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Ninth Convention of Ukrainian National Women's League

On November 11, and 12, 1950, in Philadelphia the ninth annual convention of the Ukrainian National Women's League ("Soyuz Ukrainok") was held. Over fifty delegates registered for this ninth convention which celebrated the organization's twenty fifth anniversary.

Olena Lototska, head of the League officially opened the convention on Saturday. Olena Kisselevska extended greetings from the World Federation of Ukrainian Women's Organizations.

During the course of discussions on Saturday, many other notable representatives of leading Ukrainian American organizations extended greetings and felicitations to the assebled delegates and guests of the "Soyuz Ukrainok." Roman Slobodian, treasurer of the Ukrainian National Association spoke on the role of the Ukrainian women in the development of the U.N.A.

Officers reports and a discussion upon the League's publication of Lesya Ukrainka's works and life on the book "Spirit of Flame." Saturday evening featured a banquet at the Hotel Warwick at which many prominent personalities appeared.

Sunday morning further discussions were carried on and in the evening a very fine program was presented by the theatrical group under the direction of Volodymir Blavatsky in honor of Lesya Ukrainka. Luba Holowaty and Roman Sawicky appeared as featured soloists.

The executive board of the Ukrainian National Women's League includes: Olena Lototska, president, Antonina Kulchycka, Katherine Peleshok, P. Prokopovich, Helen Mural, Mrs. Biletska-Sedoniak and Helen Douglas, vice presidents, Stephanie Pushkar, financial secreary, and Maria Babiak, treasurer.

Church Group Gives Party For Ukrainian D.P. Family

A special reception was held in New Brunswick, New Jersey for the Usenko family, ten Ukrainians who were united in this city when members of the First Baptist Church sponsored their entry into the United States reports the "Daily Home News" in New Brunswick. During the reception, the Usenkos showed oil paintings, water-colors, rugs and hand-made tools made in Europe.

In speaking about the church's responsibility, the Rev. Richard Shearer said, "I consider this one of the most Christian acts performed by our members since I have been pastor. Members have cooperated fully in obtaining housing and jobs for these worthy people. We have tried to give them opportunity to start a new life, and already they are entirely on their own, even though they have been with us less than two months."

The Usenkos have official documents indicating that the communist government considered them untrustworthy. They were driven from the home they had built in the Ukraine, and were forced to work for the Nazi government during the war. At the conclusion of hostilities, they chose to remain in a camp in the western zone of Germany rather than return to their home under communist government.

RESOLUTION ON UKRAINE

Adopted at the conference of Liberal Exiles held at Stuttgart on August 24th in conjunction with the Third World Congress of the Liberal International (World Liberal Union).

Whereas the free, independent and recognized Ukrainian State, which came into being after the first World War, was overrun by forces opposed to freedom and self-determination in much the same way as States have been overrun during and since World War II, and

Whereas, although at present Ukraine is a member of the United Nations Organization, the government and representatives of the Ukraine do not represent the free Ukrainian people but act only as a mouthpiece of the Soviet Russian government, and

Whereas the European Movement has already admitted representatives of Czechoslovakia, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria,

Therefore, this Conference addresses itself to the European Movement with the urgent request that representation be accorded to the Ukraine in the International Council and on the Executive Committee of the European Movement in a manner similar to that enjoyed by other countries under totalitarian domination.

Fight Russianism, Not Communism, Advises Dorothy Thompson

"Stalin is not an internationalist," writes Dorothy Thompson, well-known American columnist, in her syndicated column of September 21st. "He is a pan-Russian, in exactly the sense that Hitler was a pan-German. He has turned the world communist parties into instruments not for socializing their own countries, but for delivering them as colonies to Russia... The Russian imperial strategists will never grant any communist country the slightest measure of independence or equality... Russia is colonizing the areas she absorbs. The inhabitants of border countries are being systematically deported to far-off Soviet areas, and Russians are being settled in their places... These deportations are not 'ideoligical.' They are part and parcel of a pan-Russification plan... And inside the USSR the Russian people are not being 'sold' communism, but hatred of the West and a master-race superiority complex surpassing Hitler's... It seems to me that we do not begin sufficiently to exploit these obvious facts. By repeatedly denouncing 'Communists,' we continue to support the myth of Russia as 'the vanguard of the peoples' struggle for justice,' which dazzles beclouded eyes. Russia is the destroyer of nations, and that is what she and her agents should be called."

Manifestation in New York City

The United Ukrainian Organizations of New York City and the metropolitan area are proceeding with plans for the gigantic rally and manifestation in honor of the slain Taras Chuprynka-Shukhevych, comander of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army.

The manifestation will be held in New York's Manhattan Center on 34th Street near 8th Avenue on November 26, 1950, at 1 P.M. A whole list of organizations and individuals from among the older generation Ukrainians and from among the newly arrived displaced persons have volunteered their services and promised to take an active part in making this undertaking an outstanding success.

Featured on this massive program will be the outstanding personalities in Ukrainian American life, men who have actually fought against the terror of Red oppression, and notable American speakers.

The well known "Dumka" Male Chorus under its new director I. Sonevetsky will also perform. From miles around the great city Ukrainians are making plans to attend and insure the success of this important event.

UCCA Warns of Soviet Tactics

On October 31, 1950 the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, ever mindful of the devious moves and strategems of the Soviets, urged Prerident Truman to help balk a Soviet parliamentary maneuver which would keep the United States from condemning genocide at the U. N.

The Committee, which represents over 1,000,000 Americans of Ukrainian descent, pointed out that a Soviet-backed UN resolution would bar from the Genocide Convention any nation that did not approve it in full detail. Since the American position on the convention contains several reservations, the resolution would thus bar the United States. The Committee asked President Truman to help gain a postponement of the effective date of the resolution so that it would not affect American ratification of the convention.

"No Atomic Bombs for Kiev or Odessa"

Mr. John F. Stewart, head of the Scottish League for European Freedom,—writes in a letter to "The Scotchman":

"I never believed in the effectiveness of the atomic bomb against Russia, and I would protest against the indiscriminate use of it. I want to point out that Kiev is the capital of Ukraine, and Odessa the largest Ukrainian port. I have no doubt that when Ukraine regains its independence, the people would like to have their cities undestroyed. Now the Ukrainians are ready to cooperate with the West in order to challenge the Russian menace... If we would atomize their beloved cities, they will be embittered, and without their help we would never be able to overcome the Russian terror over the world. The same may be applied to other peoples enslaved by Soviet Russia."

UKRAINE TROUBLE CENTER

"The "National News - Letter," founded and edited by Stephen King-Hall, reported on the unrest in Ukraine in its May 18, 1950 issue:

"For some months rumors have been coming westward that all is not well in the Ukrainian Republic of the USSR. The "Manchester Guardian" has now drawn attention to the fact that on 15 April 1950 an amazingly frank account of what has been happening was published in "Zvezda," the official organ of the local Communist Party.

"This account is a frank confession of the almost total failure of the task of spring sowing. On that date, three out of ten of the provinces had not begun sowing operations; the others had only completed 4% instead of 90% of what should have been done by the middle of April. The grass-sowing plan and the potato plan were in equally bad shape.

"These confessions of failure in one of the most important of the European Russian agricultural territories may mean trouble on the food front later in the year.

HRUSHEVSKY HONORED

Michael Hrushevsky, famous Ukrainian writer and historian was honored in a special program yesterday in Washington Irving High School in New York City.

Several outstanding speakers joined with the assembled guests in paying tribute to Hrushevsky.

CALLED BY THE ARMY

Joseph Laskow, young Ukrainian American from Bayonne, N. J. was recently inducted into the army from his local board. Long an active member of the choir of the Ukrainian Catholic Church in his community, Joseph was also one of the individuals responsible for the formation of the Ukrainian Choral Society of New Jersey.

In addition to singing with these two groups, his "contra bass" voice was heard in all three of the Ukrainian Metropolitan Areas music festivals.

To Audition For Met. Opera

Henry Pritula, a Ukrainian American whose American stake name is Henry Lawrence, will be one of the young artist selected to audition on the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air. The program will be broadcast on Tuesday, November 21, 1950, over a nation wide network.

Mr. Pritula-Lawrence is a baritone and has studied for many years with a well known teacher of voice and star of the Metropolitan Opera, Madame Jane Freund-Nauen of New York City.

NEW JERSEY CHORUS TO SING CAROLS

The Ukrainian Choral Society of New Jersey under the direction of George Kirichenko, Jr. has been requested to present a program of Ukrainian Christmas carols in Kresge's Newark Department Store.

The program will be held on december 6, 1950, between the hours of 6 and 7 P.M. Several outstanding Ukrainian carols will be sung by the group.

DETROIT BULLETIN PUBLISHED

The latest issue of "Operation Detroit" bulletin of the Detroit District Council has come on the presses. This months issue is particularly attractive due to some very fine art work and the layout in general.

A message from former president of the D.D.S. John Lomaka is featured together with a resume of the New York convention of the UYL-NA. The usual, salty "Societa" column completes the bulletin.

NEW "FOX" OUT

The November 15th, edition of the "Fox" has come off the presses. Featuring a wealth of satire at both newly arrived Ukrainians and the older generation ones, it makes for some most interesting and enjoyable reading.

