



The Ukrainian Weekly
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Ukrainian Graduates Crown Miss Ukraine

The Ukrainian Graduates of Detroit and Windsor held a Coronation Ball on Saturday, November 4, 1950, at which the Beauty Queen was crowned "Miss Ukraine of Detroit for 1950-1951."

Mr. Tom Chunnick, Mrs. Andrew Hradowsky and Mr. John Panchuk served as judges and with the help of an applause meter, selected three finalists.

Miss Bilek is 18 years old, at-

tended. St. Basil's Academy in Philadelphia, is now majoring in Sociology at the U. of Detroit and her hobby is Music (Glee Club and Piano).

The affair was a highly colorful and successful one, both socially and financially. All proceeds will be used to award Scholarships to worthy High School graduates of Ukrainian descent who enter college immediately upon graduation.

Youth Day in Manchester, England

Young Ukrainians living in England flocked to Manchester in October, 1950, for a gala youth day sponsored by the Organization of Ukrainian Youth in Europe.

Beginning with a parade from one of the city's parks, religious ceremony and series of sports events the entire program was filled with activities for the guests and delegates that travelled from scores of surrounding cities and towns.

Five teams participated in the soccer games, and scores of young athletes took part in the track events. Over one hundred and fifty people registered for the sporting events alone.

In the evening, two concerts were presented, simultaneously in two separate auditoriums. The first concert featured the Ukrainian "Burlak" Chorus under Hordy

(the same group whose excellent recordings are still available in New York) a violin soloist, dancers, and orators.

The second concert held at Chitnam Hill auditorium featured a whole series of Ukrainian dances by various dance groups from English cities. The "Hopak," "Chumak," "Hutsulka," and many other Ukrainian folk dances were presented to a most appreciative audience.

Sunday, following church services, the youthful participants took part in a planned program of mass demonstrations and folk and social dancing in the city's public park. Protests, oral and visual were manifested against Red tyranny.

Taking part in the week-end proceedings were over three thousand members of the S.U.M. from fifty one separate branches.

Elected to Office of Coroner

Samuel Kanai, Kain long active in Perth Amboy activities was elected to the office of coroner.



Mr. Kain has long been active in Ukrainian circles in and around Perth Amboy, New Jersey. He was instrumental in securing the present location for the new church there and serving as adviser and supporter of many local Ukrainian endeavors.

A native of Pittsburgh, Mr. Kain has made Perth Amboy his home for the past twenty years. Due to unavoidable circumstances the "Weekly" deeply regret not being able to publish the above information in last week's issue. However it is pleased that the Uk-

Ukrainian Free University

The Ukrainian Free University located in Munich, Germany has been officially recognized and full powers have been given to it by the Western German Authorities.

Henceforth the University will have the same scholastic standard and rights as all other German schools. This recognition on the part of the ministry of culture and knowledge has come as the result of much painstaking labor on the part of the directors and professors of the Ukrainian Free University.

CLASSES IN UKRAINIAN ON MONDAY NIGHT

Contrary to last week's report on these pages the Ukrainian-English classes sponsored by the Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee will be held on Monday evenings.

The place is the same: McBurney Y.M.C.A. 23rd Street near Seventh Avenue, New York City.

TRENTON "LYSTOPADOVE SVIATO"

Under the auspices of the United Ukrainian Committee of the City of Trenton, a traditional "Lystopadoviy" concert was presented on Sunday, November 12, 1950.

The affair was held in the church hall on Adeline Street and featured local artists and speakers.

rainian American voters needed no prompting to vote for one of their kinsmen.

Witness Reports Soviet Oppression

An eyewitness account of Communist oppression in the Soviet Ukraine was given at a recent rally of the Ukrainians of Boston by Dr. Michael Vetukhiw, formerly a professor of Kharkow University, reports the Christian Science Monitor.

Dr. Vetukhiw said that for more than 20 years he witnessed how the Communists increased in power and oppressed the Ukrainian people. More than three million persons were arrested and sent to concentration camps because of opposition to Soviet collectivization, the former professor added.

The speaker explained how the Soviet Government confiscated and destroyed the Ukrainian churches arrested the clergy, many of whom were killed or sent to concentration camps.

He declared that the Ukrainian insurgent army which fought during World War II against Stalin and Hitler at the same time, is still fighting against communism and oppression.

Protenting Moscow's oppression, the gathering welcomed a great crusade, headed by the United States, for freedom of all people in the world.

Ukrainian Conductor Honored

Nicholas Malko, world famed symphonic conductor now in the United States, was decorated by the General Consul to the United States from Denmark for his exceptional work in the field of serious music.

Mr. Malko after leaving his native land fled to Copenhagen, Denmark where he formed and con-

ducted for a period of ten years the Royal Danish Philharmonic Orchestra.

In 1940, just two weeks before the Nazi invasion he made his way to London, England where he once again gained new fame as a conductor and musician.

It is reported that for the 1951 music season Mr. Malko will return to London.

U. N. A. ALMANAC BEING PRINTED

The 1951 Almanac of the Ukrainian National Association is now in the process of being printed.

As in the previous issues, this year's edition will feature the very finest literary creations of present day Ukrainian writers. Cartoons, hundreds of photographs, maps, poems and hundreds of other items

of interest to both older and younger generation Ukrainian Americans will be utilized.

The 1951 Almanac of the U.N.A. promises to surpass all other journals of its type this year.

The cost is but one dollar and the "Weekly's" readers are urged to mail direct to the "Svoboda" for their copies.

St. George Choir Sings

Despite the fact that a number of its male members have been lost to the U. S. armed forces, the celebrated Choir of St. George is still maintaining its position as one of the top Ukrainian choral organizations in the East, reports Bill Shust. This announcement comes as the choir opens its thirtieth year under the direction of Mr. Theodore Onufryk.

The first public presentation of

the season was the annual "November Holiday" Concert, in memory of the fallen defenders of Ukraine, which took place on Sunday, November 5, 1950 in the St. George Auditorium. As usual the public was quite enthused about the interpretation of the selections offered.

The coming season promises to be an eventful one for this fine chorus. Its admirers and friends are invited to follow the series of appearances which are to come.

CHESTER DINNER

The League of Ukrainian Women in Chester, Pa. will present a gala Turkey Supper in the Ukrainian Hall, Fourth and Ward Streets in Chester.

Following the dinner there will be music for dancing and general entertainment. The festivities will begin at 6 P.M. and continue on to midnight. Wednesday, November 15, 1950.

U.C.Y.L. SENDS TELEGRAMS

On the occasion of its' eleventh annual convention the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League sent telegrams to His Holiness Pope Pius XII, President Harry Truman and to General MacArthur.

The convention, which was held in Philadelphia, Pa. several weeks ago was attended by hundreds of young Ukrainian American Catholics.

UKRAINIAN PAPER IN AUSTRALIA

"The Concord" a Ukrainian Independent newspaper published in Adelaide, Australia comes out once a week. The paper features the latest news reports in Ukrainian and also a round-up of items from leading Ukrainian papers throughout the world.

Included in the ten page weekly is an English section and all the latest happenings within the Ukrainian colonies in Australia.

CELLIST CONCERT

Zoya Polewska, well known cello virtuoso presented a concert recital of music for the cello in Caddo Hall, in Baltimore, Maryland.

Miss Polewska was heard in that city for the first time. The program consisted of many of the finest classical pieces for cello and piano and Ukrainian compositions. She was accompanied on the piano by her father Dr. M. Polewsky.

UYL-NA EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING

Pittsburgh, Pa. was the scene of the first meeting of the recently elected executive board of UYL-NA.

Plans for the forthcoming year were discussed and progress upon the League's major endeavor, the publication of the book on Ukrainian Arts was noted.

UKRAINIAN METROPOLITAN AREA COMMITTEE TO SPONSOR FESTIVAL

Plans for another festival of Ukrainian music and dancing are being fabricated by the executive board of the U.M.A.C.

During a recent meeting it was suggested that instead of a planned rally, a festival be presented in conjunction with a grand ball in one of New York's finest hotels.

Further details concerning the entire undertaking will be announced at a later date.

Script Writer For "Suspense" Radio Drama

Walter Bazaar regular reporter for the "New York Journal American," will have his first mystery radio script presented over a nation wide Columbia Broadcasting System hook-up.

The program "Suspense" will feature Mr. Bazaar's drama this coming Thursday, November 16, 1950, at 9 P.M. Cary Grant popular screen star will appear in the title role.

A native New Yorker, Mr. Bazaar has long been interested in a writing career. His work on the "Journal American" has been highly esteemed and his venture into the field of mystery script writing has been marked by this most auspicious beginning. He is twenty three years of age and has studied journalism in Columbia University.

Called to Service

Peter Kuchma Jr. son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kuchma of New York City was recently told to report for induction into the United States Army. Young Mr. Kuchma, whose father is secretary of the largest branch of the Ukrainian National Association, "Dnister" and Supreme Adviser of the U. N. A., has been most active in Ukrainian organizational life.

