

And in the stars we read the aims of ours.

It is our host,—New Order's iron rod!

The knights who bear the Volodymyr's token

Will turn the globe to Truth, to Love, to God,

New Testament for all mankind will open!

Be ready now, the trumpets sound for doom!

Like hell, asunder will the earth be torn,

The Forest

By M. OREST

Hail, to thee, hail, o Father wise!

To thy embraces I once more return,

My soul with thine would I unite,

I am—all glowing rapture, I am—all love.

Cruelly did the evil world abuse me,—

I bore it all—and now a wandering son

I thee entreat: Take me into thy joyous,

The gracious depth of mystery.

In thy lofty crowns my thoughts let dwell,

Let my voice be but the whisper of thy leaves,

Let me rejoice with all thy blossoms.

And in thy quiet shelter sleep, until the end of time.

Transl. by M. Hordynsky

Will burst, will quiver, like oceans full of gloom,

Until the Truth from Chaos will be born!

Transl. by Wol. Shayan

MOMENTS by Volodimir Vinnichenko

(Continued)

"Come," whispered the girl.

"Come," I said. And again I was aching to take her hand, but...

We were now walking through the fields. A yellowish blue rye rustled, grasshoppers jumped from under our feet. The forest stood motionless awaiting us.

"Listen," said the girl, stopping abruptly. "In case I am killed and you remain alive, please, write to the following address"—and she repeated the address several times.

"Write the following: Mussia has been killed on the boundary. She died the death of those, who love life. Nothing else,—do you hear? Will you do it?"

"Yes," I said quietly. And again that desire to take her hand, just one hand. But...

And now let us proceed!" whispered the girl decidedly.

For a moment our eyes met, and hers clung to mine in a long kiss... We walked on, slowly, looking at the immobile wall of trees.

"Remember: the death of those who love life," suddenly came her whisper.

I silently shook my head.

The field ended. We were in the woods. Massive old oaks with their branches wide apart looked like extended hands, ready to take us into their fervent embrace. Graceful birch-trees white, as though naked to the waist hid shyly behind the oaks. Birds skipped from branch to branch, chirping in surprised tones.

"Let us sit down... We must look around," I whispered to the girl.

We chose a place among the bushes, where we could see the woods, and yet not be seen. We sat down. We looked about,—bushes, shadows, sunspots...

"I see nothing," whispered Mussia.

"Neither do I."

"Perhaps further"...

"Perhaps!"

"Let us rest awhile. There is no hurry..."

She smiled to me quietly, sadly. The forest seemed to have forgiven our intrusion and looked at us with less enmity. The oaks looked down at us patronizingly; the nude birch trees peered from behind the big trees, smiling gayly with their white branches. The forest made peace with us and continued its busy life,—the life of love, reproduction, growth... Bees buzzed excitedly on the pale flowers of the bushes. Somewhere high up a woodpecker was heard. Two little birds flew about, looking at us inquisitively and unexpectedly embraced each other. Butterflies fluttered about in pairs, united in an embrace of love, or sat on leaves in happy relaxation. In the grass insects swarmed in couples. The great, beautiful process of life!

I love this process in the woods and fields! It is pure and not crippled by human morals, unstained by the hypocrisy of carnal desire.—Here it is powerful, open, and simple. I love these insects, birds,—all these little ignorant opponents of the hypocrisy of their older brother—man.

They take part in this process with their energy and strength, or as this brother—man would have it,—with all the cynicism possible,—and it seems as though these insects and butterflies call out to the humans: "Here, look, we do not try to conceal our action. We have no illegitimate offspring, passports, morals, rules and penal codes. We are healthy, pure, little cynics."

Mussia and I watched these little cynics, while they flew, crept

and crawled about us, often interlaced in love. The flowers breathe love and passion, the birch trees whisper to each other, the nude white birch tree...

"It is very hot..." whispered Mussia, her bright eyes fixed on mine.

