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Bravo! Boris Maximovitch!

Ukrainian Pianist Hailed

Finally a brilliant, rising Ukrainian star has flashed upon the musical horizon. Boris Maximovitch in his debut recital in Detroit has been hailed by the city's outstanding critics. "A huge new talent," "plays the piano in the grand manner but without grand mannerism," "the unassuming Maximovitch made the piano speak with the voice of gods," wrote the "Detroit Free Press."

The Detroit News had this to say: "Maximovitch's authority over the keys is so striking that everybody must have whispered 'Horowitz' to his neighbor. In speed and dynamics the two are much alike. But there is this: It was never necessary for Maximovitch obviously to pound, although the treble of the instrument whereon he played had not the potential of the bass, to put mildly."

A great artist has emerged in the free world of music. He is Ukrainian, he bears, proudly, a Ukrainian name: The least any Ukrainian can possibly do is to attend the next concert of Boris Maximovitch and manifest his admiration.

The "Detroit Times" said:

Boris Maximovitch is almost completely unknown in this country—but he won't remain so very long. In our experience we can't recall an unheralded pianist in a more brilliant and decisive debut than his was in the Art Institute lecture hall before a small but excited audience last night.

Taught Piano at Kiev

Maximovitch, a shy-looking, slight man of medium height is a 43-year-old Ukrainian, who, until the Nazis came, was head of the piano department at the Kiev Conservatory. After spending several years as a displaced person, he and his wife were brought to this country by a local Ukrainian church.

Maximovitch chose a program almost entirely of romantic composers with Chopin in great preponderance. All but a few of the pieces were well known concert works.

In inviting this easy comparison with other artists, Maximovitch might have been courting disaster. But he proved himself a master of the romantic style.

New Slant on Chopin

Every pianist thinks he can play Chopin better than his fellows. In Maximovitch's case this belief has some justification. His Chopin is remarkably sensitive but also remarkably virile, which is what Chopin should be, we'd say.

In the hackneyed G-minor ballade, he took liberties with the tempo which, had a lesser man tried them, would have sounded offensive. He played much of the work in a sort of nocturne tempo. But its fleet passages—played with lightness and dexterity—seemed to grow naturally out of the lyrical theme.

The D-flat nocturne, usually played much faster and used as a technical display, Maximovitch held to serene tempo with no exploitation of its relatively minor (for him) technical difficulties.

Plays Three Studies

His three etudes were the E-major, the G-flat ("Black Keys") and the C-minor ("Revolutionary"). In the first we thought that, unlike his tactics in the ballade, he made the change in tempo and character that occurs midway seem a little too extreme and convulsive. The "Black Keys"

rippled and danced and closed thrillingly with the storm of octaves (slightly too much pedaled) and the "Revolutionary" roared as mightily and, incidentally, as clearly, as one would want.

He closed his first group with the C-sharp minor scherzo, played with fine authority. The essence of his Chopin-playing is that he understands the difference between "rubato" and distortion.

Displays Power

His sole modern representation (save the polytonal prelude by the Ukrainian composer Revutzky done as an encore) was three excerpts from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka." He played it superbly and, for the first time in the evening, showing just how much power he can muster.

This power—which he achieves by phenomenal relaxation, timing and the judicious use of weight—was again displayed in Liszt's "Rhapsodie Espagnole" and the famous "La Campanella." As a tour de force, he also played an etude for the left hand by Blumenfeld which sounded like somebody playing a Liszt piece—a "Consolation" for example—with both hands.

We'd have like to hear him touch upon the exacting classics, but on the basis of last night, we'd say that he's not just a good pianist—he's one with a limitless future.

HARVEY TAYLOR

On Sunday evening, November 19, 1950 at the Detroit Institute of Art, Lecture Hall, Detroit concertgoers heard Boris Maximovitch, Ukrainian pianist, in his American Debut Recital.

The performance the Ukrainian artist gave was magnificent. His playing was powerful, both mentally and physically, was extremely musical and very exciting.