The cartoons of Edward Kozak as always are an outstanding feature or the periodical. In this particular issue they more than stand out as works of true satirical art.

Ukrainian D.P. Student Receives Scholarship

Michael Budnyk, young Ukrainian displaced person won a scholarship in Amherst, Mass. Previ-

Michael Budnyk

ously Mr. Budnyk was enrolled at the University in Graz, Austria.

After passing all the required examinations he was admitted to the Massachusetts school of learning as a senior. His major course of study is in the field of agricultural chemistry.

At present he is the only D.P. student on the campus but this has not deterred him from making a place for himself. Besides writing articles for the University paper about life under the Soviets, conditions of displaced persons students in Austria, he has won the respect of the faculty and student body alike. On several occasions he has appeared as featured speaker at the International Institute in Amherst, and at the students first convocation.

"VATRA" CHORUS DEBUT

The famed "Vatra" Chorus under the direction of Lev Turkevych gave its debut performance on Wednesday, November 15, 1950. The concert was held in the large Civic Auditorium in Winnipeg, Canada.

A program of liturgical and secular music was featured, Modern composers, old folk songs and present day songs of the Insurgent Army were also highlighted by the full length program.

Editorials

WINTER WAR

The cold, forlorn misery of winter warfare has once again been imposed upon the fighting men of the United States Armed Forces. Short bleak days, filled with long raw blasts of winds and snow are buffeting the U. S. Forces.

G.I. Joe may take some consolation in the fact that winter clothing is on its way. We here at home may feel much better when we read that our boys are well equipped for battle. It makes nice reading and we don't feel the bite of the frost. The new equipment doesn't help much though when you have to sleep in a fox hole. It doesn't seem to make much difference while you're out on guard duty in the middle of the night. No matter how you are dressed, it is cold, too cold and the snow mixed with sleet doesn't help either. You shrivel up inside from the daily "C" or "K" rations. Red, floods the whiteness of your eyes and your teeth beat a constant chatter. Nothing can warm you, you freeze for hours on end. Your hands form human claws from holding an M1, a machine gun or steering wheel. The stubble in your chin grows long and rough but it keeps your face warm at least. You're dirty through and through but can't wash. What for? You'd only freeze to death in the process.

So you roll out of your sack in the morning, stiff, cold and disgusted. You move forward, after biting into your cold ration, up to your post. Funny isn't it? You, why you're supposed to be a fine clean cut American soldier, full of high ideals fighting for the United Nations. You don't even think about it or talk about it do you? This is too personal a war for that sort of stuff. You leave that for the politicians. The new equipment is good too, but its cold and you move forward on the thing that has pulled you through from one mess to another; guts. Yes! It certainly must be nice to sit in a warm meeting room and talk about whose supposed to be fighting this war. As for you, well, Hill No. 161 has to be taken and you take off, cold or no cold. Tomorrow there will be something else to read about in the morning paper.

ON CHANGING NAMES

"Good name, in man or woman, is the immediate jewel of their souls.—Who steals my purse steals trash; but he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed." Shakespeare.

Reading these words by Shakespeare we cannot help but wonder about so many people who think nothing of depriving themselves of their rightful names. Because of a slight bit of difficulty in pronunciation, spelling or actual meaning, hundreds of people change their names from Ukrainian to what they consider to be proper, American.

Why is it such men as Eisenhower, Impellitteri, Mitropolous, or Rosenman have not changed or simplified their names? A name is given to us at birth. It may be a challenge, a cross or a blessing. Certainly it is not always a simple task to pronounce some of our Ukrainian names. Spelling them [illegible] be even more difficult. But; if we are proud of the name of our father, then we should bear it with honor. If some men are prejudiced against the sound of our names; then let us make them regret that prejudice. If there are people who can't pronounce our names properly; then let us teach them. If there are some who would mock our names, then they will mock all men and all names.

Changing one's name, shortening it beyond recognition, these are ways chosen by ignorant people. The so called "easy way," which in the long run, is usually the most difficult.

A change in spelling so that the name may be more easily pronounced, will often suffice for most people. Those who change their names entirely from Ukrainian betray their weakness. Nothing in [illegible] gree of strife. Keeping one's true name and making others aware of it, of knowing it, of honoring it, these are the virtues of a proud man.

A SUGGESTION

Time and time again we have stressed the importance of sending in news items, personal items and creative material to "The Weekly." In the regular U.N.A. column have appeared numerous pleas, admonishments, and arguments for sending in material to this paper. In some respects, these appeals have been heeded. However, it would seem that our young people are a bit selfish. They send in news, ask for publicity only when they happen to have some particular undertaking in mind. The "Weekly" has always been only too glad to help these endeavors; but it would like to receive a bit of cooperation in return.

Several weeks ago we started our new poet's corner. To date one young person has taken advantage of it. Accordingly a copy of Ivan Franko's Life and Works was sent out to that writer. There are many more people who read the "Weekly" and possess the ability to write They would do well to send their material in for publication. Only through the efforts of a paper such as the "Weekly" supported by the Ukrainian National Association, is it possible to publish so much material by our readers. Nothing ever quite matches the thrill of seeing one's own creation in print. As the official organ of a great fraternal organization, the "Weekly" is always ready to give that opportunity to each and every aspiring and perspiring writer.

Lastly, we would urge that all member organizations of the Ukrainian National Association, and in particular the youth branches, specify that the branch secretary be responsible for mailing in the minutes or excerpts from the club's minutes to the "Ukrainian Weekly." From these notes it would be possible to publish the activities of our individual branches. Ideas would be thus circulated and other clubs would stand a chance of benefiting from them.

As has been so often stated, the "Weekly" is your paper. You can make it interesting and you can make it grow. It has no official party line, it has always taken pride in the fact that people can express themselves through it. If you are of Ukrainian descent, you owe it to yourself to read and write to the "Ukrainian Weekly."

ONLY 29 MORE DAYS

That is all there is left until Christmas 1950. Already, the eager beaver enterprizers have begun playing their mechanical carols and millions of show windows are being decorated in traditional red, green and white.

People are beginning to think in terms of buying: gifts, necessities, luxuries and cards. The American world goes topsy turvy within the following 29 days and what fun it is! The postman resigns himself to his inevitable fate and plods on. The delivery man goes to bed just a bit earlier in the hope of preparing himself for the forthcoming ordeal. The butcher, the baker and even the candle stick maker has visions of making out well this year. And perhaps with God's help and the aid of their rifles and tanks the men in Korea will make out well also. We sincerely hope so and pray that if only for a fleeting moment they may know "peace on earth" and a bit of the wonderful bedlam that preceeds it. In their individual tents, fox holes and trenches we know they will. For no matter how rough things may become, the boys never really do forget to celebrate Christmas in one way or another.

THE THEATRE IN UKRAINE

(1)

By I. MIRCHUK

When the Jesuits, in the pursuit of their plans of conquest, introduced Polish drama into Ukraine at the beginning of the 17th century in the form of a school-play, the orthodox inhabitants opened a defensive campaign and founded theaters in the schools as a means of promoting their own culture. And these days are not really so far behind us, in the second half of the 19th century, this time under Russian supremacy, the theater was the only oportunity where the Ukrainian word could be heard and the only place where Ukrainian sentiment could express itself without fear of Russian censorship. When in the eighties and nineties of last century the Ukrainian theater could point to a number of great artistic and celebrated triumphant successes not only in Ukraine but also in the large towns of Russia, and was even allowed to give performances in the Tsar's palace—Gen. Drenteln, Governor of almost half Ukraine forbade all performances in Ukrainian areas under his jurisdiction. To protests the governor replied not untruthfully that while the Ukrainian theater in Petersburg was merely drama, it was first and foremost politics at home. We must bear in mind this national function of the Ukrainian theater if we wish to evaluate its development and achievements in the last three centuries properly.

The theater in Ukraine is characterised further by the revolutionary form of its development. It is on the stage in Ukraine that new ideas are ruthlessly opposed to what is older and what has not perhaps completely forfeited its right to exist. But there is no room for two gods. Determined by such circumstances an organic transition from one period to another seems almost impossible and history itself seems to be merely the sum of separate and unconnected periods. This lack of tradition, of a gradual transition, of grafting the new on the old and vice-versa has certain advantages, as well as great disadvantages; it is favorable to the appearance of strong personalities who are not handicapped by obligations to the past and are therefore able to devote their entire energy to realising new ideas.

The third special charecteristic of the Ukrainian theater is the fact that during its entire existence, it has always been only a "theater for the people," and not only that the widest circle of the population were greatly interested in the perfromances and in the work and lives of Ukrainian actors but that, corresponding to the social structure of the Ukrainian people, it has always been a peasant theater, presenting, above all the problems of peasant life.