As president of the New York Youth of the U.N.A., he was responsible for making that group's banquet and dance in the Hotel Edison an outstanding success. It was at this same banquet that the present mayor of New York City Vincent Impellitteri appeared as one of the featured speakers. In addition to his activities with the older and younger sections of Br. 361, he has worked together with the Metropolitan Area Committee and other organizations in their endeavors.

UKRAINIAN CHORUS "VATRA"

Professor Lev Turkevych former director of the Lviv Opera has reorganized the famed "Vatra" Chorus in Edmonton, Canada. During the days following the war, the "Vatra" Chorus won high praises from the allied commands and the native Austrians. It performed in scores of camps and in many concert halls.

In Edmonton the director has recalled many of the group's original members and a number of other trained singers from other groups. The chorus hopes to prepare an extensive concert repertoire of Ukrainian music and then tour various Canadian and American cities.

NEW YORK CELEBRATES NOVEMBER HOLIDAYS

A united program of concert selections and addresses was presented last night in Washington Irving High School in New York City of the First of November, 1917, the day on which Ukraine proclaimed her freedom to the world.

Sponsored by the United American Ukrainian Organizations of New York, the program featured the singing of the Ukrainian Male Chorus "Dumka," several soloists, the quintet of bandurists, and several prominent speakers.

SHARE THE "WEEKLY"

When you finish reading the "Ukrainian Weekly," why not pass it on to a friend?

Why can't people be more human when they talk about each other?

Editorials
WE TOLD THEM SO

Today when the world is frustrated in every attempt to attain a just and lasting peace by the unscrupulous connivings of the Kremlin the Americans of Ukrainian descent can be more than proud of their record.

Long before the communist probes, senate investigating committees, and public recognition of the Red design for world conquest, the Ukrainian American people protested against these oppressors. Thousands upon thousands of our people marched in protest parades, attended meetings and in every manner possible tried to inform the American people, and the world itself, of Stalin's true aims.

Without sufficient funds, abused through the subversive influence of communists in positions of high office, attacked physically when demonstrating, the Ukrainian Americans continued to fight against the known terror of Soviet dictatorship.

When millions of Ukrainians were put to death in their native land we tried to warn the nations of the world. Our warnings were not heeded then. The governments of all nations continued to look with sympathy upon the growing

communist sphere of influence. The dead could not speak and the living were not heard. Despite setback after setback our parents, we continued to fight. The free Ukrainian press continued to expose the Russian atrocities in Ukraine. We shouted the truth from the house tops, but our warnings were not heeded.

On this day, in the United Nations, in our capital in Washington, and throughout world, all peoples have finally come to realize the facts that we Ukrainian Americans have been proclaiming for so many years.

THIS IS THE U. S. ARMY

Three young Ukrainian displaced persons recently reported to their local draft board in New York City. The fact they were Ukrainian was established by a young American of Ukrainian descent who was also reporting for the draft.

Their names were Ukrainian. They spoke Ukrainian amongst themselves and yet when the interviewer asked them their nationality, they told him they were Polish.

When asked by their fellow draftee the reason for not admitting their true nationality, they merely told him that they felt like doing it.

On the surface it would seem that these three young men were ashamed of their nationality. Upon closer observation we can readily see that such was not the case.

Perhaps in the German Army, the French Army, the Red Army the very fact that one was Ukrainian was enough to make life much more difficult. These young men were undoubtedly quite familiar with that sort of prejudice in Europe. They knew that in the United Nations a puppet of the Soviet rep-

resented their beloved Ukraine. They knew that the lies mouthed by the Ukrainian S.S.R. delegate would cause any thinking individual to become angry. Thus they took, what seemed to be, an easy way out. Not realizing that in the American Army it makes no difference what-so-ever. Once they have been drafted they will be just three more G.I. Joes. They will learn that they will be respected even more for telling the truth and by being proud of their ancestry. They will undoubtedly realize the foolishness of their deed when first they report to their "top kick." It will be name, rank and serial number and just how well they can march, work and think. The fact that they are Ukrainian will never be a liability. On the contrary, they will find it to be an asset as did so many Ukrainian Americans during the last war.

NOVEMBER HOLIDAYS

Once again our Ukrainian American centers are producing their own individual "Lystopadovy Sviato." In every city and town where a hall can be found, a choir assembled and a speaker recruited there for certain will be held a November Holiday.

It is both fitting and proper that they should do this. It would be even more fitting if all Ukrainian Americans, those who have called the United States "home" for so many years, and those who have but recently come to these shores, would combine and present joint programs.

It is not sufficient for us to hold our own celebrations while they either stand by or else sponsor separate affairs. It would be far better to present larger united

concerts than individual small ones. Choral groups should unite on this momentous occasion in paying tribute to heroes of November 1st, and all minor differences should be overlooked in honor of the day. By learning to work together now we will insure a more prosperous future for all. Being a good American can and does help one become a better Ukrainian. Those who honor their native country's heroes will sooner honor and remember those who are fighting today.

Brooklyn College Offers a Ukrainian Language Course

Brooklyn College whose registration totals 18,000 students is one of the biggest colleges in New York and in United States of America. It is also the first of the City colleges to offer a course in the Ukrainian language. The growing popularity of this course bears evidence, that not only the Ukrainian Americans interested in this course, but that American students have found it of interest and value also.

It is not required that those interested in the course must be college students. This course is open to all adults who are sufficiently interested in learning the language. This is a great opportunity for those Americans of Ukrainian descent who want to learn the language on an adult basis of education.

The instructor in this course is Dr. P. Kovally who is known throughout the Ukrainian population as the author of numerous educational works. He is also the former professor of the Ukrainian Free University in Munich.

This is a great opportunity for those Americans of Ukrainian descent who want to learn the language on an adult basis of education.

The fee for the entire semester is only \$10. Every student who completes this course will receive upon request a certificate of completion from Brooklyn College. This course is only a probationary course offered by one of the city colleges. Its success depends upon us. If we Americans of Ukrainian descent show a sufficient and intelligent interest in such a course the other colleges are bound to follow suit and offer similar courses, not only in teaching the basis of a language, but the history, art and Ukrainian literature. Further information in respect to the above course may be obtained at Brooklyn College, Bedford Avenue and Avenue H, Brooklyn 10, N.Y. The course is held every Thursday evening from 8.00 P.M. to 9:50 P.M.

CORRECTION

Inadvertently the "Weekly" omitted to mention the Ukrainians interviewed by Mr. Walter Dushnyck in his address before the War Relief Services published on these pages several weeks ago: "Displaced Persons Among Us."

UKRAINIAN MUSICIANS PLEASE AUDIENCES

MAXIMOVICH AND PRYDATKEYVYCH RECITALS IN DETROIT

On Sunday, October 15, 1950 at the Ukrainian National Temple, Boris Maximovich, pianist, and Veronica Maximovich, mezzo-soprano, both graduates of the Kiev Academy of Music, of which Boris Maximovich was on the faculty staff, and both being Displaced Persons recently welcomed to Detroit Musical Circles; gave their first Detroit concert to the delight of their Ukrainian audience of some 400 listeners, consisting in the majority of newly arrived migrants, the descendant generation of Ukrainian-Americans and a lonely sparrow, who fluttered, with good omen from wall to wall and from window to window. One wondered during the events of the afternoon concert, which were the most disturbed, the sparrow—the artists—the audience or their writer.

Mr. Maximovich opened his program with the powerful and tiring Schumann work, Toccata, opus 7, and due to perhaps, the acoustical conditions of the auditorium and the unsettled audience, combined with the late arrivals disturbances, the performance lacked clarity and steadiness. His large fine tone was at times blurred by over-peddaling, but his splendid technical dexterity won the plaudits of his enthusiastic audience.

A splendid Chopin group of compositions followed.

Ballade, opus 23—Nocturne, opus 15—Fantasie-Impromptu, opus 66 Scherzo, opus 39 and Polonaise, opus 53.

His Chopin playing displayed a fine touch and an expressive tone. In the Fantasie-Impromptu he gave a brilliant performance, splendid musical interpretation and had a good command of the effective work, receiving an ovation from his warm and reacting audience. Unfortunately the Scherzo was marred by heaviness and technical blurs. The Polonaise lacked the pomp, brilliance and heroic stature that one hears from the few great exponents of Chopin Polonaise and the melodic lines were often covered by unbalanced tone in the relation of the hands. The closing bars of this master work brought on a resounding applause which recalled the pianist for many 'Curtain calls' for which he played very effectively an excellent piece, Prelude by Revutzky, written in the contemporary manner and full of clever modernism.