I looked at her, and wondered. Here we are, two persons, harassed and persecuted by other people; we sit here in the woods, and soon we shall, perhaps, fall into the hands of still other humans, who hide in this forest in the midst of this love-process, and await us with death in their hands. We two hunted beings are near each other, our eyes are full of warmth and tenderness to each other, our hearts fall of desire to join all this warmth, to become intoxicated with this tenderness, this great gift of life, we two... two human beings, not bugs, we have no courage to do as we wish, for... we know each other but a few hours. We might die at this moment, and all would disappear,—morals laws, insects, caresses, and warmth,—but we... we do not dare!

"Why do you keep looking at me so keenly?" asked Mussia, tenderly laying her hand across my eyes.

I pressed her hand to my lips ecstatically. Mussia looked at me with an expression of deep sorrow in her beautiful eyes.

"Will you think of me after I am killed," came her soft whisper.

"They will not kill you!"

"I will think of you..."

I moved closer to her and leaned against her shoulder. The coarse cloth of her coat hurt my face, but it felt softer than velvet to me. Her bosom heaved.

"Don't," she whispered.

"Is it displeasing to you?" I asked hoarsely.

"No... Just so..."

"Then—why not?"

She looked at me, smiled and softly, caressingly pressed her left

EVER BEEN TO A UKRAINIAN YOUTH CONVENTION?

I can vividly recall having read accounts of many Ukrainian Youth's League of North America rallies and conventions in the Ukrainian Weekly long before I ever attended any of these affairs, and to my mind, the question always came up... what's the big deal? Well, during the summer of 1947, after having returned from the Summer Surveying Camp conducted by the College of Engineering of New York University where I was

hand to my cheek. The birch trees laughed gladly and silently; the old oaks smiled meaningly; bugs and butterflies fluttered about us encouragingly... But somewhere there, far away, in the mysterious damp twilight of the thicket death awaited us... Oh, let her wait, who cares! Let the black, slimy, hateful death wait!

"Mussia," I pleaded, nestling closer to her.

She looked into my eyes, at my yearning lips...

"No, we must not..."

"Mussia!"

"Come! We must go!" she pushed my head away lightly. "Put on your cap and let us go. It is time!"

The woods frowned. The frightened birds flew off the branches and disappeared into the depths of the forest. The dark depth awaited us. I put on my cap, we got up, and without looking at each other, started out. My left cheek was afe, my hands still felt the warmth of her little palm, but out of the mysterious dampness something cold, strangling, ugly was creeping into my heart.

Our teeth set tight, we walked cautiously, stopping frequently and looking about.

(To be concluded)

a Civil Engineering student, I was fortunate enough to obtain summer employment with the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey and I finally decided! No use kicking the idea around and hesitating, I'll go to the UYL-NA's first post-war convention in Philly and find out what the scoop really is. With my buddy, tall college basketball star Myron Lotosky of Bayonne, N. J. and a few dollars in my pocket, which wouldn't have even enabled me to buy a decent-sized pot to plant flowers in (then I had tuition problems), we took a train to the City of Brotherly Love, and immediately upon arriving, we made tracks for the Ben Franklin. At the hotel, registration was going on with a great deal of activity, to say the least. Here and there, a few familiar faces were seen, such as Jean Harasym of Toronto and fellow New Jerseyite Ted Shumeyko, but on the whole, all others were comparative strangers to me. But Ukrainians, being the friendly people they are, soon worked us into their conversations and before the evening was through I had made a great many new friends from practically every walk of life—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, laborers—all were represented. This in itself was indeed gratifying.

UYLNA GRAND BALL

— at the —

HOTEL COMMODORE

42nd St., near Lexington Ave. NEW YORK CITY

Sun. Evening

SEPT. 3rd


10:00 P. M.

BILL GALE

Orch.

Adm. \$3.00

or Comb. Ticket



Are You a Hamlet?

By MYROSLAVA

Do you find yourself playing Hamlet these days? Like him, with his famous—To Be, Or Not To Be—are you debating with your own question—To go, or not to go to the "Ukrainian Youth League of North America Convention" on September 2, 3 and 4 in New York City?

Yes, that is the all-important question in the minds of many these days, and, should be decided upon immediately as the time is drawing closer.