As already mentioned, school plays gave a characteristic stamp to the earliest period of the Ukrainian drama. The school which has handed down the oldest examples of this art was the school of the Lviw Brotherhood, famous in its day. The examples we have of those early school dramas are most primitive, being mostly mere dialogues that were spoken at the Holy Grave or, when there was any special occasion in the Brotherhood School, in the courtyard of the church. Besides those dialogues which were always based on religious subjects, interludes have also come down to us, two of which by Jacob Gavatovych, dating from 1919, are distinguished in form and style from their primitive predecessors. A fairly complicated drama of the 17th century, called "A Play about the Destruction of Hell" marks the transition from those dialogues to a more developed form of dramatic art; it is written in verse, in the lively language of everyday and for a large cast, among which Christ suddenly appears as an actor on the stage. The plays belonging to the Kiev circle which arose in the 18th century in the Brotherhood School there as well as Mohyla's famous Academy in Kiev, were transitional in character. In this connection we must not omit to mention a dramatist at the end of the 17th century, Danylo Tuptalo (monk's name Demeter Rostovsky).

(To be continued)

Impressions...

By WILLIAM SHUST

Among the secrets of good acting is the enigma of "listening."

To the amateur as well as the average person, acting seems only the assumption of a character in a dramatic presentation. In view of the many themes and tomes which have been written, it is enough to say that acting consists of much more and that "listening" forms an integral part.

Immediately a question forms in the mind. What is "listening" on the stage?

In a broad sense, listening in acting is exactly what the dictionary defines, i.t. to attend closely for the purpose of hearing. In a mere specialized sense, specifically applying to acting, it means the hearing of the drama by the actor who is part of it.

This naturally leads into the next question: Why should this apparently obvious quality be stressed?

That is the crux of the problem. The basis which once understood and mastered, proves a stepping stone to successful dramatic interpretation.

In normal conversation a "give-and-take" relationship is established. That is, there is an exchange of ideas which react upon speakers.

When two or more people are engrosed in conversation each one respondeds physically, and vocal inflections portray the individual reactions. By the same token, a person becomes quickly aware when another is not listening.

On the stage, this problem of listening becames greatly magnified in importance.

Basically, its significance lies in being able to capture and convey the correct response. How can an actor respond vocally and physically, on his cue, if he hasn't heard the speech before his?

He may know the plot. He may have played his part for 50 or 500 consecutive performances. But each night when the curtain goes up there is a new audience to be convinced. Each night is a new performance and the other player may be just as tired or ill as our actor. Each night the actor must listen and respond.

An Arabian Traveler Describes a Funeral Among Ancient Ukrainians

The Arabian author Ibn-Phadlan witnessed in 922 a burial among the Ukrainians. He described that funeral rite thus:

The corpse was laid in the grave temporarily and around him were placed drinks, fruit and musical instruments, and his friends, meanwhile, were getting ready his clothes and other necessities. All that lasted for 10 days. His wealth was divided into three parts; one part was given to his family, the other was used up for his burial clothes and the third for drinks which are served at the funeral. They asked the girls, the slaves of the dead, whether anyone of them would like to be buried with him. One volunteered.

When the day of the funeral arrived, they hauled in a boat, propped it up, and around it placed figures of idols, resembling the statues of the people. In the boat they placed a bench, spread rugs and Grecian silk over it and placed silk pillows in it, and above it built a sort of a tent, all this was done by a woman who usually took care of such preparations and was called "the angel of death." The deceased was dressed in the very richest clothes; he had on a silk overcoat with golden buttons, a cap of sables with a gold crown. He was placed in a sitting position on the bench in the tent, supported by pillows. Around him were placed drinks, fruit, sweet-smelling plants and his armor. Then they killed a dog and placed it near him too. They also killed two horses, two cows, a rooster and a chicken, and placed them in front of him.

Then came the girl's turn. She was lifted three times over a well in which she was supposed to see visions of her dead relatives and her dead master. "I see him sitting in the orchard, in a beautiful green orchard; there are his comrades there, men and boys, and he is calling for me. Take me to him." Such were the words the Arabic writer heard from the lips of the girl.

The girl gave all her jewels and decorations to other slaves, and with a glass of wine in her hand and a song on her lips was bidding farewell to this world. In the meantime, dry wood was piled up around the boat. The oldest relative of the dead man set fire to the wood. Within an hour nothing but ashes remained of the whole elaborate structure. Then on that very spot they raised a grave, placed a birch pole in the centre of it, having written on it the name of the deceased and that of the Ukrainian prince during whose reign he died.

Ibn-Phadlan adds that when he was thus observing this funeral, one of the Ukrainians approached him and said: "You Arabs are very unwise to throw the dearest and most respected man into the ground, where snakes and worms eat him up; we burn him up in one second and he enters Paradise immediately."

Thus it was among the Ukrainians in pagan times.

These customs and habits have died long ago, and only dim memories of them can be traced in some Ukrainian folk-songs and stories. The custom of burning alive a woman at a man's funeral pyre was known in other parts of the world, notably in India, as late as a hundred years ago.

Ibn Phadlan's account remains an interesting testament of the fact that at that early age, in which many a land of Western Europe was still plunged in the darkness, foreigners found many interesting things in Ukraine and illumined her customs and handed the accounts of them to posterity.

On Record - - by Ted Victor

"A GRAY CUCKOO CALLED"

NOTE: A word fantasy on the folk song "Zakuvala Ta Syva Zozulia" (The Gray Cuckoo Called)

The gray cuckoo called from its perch on high. A long plaintive call to its wandering mate. Across the blue in the cold crisp winds of morn it was carried. From roof to roof, down into the maze of gutted alleys, to an incense shop and into a smithy. From wall, to wall, from animal to human, for its mate the gray cuckoo called. A regal lady in fine silks turned in her bed, a soft purr escaped from her lips. A shabby beggar bestirred himself from the filth of a littered gutter. The gray cuckoo's call was heard by all these and others too.

In the dungeon, within the rock bound citadel, the captive kozaks heard its song. Eyes, covered by hair matted together from blood and sweat, lifted upward. Chains clanked against each other, a tortured moan emanated from the mass of breathing bodies. The smell of human flesh, burned bruised and beaten, mingled with a sickening stink of blood and nith. Pain in a multitude of stages was present here. Pain of mind, of heart and of body.

Here, too, the gray cuckoo's call was heard. Heard and welcomed with the fiery love of familiarity; with longing and recognition of one's own beloved. A call of a gray cuckoo, an omen of freedom, a wish for home, a prayer for deliverence.

Blow, oh blow ye fair winds,
Blow across the sea to Ukraine.
Deliver us from this tyranny!
Away from these walls,
The whip, the sorrow and pain,
To freedom, among the kozaks,
To our beloved Ukraine.

There in the Ukraine the sun is shining,
Our brothers are fighting! are fighting!
For glory, victory, to live they give battle.
For Ukraine, our brothers are constantly dying.
For them all, we, here, wretched souls,
Not men but herded cattle
For them we forever are pining.

When the sultans hear their thunder,
Their knees will buckle like water.
Across the wild steppes flying,
To the shores of the Black Sea,
Then will the Turkish sultans
Repent their tyranny.

Come on ye sons of the steppes,
Come on from the banks of the Dnieper.
Show the infidel you power
Make his sweet wine grow bitter.

Free us from these chains,
Break away the bars.
Carry us to Ukraine, our home
To the steppes among the mohylas.

There will we make merry,
Dance 'neath the setting sun,
Sing our songs, of Oxana's dark eyes
Drink our mead, drown our sorrow
Live one day and die on the morrow.

Again the gray cuckoo called to its wandering mate. Over the horizon it flitted and flew, till finally resting, a new song it did coo. It had found its mate high in the trees, together they skitted about, singing happily. Down in the dungeon, within the dark pits, a whip naked out, biting its bite with venomous spit. The gray cuckoo called, the world came awake, off it then flew, away, with its mate. Away they did fly, and flying around, above four score kozaks dead on the ground.

EARLY RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND UKRAINE

(Concluded)

(8)

In 1834 there appeared in Moscow the **Ukrainian National Songs** of M. Maximovich, which played such a considerable part in the development of the Ukrainian national movement; and six years later one of the most serious periodicals, **The Foreign Quarterly Review**, devoted a comprehensive article to Maximovich's collection. The anonymous author of the article gives in an excellent translation extensive quotations of Ukrainian songs and says that one must understand "the language of Ukraine" in order to appreciate the wealth and grammatical construction of the songs, the nuances and meanings of the words. The same word with a slight different sense. "As to the music of the songs, it is quite unknown with us. What can we compare it with? Perhaps with the long-drawn howl of the winds that howl over the wide steppes."

The seventies and nineties in England were marked by a whole series of articles and books dealing with ethnography and literature of Ukraine. This interest was greatly promoted by Michael Drahomanov, the famius Ukrainian scholar with a European reputation, a great patriot, and the chief Ukrainian political leader of the 19th century. While he was still Professor in the University of Kiev, and later on in exile, he was in close relations with a number of English Slavists, and it was not without his influence that these interested themselves in all that concerned Ukraine. Drahomanov, in 1873, published an article in the **Athenæum** on the work of the Kiev section of the Russian Geographical Society Two years later appeared the famous work **Historical Songs of the Little Russian People**, by V. Antonovich and M. Drahomanov, and in the same year, 1875, W. Ralston published in the **Saturday Review** of 5 June, a most sympathetic review of this book. Professor Chodzko's work, **LeChants historiques de l'Ukraine**, in which he gave translations of Ukrainian dumy from the collection of Antonovich and Drahomanov, drew forth an enlightening review in the **Athenæum** by Professor W. R. Morfill, of Oxfor (1834-1909). Morfill, who later visited Ukraine, also wrote articles on the great Ukrainian poet Shevchenko, one unsigned in **All the Year Round**, and the other in the **Westminster Review** under the title "The Peasant Poets of Russia."