In Veronica Maximovich's singing one heard a great artist. She has an exceptional voice and evidently trained in a German School of voice production. It is well placed and beautifully controlled. Her, Nastya's aria from

the magnificent opera, penned by Lysenko suffered with diction clarity. The Moussorgsky, Hopak gave the listeners not only a splendid song of musically descriptive humor but a rendition which deserved the tumultuous applause she received. In Nyzhanovsky's song, Sorrow of Trembita, Mrs. Maximovich, offered an expressive and beautiful reading, excelling herself in her artistry. Liszt's "O Komm im Traum" was sung in German, the diction surpassing her Ukrainian texts. Her singing of this fine song was deeply emotional and artistic. One could not wish for finer singing. How unfortunate we felt, when the aria of Eboli from Don Carlos of Verdi was not sung as programmed, for here again surely Veronica Maximovich would have proven her excellence, but, instead were offered a song by Stecenko "Peaceful Eve." Many admirers of Mrs. Maximovich's singing would appreciate hearing her again soon and in a more extensive repertoire of songs. Boris Maximovich supplied his artist-colleague a sensitive and carefully executed pianoforte accompaniment. Regrettably this reviewer had to leave before the performance of the last work, due to the a 40 minute delay in starting the lateness of the hour and caused by program. The closing composition of the concert was the Liszt, Rhapsodie-Espagnole, a brilliant work seldom heard here on the concert stage, and one full of interesting contrasting moods with some degenerating anti-climaxes, necessitating a 'cut' due to its length, as evidenced in the Busoni symphonic version, is based on two Spanish themes, a Jota and an Arogonaise, a theme used by Gorelli in his Folies of Spain, Violin Variations. It is hoped that Boris Maximovich will again program the Liszt Rapsodie Espagnole for his American Debut Recital, to be given at the Detroit Art Institute (Lecture Hall) on Sunday November 19, 1950 at 8.30 p. m.

I, as a Ukrainian Graduate of Detroit member, feel, that we the Graduates 'all, WILL SUPPORT responsibly The Maximovich Concert by attending 'en masse' for surely the artists deserve a better representation of the so called 'learned class.'

A great deal of thanks and credit is due, for the successful presentation of the Ukrainian musicians, Mr. and Mrs. Maximovich; to Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Shustakevich.

A 'must' on the November Appointment Calendar for Ukrainians in Detroit and vicinity, is November 19, 1950, to attend at 8.30 p. m. the American debut Recital at the Detroit Institute of Art, Lec-

ture Hall, and enjoy the artistry of the two Newcomers, Boris and Veronica Maximovich, who will both enhance the culture in our midst.

Prydatkevych Heard

Another interesting program was presented by the Ukrainian violinist, Roman Prydatkevych, on Tuesday, October 31, 1950 at the Detroit Institute of Art, Lecture Hall.

Fugue for violin and Figured Bass—J. S. Bach-Prydatkevych; Baal Shem (Three pictures of Chassidic Life) E. Bloch; Concerto in E minor, op. 64—F. Mendelsohn; Six Pieces based on Ukrainian Folk Songs—R. Prydatkevych; Prelude on a hymn to Our Saviour; Longing (Lysenko), A. Lament (Koshetz), Kolomyika (M. Hayvoronsky), A Piece (M. Verikivsky).

First Ukrainian Rhapsody (Kobzar style) R. Prydatkevych. An impressive program this was indeed, with a pronounced accent on the clever and able arrangements of the violinist, giving the listener some very beautiful Ukrainian Lore, excellently composed and prepared. In some of the compositions one felt the need of more form and at times the modulations were, for the first hearing, rather difficult to accept. Mr. Prydatkevych, is urged to publish his works, at least the shorter pieces, as one felt the necessity of having this music played by others too, for the benefit of not only Ukrainians but the American music loving audiences.

The violinist, heroically weathered the gusty sight of confronting an audience of some 60 (sixty) people, which is a heart-breaking situation to face upon a concert stage. Those who think Detroit Ukrainians are not generous people, may become surprised to learn that several admirers of Prydatkevych's art, presented a 'purse' to him, expressing their regrets for the poor showing the audience of absentees accomplished.

An allowance, as an error in the choice of the date October 31 (Halloween Night) evidenced itself. And then again the local promoter, surely proved himself a failure as a producer of audiences.

A happier mood was created at a gathering, honoring Mr. and Mrs. Prydatkevych and their lovely daughter, Hannah Malcher, a splendid young pianist-accompanist, following the concert at the home of this reviewer, giving many guests an opportunity to meet more intimately the musicians.

TARAS HUBICKI

Join Ukrainian National Association

The Socrates of Ukraine

All of us have heard about Socrates, the great Greek philosopher, who twenty-three centuries ago taught his compatriots the love of wisdom and who died a martyr for daring to teach what he thought right.

The example of this man inspired a Ukrainian man some two centuries ago to devote his life to the search and teaching of wisdom. The name of this Ukrainian was Gregory Skovoroda. His services for the people of his country and of the neighboring countries were great because they came in a time when the people around him were submerged in a almost hopeless darkness. The Ukrainian people had suffered a hard defeat in their efforts to free themselves from political, social and religious oppression. The Kozak wars in which the Ukrainian people fought against the oppressions of Poland and Moscovia were at an end. The true leaders of those wars were exterminated, and the enemies were trying to win over who survived with riches, power and privileges. The higher command of the Kozaks was already beginning to listen to the enticing whispers of the Tsarist government. The higher hierarchy of the Ukrainian orthodox church was changing more and more into a subservient tool of the occupants. The peasantry, who had been free under the sway of the Ukrainian Kozak Republic, was being by degrees turned into serfs. The children of the Kozaks were the only free tillers of the soil.

In this class was born, in 1722, in the village of Chornukhe, in the district of Lohvitsia, not far from Poltava, a man who was to make the Ukrainian people realize their duty towards themselves and other people. Skovoroda came from a family of common Kozaks, who corresponded to the free peasantry. The freedom which Kozaks enjoyed made them free of the hatred of nobility which characterized peasant-serfs. They were also full of desire to teach their children in schools and to advance them in society. The schools were then exclusively clerical, and the main career open to those graduating from them was the church. As a young boy Skovoroda worked on the farm and studied in the local school, taught by a migratory teacher. The school was not Russified at that time and it made a deep impression upon Skovoroda. When he was 16 years of age, he left the native village and went to Kiev to study at the Academy. He studied for four years at the Academy, which was something of a high school, and for six years at the Higher Academy. The courses were for the most part theological, but there he was also well grounded in Latin, Greek, Hebrew and German. Refusing to choose a theological career, Skovoroda did not graduate, but went abroad, traveled in Hungary, Austria, Greece, Germany and Poland. Knowing so many languages, he could meet freely the prominent men of the various countries. He met the great German philosophers of that time and the leaders of Protestant churches of Western Europe. After two and a half years of travels abroad he returned to Ukraine.

He taught at first at the college of Pereyaslav, but the local bishop opposed his teachings; Skovoroda refused to change his ideas and was driven out. He became a wandering teacher. He traveled from one place to another, stopping at the huts of peasants, the

houses of Kozaks and mansions of nobility, at the homes of clergy, visiting fairs and revival meetings; entered into conversation with people on any topic and discoursed with them. He met people of all walks of life. He became known all over Ukraine. Now and then he would settle in a forester's hut and would write a treatise philosophy, which being prohibited by the government, was copied by hand by thousands of his sympathizers.

By the simple method of discussion Skovoroda compelled the people to think, to desire knowledge, to learn. By his very simple life he challenged those who saw in riches, pleasure and influence the purpose of life. Man should strive for happiness in life, of course, he said. But do riches, pleasures, and influence make him happy? he asked. Let everybody look into himself and find it out. Know yourself, and you will know a great truth. You will have the basis of knowing the world. You will find then that happiness lies in the search for truth and in doing what is truthful, right and beautiful, and in avoiding all that is unfair and unjust. Happiness lies thus not in the outward possessions, but in the inmost of the man, in his soul, in the knowledge of having done the right thing.

In social relations, that is in his relations to other human beings, man should strive for harmony between his life and the social purposes. Happy is the one who has united his personal strivings with the social! That is truly a social life. Such a man can feel that he lives in accordance with truth and morals. Therefore, there could be no happiness in subjugating others. Liberty is the aim of activity of those who strive to be happy. The heroes of liberty are the heroes of truth and happiness. Those who rejoice over the darkness and mental lethargy of the masses, are bent towards a disappointment after those who sleep will awaken.

The nearest road to happiness lies in striving for such ideas of truth and social usefulness in one's own country, as through one's own country man can most easily love the whole humanity. True, man can say, "I, too, am a man, and to me, too, whatever is human, is not foreign."

Skovoroda's teachings spread wide the man's renown. He became famous not only in Ukraine but in Russia as well. He died, in 1794, the same simple, "wandering self-taught Ukrainian philosopher," as he had been known since the middle of the 18th century. His writings, philosophical and dramatic, were read in handwritten copies for a century after his death. Four generations after his death the tsarist government still persisted in its suppression of Skovoroda's writings. On the basis of those treaties, poems, dramas and moral teachings there grew up a rich Ukrainian science and literature. The leading Ukrainian literateurs, Kotlarevsky, Shevchenko and Vovchok, all imbibed freely of the powerful potion of Skovoroda's philosophy. He has left a powerful imprint even upon Russian science and literature, and the Russians freely admit Skovoroda's services for their culture by calling him by such epithets as the "first secular philosopher Russia has known." His works were prohibited, but till the very latest generation there was evident in the Eastern Slavic world the influence of the Socrates of Ukraine.

movement. The Soviets and their policy are more devastating. They are in a sense turning back the clock and as the introduction of the collective farms struck deeply at the root of the human life in the country, so now their literary criticism is turned to the elimination of the artistic feeling of the people.