I can say is— you won't go wrong! I usually refrain from going all out for anything but UYL-NA conventions and rallies just can't be beat, hence my advice to all you readers is, get your \$3-dollar registration fee to the convention committee as quickly as possible as it is the best buy for your money (just like a Pontiac) dollar for dollar.

WALTER W. DANKO

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

"SVOBODA"

(UKRAINIAN DAILY)

FOUNDED 1893

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YOUTH and U. N. A.

**OVER 1,500 MEMBERS
IN TWO MONTHS**

During the month of June the Ukrainian National Association admitted 810 new members to boost the total membership of the organization to 58,901. In July the fraternal benefit society admitted an additional 708 new members to the total membership to 59,380.

The new Life Paid Up At Age 65 and Endowment At Age 65 certificates were issued for the first time as of July 1, and the indications are that both forms of insurance will prove popular, especially with applicants over 40 years of age. The idea of having paid up insurance at age 65 appeals to many applicants, while others like the idea of having a cash endowment to look forward to at that age. Some applicants have taken both types of certificates, which is very commendable; these members will realize both cash and fully paid up insurance at age 65. The U.N.A. will pay dividends on the new certificates after 2 calendar years; in fact, the organization pays dividends on all certificates after 2 calendar years, including the juvenile.

The U.N.A. admitted over 1,500 new members in 2 months, the months of June and July, which are considered "slack" months in the fraternal insurance field. August, which is also a hot weather month, promises to show good results where the U.N.A. is concerned, as new applications are arriving in every mail. There is no doubt that the August closing will show the total membership to be very close to the 60,000 mark.

The main reason for the substantial gains being made by the U. N. A. is the fact that the newly-arrived Ukrainian Displaced Persons are supporting the institution wholeheartedly. They are not only becoming members in large numbers, but quite a few of them have become organizers as well.

PAYMENT AND ENDOWMENT INSURANCE

It has been reported to us by an observing branch secretary that some members do not know the difference between 20-Payment Life and 20-Year Endowment insurance, and that these members, in fact, are under the impression they have 20-Year Endowment insurance whereas they actually have 20-Payment Life. The secretary has already taken steps to explain the difference to the members so that they could change over if they so desire. This action on the part of the secretary will eliminate any future misunderstanding where the members in question are concerned. We urge other branch secretaries to ascertain whether or not their members actually know what kind insurance they applied for and if they are satisfied. The unsatisfied members may change to a plan of insurance to their liking.

The U.N.A. has been issuing 20-Payment Life and 20-Year Endowment insurance for more than 20 years. On the 20-Payment Life plan the member pays dues for 20 years only, but is insured for

the rest of his life. On the 20-Year Endowment plan the member pays dues for 20 years and then himself receives the full face value of the insurance. The organization has had more than a few 20-year members holding 20-Payment Life certificates ask for full value, but, of course, all the U.N.A. could pay was the actual cash surrender value of the insurance, which is not the full face value. The members thought they had 20-Year Endowment insurance! On the other hand, some holders of 20-Year Endowment certificates refused to accept the full face value of their insurance and demanded that the U.N.A. keep the money and consider them insured for the rest of their lives. The U.N.A. could not do this, as 20-Year Endowment certificates are payable in cash after 20 years and the cash must be paid in accordance with the contract.

It is this sort of confusion the branch secretaries can eliminate by explaining to their members the difference between 20-Payment Life and 20-Year Endowment insurance. The new Life Paid Up At Age 65 and Endowment At Age 65 certificates should be explained, also, as some applicants may not realize the difference between the 2 types of insurance.

In conclusion, we would like to point out that endowment insurance is more expensive than payment insurance and that members changing from payment to endow-

ment, desiring to retain the original date of issue, must pay the difference in back dues plus compound interest.

We invite the reader to submit questions concerning his U.N.A. insurance. The answers will appear in this column, if the reader so desires; if not, then we will answer by letter. Send all queries to Youth and the U.N.A., Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J.