Our conclusion from this survey of Anglo-Ukrainian relations can be put in a word. Ukraine was in the past known in England, not worse, if not better than now. Sympathy has been felt in England for Ukrainian national aspirations, although the geographical distance has not allowed England to play as active a part in Ukraine as, for instance, was played by France.

ELIE BORSHAK.

MUSIC - - by Olga Lachowitch

Another famous operetta "The Mikado" was composed by Sullivan and the text was written by his partner Gilbert. It was first produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, March 14, 1885 and in New York, August 19, 1885. This charming operetta, with the exception perhaps of "Pinafore," (which I had written about some weeks ago) has proved to be the most popular of the Sullivan operas.

The story of "The Mikado" is as follows. Nanki-Poo, the Mikado's son, is in love with Yum-Yum, the ward of the tailor Ko-Ko, who is also Lord High Executioner, and to whom she is betrothed, as Nanki-Poo is informed by Pooh-Bah, when he comes to Titipu in quest of her. Nanki-Poo manages to see Yum-Yum and confesses to her that he is the Mikado's son, and that he is disguised to escape punishment for not marrying the elderly Katisha. However, Ko-Ko's matrimonial arrangements are interfered with by a message from the Mikado, that unless some one is beheaded in Titipu within a month, he will be degraded. But Nanki-Poo, who is so much in love with Yum-Yum consents to be beheaded if he is allowed to marry her and be able to live with her for a month. As this arrangement proves satisfactory, preparations are made for the nuptials.

The second act opens with Yum-Yum's preparations for her marriage. A tete-a-tete with Nanki-Poo is interrupted by Ko-Ko, who announces that by the law when a married man is beheaded, his wife must be buried alive. Yum-Yum's passion is then cooled, and to save her Nanki-Poo threatens to perform the "happy dispatch" that day. As this would endanger Ko-Ko, he aranges to swear to a false statement of Nanki-Poo's execution. Just then the Mikado arrives. Ko-Ko gives him the statement, but a great danger is imminent when the Mikado informs him he has killed the heir apparent and must suffer some horrible punishment. In the denouncement Nanki-Poo reappears, and Ko-Ko gets out of trouble by marrying the elderly Katisha, leaving Yum-Yum to Nanki-Poo.

And so ends this charming operetta. The most popular numbers in the first act are Ko-Ko's song with its choral response "You may put'em on the List and they never will be missed"; the fascinating trio for Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, and Pitti-Sing "Three little maids from School are We"; Nanki-Poo's song "A Wandering Minstrel"; and the trio for Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, and Tush "My Brain, it teems."

The leading numbers of the second act are Yum-Yum's "The Sun, whose Rays"; the quartet "Brightly dawns our Wedding-Day"; the Mikado's song "A more humane Mikado never"; Ko-Ko's romantic ballad "On a tree by a river a little tomtit," which is in the genuine old English manner, and the well-known duet for Nanki-Poo and Ko-Ko "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la."

Poet's Corner

To N. N.

By TARAS SHEVCHENKO

Translated by CLARENCE A. MANNING

Sunset is coming, mountains are shadowed,
Birds sing to quiet, fields cease their murmur,
Peoples are gladly stopping their labors,
But I am looking, while my heart's flying
To a dark garden in Ukraina:
Flying, I'm flying, my thoughts ever roaming,
Thus my poor heart is receiving some quiet.
Fields are shadow, mountains and forest,
In the blue heaven, stars are appearing.
Stars, O bright stars, for I am weeping,
Have you come out yet there in Ukraina
Are the black eyes there awaiting your coming
In the blue heaven? Have they forgotten?
If they've forgotten, do not disturb them,
Let them not notice what I am suffering!

ON THE DOWNS

(An incident from the life of an old shepherd in the Carpathians)

(2)

By IVAN FRANKO

You think, perhaps, that to graze seven hundred sheep is a trifle! Why, every one of the mute beasts is alive. Each has its own brain. Not a big brain, to be sure, naturally, a mute brute,—but still a brain, as it was given by God. Just see, when they enter a forest or come out on the downs, they always stick together. They do not scatter to all sides, as the horned cattle do, but all keep in one cluster.

And the bear is just waiting for that! Oh, he has his own brain, too! And what a brain! No wonder our people call him "vuyko" (Uncle) and "pan Kulakovsky" (the Lord of Big Paws). Here he is lying behind a log and waits till the entire herd of sheep comes between two overturned trees. Then up he leaps from his lair and he has them corraled, as if in a stable. And he may kill them all. Then they do not even bleat, merely press together, awaiting silently their death.

With a stick in my hand, with a gun over my shoulder, and fife stuck behind my belt, — thus I started every morning after my sheep. Three dogs went with me. One of them ran before the herd, two on its flanks, and I followed behind. I walked and paused. The sheep scattered over the green pasture like bees in flowers. A white cluster, a black cluster, a white cluster, a black cluster. Here they nipped a blade of grass, there they nipped another blade of grass, and on and on they went. The Sheep does not feed like a cow, only pinches grass, like a child playing with it, and hurries on somewhere as it were. And before them the rams, the commandants. You do not have to head off the whole herd, only these rams. A birr-birrh! A dree-ow.*

It is beautiful with us in the mountains! O, how beautiful! One served his fill, suffering misery, working for others, and still one is not sorry to bring back those memories! One comes out on the downs, the green stretches out all around you, only globe thistles press their white heads to the ground, their crowns peering like curious eyes from among the grass and moss. It is cool. A breeze stirs. You breath deeply, with the full chest. Everything around gives forth aroma, as if breathing upon you health and strength. Down below you, above you there rises the round top of the mountain. It is calm all around, only the sheep are rustling in the ferns, now and then a dog barks, a green woodpecker gives a tap, or a squirrel gives a shriek in the forest. I am walking slowly, then I stop, pull from behind my belt my fife. When I strike a tune and speed up my fingers and play a song, my heart seems to leap, and tears come to my eyes.

Now, now, Uncle Bruin! This isn't the way! One sheep seems nothing, but you killed one today, and you will kill two tomorrow, and will kill perhaps half of my herd the day after tomorrow. No, my dear fellow! We have not struck such an accord among us! Do you think I carry a barrel" across my sholder just for fun?

Oh, well, well. I will have to spoil a night for myself, to lie in wait for you in a hole under an uprooted tree. Be it my life or death, I will have to settle this account with you!

(To be concluded)

*) These are the calls of the shepherds to their herds in the Carpathian mountains.

WISDOM OF THE UKRAINIAN PEOPLE

(Some popular folk-proverbs)

Self-Dependence.—It is easy to catch snakes with other people's hands.

Knowledge. — The fool thinks, the wise man knows.

Deep Thought.—From a deep well comes cold water.

Talkativeness.—Deep waters run quick.

Obstacles. — Don't let yourself be bent by every wind.

Equality.—You and I are made of the same clay.

Evil.—Of what use are sacred pictures in the house of the evil.

Example. — If someone jumped into water, would you follow him?

Flattery.—Whoever is good to all, is bad to himself.

Companionship.—Who wades into water, will come out with wet feet.

Comradeship.—If you lose with a good man, he will console you. If you find with a bad one, he won't share the find with you.

Leadership.—The caravan is as as strong as its leader.

Laziness.—To a poor reaper every scythe is wrong.

Laziness.—The lazy man walks twice, the stingy man pays twice.

Laziness.—The lazy man may freeze, sitting on top of an oven.

Theft.—Who steals in a joke, is drubbed in dead seriousness.

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Ukrainian Artists Find Home

Mr. and Mrs. Boris Maximovich and their fifteen-month-old son, Alexander, have come to Rayal Oak, Michigan from a displaced persons' camp at Augsburg, Germany. The First Methodist church has provided a home for them at 612 South Lafayette avenue.

Both Boris and Veronica Maximovich are graduates of the Kiev academy of music and well-known artists in the Ukraine. Boris was a full professor of piano at the academy from 1928 to 1943, when the Nazis invaded the Ukraine and took the family into forced labor in Austria. They were freed by the American and French armies in 1945, but could not return to the Ukraine because their families had long been anti communists.

Maximovich appeared as soloist with the symphony orchestras of Hamburg, Hanover, Lubeck, Munich, Augsburg, Ulm, and others in Germany and the Innsbruck symphony in Austria, as well as with orchestras in Kiev, Odessa, Lemberg and elsewhere. Just before coming to America he gave piano concerts in Zurich, Geneva, Paris, Amsterdam, and over the BBC in London. These concerts were under the sponsorship of the International Relief organization.

Veronica Maximovich was a member of the Kiev Grand Opera company and also of the Vienna opera. She has sung at several churches since coming to Detroit seven weeks ago.

Boris Maximovich made his Detroit debut at the Art institute on Sunday evening, November 19.

BUY THE UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

U.N.A. BOWLERS COMPLETE FIRST ROUND

By STEPHEN KURLAK

After nine uninterrupted weeks of Friday night matches, the member teams comprising the U.N.A. Bowling League of the Metropilitan N.J.-N.Y. Area completed their first "round-robin" on November 10th last. The results of this series, which are shown below, are indicative, more or less, of the comparative strength of each of the contestants and will no doubt have a bearing on the final outcome at the end of the league's 99-game schedule. With four of the teams in the higher ranks separated by only one game, it appears that the next few weeks will see plenty of scrambling among them for the top-high position.