It gives a deeper and a more sinister interpretation to Stalin's definition of the role of Soviet Literature and of the writings in the various languages that are to be used for it. Socialist (Communist) in essence and national in form. That phrase was long interpreted as an encouragement to authors in the other Soviet Republics to place Communist teachings in their own

environment. The present move in Ukrainian literature shows that that interpretation have far too much leeway to the local initiative, for now the background, the scenery, the past in literature and in all the arts is seen to be an inalienable and indivisible part of the essence which is to be thoroughly Communized.

(Concluded on page 3)

Encores

"You know, I just don't understand the things you do." First you throw rotten eggs at the singer and then you applaud him."

"Oh that's easy enough, replied the fickle watcher, "I've still got the eggs left and I want him to come back out on the stage."

On Record - - by Ted Victor

SUNDAY PICNIC

It rained all day on Saturday last and going on a picnic was the furthest possible thing from my mind. Finishing work late at night, I finally made it into the house and a few brief moments of rest. The rain continued and I resigned myself to a nice quiet, well relatively quiet, day at home. Taking advantage of this brief moment of freedom, I didn't hurry off to sleep.

Early Sunday morning, (it was only eight thirty but it felt like 5 A.M.) I was awakened to make ready for a picnic. A picnic in the fall, a picnic on a nice sunny day after a good heavy rain. Of course you couldn't convince me that the ground wasn't going to be flooded and that I was going to be able to walk around without a pair of hip boots.

The sun was out when we left and as we drove up along the glistening Hudson, even I began to wake up. The radio played, a poor second to a major movement of human voices in spirited discussion. Through the Palisades, along the very cliffs that hang over the Jersey side of the Hudson. The city across the river, bright, and shining after its Saturday night bath by the driving rains.

The road seemed to vanish beneath as the car hurtled forward, mile after mile. Finally we arrived at our destination. The Bear Mountains, brilliant and yet cold looking in their fallen autumn finery. Around the lake, past the barren looking little cottages used during the summer by the boy scouts. At last, a camp sight along a gushing stream. The cold wind whipped through me as through any human lacking sleep. With an all out effort, I succeeded in reviving myself and even helped in building one of the fires.

We blew and we heaped charcoal and wood on it but to no avail. We did succeed in building

just enough flame to on which to grill the steaks. Steaks, beans, dessert, beer and then later coffee; and I came to, a walk through the hollow and then over the ridge, viewing the magnificent scenery. Running up the other side of stream, up a steep slope, coming down and nearly breaking my neck. A typical city high-out on his day off in country. Why not? It brings back memories and leaves many more for later use.

At last the weak, final rays of the sun vanish. The winds become a bit more brisk and the fires crackle and spark. You laugh when you remember the little girl earlier in the day. A child, precocious, nosy and eager. Wanting to play badminton with you. (You can just about stand) Not satisfied with that, she suggest walking again, running, playing, anything but sitting still. Someone mentions Alaska and that too rings a bell with her. She says: "I was in Alaska with my Mommy and Daddy on their honeymoon." You are puzzled, you laugh and wonder. Finally it hits you. It wasn't an error; for you notice something for the first time. The child looks like her father, she is around him constantly. It is a second marriage. Even in the woods one has to be careful and diplomatic.

The sun fades and we head for home. Home, at least that is where I thought we were heading. Not so with my hearty and travel craving friends. Up to Newburg, a movie in the local theater, a little doze on my part and finally a very pleasant ride home. Past the Palisades, the newly anchored LST's the Hudson and so home. Tired but happy and finally awake. Nothing like a fall picnic for fresh air and good eating. A fitting finale to summer's fun and the beginning of the cold days.

EARLY RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND UKRAINE

(Continued)

Indeed, at the Congress of Siosons in 1728 the British delegate, Lord Stanhope, supported the interests of Ukraine as represented in the Memorial of Orlik. When Orlik, in 1734, at last left Turkey and again appeared at the head of the Zaporogs on the frontiers of Ukraine, the Court of St. James's requested of its envoy in Petersburg, Rondeau, a report on the Zaporogs, sent by the latter on 27 April, 1736, to Lord Harrington.

British diplomacy in Russia continued to follow keenly Ukrainian affairs, sometimes even exaggerating their importance, but this exaggeration is just characteristic of its interest in the Ukrainian question. From the diplomats we pass to the travellers in Ukraine. Here we first of all meet a Scot, Dr. John Bell, of Antermony (1691-1780). Being in the Russian service, Bell at the time of the Russo-Turkish War, 1736-9, on instructions of the Chancellor Osterman, travelled with a mission to Constantinople. With this he had to pass almost through the whole of Ukraine, which he describes in detail and with interest in the diary of his journey.

On 15 December, 1737, Bell arrived in Glukhov, "the first town in Ukraine, a large and populous place"; next day he was in Baturin, "formerly the residence of the Hetman Mazepa... The country adjacent is very pleasant and exceedingly fruitful." Kiev was described in detail, and here the traveller remarks: Besides they have a University of Kiev of considerable repute in these parts." He is speaking of the famous Kiev-Mogilyansky Academy, for two centuries a nursery of culture in the East of Europe.

After passing on to the Ukraine of the right bank of the Dnieper, which was then under Polish rule, Bell remarks that the country belongs to Polish gentry, and here he heard of the Haidamaks and the Zaporog people who were struggling against these gentry, and this gives our traveller an occasion to dwell in detail on the causes and history of the Haidamak movement.

In 1769/70 another English

traveller, Joseph Marshall, visited Ukraine and Kiev. A third traveller was William Coxe (1747-1828), who accompanied Lord Herbert in his wanderings. Coxe specially describes the southern steppe regions of Ukraine "so essential to the existence of the new commerce."

The 19th century is the century of the destruction of Ukrainian autonomy and of Ukrainian regeneration over all the Ukrainian territory. Under these conditions, there could no longer be that political interest in Ukraine which we saw in the preceding century. Now we can speak only of travellers in Ukraine and of publications on the subject which appeared in English.

The British Consul, Thomas Thornton, visited Ukraine in 1810 and does no more than make some personal observations. Edward Clarke (1769-1822), a Cambridge Professor, described the Ukraine in detail in his work, Travels in Various Countries of Europe, Asia and Africa. The Ukrainian villagers, he said, reminded him of the Scots. J. T. James, who travelled in Ukraine in 1813-14, gave most interesting details, especially with regard to the peasants. An album of drawings which he made is preserved in the art section of the Russian Museum in Leningrad and includes twenty-four devoted to Ukraine. A book which appeared in London in 1844 under the title Revelations of Russia, or The Emperor Nicholas and his Empire in 1844, was of a more sensational character. The author sharply distinguished the Ukrainians both from the Muscovites of Great Russia and from the Poles.

(To be concluded)

"SVOBODA" (UKRAINIAN DAILY)

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Poet's Corner

POEMS OF EXILE

By TARAS SHEVCHENKO Translated by Clarence A. Manning

During the first years of Shevchenko's service in the Russian army, when he was in the fortress of Orsk and at Kos-Aral, he was able with difficulty to write. His mind was filled with longings for Ukraine, with dreams of his own past life, and some of the poems of this period are among his finest personal lyrics.

1847

Songs of mine, O songs of mine, You are all I have. Do not leave me now, I pray. In this dreadful time. Fly to me, my little doves, With your wings of gray. From the spreading Dniro fly here To the steppes and stay With the poor and needy Kirghiz. They are really poor, Yes, and naked, but in freedom They can pray to God. Fly to me, my darling thoughts, With calm words and true. I shall greet you as my children And shall weep with you.

How True!

The girl who thinks no man is good enough for her may often be right, but she is more often left.

The Trial of Ukrainian Communist Literature

By CLARENCE A. MANNING

(Continued)

When that pressure is not considered sufficient, still more can be exerted by the direct action of the Communist centre on the government of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic. The purges of the late twenties and the early thirties eliminated from the literature nearly all the names of those talented authors who possessed independent minds and ideas and who were the men who had played a leading part in the formation of the independent Ukrainian National Republic. The present object is to separate the present men from the non-political Ukrainian tradition, to deprive them of the possibility of fitting themselves into the natural scene around them, while the Communist Party on the political side is striving by famine, by collectivization, and by deportation to destroy that natural scene and the traditional life on the Ukrainian plains and steppes.

In another sense the present attack upon Ukrainian Communist literature is striking at those sides of life which had been not bothered by Russian imperial government. That had contended itself with a formal banning of memories

of free Ukraine. It had emphasized the subjection of the hetmans to the tsars and it stifled any sign of political criticism. It did not attack the back ground of the country.