Maximovitch displayed a brilliant technique which was uniquely dazzling with perfection. Then he settled down, after the Schumann Toccata, and played with complete command. His fine musicianship amazed one. The strength and endurance he possesses is unbelievable. The program an extremely difficult one would tire a man twice his stature, but this did not happen to Boris Maximovitch, for even his closing encores were two sizeable works, the Bi-Tonal, Prelude of Revutzky and La Campanella of Paganini-Liszt.

The Schumann Opus 7, Toccata the evening's opening work was considerably better performed than at the previous concert. In the memorable Chopin group, the Ballade op. 23 and the opus 10 Three Etudes, were artistic ventures into music realms, the Revolutionary Prelude was effective, reactionary and superbly played. The Two Mazurkas Op. 6 and the Scherzo op. 39, brought Maximovitch a greatly deserved ovation.

Following the intermission we heard three movements of the Petrouchka Suite. A difficult technical task for any pianist. This was offered with controlled pianistic thrills, boisterous effects and brilliance, during which he displayed his power. The audience hailed him with thunderous applause.

A suave cantalena composition followed. One which gave the listener and the artist a few moments of peacefully flowing and a calmly beautiful tonal relapse. This was during the Etude "Night" by Glazunov. Congratulations are due Maximovitch not only for his artistry but for his program building. The Glazunov composition and the artists musicianship gave a welcome

DETROITERS CALLED TO SERVICE

Charles Powlowich, Bernard Solovey and Peter Slepak were the latest three Ukrainian Americans from Detroit to be called up by the Armed Forces.

Pawlowich is serving presently in Battle Creek, Michigan, while Solovey has been shipped out to the Pacific where he will join the 1st Cavalry Division.

In addition to the new recruits several reservists have been called up for physicals. Michael Danielson LTJG, Lt. Paul Wojtyshyn, Lt. Marion Karnas, Michael Danielson is presently treasurer of the UYL-NA.

UKRAINIAN STRONGMAN WINS PARIS COMPETITION

John Forbotnik, now living in Santa Monica, California was the winner of the "World's Best Developed Athlete" contest which was held in Paris, France.

This international competition took place in the Palais de Chaillot in Paris on 13th, 14th, and 15th of October, 1950. Taking part were the outstanding champions of the world in weight lifting, body building muscle control.

The American team captured first place, Egypt was second and Russia came in third. Forbotnik's victory in Paris was among the most cherished by all strongmen.

ELIZABETH DANCE

The member of St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Catholic Church Choir "Boyan" sponsored a dance on Sunday, November 19, 1950, in the Ukrainian National Home on Fulton Street for the benefit of their former director, Mr. Michael Yadowsky.

A large crowd, including many out of town guests, gathered in the hall to help celebrate the occasion.

TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

A turkey dinner was held in honor of the 12th Anniversary of the Ukrainian "Chornomorska Sitch" in Newark, New Jersey on Sunday, November 19th 1950. Requiem service was held in the organizations on Sunday afternoon and following these ceremonies a banquet was held.

and desired effect.

A thrilled audience enjoyed many moments of fine music from the Maximovitch left hand, when he played the Blumenfeld Etude for the lone hand. Liszt's Rhapsodie Espagnole completed a program which was performed with excitement, dazzling brilliance and profound musicianship.

To this writer the concert was greatly superior to the previous Maximovitch performances, only one phrase betrays the explanation "a phenomenal result." Detroit heard a great pianist and perhaps has not heard one his equal of late.

For one who owns and enjoys playing a Steinway piano, I was terribly annoyed with the deplorable condition of the Steinway instrument used by the artist. It was a revelation to see Maximovitch get around the bad action and tone in the bass and middle registers of that piano. Surely the "Instrument of the Immortals" should be kept in better playing condition?

Vivian Gilpin Robison and Nicholas Shustakevich were the efficient co-managers of the eventful evening.

TARAS HUBICKI

Ukrainian Paratrooper Killed in Korea

MEMBER OF THE U. N. A. Branch 375

Cpl. George Hrab, a twenty two years old soldier whose father and sister were killed by the Reds was killed in Korea on October 20, 1950, reports the Philadelphia "Evening Bulletin."