Another reason why plenty of action may be expected (even among the lower ranking teams) will be the introduction for the first time in this league's existence of the "bumper night." During the tenth and eleventh tourneys, the teams will be matched in the order of their league standing, i.e., 1st place team will play 2nd place team, 3rd will play 4th, and so on. Each team will play on an even basis with the opposing team, the handicap system being temporarily suspended. In this way, a team may "bump" the team above it out of position and take its place in the line-up.

The results of the ninth tournament, which took place on November 10th, showed split games in all five matches with no team making any great improvement in its standings. The first place combination team of U.N.A. Branches 272 and 14 had an "off" night and lost two low-score games to the Ukrainian Orthodox Church team of Newark via the "handicap route" and barely won the third by one pin. The senior "A" team of the Jersey City Social and Athletic Club in its match against its brother "B" team won the first two games by wide margins, but lost out in the third inspite of its Sam Walczuk's highest game of 225 pins.

The Penn-Jersey Social Club nosed out the New York U.N.A. Branch 435 team from a third-place tie by winning two games out of three. A twin-brother act was revealed by the final tally when Newarker Walt Molinsky's three-game series of 510 pins was matched by New Yorker Byron Magalas' similar score.

The St. John's C.W.V. team easily won two games from the now last-place Ukrainian American Veterans of Newark after having lost the first game due to Pete Struck's big 205-pin game. Struck ended the night with a three-game series of 548 pins which was almost matched by his opposite number on the St. John team, Luke Janick, who scored a 541.

The Ukrainian Blacksheep of Jersey City suffered a set-back when they lost two games to the St. George C.W.V. team of New York through the handicap. The Blacksheep have had a streak of victories within the past few weeks and have thus been able to climb into sixth place after a slow and uncertain start. St. Georgeman Bill Sochuk was mainly responsible for slowing up the Blacksheep with his set of 481 pins.

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION LEAGUE, TEAM STANDINGS

	Won	Lost	High Game	3 Game High	Total Pins	Aver.
1. U.N.A. Brs. 272-14, Maplew'd	20	7	814	2382	20023	742
2. Jersey City S. & A. Team A	19	8	941	2571	21968	813
3. Penn-Jersey S. C., Newark	18	9	904	2638	21026	779
4. U.N.A. Branch 435, N.Y.C.	17	10	824	2393	20160	747
5. St. John's C.W.V., Newark	15	12	840	2424	19958	739
6. Ukrainian Blacksheep, J. C.	12	15	822	2383	19924	738
7. Ukr. Orth. Church, Newark	11	16	752	2131	18071	669
8. St. George C.W.C., N.Y.C.	8	19	868	2367	19257	713
9. Jersey City S. & A. Team B	7	20	838	2327	19681	729
10. Ukr.-Amer. Vets, Newark	7	20	876	2428	19672	729

YOUTH and U. N. A.

786 More Join U.N.A.

During the month of October the Ukrainian National Association admitted a total of 786 new members, including 245 children.

The fraternal benefit society now has more than 44,000 adult members and more than 16,000 juvenile members. The grand total as of October 31, 1950, is 60,730 members.

A considerable number of the new members were admitted to branched in the Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York City areas.

Let the U.N.A. Serve You

Have you ever tried organizing new members for the Ukrainian National Association? Well, we have, and we want to state that one of the most discouraging things about this work is that so many of our people give their insurance business to commercial insurance companies. We have nothing against the commercial companies, but we do believe that our people should at least learn something about the U.N.A. and give it their fair consideration.

It is all too true that many of our people do not know anything about the U.N.A. They do not know that it is a fraternal benefit society with members organized into branches which are governed by themselves; they do not know that the branches have the right to send delegates to conventions, and that executive officers are elected from among the delegates. They do not know that the U.N.A. issues all kinds of modern life insurance pretection at rates which compare very favorably with the rates of the commercial companies. They do not know that the U.N.A. issues dividends to its members after two calendar years, that it offers benefits to the incurably ill and permanently disabled, and it encourages sports activity by subsidizing all kinds of teams. There are many other important facts about the U.N.A. which are not known by our people.

Why is that so many of our people do not know the facts about Ukrainian National Association? A great deal of material about the organization was published in the Svoboda and The Ukrainian Weekly; special pamphlets in both English and Ukrainian were circulated freely; advertisements appeared in the program books of national organizations having conventions or rallies; and the U.N.A. received some publicity in American newspapers. And still there are people who do not know what the U.N.A. is nor what it stands for!

For our part, we shall continue to explain about the U.N.A. to the uninformed. It does a lot of good and often results in new members for the U.N.A. Also, we shall continue to mention the facts about the U.N.A. in this column of ours. We think it does a lot of good, too, and gives new readers something to think about.

And now we come to you, Dear Reader. Are you a member of the Ukrainian National Association? If the answer is "Yes" then please keep the U.N.A. in mind for your future insurance needs. If the answer is "No" all we can say offhand is what are you waiting for? What keeps you from becoming one of us? The U.N.A. is made to order for you... why don't you join? This is no pep talk... we really want answers to these questions. Write to the U.N.A. and let us know what is on your mind where the organization is concerned. You will get a prompt and courteous reply, together with the U.N.A. "facts" pamphlet. The address is Ukrainian National Association, P. O. Box 76, Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J. Please mention our column.

Understand this, Dear Reader: the Ukrainian National Association desires to be of service to you on a permanent basis. Since it is an organization founded and built up by your own people we think you will agree that you owe it to yourself to investigate the facts and then decide fairly and squarely whether or not the U. N. A. is worthy of your support.

T. L.

UYL-NA Executive Board Meeting Report

The new Executive Board of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, Inc. held it's first meeting for 1950-51 in Aliquippa, Pa. on November 11 and 12. Mr. Eugene Woloshyn, President of the League conducted the two day meeting.

The discussion highlites included a review of the Convention in New York City, the '51 Convention to be held in Detroit and Toronto's bid as the 1952 site, the Sport's Tournament which is to be held in Rossford, Ohio in March and the changing of the Bulletin name to the Trendette and the policies that will govern this particular publication.

Joseph Gurski of Detroit, a Board Advisor, presented a plan for an Organizational Procedures Manual which was accepted by the Board. The manual is to contain, in loose leaf form, suggested plans and procedures for the organizing of Clubs, District Councils, Dances, Picnics, Sports Activities, large scale affairs such as Conventions, Sports Rallies and Regional Rallies, Financial Procedures and many others. It will include recommendations, danger points, required persinnel and so on for all occasions. Work has already been allocated on this project and will begin immediately.

Joanna von Draginda

National Bowling Tournament For Americans of Slavic Origin

Mickey Hamalak, director of the S.A.F. Bowling Tournaments which will be held in the Queens Bowling Center in New York, has announced that plans are underway towards making this tourney one of greatest in the organization's history.

In 1938 the Slav Athletic Federation was formed to promote Sports between Slav groups in the United States and Canada. Basketball, golf, and softball contests were held during this period in which several Ukrainian entrees captured ' championships. Due to the loss of interest among various sponsoring organizations in baseball and basketball a greater amount of emphasis is being constantly placed upon bowling. Thus the Slav Athletic Federation plans to make this year of bowling one of the most outstanding of all.

Prize money for the individual winners and teams will be well up in the hundreds. The tournament will be open to all bowlers of Slavic origin and the committee reserves the right to request actual proof. Entry fees will be $3.50 per person of which $2.00 will go towards the prize fund.

May 26, 1951, will be the Ukrainian Weekend and individuals and teams of Ukrainian descent will bowl on these authorized days. Chairman of the Ukrainian division is Edward Turash of the Queens AC.

The Turnament will be for men and women. Sactions have been received from the American Bowling Congress and the Women's International Bowling Congress. All bowlers must be sanctioned. Those bowlers who are not bowling in a sectional league should get in touch immediately with their local sanctioned league or write direct to the Queens Bowling Center, 43125 32nd Place, Long Island City, New York.

Prizes to be awarded for Handicap and Scratch Scores. Singles, Doubles and 5 man events. Following First prizes are guaranteed.

Scratch	
Team 5 Man	150.00
Team 5 Woman	75.00
Men Doubles	100.00
Women Doubles	50.00
Men Singles	75.00
Women Singles	37.50
Men All events	75.50
Women All events	37.50
Total	600.00

Handicap	75% Basis
Team 5 Man	250.00
Team 5 Woman	125.00
Men Doubles	150.00
Woman Doubles	75.00
Woman Singles	50.00
Men Singles	100.00
Men All Events	100.00
Women All Events	50.00
Total	900.00

The next 2,000.00 receved to reach a 3,500.000 prize fund will be used for the top ⅓ of the partisipants on a sliding scale. After 3,500.00 is received, all prize funds shall increase proportionally.

Newark November Holiday

Under the sponsorship of the Central Ukrainian Committee in Newark a united ""Lystopadove Sviato" was held on Sunday, November 12, 1950. The concert got under way after 7 P. M. at the Ukrainian Center on William St.