It is only necessary to look at the poems of Shevchenko with their glowing descriptions of the beauty of Ukrainian nature to realize that descriptions of plains, of grainfields, or graveyards of the Kozaks, the heroic exploits of the past, were not regarded as material for censorship. The entire bulk of literature in both Polish and Russian that dealt with Ukraine relied for its appeal even to the conquerors on the landscape and the traditions of the past. It merely gave its own interpretation to the political happenings. It encouraged the young Ukrainian writers of the early part of the nineteenth century to assert their individuality by stressing the ethnographical differences between the Ukrainian and their neighbors.

This feeling helped the young literature. It made possible its rapid growth and its achievement of artistic and intellectual maturity and it aided materially in the growing strength of the national

YOUTH and U. N. A.

Wilkes-Barre Plans Banquet

Miss Phyloretta Horoshko of Lyndwood is chairman of the entertainment committee and Michael Malischak of Nanticoke is

All proceeds from the sale of advertisements for the program book will be donated to the 109th Emergency Fund.



Michael Malischak



Phyloretta Horoshko

head of the publicity committee for the fourth annual banquet sponsored by subordinate lodges of the Ukrainian national Association of Wyoming Valley which will be held on Saturday evening, November 18, at the Manfield Ballroom in Wilkes-Barre. The affair will begin at 6:30 and will feature a selection of Ukrainian dances and speeches by out of town guests.

Jacob Elko of Wilkes Barre is general chairman and Miss Horoshko is assisted by the following: Stella Twaniv, Michael Galaida, Peter Herman, John Zwarycz, Helen Dnistran and Stephen Paraschak. Assisting Mr. Malischak are: Rose Slawich, George Matko, Metro Orral, Catherine Hersman and Atty Joseph G. Tomascik.

Wilkes-Barre newspapers are publicizing the affair.

DISPLACED PERSONS AMONG US

(Address by Walter Dushnyck, War Relief Services—N.C.W.C., New York City, delivered at the Annual Meeting of State Social Welfare Agencies of Colorado, October 12, 1950, in Denver, Colorado)

(Concluded)

If questioned the man might say that he is lonely, he wants to be together with the people of his own race, nationality and religion. We must not forget that most of these people come from Eastern and Central Europe, where the national factor, that is, language, culture, history, political aspirations, have always played an important and decisive role in the lives of these people.

One of the underlying reasons for the flight of the DPs from their countries of origin, was exactly their unwillingness to accept an alien way of life forced upon them by communist Soviet Russia. They risked everything that was worthwhile in life, to escape to freedom where they could cherish these ideals.

Finally, you must take into account another fact which frequently is overlooked. Most of our DPs have been on the move, or under one or another strong hand, for about ten years. Some of them got used to authority, and as a result, have lost their initiative. Many among them have become neurotic, extremely sensitive and aggressive because they think that the people are taking advantage of their inferior position.

The American sponsor, on the other hand, should and must recognize these problems which often come with his DPs. Unless he understands the factors at work thoroughly, he will fail in his laudable step of taking a DP to work for him.

The sponsors must admit to themselves that the DPs are human beings, with all their qualities and all their shortcomings. They act in the same manner as we would act under similar circumstances.

I remember that on my trip in Virginia last spring, I spoke to Mr. Hartzell Spence, the author of *One Foot in Heaven, Happily Ever After*, and other books. He had sponsored a Latvian DP family to work on his farm. He was warm in his praise of the DPs, but his remark and his attitude toward them, is worth knowing. He said:

"I made my position clear at the beginning of their stay with me. I told them I do not expect them to stay with me forever. As soon as they get on their feet, they may leave for something better. I would never hold them back if they could do better somewhere else."

This is in no way the encouragement for the DPs to leave their sponsors immediately upon their arrival to this country. It has been policy of all voluntary services, including War Relief Services—

N.C.W.C., to impress upon the DPs that their stay with the original sponsors must be at least for one year. Only thus can they give the sponsors a chance to get back the money so generously invested in bringing the DPs to the United States.

The above problems are among the less cheerful aspects of the resettlement program. Fortunately all the DPs coming to the United States do not experience all or even even a major portion of these difficulties.

The over-all picture I saw in surveying resettlement is definitely encouraging and bright. Despite the "casualties" here and there, inevitable in so great an operation, the program is successful.

The DPs that have come and still are coming to our shores, are, in a sense, the "delayed pioneers." Not only are they rapidly adjusting themselves to the new environment and the American way of life, but they are bringing to us treasures of various kinds. They bring skills and trades of every sort, time-tested experience in agriculture, dairy-farming, horticulture, forestry, and in many branches of industry.

We have among the DPs a great number of highly skilled professional men and women: architects, engineers, surveyors, professors, physicians, dentists, scientists, teachers, artists, painters, etc., representing practically every existing profession and trade.

In addition to these skills and experience, the DPs bring along their varying cultural backgrounds which will greatly enrich our way of life and culture, as immigrants have done in the past. Most of the DPs whom I saw and interviewed in the course of my surveys have been accepted by the American community in which they settled. They are regarded as hard-working, law-abiding and God-fearing people.

My discussion of resettlement of displaced persons would not be complete without even a cursory reference to a special group of European refugees who so far have had but little recognition and help. These refugees, "expellees" or German ethnics, have been victimized by the satellite regimes of Eastern and Central Europe. Some 8,000,000 of them were dumped in Western Germany, foodless, destitute and without hope. Our amende DP law recognized the problem to the extent of permitting 54744 "expellees" seeking resettlement to enter the United States.

But the extent of the misery of the expellee, as well as the gravity

SHARP SHOTS FROM THE "FOX"

NOTE: The "Weekly" presents several brief excerpts from the latest Ukrainian issue of "Les" the "Fox" for its readers. Besides these shorts the "Fox" contains cartoons and satirical articles, jokes and comments on Ukrainian American activities.

Lecture on Americanism

"What is America?" On a question like that it is difficult to give an exact answer. They say it is a free country, but then again is it? It's not a free country for the "green-horn" or for anyone else in certain respects. You have to go to work. However today's definition alludes to the fact, that you have to do something and that something can be completely of your own choosing. And on that point it is perfectly correct.

For instance: If some senator wants to pay a visit to General Franco. Okay, by all means! Stassen wants to have a talk with Stalin; why not? Why even the fresh, newly arrived displaced person benefits from this unique freedom. He wants to clean? Surely why not? Wants to work in a factory? The pleasure is all his. And if you want to publish a paper; go ahead, it will probably fold up within a month anyway.

Furthermore, it is well known to all that America, is the land of the Four Freedoms. However, the Ukrainian Americans are even more fortunate, for they have five. The Organization of the Defense of the Four Freedoms with headquarters in New York and "Svoboda" with headquarters in Jersey City.

Going back into history; until the year 1492 America was an undiscovered land. During that year however, the first displaced person upon these shores officially discovered America. His name Christopher Columbus and Italian, and in his memory Americans eat spaghetti to this day. And it was then, that world first began using the term "green-horn." It seems as though Columbus turned a bit green when he first set eyes upon the ferocious looking Indians.

Due to this unusual occurrence, communist intellectuals have come up with the following theory. "When Columbus landed in North America and found the Indian, he was actually finding a people who had already been subjected to Red government." "Thus the Russians were actually the discoverers of America." This entire theory is based upon the fact, that, just as the present day peoples under Moscow's fist, the Indians were half naked.

True Disciple

During the Day of Soviet Aviation the following incident took place within the well guarded walls of the Kremlin.

Stalin asked two of his finest aviators, to take two of the best built Soviet planes and fly around the world. He urged them to show once and for all, to the American cannibals how superior Soviet aviators and planes were to the American's. The first one to return would be awarded the Stalin Medal, the Order of Lenin and scores of other glories.

Dutifully the first flyer, clicked his heels, saluted and departed. The second flyer failed to utter a word. And thus the father of the Soviets asked him:

"What are you standing there for?"

Tovarich Joseph! Where should I fly? Where should I go when you are to me the entire world.

Saying these words, the flyer walked around Joe, snapped to attention and saluted.

That same day he received the Order of Lenin, Stalin's medal and all the glory of the U.S.S.R.

Who's Stronger

A mother took her little girl to the zoo where they stood observing a mighty eagle. The mother in order to impress her daughter with the bird's strength said:

"That eagle is so strong it can carry off a little girl in its claws. Replied the child:"

"Oh Mommy, the stork is much stronger than that." "Didn't he bring you two children at the same time?"

ON THE UKRAINIAN STEPPE

By MIKHAYLO KOTSUBINSKY

My days pass now amidst the steppes, in a valley, flooded with green grain hidden and intimate to those most familiar with them, lead me into fields, and the fields roll and roll like green waves, splashing their verdure towards the very brim of the sky.

I have now a world of my own, and it looks like the pearl shell: here are joined together, rim to rim, two halves—a green one, and an azure one and enclosed in them like a pearl is the sun.

I am walking. A swarm of small flies follow me, never leave me. I see how the blue sky is split by

of the religious, social, economical and political problem involved, is brought out clearly in the recently published *Pilgrims of the Night*, by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward E. Swanstrom, Executive Director of War Relief Services—N.C.W.C. He made a thorough study of the problem at first hand and makes some healthy recommendations toward its solution. I highly recommend the book to anyone concerned with the plight of these hapless people.