T. L.

UKRAINIAN SPORT NOTES

By WALTER W. DANKO

Rawhide Hi-Lites:

Al Monchak, player-manager of the league-leading Odessa team in the Longhorn (Class D) League played second sack for the West squad in the loop's annual All-Star game which was held two weeks ago...

Slumping Mike Goliat, of Yatesboro, Pa. second baseman for the league-leading Philadelphia Phillies of the National League was married on Friday (8-4) in Reading, Pa. and the ensuing day, he slammed out a 2-run, 400 ft. homer to defeat the St. Louis Cardinals by the score of 2-1. As a matter of fact—he has been hitting the apple quite consistently since having netted two hits on Sunday, 3 on Monday (triple, double and single) and 3 on Tuesday...

Steve Souchock, former N. Y. Yankees first baseman, who is now performing for Sacramento in the Pacific Coast League, really had a big weekend for himself this past week. In four games, he obtained 9 hits for 14 times at bat for a lousy .643 BA. (Included among these safeties was a tremendous homer and triple). Later, he ran in a streak of 11 hits in 26 at-bats.

Andy Mathews of Bayonne, N. J. who during the off-season works as a Mechanical Engineer, is the regular third-sacker for the Danville club in the Three-Eye (Class B) League. As an added note—his manager answers to the name of Paul Chervinko and at one time was the 1st string backstop for

the Brooklyn Dodgers.

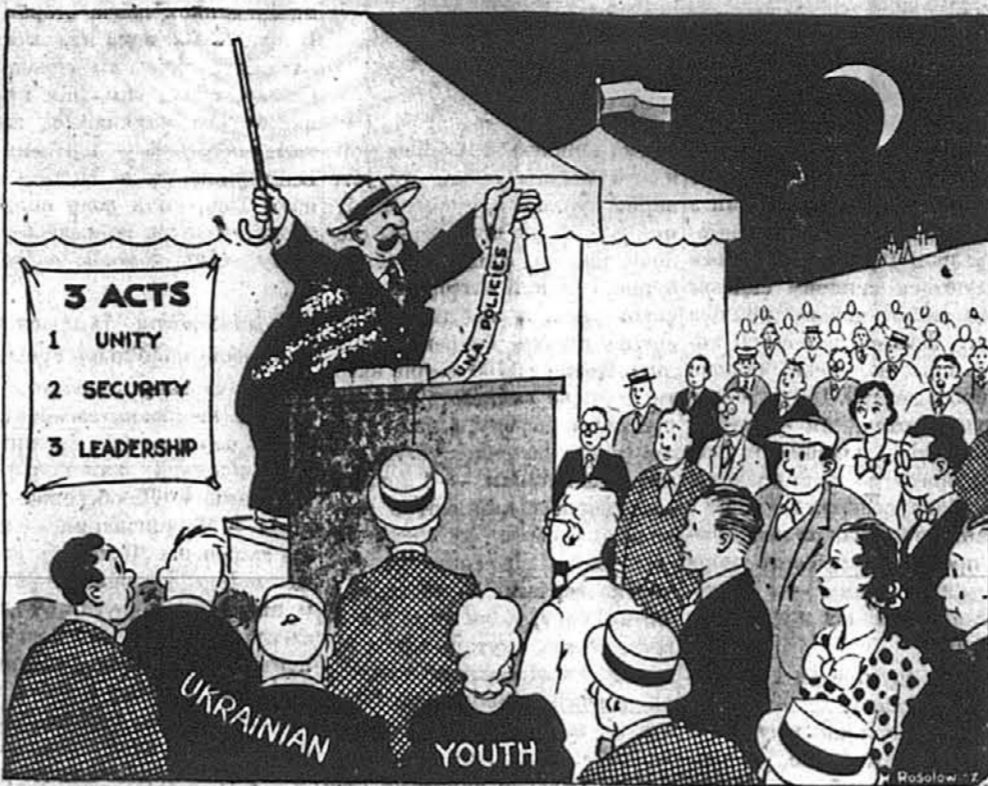
In the recent accident which involved the colliding of a car loaded with 5 minor league baseball players and a 2-ton Army truck in Watertown, N. Y.—one player was killed and 4 were sent to the hospital. Of the four, one was a Ukrainian lad from Toronto, Canada by the name of Peter Karpuk. After treatment, Pete was released and returned to his team, the league-leading Ottawa Nationals of the Border (Class C) League.