Featured in this program of songs and orations were the following groups: The Choir "Boyan" of St. John's Ukrainian Catholic Church under the direction of Prof. Theodosius Kaskiw, the Male Chorus "Trembita" directed by M. Dobush and the Choir of the Ukrainian Presbyterian Church directed by Prof. George Kirichenko Sr. Petro Ordynsky, well known Ukrainian baritone sang several selections.

The featured speaker of the evening was the well known Ukrainian writer Ivan Kedryn.

Bandurist Records Available

The recording made by the Ukrainian Bandurist Chorus under the direction of Hryhory Kytasty are still available for purchase. The album of five records includes some of the outstanding songs featured by the group in its cross country tour last year.

For further information as to price, detailed listing of individual numbers, write to Bandura Chorus, 1020 Maccabees Bldg. Detroit 2, Michigan. The cover for the album of the Bandurists was designed by the well known Ukrainian artist Edward Kozak.

Knowledge.—They pull the ears of the man whose brains are short.

Skill.—Even a big oak falls from a small axe.

Ukrainian Xmas Cards

WE HAVE IN STOCK A FINE SELECTION OF UKRAINIAN CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Cards sell for 10 cents each, 12 for $1.00.

We also have 5 cents folders in a big assortment.

SEND YOUR ORDER NOW TOGETHER WITH REMITTANCE TO:

SVOBODA

81-83 Grand Street (P. O. Box 346) Jersey City 3, N. J.

UKRAINIAN SPORT NOTES

By WALTER W. DANKO

RAWHIDE FINAL—

In a letter from the publicity department of the St. Louis Browns of the American Baseball League the following data has been received about pitcher **Harry Dorish**—a Ukrainian lad hailing from Swoyerville, Pa. He was born July 13, 1922, stands 5'11", weighs 206 pounds and bats and throws right-handed. Harry started his professional baseball career with the Canton. Ohio club of the Middle Atlantic League in 1941. He won 7 and lost 6 for a percentage of '538 and moved up to the Scranton, Pa. team in 1942 where he won 12, while losing 8. The next three years Harry spent in military service and he did not return to baseball until 1946, when he was placed with the Louisville, Ky. club by the parent Boston Red Sox organization. After a fine season with the Colonials, where he won 11 and lost 4, "Fritz" moved to the Red Sox in 1947. His first year in the American League, showed 7 victories against 8 defeats. In 1948 he was optioned to Birmingham, Ala. where he won 9 and lost 4. In 1949, Fritz divided the season between Boston and Louisville having a 0-0 record with the Red Sox and a 3-3 mark with the Colonials. The Browns claimed him on May 10th of this year and his record for this season was—won 4 and lost 9. Harry is married and his hobbies include hunting, fishing and checkers.

The South's Hardest Stiff-Arm—

South Carolina's steamboat **Steve Wadiak** is fast emerging as a Mr. Big of southern football on the strength of a stiff right arm. The jut-jawed Ukrainian runner from Chicago has piled up almost as much running yardage as all four south Carolina opponents to date. Judicious use of the old-fashioned stiff-arm has been his No. 1 weapon. Wadiak moves his chunky five-feet, eight-inch, 190 pound frame at terrific speed, bringing his compact power down hard on every stiff arm. It has cleared the path for him on scorching scoring runs, and enabled him to set up other touchdowns. His other running weapon is a sudden, complete stop, then a take-off under full steam. And he knows how to use his blockers. "The stiff-arm has been a lost art for years," North Carolina assistant athletic director Chuck Erickson said here after watching Wadiak roll for 256 yards awhile back against Clemson. "Wadiak has brought it back and it was a distinct pleasure to watch," Erickson said.

After seeing Steve reel off a 73-yard touchdown run in that game and set up another he later scored sprinting for 66 yards, North Carolina head coach Carl Snavely compared him with another great gridiron Steve—Van Buren of the Professional Philadelphia Eagles. His long runs and all the other yardage he gained twice gave South Carolina the lead in the game against a previously unscored on, untied eleven. Finally, Steve's team had to settle for a 14-14 tie. As it was, with less than a minute left, Wadiak almost broke up the game with runs of 19 and 39 yards, going deep into Clemson territory when the clock ran out. After Wadiak beat Georgia Tech, 7-0, on a 35-yard run to set up the touchdown he later scored, Tech coach Bobby Dodd asked how could any eleven count on beating "a team with a runner like Wadiak?" His average in three years of varsity play is better than six yards a try.

The former Chicago sandlot player was eligible as a freshman, being an ex-GI. He led the Southern Conference last year, topping even All-American Charlie Justice, with 775 yards gained. This is the first season in which he has not been used on defense, although he easily is the best defensive man on the the university squad. His rest from defensive duties appently is increasing his offensive record. In apearance against Duke, Georgia Tech, Furman and Clemson, Steve has stepped out for 524 yards, compared with 641 that oppoents together ground out. Although his team has no competent passer for its "T" formation, Wadiak still has caught six passes for another 49 yards. In three years of play, he has never been benched, although he's been knocked around and bruised plenty. Physically, he is the best-conditioned man on the squad.

As a matter of fact, the word from his coach, former Notre Dame fullback and one-time North Carolina and Georgia assistant coach, Rex Enright is: "Steve Wadiak is greatest back I have ever coached."

GONE TO THE DOGS

A communist, reporting to his local Soviet after his return from a government mission in the U. S. said, "America is so desperate for food that her people have taken to the last resource of a starving nation. They are killing their dogs and eating them; and this fact is so well known that no attempt at concealment is made. At a baseball game I attended, venders in white jackets passed among the spectators shamelessly offering sandwiches or dog meat for sale, and crying out, 'Hot dogs!' Moreover, they were snatched up at such spee as to indicate general starvation. This fact was also openly admitted; a young woman who was in the throng of unemployed at the ball park, asked by her escort whether she would care for one of the dog-meat sandwiches'—replied "Yes I'm starving."

Ukrainians Resist Red Collectivization

According to **Pravda** itself, the Ukrainian nationalists in Western Ukraine are the main obstacle to the complete collectivization of Western Ukraine. In a message directed to the "working women of Western Ukraine," **Pravda** has come out with the blunt admission that all is not well with the Ukrainian population. Here is the official text of an article appearing in **Pravda:**

"Those wretched enemies of the Ukrainian people, the **kulaks** and the Ukrainian nationalists, have have tried by all means to prevent collectivization. But their designs will be of no avail. In their stubborness against the people and collectivization the miserable remnants of **kulaks** and Ukrainian nationalists continue to harm the collectivization of agriculture. Together with our husbands, sons and daughters we assure you, Joseph Vissarionovich, that we shall mobilize all our forces and means for the struggle against the enemies of the collective system—the **kulaks** and the bands of the OUN (Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists)—and unmask them as enemies of the entire Ukrainian people."

A Suggestion

Live a little while you may,
See a little while you can.
Love a bit and a bit more
And you'll be happy for ever more.

Sports in Fort Williams and Port Arthur—Canada

About 15 years ago, a few athletic-minded persons of Ukrainian lineage in Fort William and Port Arthur came to the conclusion that it was time to take an active interest in sports activities, such as basketball and hockey, and as a result, the Ukrainian Athletic Association of Lakewood was organized in 1935 with Bert Slovinsky as president.

From the very outset, the Ukes participated primarily in hockey and basketball—and in 1937,—a team was also entered into a rugby (football) league. Altho a record, not too spectacular, was compiled. In 1939 war was declared and all activities were discontinued. And it wasn't until 1947 that the Ukrainians renewed their participation in the existing rugby league. The return of the Ukes was decidedly to their advantage. They became the first Phil Assef Memorial Trophy holders, when they battered the Fort William Redskins to win the title before a crowd of 4,000 enthusiastic fans. At the same time player Tom Beda was voted the most outstanding player in the league for that season.

Line-up for that year included Chonoby, Garboc, Clark, Petraniuk, Landiak, Cella, Fedori, Wilson, Beda, Adams, Bazaluk, Andrews Tkach, Harbow, Kozak, and Coach Alex Harbow.

In 1948 the Ukes retained their championship and in 1949 the Ukes showed less power when the old players were replaced by young and inexperienced players. In 1950, the team started off with a bang, but did not too far. However, the Lakewood Ukes hope that with the young players, 1951 will be a bang up year. Activities are also being prepared in other sports to further propagate the fine Ukrainian reputation in Canadian sports.

GRID BRIEFS...

Virginia University's Cavaliers cut loose with a powerful running attack, sparked by FB **Johnnie Papit** of Philadelphia, to defeat the Citadel, 34 to 14, Papit scored two touchdowns and accounted for 107 yards of Virginia's rushing gain. It's good to see Johnnie reeling off those yards again as he has been continually hampered by leg injuries during the current season. A week later before the touchdown to lead his team to a 13-0 win over Wm. and Mary.

Mike Souchak, of Berwick, Pa. and veteran end at Duke did his share by booting 4 points—after touchdowns in the Blue Devil's victory over George Tech. Mike has also blossomed out into quite an accomplished pass-catcher.

Walter Yaworsky of Cleveland, Ohio played a great game for Kentucky at right tackle in their recent rout of Florida.—Another Ukrainian—**John Patsy** of Sayre, Pa. performed at right end for Florida.