In conclusion, I would say that the DP program has been a definitely successful operation, despite the inevitable difficulties accompanying it. The program is one of the fundamental links in American foreign policy. It exemplifies our determination to stretch out a helping hand to those who fight for freedom and human decency, wherever that fight takes place.

The DP program is another manifestation of America's firm belief in that truth which so outstandingly characterizes our Declaration of Independence—namely—"that all men are created equal."

American foreign policy toward refugees and displaced persons is supported by the American people as a whole. Underlying this policy is a deep faith in our own future and the freedom of freedom loving people everywhere.

the black, heaving wings of a raven. And from this—the sky grows more blue, and the wings more black. On the sky—the sun, in the fields—myself. Nothing more. I am going. I stroke with my hand the sable fur of barleys, the silk of the wave of the ears of grain. The wind blows into my ears fragments of voices, disheveled with noise. So hot is the wind, so impatient, that the silver-haired oats seem to seeth. I go on—they seeth. Quietly in azure rivers flows the flax. So quietly, calmly, in the green, that one would like to sit into a boat and float on it. And further on, the barley bows and spins... spins a green veil out of thin beards. I go on. It goes on spinning. The veil trembles. The paths wriggle snake-like in the rye-fields,—they are invisible to the eye, the foot catches them gropingly. The bluebottles gaze into the sky. They would like to grow like the sky—and they have become a sky. Here starts the wheat. The hard, beardless ear strikes the palm, and the stem creeps under the feet. I go on—wheat and wheat. Where will be the end to it? Waving crusts run after the wind and glitter against the sun. The high tide of the sea of grain passes through me into the unknown infinity.

At last I stand still. My progress is arrested by the white foam of buckwheats, fragrant, light, as if whipped by the wings of bees. Simply a singing harp lies under my feet and sounds with all its strings. My ears are full of a strange mysterious hum of the fields, this rustle of silk, this ceaseless, shifting of the grain, like eyes full of the glare of the sun, as each stem catches the glare and reflects it.

Suddenly everything dims, dies. I shudder. What is that? Whence? A shadow? Could it possibly be another being? No, that is but a little cloud. One moment of dark misery—and presently, the sun smiles again on the left side—and

BRANCH 361 SPONSORS DANCE

On Saturday, November 11, 1950 the "Dniester" Branch of the Ukrainian National Association in New York City sponsored its first fall dance of the season.

Ukrainian Americans, older members, newly arrived friends and young people of the society joined in having an evening of fun and entertainment. Joseph Snihur's orchestra played for the dancers and a tasty buffet was prepared by the ladies.

UKRAINIAN OPERETTA IN ARGENTINA

An amateur theatrical group affiliated with the Ukrainian society "Prosvita" in Buenos Aires, Argentina presented Mykola Ly-senko's "Chornomorski" (The Black Sea People) on October 21, 1950.

The performance was presented in the Ukrainian National Home in that city. Following the operetta an evening of dancing and social entertainment was held.

EARMARKS OF EDUCATION

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler was to have pointed out in one of the issues of the Columbia University "Spectator" the following five characteristics as being essential to an educated man: correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue, refined and gentle manners, the power and habit of reflection, the power of growth, and the possession of efficiency or the power to do.

UKRAINIAN PROVERBS

With a word man cannot kill even a mosquito.

The wolf is fed by his legs.

Without bending to the ground you cannot pick mushrooms.

The hawk never sits on the same spot; where it sees a bird, there it flies.

Every bird feeds itself with its own beak.

If you want to have fish soup, you must catch a fish.

Work is black, coin is white.

Love thy neighbor, but thy neighbor is a dope.

How Kub does unto God, so God does unto Kub.

Without God you can't even get to the door.

MAPLEWOOD BOWLERS SNAG SENIOR JAYSEES

By STEPHEN KURLAK

Meeting their closest rivals for first place position in the U. N. A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.J.-N.Y. Area in their eighth match of the current season, the Jersey City Social and Athletic Club "A" team bowlers succumbed to the combination U. N. A. Branches 272-14 team in all three games, last Friday, November 3rd. It was the handicap they had to give their opponents which defeated the Jaysees in the second and third games, for they not only scored the highest team single game of the evening, but they registered the night's highest team three-game average—2,351 pins. Maplewood's ace bowlers, John Sipaky and J. Kalba put the heavy pressure on the boys from Jersey City with sets of 518 and 527, respectively, and helped set down a notch in the team standings to second place.

The Penn-Jersey Social Club won two hotly-contested games from the persistent Ukrainian Black-sheep, the first by five pins and the third by one. They lost the middle game by five pins. With a handicap of 30 pins against them, the Penn-Jerseys squeaked through the winning games with the heavy pinning of Pete Molinsky who registered a 506-pin set. Blacksheep Zayatz led the attack for his team, scoring a 471 pins series in the process.

New York's U.N.A. Friendly Circle Branch 435 team lost two close games to the aggressive St. Johns C.W.V. team of Newark but managed to retain its hold on third place position in the league, although having to share it with

the Penn-Jersey aggregation. Evidently feeling the absence of their John Chutko, the St. Johnsmen won their games cheaply, for the New Yorkers were quite under par in the two games and only displayed their vigor in the middle game when they scored 804 pins. Tony Gulka finally burst out of obscurity by scoring a series of 549 pins, highest for the night, and a high single game of 224 pins, which helped the Friendly Circle save face with at least one game. Luke Janiek, with a set of 497 pins, and M. Tango with a 478, did most of the heavy rolling for the St. Johnsmen.

The Ukrainian Orthodox Church Team of Newark finally came through with a three-game sweep in a match against the Newark Ukrainian American Veterans and thus parted company with their "cellar dwelling" neighbors. They have pulled themselves up into seventh place and evidently seem to be on the march.

The "junior" "B" team of the Jersey City Club which has suffered quite a few reverses of late, was on the receiving end of a "hay-maker" dealt by the St. George C.W.V. team of New York. With competition very keen between the two teams as to which will be left on the bottom of the heap, the St. Georgemen rolled some exceptionally good games with Emil Husar in the lead. His 169, 182 and games totalling 542 pins (second highest for the night), were followed by his teammate Doc Baron's 489 set. The Jaysees put up weak resistance to the St. George steamroller and lost all three games decisively.

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION LEAGUE TEAM STANDINGS

	Won	Lost	High 3 Game		Total	Aver.
			Game	High		
1. U.N.A. Brs. 272-14, Maplewood	5	814	2382	17915	747	
2. Jersey City S. & A. Team A 17	7	941	2571	19473	811	
3. Penn-Jersey S. C., Newark 16	8	904	2638	18633	777	
4. U.N.A. Branch 435, N.Y.C. 16	8	825	2336	17948	748	
5. St. Johns C.W.V., Newark 13	11	840	2424	17874	736	
6. Ukrainian Blacksheep, J. C. 11	13	822	2384	17659	736	
7. Ukr. Orth. Church, Newark 9	15	729	2131	16109	671	
8. Newark Ukr.-Amer. Vets 6	18	876	2428	17609	734	
9. Jersey City S. & A. Team B 6	18	838	2327	17411	725	
10. St. George C.W.V., N.Y.C. 6	18	868	2367	17107	713	

The Trial of Ukrainian Communist Literature

(Concluded from page 2)

It conflicts strangely with the attitude toward Russian literature. Soviet writers take great pains to stress the love of the local scene in Pushkin, in Nekrasov, in Tolstoy, and in Turgenyev. Pushkin's love for Boldino is not inconsistent with his position as a great progressive thinker worthy of mention and of regard by the Communist of today. Gorky's pictures of the lands through which he wandered are worthy of emula-

tion and of study by the young Soviet writer. That is only for the leading nation in the Soviet Union, the Russians.

All others must realize that for a proper understanding of the teachings of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin, their history, their land, their scenery must begin at the date when they first achieved a full understanding of the true meaning of Communist development. It is perhaps safe for a Ukrainian writer to describe today the building of the great industrial centers in Ukraine which are conceived and staffed almost wholly by Russians and other alien races which they have introduced into the country. It is possible to describe those centres in what we may perhaps call a Ukrainianized Russian jargon, very similar in some details to that artificial language which was overthrown once and for all when Kotlyarsky published his *Enelda*. All else is suspect as somehow lacking in the essentials of Communist principles or art.

Anything which calls to mind the beauty of the country, the temper of the people, its past in any sense, even when it is intimately connected with Moscow and St. Petersburg is wrong, is reactionary, is bourgeois-nationalistic, is fascist. A Ukrainian author who tried to write in the style of Gogol's introduction to the *Evenings on a farm near Dikanka*, perhaps the greatest appreciation in Russian of a Ukrainian landscape, would be as guilty of nationalism as one who wrote a defence of Mazepa or of Hrushevsky. He must confine himself to a minimum of local color and at every moment beware lest by his choice of words he may interest a hostile wedge between the Russians and the Ukrainians.