Pitcher Johnny Eiko of the Pensacola 9 in the Southeastern (Class B) League is currently the winningest chucker in the loop with a 17 win and 7 loss record for a .708 Pct. If John can maintain his winning ways he will undoubtedly soon be hanging his hat in the big leagues.

The San Diego team in the Pacific Coast (AAA) League is now on the lookout for another catcher to give aging Mike Tresh a much-needed rest. Mike, who was in the big leagues for 12 years, caught solidly for the Padres from the beginning of the season until this past month but experience can't always do for youth and as a result, a utility replacement is being sought.

From our mailbox:

Recently received a very fine letter from sports fan **Mike Oleynick** of Brooklyn, N. Y.... In essence his sentiments are such:—We Ukrainians should take it upon our past month but experience can't al-



Weekly Banter

Rexford: "I suppose you think I'm a perfect idiot?"
Roberta: "Oh, none of us are perfect."

A careful driver approached a railroad; he stopped, looked and listened. All he heard was the car behind crashing into his gas-tank.

"I want a shave," said the disgruntled Sergeant as he climbed into the barber's chair. "No haircut, no shampoo, no rum, witch hazel, hair tonic, hot towels or face massage. I don't want to be brushed off, and I'll put on my coat myself. I just want a plain shave with no trimmings. Understand that?"
"Yes, sir," said the barber quietly. "Lather, sir?"

quaint the general Canadian and American public with the Ukrainian people and one way to attack the problem is through sports. Writes Mike, "All Ukrainian organizations should support our very many Ukrainian sports stars, keep in contact with them and invite them to our affairs. Regardless of the club's size—the net result will be indeed great as compared to the effort, and the club and the athlete alike, will both receive some very good publicity".

... Here we have some very sound advice! Of the few receptions that the Ukes have given to some of our own—all were successful. Those I have in mind are:—**Walter Husayko** and his Chicago committee which honored hockey stars **Metro Prystai** and **Bill Mosienko** of the Chicago Black Hawks... The Pitts-selves to endeavor to further ac-monial dinner to Head coach **Johannie Michailosen** of the professional Pittsburgh Steelers... and... the awarding of a plaque to **All-American** basketball player **Bob Zawoluk** of St. John's University this past year at a social in Bayonne, N. J. which rec'd comment in **Jimmy Power's** column in the N. Y. Daily News (circulation: 2½ million).

All clubs in planning their social and sports programs for the coming year should seriously give the above some serious thought. I will gladly furnish names and addresses upon request. My home address is:—347 Ave. C, Bayonne, N. J.

A HISTORY OF UKRAINE
by **MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY**
Published for
THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
by
THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
(\$4.00)
SVOBODA BOOKSTORE

UYLNA FAREWELL DANCE
— at the —
HOTEL COMMODORE
42nd St., near Lexington Ave., New York City
Monday Evening
SEPT. 4th
8:00 P. M.
Adm. \$1.25 (Tax Incl.)

CHESTER TURNS BACK CARTERET

Scoring five runs in the first inning, the Chester Ukrainians topped the Carteret, N. J., Ukrainians, 7 to 5 at Sun Oil Field Sunday afternoon, August 6th.

This was a Ukrainian National Youth Conference game and the teams were tied for first. Chester now has undisputed possession of the lead.

In the first inning **Lloyd Yarnall** walked and scored on **Mike McCarthy's** double to deep right. Then walks to **Steve Palma**, **P. Feddic** and **J. Feddic** produced the second and third tally. With two out and the bases loaded, **Mike Feddic** drove out a double to left and ran the count to five.

Sonny Cox and **Georgie Sacks** did the hurling for the Chester team with **Cox** the winner. Three double plays aided the locals in stopping enemy threats.