LHB **George Hudak** of Chisholm, Minn. started for Minnesota in their game against Iowa due to his very-fine performance in their game a week before against Wisconsin.

LITERARY FAIR

The Organization for the Rebirth of Ukraine in New York City, sponsored a "Literary Fair" evening on November 19th, 1950. Joseph Hirniak well known director of the Ukrainian theater and Dr. L. Laschenko were the featured speakers.

A report by the editorial college and voice of the readers section completed the evenings activities.

BOOKS ABOUT UKRAINE

The "Svoboda" Book Store is featuring a large selection of the very latest and best books on Ukraine, her people and customs for the forthcoming holiday season.

Subscribers to the "Weekly" are urged to take advantake of present rates and insure delivery before the full Xmas rush.

UKRAINIAN HUTSUL RIDDLES

1. What has the greatest number of crosses?
2. A barrel has no hoops and is filled with wine?
3. What is higher than a horse, but lower than a dog?
4. You may sweep it out, but you won't sweep it out. You may try to carry it out, but you will fail in this too. The time will come, and it will go of its own will.
5. An old lady, dressed in a red cape, in the corner; should you touch her, she will make you cry.
6. A house, no windows, no doors. A crowd inside.
7. Without legs, without arms, it will climb to the roof.
8. She had no mother, was never a baby, was never a single girl, but married.
9. You have to step upon the iron to climb the mountain of flesh that you may reach a wooden summit.
10. A white field, a steel plow, black is the seed, but only a literate man can sow it.

Answers to Riddles

1. A ball of thread. 2. An egg. 3. A saddle. 4. The sunlight. 5. An onion. 6. A pumpkin. 7. The smoke. 8. Eve. 9. Stirrups, Horse, Saddle, 10. Paper, pen, ink, writer.

О. І.

ВІТЧИЗНА

(Нарис)

Відкриваю очі й підводжусь на лікті. Фосфорова стрілка годинника показує другу по півночі. А я не можу заснути. Як тільки склеплю втомлені очі, перед ними знову з'являється Вона. Я лечу в етері моїх страждань, через моря, чужими, притрушеними попелом згарищ країнами, через румовища тих, які плюнули їй в саму душу. Поругали, роздерли на шматки, а потім опустилися перед нею на коліна.

Оглядаю кімнату. Ліжка застелені синіми капами, вирисовуються густими, паралельно розставленими купками. Там сплять. Їх ніщо не турбує. Вони — люди.

По бляшаному даху бараку монотонно барабанить дощ. Дві доби падає на землю безконечна хвиля води. Небо розлізлося, розквасилось. Одинокий дуб під бараком шумить своїм лапатим листям під подувом східного вітру. Темно. А дощ тріскотить у шиби вікон...

Натягаю светер, якого мені дали з ласки інші, на плечі накидаю плаща. Сестри тепер немає, а вони сплять. На пальцях підходжу до дверей і тихо залишаю передихане повітря бараку. Мені хочеться самоти.

Пригорщами дощу вітер кидає мені в обличчя. Холодні краплини стікають по чолі, на хвилину затримуються на кінчику носа і скапують. Вітер тріпає полами мого виношеного плаща, з люттю тріскає мокрими полами. Він дме мені просто в груди. Пронизує тіло льодовим холодом. Підводжу поморщений комір, наче б він міг мене загріти.

Мокра стежка веде вниз, в долину. По обидва боки висока папороть, по якій розгулює вітер, а спереду берези втомлено згинаються під силою розбурханої стихії. Їх високі кучеряві голівки, ледве вловимі зором на фоні розплаканого темного неба, хиляються за вітром, тріпають невидними листочками.

Зупиняюсь. Тут немає нікого. Лише вітер, дощ і я. І шум розгублених берізок.

І знову на екрані марень бачу її. Вона дивиться на мене своїми добрими очима і я знаходжу в них спокій. Якесь блаженне чуття оповиває мене.

Ніжні руки пестили мене в найтяжчі хвилини поневірянь. В них іржаві цвяхи. Один принесений з півночі, другий вбила її в змуляну долоню культурна Европа. Вона стояла на переломі двох світів, і вони її розп'яли.

Мучили її по черзі. Спочатку Схід. Потім Захід. З нього прийшла культурна нація Европи.

Краплини крови одна за одною стікають донизу. Нага, поругана, з цвяхами, що пронизали долоні, які я колись цілував, з цвяхами в змуляних вічним стисканням ногах.

Я дивлюся в її великі очі. Вони ворушаться. В них немає сліз. Вони спокійні. Спокійні очі матері, що вірить у щастя своїх дітей, розігнаних негодою історії по цілому світі.

Розп'та, стоїть гордою, недоторканою, святою.

Найперше я її побачив у тридцять третьому. Ще хлопчиком. Носив полотняні штанці на шлейочках. Бігав босий по чужих городах, крав нестиглі овочі. Ловили, били березовими різками, а Вона лежала, опухла, під похилим тином. Закутана в ганчірки. На набряклих, як колоди, ногах прив'язані потузками рвані галоші. Я бачив її скрізь. По оброслих бур'янами хатах, між буйними будяками на сільському вигоні. Бачив її на греблі, де великими колесами крутив водяний млин — Вона лежала на брудному колгоспному подвір'ї. На східцях школи, під сільрадою...

Скрізь, скрізь... на кожному клаптикові землі. На кожному кроці.

На базарах Вона міняла останній сувій полотна, виткaний муравлиною працею. Міняла на кусник хліба.

Я пішов... і знову зустрів її. В арештантському убрані, з казанком у відморожених руках Вона стояла разом зі мною за злиденною порцією тюремної баланди. Її що ночі викликали. Допитували. Били до непритомності. Виривали нігті, морили голодом, пекли залізом.

І все за те, щоб схилила голову й вклонилась.

Вона залишилась невгнутою і непідкупною. Стояла на холодних перехрестях Сибіру — непокірна, з високим чолом.

Дощ стихає. Тільки з берізок лапаті краплі, чую, вітер здмухує на густу листву папороті. Витягаю з кишені недокурену цигарку, блиснув вогником сірника. Він погас, стало ще темніше.

Пройшли роки. Я знов удома. Залиті сонцем житні степи горіли. Їх толочили чужі чоботи, повзли танки з заходу. Вона, схвильована, дивилась, бачила кожен крок тих, що звали себе „визволителями". Вона глянула їм прямо у вічі. І вони її злякалися. Полювали за Нею, як за найбільшим своїм ворогом. І знову Вона висіла на базарних площах, на рідних роздоріжжях, на телеграфних стовбах, на дротах Дахау, Бухенвальду. Її гонили чужими дорогами, били палицями, стріляли в саме серце.

Вона не вмерла. Вона живе вічно.

І знову роки відлетіли у вічність. Ті, що хотіли її подолати, сховалися в румовищах своїх домів і з панів повернулися в злиденних кнехтів. Мовчки чистять москалям чоботи.

А її?... Її розпинають знову.

Вітчизно! Моя далека, розп'ята Вітчизно!

Дотик чиєсь руки на мойому плечі. Заплющую очі.

Сестра.

Мовчки бере за руку і веде назад, до твердого шпитального ліжка.

Я не противлюся, Але коли виходимо на горбок, я ще раз повертаю голову назад і шукаю в темряві...

„Що ви там бачите? — питає сестра.

Ступаю ще крок вперед й вітер хапає мої слова:

„Там... я бачу її!"

М. І. ЗОЩЕНКО

ГРАБУНОК

От мені часто говорять: „Поскільки ви, товаришу, сатирик — написали б замість розважальних штучок, що-небудь гостро сатиричне, ну, там, про ворів, спекулянтів, п е ре родженців і мошенників. Громіть їх, милий. Не соромтесь. Давіть їх своїм талантом. Щоб порох з їх, мерзотників, летів".

Ні, братці, ми не віримо в чистокровні особливості такої сатири. Ми не віримо, що ці пройдохи і шахраї цікавляться останніми новинками художньої літератури. Ми не віримо, що, прочитавши наш такий сатиричний твір, ряд шахраїв одумається і почне жити по закону.

Берперечно, коли там взяти факти та натякнути, де це було, та перечислити прізвища, та повідомити куди треба або послати журнал у прокуратуру — така сатирична річ, можливо, подіє.

Подіє, безперечно, і така річ, котра відкриє щось таке новеньке в області шахрайства, застереже дальший хід подій і освітить, так би мовити, справу так, щоб другим уже не захотілося.

От такою сатирою ми ще, можливо, можемо зацікавитися.

От попробуємо сатиричним пером торкнутися якраз такої справи. А трапився, знаєте, грабунок у нашій кооперативі. Ну, взагалі — закритий розподільник. Багато товарів. На вітрині — качки летять. Приємний голяндський сир. Жіночі панчохи. Одеколон. Цигарки.

Все це було виставлене у вітрині. І, безперечно, притягало чийсь погляд.

Одним словом, вночі з заднього входу пробралась якась особистість, підпиляла двері, зняла гачок і господарювала в магазині. І витягла ця особистість товарів на велику суму.

І головне — двірник біля воріт спав, — нічого не помітив.

— Якісь там фиглі-миглі, — говорить, — мені дійсно показувалися, але нічого такого я не чув.