Many of the Ukrainian Communists took a certain pride in purging their literature of those men who had played their role in

the golden field whipped its wings as far the limits of the blue sky. As if it wanted to take to the wings. At this moment I became aware of its boundlessness, its warm, live, invincible power. Oats, wheats, barleys,—all this fused into one mighty wave; it melts everything, engulfs everything. The youthful power vibrates and is carried through every vein of the stem.

Only now I notice the village, a cluster of straw-thatched huts. It is hardly noticeable. It is embraced and strangled by the green hands that stretch under the very huts. It is tangled up in the fields, like a fly in a cobweb. How much do these huts mean to the fields? Nothing. Just a petty white speck out in the fields and drowned in them. What of it that it yells, sings and moves about? The dead calm of the stretches has gulped all this. Even the trails of the man have been obliterated and hidden: the fields have concealed roads and paths. It rolls and rolls on its green waves splashing the verdure towards the very brim of the sky. Above everything reigns rhythm, like the wings of those windmills that stand black above the fields; they swirl around in the air, nonchalantly and ceaselessly, as if they wanted to say:

"So it will be forever and ever."

SECOND ANNUAL WELFARE DANCE

The Ukrainian American Veterans Post No. 6 of Newark, N. J. sponsored a "Welfare Dance" on Saturday, November 4, 1950 in the Ukrainian Sitch Hall, Newark.

Featuring the music of a mystery band and some unusual attractions as arranged by the committee chairman Dr. J. Buddy Bemko and his associates Victor Romanyshyn, Peter Jacyts and Peter Struck.

struggling to free the country from Russian domination. They looked forward confidently to a time when they could create a new literature permeated with Communist thought against a Ukrainian background. They too are being disillusioned and are going the way of their predecessors. They too are now being declared guilty of following in the footsteps of Hrushevsky, of showing Ukrainian national narrowness and "khutoryanstvo"—admiration for the old Ukrainian life. They too have not risen to the true appreciation of the teachings of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin as to the underlying meaning of Communism and they are being taught by criticism and punishment of their errors. The constant pressure upon them emphasized once more that it is among only the exiles and DPs that we can hope to find any appreciation of the Ukrainian spirit.

Ukrainian Communist literature as it is conceived today holds out a warning for all those self-deceiving literary men of the satellite states that they can not carry with them into their new life any vestige of their past, of spirit and feelings of their literatures. It shows their future, a steadily increasing Russification which will continue until not only the iron curtain but the organization of the Russian Communist Soviet Union is once and for all destroyed and replaced by a free brotherhood of civilized peoples.

Степан Корнубук

КРАСУЛЬКА

Стояло їх кільканадцять в зламаний лаві, як худоба. Просто з потягу. Були в тих святкових, тільки вим'ятих в дорозі, убраннях, в яких половили їх, коли із церкви виходили.

Сьогодні якраз тиждень і якраз неділя. Навколо — німецькі бавори: оцінювали і вибирали, як худобу. Здоровіший до багатшого, слабший до біднішого. Вибраному ставили на плече руку і „ком“, як собаці.

Прийшла черга і на Івана. Оглядаю його двох німців і сперечалися. Обов хотіли його мати, і цей куденчик з великим водем на шії, і отой старий лисий. Переміг вольоватий. Кивнув пальцем і „ком“.

Ближчі відходили, дальші від'їздили. За вольоватим, як собака на прив'язі, почував й Іван. За хвилину і сліду не стало, що був тут ярмарок, на людей, на худобу... Завтра ні, ще сьогодні, — всі при праці.

Чудесна організація, — німецька!

Велика довга стайня і тридцять корів. Нагородовані, напоєні, задоволені, чисті. Німецькі корови. Коло повної тачки востузяться брудний Іван, в своєму святочному, домашньому лакмітті. Мріє. Отут його царство, коли нікого немає. Тут найкраще. Живі! сотворіня, без злоти. Він любить отих тридцять німецьких корівок і доглядає їх. Тут тридцять, а дома одна, однісінька, Красулька, мамка, як все її жінка називала. Кормить його діточок...

Тут с Красулька така маленька, з білою цяточкою на чолі. Тільки більшою, от так за волосочок більшою. Вона нагадує йому його власну, і тому то він її найкраще доглядає. Найкраще і найміягче сіно, найсвіжішу воду, і то все її перший. Він пестить її і кличе Красулькою. Як свою, за її подібність, за її регарне молоко.

О, він не раз п'є його при доїнні, так, крадькома, щоб ніхто не бачив. Хлистане раз, другий, і вже дома. Тільки закриє очі, і дома. Чус тепло сво-

єї хати, пахощі гірського села, де говорять з вітрами смереки, де небо з верхами цілується, де краса свої пишні коси забувала...

І коли доїть її, тікає гадками до своєї хати і в випарх стікаючого молока бачить своїх дітей. Як збираються до школи, як граються і як лягають спати. Дві русьві голівки, дві полонинські квіточки, як це молоко запашні, на білій подушці лежать.

О, вона багато тасмиць знає, оця маленька німецька коровка. Знає, як в нього дома, до найменших подробиць. Ціле його життя знає. Це сидня його повірница... І говорить все до неї, як до людини. „Ти маєш яку дитину? Ні? — питає. — Мовчиш? Певно, — питає. — Тобі ж? О, проклаті, і то не одну зобрали. А які ми обов однакі. У тебе забрали дітей, а мене від дітей...“ — А коровка слухає, румигає за-пашає сіно, киває головою і зітхає. От, худобина, а як розуміє!...

Важкуватими кроками проходили дні за днями і спивали з нього всю силу. Тачки були вже важчі, пороги вищі і думки стали більш неповоротлими. Єдиною розрадою, що виводила його із отупіння, були із дому листи. Це був єдиний святковий день в його неволі. Тоді в ньому користовав вільну хвилину і зникав.

От як сьогодні, прямиував скрадаючись до одного з безчисленних закамарків господарського будинку. За пазу-ху в нього лист, ще не читаний, лист із дому. Може що злого, бо коли доїв сьогодні Красульку, не бачив вже в мо-лошних випарах русьвіх голі-вок на білій подушці. Огля-нувся. Нема нікого. Власник пішов і зараз прийде. Прийде а коровами, що їх, як говори-ли, з вядчності за визволен-ня, подарувало щасливе насе-лення німецькому війську... Скрізь самі в из олітелі.

Сон по хаті літав і ні разу не хотів на повіки йому сісти. Вийшов з хати як злодій. Потихеньку, нічю, і до стайні, до Красульки.

„А ви дивиш, яка ти? Дітей мо-їх лишила і прийшла сюди, в чужину, чужих дітей запаш-ним молоком поїти. А не кра-ще було дома, га?... Навпевно краще. Там тебе пестили як чічку, як дитину, як рідну О-ленка доглядала, а ти її ли-шила. Своєю рідню покинула, правда? Нас було п'ятеро. Ді-ти, жінка, ти і я. А чому з їх рук не втіла, га? Тебе ж не забрали з церкви, як мене?“

В Іванових грудях клекоті-ло пекло.

„Але ти їм не будеш дава-ти молока, ні!“ — закричав і відступився. Наглядав встро-мленого в стіну дооного, гостро-го ножа. — „Не будеш“, — просичав, і приступив ближче. Діткнувся рукою теплої шії Красульки, притулив гострого ножа, замкнув очі і потягнув що мав сили... Шось тяжко-го гепнуло на землю і захар-чало в передсмертних корчах... Поглянув довкруги. Що це? Ше одна, дві, ні три, ціла стай-ня красульок, з білими цяточ-ками, а серед них, ніби в мо-

Скрізь, і ці, і тамт. Кожний ні-мець заслужив на таку вдяку, і кожний дістане. А він? Він буде коло їх ходити, от і все.

Коравими чорними пальця-ми витягав із пазухи листа. Витягав як святощі. Поволі розгортав листки, ніби Святе Письмо, і читав.

„Слава Ісусу Христу!“ — Побожно здійняв капелюха, глянувши на небо і перекрестив-ся. — „Навіки Богу слава!“ — проговорив у відповідь. Пе-реходив рядки за рядками, і читав, читав про хатні турботи самітньої жінки, про сільські новини, нарешті — про Кра-сульку.

Забрали її. Забрали від ді-тей. Діти голосили, а старша умлівала і відливали її водою. Це ж була її коровка, телам пригнали до неї, від хресної мамі дістала. Молодша носить над оком сніжак від бука, від німецького бука по зрабованій корівці...

Скінчив. Зачинав наново й наново, чув, як кривда в нутро йому залізла і під самим серцем тяжкою скибою лягла. З'їли, напевно з'їли... Ні, за-стрілили, як тікала від їх рук. Не буде кому діточок його кормити.

В стайні були чужі корови. Наче сонний оглядав їх. Одна, дві, шість корів. Тепер буде вже тридцять шість. Власник вдоволено всміхався. А в нього дома — ні однієї, ні однієї, а тут — тридцять шість! При-глядався цікаво. Жовтяна, Білушка, Циганка, Періста, Крас... Красулька... Що?..