A member of the 187th Airborne Infantry, young George fled from the Russians during the closing days of World War II with his parents, who were school teachers. His father and sister were killed by the Russians and his mother was taken prisoner and never heard from again.

The youth sought refuge in Germany and finally entered a displaced persons camp at Berchtesgaden. His relatives in Philadelphia arranged for passage for him to the United States through the Catholic Relief Organization.

Once in America, George Hrab did his utmost to learn the English language. In addition to working

and learning he took an active part in Ukrainian organizational life.

In December, 1947, he joined Branch 375 of the Ukrainian National Association in Philadelphia of which he was a member until his last day in Korea.

Near the end of his first year in America, George began talking about enlisting in the armed services as a means of repaying the consideration and kindness he was shown here.

His intense hatred of the Russians was matched by an equally intense desire to join the Army. In one of his last letters to his cousin the young trooper wrote that he "felt something was going to happen." He also told him that he didn't care what kind of Communists he was going to fight against, whether they were Korean Communists or Russian Communists, just so they were Communists.

Vatra Chorus Makes Toronto Debut

The all-male Vatra Ukrainian Male Choir made its Toronto debut in Massey Hall, on November 20, 1950. On the well-lighted stage, in red, white and blue costumes, the group resembled any other choir. But behind this little body of 30 men rested years of fear and waiting and hope.

Each of them had served part of his life in a displaced persons or concentration camp. Each had gone through the despairing years of German occupation. And each had waited for more dreaded fate—the march of Red Russian troops into their midst.

But on the stage last night, under the direction of Prof. Leo Turkevich, former musical director of the opera house at Lviv in Western Ukraine, the men threw aside their cares in gratitude for countries they are now living in... Canada and the United States.

Their voices probably were not meant for a concert hall. They were meant for a large cathedral, and as one listened to their singing one could catch that fervent feeling of religious enthusiasm.

Music at Its Best

Take, for instance, the beautiful rendition of "Blessed is the Man," an ancient psalm that originated in Kiev. Here was sacred music at its best.

"Beyond the Hills" was a gay

NEW UKRAINIAN RECORDINGS

Three unusually fine recordings, containing songs of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army and folk songs will be released under the "Surma" label in the very near future.

Under the direction of Stephan Hanushevsky an octet of bandurists have done a superb job of recording these new songs. On the whole they are unfamiliar to the average listener, which in no way detracts but rather adds to their interests.

The very latest methods of recording technique have been used which undoubtedly explains the good fidelity of each record. As in most top-notch recordings, master tape records were first made and from them the disks. The three records will be in album form and will be available in just two weeks time.

Truth

Work without end is like a horse without a tail. Toll may be bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

little number, with clever unison and balance. The funeral march was dirge-like in its simplicity, but it was in the "Carol of the Bells" that the choir really let loose with its light-hearted merriment. There was, too, Brahms' "Cradle Song" sung in excellent English, despite the fact that very few of the men speak the language fluently.

The word "Vatra" which the choir has adopted simply means "fire." The chorus was organized in the fall of 1946 in the town of Bregenz, Austria. For three years it sang in Europe.

In 1949 many of the members had an opportunity to come to either Canada or the U. S. The choir was broken up. But not for long. Last fall Prof. Turkevich arrived in Edmonton and started looking for his singers. He gathered them from the U. S. and from various parts of the Dominion.

Yesterday, while in Toronto, 21-year old George Tymczenko, now a resident of New Haven, Conn., received his Selective Service papers from the U. S. Army.

George was born in Western Ukraine and during the war was sent into forced labor. In 1949 he came to America and was working in a factory before the choir was reunited.

GEORGE KIDD  
Toronto "Telegram"

DETROIT COUNCIL BOWLS

In order that everyone might have a lot of fun and take part in some active sports the Detroit District Council is sponsoring mixed league bowling.