Він дуже, між іншим, перелякався, коли грабунок виявили. Бігав по магазині, до всіх приставав, заклинав його не підвести.

Завідуючий говорить:

— Твоє діло куце. Що ти спав, за це тебе, звичайно, по голівці не погладять, але не думаю, щоб тобі якесь обвинувачення пришили.

Так що ти не лякайся, не путайся під ногами і не рознервовуй робітників прилавка своїми окликами, а йди собі і досипляй вдома.

Але двірник не йде, а стоїть і рознервовується.

Головне, його нервує, що так багато потягли.

— Саме цього, — говорить, — я прямо не можу зрозуміти. Я сплю чутливо і завжди з відчиненим оком. Не може бути, щоб через мене два лантухи цукру перенесли!

Завідуючий говорить:

— Мертвим сном спав, сучий син; На що ж це подібне — так багато сперли!

Двірник говорить:

— Щоб багато сперли — цього не може бути. Я б проснувся.

Завідуючий говорить:

— А ось складемо тепер акта і побачимо, яка з тебе ворона — які збитки державі наніс.

Тут почали складати акта в присутності міліції. Почали говорити числа. Підраховувати. Прикидати.

Бідака-двірник тільки руками сплескує і мало не плаче — до того, видко, страдає чоловік, співчуває державі і принижує себе за сонний стан.

Завідуючий говорить:

— Пишіть. 9 пудів рафінаду. Цигарки — 160 пачок. Жіночі панчохи — 2 дюжини. Вісім кілець ковбаси...

Він диктує, а двірник прямо підскакує при кожному числі.

Раптом касир говорить:

— І з каси, запишіть, сперли бон на 132 карбованці. Три чорнильних олівці і ножиці.

При цих словах двірник почав навіть хрюкати і присідати — до того, видко, прикро чоловікові стало від величезних збитків.

Завідуючий говорить міліції:

— Приберіть цього двірника. Він тільки заважає своїм хрюканням.

Міліціонер говорить:

— Чуєш, дядь, іди додому. Тебе покличуть, коли треба буде.

— У мене висів шовковий шалик на стіні — тепер його нема. Прошу записати, я вимагатиму винагородити мене за збитки!

Двірник раптом говорить:

— Ах, падлюка! Не брав я твого шалика. 18 кілець ковбаси — це прямо знущання! Взято 2 кільця ковбаси!

Тут зчинилась у магазині страшна тиша.

Двірник говорить:

— Пес із вами. Признаюсь. Я вкрав. Але я чесна людина. Мене обурює складання акту. Я не дозволю лишнього приписувати.

Міліціонер говорить:

— Як же так? Значить, виходить, що це ти заліз у магазин?

Двірник говорить:

— Я. Але я не зачіпав ці бони і ножиці, і цей сволочний шалик. Я, — говорить, — взяв пів лантуха цукру, жіночих панчіх одну дюжину і 2 кільця ковбаси. Я, — говорить, — не дозволю мати таке велике злодійство під моїм прапором. Я стою на сторожі державних інтересів. Мене чорти беруть, що тут таке робиться — яка тут іде дописка під мою руку.

Завідуючий говорить:

— Безперечно, ми можемо помилятися. Але ми перевіримо. Я дуже радий, коли менше вкрали. Зараз прикинемо на вагу.

Касирка говорить:

— Вибачте, закинулися в куток. Їх не взято. Але ножиць немає.

Двірник говорить:

— Ах, я тобі зараз плюну в твої безсоромні баньки! Я не брав твоїх ножиць, шукай краще, куряча нога.

— Ах, ножиці знайшлися! Вони за касу запали.

Рахівник говорить:

— Шалик теж знайдено. Він у мене в боковій кишені запутався.

Зав говорить:

— Перепишіть акта. Цукру дійсно невистачає пів лантуха.

— Сволоч. Рахуй ковбасу. Або у сам за себе не відповідаю. У мене, як на те вже пішло, є свідок — тітка Нюша.

Незабаром підрахували товар. Виявилося — вкрали все, як говорив двірник. Його взяли за рукав і відвели у відділ. Тітку Нюшу теж затримали. У неї було сховане украдене. Все те в неї відібрали, за винятком одного кільця ковбаси, котре вона вже встигла загнати на базарі.

Що хотів автор сказати цією сатиричною штучкою? Куди скероване наше сатиричне жало?

Жало нашої сатири скероване на майбутні події. Ми хочемо попередити подібні факти. А то, знаєте, вкрадуть на копійку, а перевернуть на тисячу.

В крайньому разі цей сатиричний твір можна читати як розважальний матеріял під гаслом — показ живої людини.

Переклад Леоніда Полтави

ОНО

Канада не боїться потопу

(Репортаж)

(1)

Два роки тому автор цих рядків, со трепетом серця, вперше від закінчення війни вибирався з Австрії до Баварії (гляди репортаж „В загірній Баварії", „Свобода", осінь 1948).

Коли, після півторирічного побуту в ЗДА, я вперше вибирався до Канади, настрій був майже той сам: та сама цікавість узнати, як там наші живуть („чи на неораному сіють, та чи несіяне жнуть"), та сама надія стрінути знайомих людей, навіть той сам північний маршрут..

На обстановці дальші аналогії раптом обривалися. Там, до переповненого поїзду Фрайместінґ — Мюнхен вас затягали... вікном — тут ви вигідно сиділи в авті такого ж, як і ви, „грінора"; там безіменний діпі три роки ждав на перепустку (30 км. углиб Баварії) — тут, за годину вам виставили піврічний паспорт і — їдьте, хоч і до північного бігуна! Тай настрої у кишені й „за ременем" інші стали...

Біг амока.

До Клівленду залога нашого авта складається з самих „грінорів". Тут нащвидкоруч робимо бльок з симпатичною американською українкою — і соборними силами рушаємо на Торонто.

На парканадцятій милі за метрополією Огайо — історична надія: міс Клима (наша американка) сідає за керму машини — наш шофер, в ролі вчителя, поруч неї. Старий Край вчить Америку правити автом!... Щоби слава не пропала, подаємо назвища героя: Роман Санович, по освіті доктор економії, з конечности будівничий і з замилування шофер.

Гонитва, в темпі 60 миль на годину, дає образ несамовитого життя американських шляхів. То вже не життя — то амоковий біг до смерти. Але американець смерти не боїться. Раз, він заасекурований, два, він воліє швидко вмерти, ніж поволі жити, а три— „навіть не чуєш, як теба заб'є"...

Наче на трасі маратонського бегу, що декілька миль — постачання. Швидко спраглій машині бензини, людям кокаколи і — далі, вперед, бо вас розчавлять другі машини! Не можна зупинитися купити чудових пічесів (доктор, на злість американці, каже „пеачес"). Навіть „вийти в природу" не можна. Наказ з переднього місця звучить: витримати до Канади!

Біля Ірі нас пробують зупинити два українські пластуни... ах, ми й забули... завтра, в Ніягара Фолс, пластовий з'їзд!... Бідні хлопці!... Та заки ви це подумали „бідні хлопці" лишилися вже кілька миль позаду. Як вертатися по них „горі Трубайлом" — навіть, якби в авті було місце?..

"Welcome to Canada!"

В Бофало амоковий біг ослабає, а, як на перепуттях появляються дружньо схрещені американські й канадські прапори — цілком припиняється. Кордон. Контроля.

Ваше авто, в безконечній черзі, інчами просовується вперед. На полотнищі читаєте перше звернення Канади: — Welcome to Canada! — вітайте! Канада завжди радо вітала в себе американців і їхні доляри. Коли цю найтвердшу валюту везуть учорашні діпісти — яка різниця?

При віконці. Здорові, молоді урядовці. Та сама англійська мова (тільки „гаф", пас", „ласт"), те саме „окей":

— Де роджені? (це до нашої американки).

— В Америці.

— О-кей!

— А ви?

— В Пшеничниках.

— Ват'с дет?

— Місцевість в Україні...

— Юр пас, пліз...

Через хвилину ми теж о-кей — можемо рушати далі.

Перше враження: „село і серце одпочине"... Миршавенька, камінням встелена, опущена дорога, як оком кинути — ніде людського духу. Відбуваємо давноочікувану „прогульку в природу", і, з полегшенням на душі, продовжуємо путь.

Через деякий час перше враження уступає місця новому. Наша автострада, з надійними синьо-жовтими таблицями й короною („Елізабет Ровд") не лишає нічого до бажання, суворий, витриманий стиль віядуктів, мостів і комунікаційних перстенів („трефік серклз") заносить англійським духом. Розстрільною зголошуються перші фарми й оселі, з різноколіровими дахами. Услуги подорожнім жертвують вистави пічесів („пеачес"). Може це дань Америці?—90% усіх машин, з якими обминаємося, мають значки американських стейтів...

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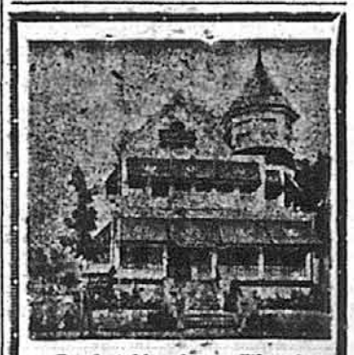
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