The Chester Ukrainians will meet any Ukrainian team available. Write to "Pinsky" Pinkowitz, Mgr. c/o Ukrainian Athletic Club Fourth and Ward Streets, Chester, Pa.

UYLNA WELCOME DANCE

— at —
WEBSTER HALL
11th St., near 3rd Ave.
New York City

Saturday Night
SEPT. 2nd
9:00 P.M.
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Admission \$2.00
or
Comb. Ticket



IVAN FRANKO'S "MOSES"

With a biographical sketch of **Ivan Franko**
by **Stephen Sbur-ayko**
Trans. by **Waldimir Semenyak**
Price 50 cents

Ukrainian Peasant Fashion Show At UYL-NY Convention

A grand effort is being made to present a colorful parade representing the following districts of Ukraine, using New York Models, Toronto Costumes.

- (1) Highlanders—as Hutsuls, Lemkos, Boykos and Carpathians.
- (2) Halychyna—as Zalizhchyky of Pokutya, Serafinci of Horodenka, Yavoriv of L'viv.
- (3) Pidlashya—Near Brest-Litovsk, northern Province.
- (4) Polysya—Marshland.
- (5) Volyn—Mixed farming district.
- (6) Poltava and Kiev on the Dnieper River.

The source of our costumes are from numerous places and persons. Foremost the Ukrainian People's Home of 191 Lippincott Street, Toronto which has the most elaborate, some four thousand items of clothes in their wardrobe in care of my auntie, Mrs. Kunikevitch, that is how I get around some of the difficulties. Secondly Soyuz of Ukrainian Women of St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Church have some rich Museum Collections of shirts etc., to which Mrs. V. Mosiuk has the key, try and get it!

Newcomers as Mrs. Lucky and Hoshowaka are preparing Pidlashya

and Polysya outfits. These young ladies are school teachers and lecturers of Halychyna. Mrs. Welyhoraka, a lady who worked as head of a town Museum in Yavoriv is helping us to organize, sew and accomplish two beautiful Historical ideas. Though in poor recent circumstances she is truly a Queen of Costumes. Many skirts "Hoborku" have been used as camp blankets in recent yesterday. Now they will re-sew them together for their original use.

Mrs. Zaklinaka-Gerdan, our young ballet teacher has a lovely Hutulsian costume to loan us and others to whom we are grateful, namely Mrs. Zelena; Teala; Chumak; Diak; Chrapko; Chehuk; Wertyporoch and Mr. Avramenko.

"Nova-Khata," the old Home Journal is the authority on Ukrainian Traditional wear. True authentic clothes are a rarity like Orchids in Canada. The task is a noble one, is hard to achieve. Even the glossary is a few nights study-Lets hear say "Huba!" Huba! we have a Hoborka, meaning a Fotta, Plakhta another words, all referring to a shirt.

DR. ELIAS WACHNA.

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SPECIAL FORTHCOMING AFFAIRS TO WATCH FOR IN 1950:

- AUG. 27 — Ukrainian Picnic at Montgomery Hall on 123 Montgomery Ave., in Irvington, N.J.—3:00 p.m.
- SEPT. 2 — Ukrainian Dance at Ukrainian Hall in Great Meadows, N.J.—9:00 p.m.
- SEPT. 3 — Polka Picnic at Our Lady of Fatima Church on Stelton Road in New Market, N.J.—5:00 p.m.
- SEPT. 9 — Polka Dance at Polish National Home on 16th Ave. & Speedway, Irvington, N. J.—9:00 p.m.
- SEPT. 23 — Ukrainian Dance at St. George's Auditorium on 217 East 6th St., New York City—9:00 p.m.
- SEPT. 30 — Ukrainian Dance at St. George's Auditorium on 217 East 6th St., in New York City—9:00 p.m.
- OCT. 7 — Ukrainian Dance at St. George's Auditorium on 217 East 6th St., in New York City—9:00 p.m.
- OCT. 14 — Ukrainian Dance at Ukrainian Center on 180 William St., Newark, N.J.—8:30 p.m.
- OCT. 21 — Ukrainian Dance at Ukrainian Church Hall on 679 So. 19th St. & 18th Ave., in Newark, N. J.—8:30 p.m.
- OCT. 28 — Polka Dance at Polish National Home on 300 Roselle St., Linden, N. J.—9:00 p.m.
- NOV. 4 — Polka Dance at Slovak Sokol Hall on 358 Morris Avenue in Newark, N.J.—9:00 p.m.
- NOV. 11 — Ukrainian Dance at Ukrainian Church Hall on 679 So. 19th St. & 18th Ave., in Newark, N. J.—8:30 p.m.
- NOV. 22 — Ukrainian Dance at Ukrainian Hall on 216 Grand St. in Brooklyn, N.Y.—9:00 p.m.