Засміявся. Це ж неможливо! Глянув на таблицю. Там по-спішно рукою стояло виписане крейдю „Берта“. Берта? Обійшов з другого боку. Сли-на стала квачем і не міг про-ковтнути. Що? У Берти на чо-лі ясніла була цяточка.

„Красулько!...“ — Гляну-ла на його слезовими очима й обзвалася. Був уже певний, пізнав її! Серед тисяч-чі Красульок... Заточився ні-би п'яний. Поява Красульки омотала всі його гадки, охопи-ла його цілого. Оставила його діточок і пішла на службу. Так, як і він. Тепер обов служитимуть...

Сон по хаті літав і ні разу не хотів на повіки йому сісти. Вийшов з хати як злодій. Потихеньку, нічю, і до стайні, до Красульки.

„А ви дивиш, яка ти? Дітей мо-їх лишила і прийшла сюди, в чужину, чужих дітей запаш-ним молоком поїти. А не кра-ще було дома, га?... Навпевно краще. Там тебе пестили як чічку, як дитину, як рідну О-ленка доглядала, а ти її ли-шила. Своєю рідню покинула, правда? Нас було п'ятеро. Ді-ти, жінка, ти і я. А чому з їх рук не втіла, га? Тебе ж не забрали з церкви, як мене?“

В Іванових грудях клекоті-ло пекло.

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році, — дві русьві голівки... Вилетів із стайні і побіг до-сто себе. Раптом спинився. Я-кісь будинки, залізана дорога. Ага, це те саме місце, де мене продали. Затрусився на всьо-му тілі, як в лихоманці...

„Другий раз вже мною тор-гувати не будуть“, — проше-потів, перейшов залізничний напіт і зник в темряві готич-ної ночі...

(Українець-Час)

Роман Лисняк.

Оповідання, яких мало

(Оповідання).

(Закінчення)

— Ні, — заперечила страж-дальниця, а я ствердив, що в її англійській мові є якась слов-виська м'якість. — Ні, сказала вона, — я цілком здорова — ви не смійтеся, — але я не можу дивитися на нагих муж-чин, все одно намальованих чи живих. Це все.

Що я міг після такого роби-ти, як тільки дивуватися". Професор щиро і голосно сміявся. Але це не перешка-джало Ярославові продовжу-вати.

— Ви цікавий, як це так? — спитала вона. — Очевидно, але — зрозу-мієте — я так зацікавився ва-шою особою, що бажаю — сам не знаю як — допомогти вам!

— Допомогти? — холодно здивувалася вона, — ви є муж-чина, а саме мужина мені не допоможе. Це мусить бути, після того, що ви пережили зі мною, зрозумілим для вас.

— Зрозуміло, — запевнив я тихо, — але врешті я є при-лично одягненим! Така дотеп-ність мені самому дуже подо-балася.

— Ні?! — Між іншим, — продовжу-вала вона, — називаюся Мері й мешкаю на Парк Евеню під числом 1456.

— Прекрасний квартал Нью Йорку, — завважив я про се-бе і подивився скося на її до-рогу сукню. Вона тільки усміх-нулася гарно.

— Може колись я вам розка-жу свою пригоду. Це тільки тому, що ви мені здаєтеся не таким як всі мужчини. Дякую за товариство. До побачення!

Заки я всміхався до жест у-клону і сказати „До побачен-ня“, вона вже зникла. Я рівнож забув назвати своє прізвище. Правда, протрабанити так до-вольне і чудернацьке для американця прізвище теж не легка справа.

— Хоч багато часу не пройшло від нашої першої зустрічі, але я вже давно був забув про но-ве знайомство. Причина цього була, напе професоре, соціаль-ного порядку: вона — меш-канець Парк Евеню, а я Давн-тану!

Вони в'їхали якраз в якусь бічну алею. Професор відвів авто на край і зупинив його, щоб смачно закурити. Він все так робив, коли їхав і вертав з викладів. Ярослав мимомо-дом перестав оповідати. Про-фесор мовчав і шось думав. Це могло тривати яких п'ять хвилин. Нарешті він скінчив курити, завів мотор і вони ру-шили.

„Продовжуйте, а я й кра ще місце вашої історії мабуть ще прийде“.

році, — дві русьві голівки... Вилетів із стайні і побіг до-сто себе. Раптом спинився. Я-кісь будинки, залізана дорога. Ага, це те саме місце, де мене продали. Затрусився на всьо-му тілі, як в лихоманці...

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(Українець-Час)

СПОРТ

СЛОВО ДО РЕЦЕНЗЕНТІВ

Дорогі Панове-Рецензенти! Коли ви буваєте на спорто-вих змаганнях українців, то не забудьте:

1. написати про ті змагання до українських газет, бо тисячі наших прихильників спорту по Америці й цілому світі інакше про ті змагання не довіда-ються;

2. пишть насамперед до на-ших щоденників, бо люди хо-чуть знати вислід зараз, а не за тиждень, чи в місяць;

3. Не пишть так, наче б іш-лося про рішальні змагання за першість у світі, бо так добре з нашим спортом це не Ре-чення, в роді: „... Гру почи-нає суперечник, але наші від-бирають м'яч...“ — сміло можемо собі дарувати. Натомість не можна вам дарувати, що про таку подію, як 4:4 на-ших філадельфійських фут-болістів у змаганнях з б. про-фесійним чемпіоном Амери-ки (!!) — ви не написали ні слова;

4. Не намагайтеся писати геніяльно, бо витратите два-три тижні часу, сто аркушів папе-ру, пляшку чорнила й нервів на пів року життя — а це все крити свою нагість. Професор так щиро розсміявся, що Яро-слав собі теж за ним.

Вони приїхали. Ярослав за-мів лише напис „Парк Евеню“ на розі вулиці. Скоро сто-яли перед дверима з написом: „Проф. Джордж Кірквел, Сіті Каледж“.

На порозі зустріла їх профе-сорова дружина. Привітавши чоловіка, вона явно здивува-лася Ярославом, коли профе-сор представив його українсь-кою мовою. Після першого здивування вона дуже зраділа „сином її батьківщини“, як во-на опісля казала. В привіталь-ній застали бльондинку і яко-гось середнього віку пузатого пана.

„Геллов, Славко, — простя-нула йому руку. — А це мій чоловік, той сам редактор „Ір-ландського Сонця“ — Клерк О'Дваер, що заставив мене жажатися нагих мужин. Навіть на малюнках“, — додала со-ромливо.

Ярослав стояв не в тих. Це помітив професор. Найбільше здивувало його не те, що Мері вийшла заміж за „волохату потвору“, а те, що в неї не було персика на обличчю!

„А це моя друга донька Лі-за, яку ви вже так добре огля-нули на лекції історії мистец-тва. Ну, привітається!“

Ярослав навіть не замів, коли вона увійшла. Відчував, що дуже червоніє.

„Геллов, Ярослав!“

„Геллов... Гелл...“ — а слова „Ліза“ таки не зумів сказати.

„А що ви тепер скажете про мистецтво і жінок, мій дру-же?“ — звернувся професор до нього, але побачивши його збентеженість, додав: „Маєте рік часу на відповідь“.

Всі чомусь засміялися. (Про-смій О'Дваера, дуже доброї людини, як, опісля ствердив Ярослав, взагалі не можна ні-чого сказати!).

Господина думу, якій подо-бався несподіваний гість, за-запросила всіх до столу.

Після цієї пам'ятної візиту, Ліза відвезла його додому своїм авто. Це було її бажан-ням. Вона знайшла повне зро-зуміння у родичів...

Нью Йорк, 20 жовтня 1950.

коштовні справи. Писати „ге-ніяльно“, значить, писати най-коротше, легко, в душі народ-ної мови;

5. Найгеніяльншу роботу зробите, коли в час інформу-ватимете читачів, а хронікаре-ві даєте повний реєстр відбу-тих спортивних подій;

6. Не сороміться подавати й поразки українських спортов-ців — бо це фальшивий со-ром;

7. Не нарікайте, що в редак-ціях наших часописів сидять „вороги спорту“. Там сидять тільки вороги спізнених (не-свіжих) кілометрових „ков-бас“;

8. Коли ви бачили якісь змагання, ви певно можете схопити їх сенс одним-двома реченнями. Напишіть цю дум-ку на кореспондентській карт-ці, нагорі поставте вислід і ближчі дані (де йшли змаган-ня, за яку ставку?), внизу за-дайте головних факторів (вда-лі змагуни, стрільці-воріт — і, за-раз після змагань, вишліть це до редакції щоденників. Так усім буде солодко й пожиточ-но;

9. Раз на місяць подавайте склад наших дружин (щоб розсипана по світі спортова братія могла про-себе знати), а іншим разом показник (та-белю) гор, для орієнтації, де така, чи інша, наша дружина стоїть;

10. Пишучи обширніше до тижневиків (тут обширність рівноважить природну спізне-ність вістки), не забувайте, що довгих „ковбас“ і тут не люб-лять. Довша „г'ят-дог“ а ре-цензія ні в якому разі бути не сміє!

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