OTHER DATES TO BE RELEASED VERY SHORTLY

Please do phone me as soon as possible if you want my orchestra to play for your affairs, in order to avoid disappointment. This pertains to all committees of various organizations who have booked me in the past and now in the present time. I am still taking bookings for dances, weddings, banquets, etc. for the dates still open as of now. Watch the advertisements in the Svoboda for the new releases of our Polka Records, which will be released early this fall. I also want to thank everyone on the different committees for dances, picnics, etc. for their fine cooperation and consideration. Hoping you can attend most of our dances I remain,
Musically Yours, — ЯРОСЛАВ БИНЕРТ.



The Metropolitan Area Committee of N. Y.

Music and Dance Festival

to be held in connection with the

13th Annual Convention

of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America

SEPTEMBER 3, 1950

CARNEGIE HALL
NEW YORK CITY

PROGRAM WILL INCLUDE:

1. Ukrainian Male Chorus of Chicago — Directed by Alexander Yurchenko
2. Josephine Olya Chuchman — Violin prodigy of Toronto, Canada
3. Ukrainian Dancing Society of N. Y. — "Hutzulschina" — Directed by John Flis
4. Ukrainian Choral Society of N. J. — Directed by George Kirichenko, Jr.
5. Dance soloist — John Kozak of Toronto, Canada.
6. Dance Ukraine and Ukrainian Dancers of N. Y. — Olga Yalowega and Walter Bacad, Directors
7. "Zaporozhians Beyond the Danube" — Excerpts — With soloists: Osyp Secura, baritone, Mary Lesawyer, soprano, Peter Tarby, tenor, and Mary Bodnar, soprano. — Choral Director Stephen Marusevich and Stage Director Joseph Hirniak.

TICKETS: \$3.00, \$2.40, and \$1.50 — Available at SURMA, 11 East 7th St.; NASH BAZAAR, 151 Avenue A, in New York City; SVOBODA, 81-83 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J., or UMAC Convention Committee, Hotel Commodore, New York City.

The Ukrainian Youth's League of North America

ANNOUNCES ITS

13th Annual Convention

to be held at the

HOTEL COMMODORE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

LABOR DAY WEEK-END, SEPTEMBER 2-3-4, 1950

Registration fee of \$13.00 includes:

- Welcome Dance — Saturday Evening
- Music and Dance Festival — Sun. Afternoon
- Banquet and Ball — Sunday Evening

A Year Subscription to Trend and the Bulletin

Send Your Registration Fee (\$13.00 Per Person) to:

UMAC CONVENTION COMMITTEE, HOTEL COMMODORE, NEW YORK CITY

PROGRAM

- FRIDAY, SEPT. 1: 12—10 P.M.: Registration at Hotel Commodore — 8 P.M. Social.
- SAT., SEPT. 2: 10:30 A.M. — 5:00 P.M. Business Session — 9:00 P.M.: Welcome Dance at Webster Hall.
- SUNDAY, SEPT. 3: Morning: Church Services. 2:15 P.M.: Music and Dance Festival at Carnegie Hall. — 6:30 P.M.: Banquet, Grand Ballroom, Hotel Commodore. — 10:00 P.M. Convention Ball.
- MONDAY, SEPT. 4: 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Business Session — 8:00 P.M.: Farewell Dance at Hotel Commodore.