Since it was so successful last year the DDC decided to give it another try this year. Every Sunday afternoon at 2:15 P.M. at the Grand Central Recreation, the bowling is open to all members of the Detroit District Council and their friends.

To date their has been a fine turnout for these sponsored activities. A few openings are still available. Contact should be made with one of the D.D.C.'s representatives for further information.

ST. NICHOLAS CHOIR BALL

The St. Nicholas Church Choir of Passaic, N. J. played host at its annual ball in the Ukrainian Home on President Street, to its friends and guests on Saturday evening, November 18th, 1950.

Supporting the affair were members of the Ukrainian Youth League of New Jersey.

Editorials

GIVE THANKS EVERYDAY

The traditional day for giving thanks to the Almighty for His gifts, our freedom, our liberties, our pleasures, our loved ones and for all the things that make our existence upon this earth worthwhile and enjoyable has past. The turkey has been digested and the general spirit of the day is but a memory. Busily, most of us turn to more pressing problems of the day. Shopping for Christmas gifts and preparing everything for the holiday does take up a good deal of our time. Still, it is only fitting and proper that we should take a few minutes in which to give thanks. Nothing elaborate is required and nothing is gained by quantity alone. Simple, sincere, heartfelt

thanks to Him who gives us life. A word need not be uttered and yet so much can be said. No matter what our race, color or creed, He, and He alone, can understand and judge the value of our gratitude. When first you see the light of a new born day, give thanks and make every day, one of thanksgiving.

OUR TRADITIONS

Christmas is coming and with it the glorious spirit of the Yuletide season. We have so many new traditions to uphold that often time we forget about some of our very own. A nation without tradition is poor indeed. Our Ukrainian holiday rituals, folkways and customs are among the most charming and interesting in the world. It is good that our young people have taken up the ways of all other nationalities here in America, but is sad indeed that so many of them have forsaken the traditions of their parents.

Our entire life is made enjoyable by little rituals. A girl is pleased because a boy remembers to bring flowers. She is happy with her newly acquired gift on Christmas morn. A mother is overjoyed when her children gather round the dinner table on this blessed holiday. So many things, all of which are traditional and cherished by most people. We find that even these people who enjoy the little, yet so

very important things in life, forsaking their Ukrainian customs. It is not necessary to retain these traditions with the same strict discipline of our ancestors. On the contrary, they can be very easily modified for present day observance.

Native traditions are a part of one's culture. Just as books, music and learning of all sorts enlighten the man so do one's native traditions. We become richer beings spiritually and mentally when we observe these traditions.

Take them away, forget all our customs, the little things that make life interesting, our faith, our customs and we are poor people indeed.

A FINE GESTURE

Something quite extraordinary occurred within our Ukrainian circle a short time ago. The Male Chorus "Dumka," fresh from its auspicious performance in Carnegie Hall elected a new conductor. This in itself would be news to the admirers of the "Dumka." For under Mr. Krushelnitsky's direction the group has grown in number and improved considerably from a musical stand-point. Why then all the fuss here?

Mr. Lev Krushelnitsky, former conductor of the "Dumka" today sings in the ranks of the chorus. Considering himself lacking in certain respects, musical training perhaps, he purposely did his utmost to train the chorus to the best of his ability. When he felt that he had done everything possible for the group, he became instrumental in securing the services of another director. Mr. Krushelnitsky must love his Ukrainian music deeply, passionately. For only from such love springs self sacrifice equal to his.

We have watched Mr. Krushelnitsky conduct and we have heard the chorus sing. We are not musical experts and perhaps he is lacking in some things. He knows best. However, we feel that no matter what he lacked in technical training he made it up in understanding and loving the essence that is the beauty of every Ukrainian song. Since he has seen fit to join the ranks so that Mr. Ihor Sonovetsky may conduct the Ukrainian Chorus "Dumka" we can do nothing more than wish him well and commend him for his extremely fine gesture. If only there were more such individuals among us, surely then, there would be a free and greater Ukraine within a much shorter space of time.

As for the new conductor; Mr. Ihor Sonovetsky, we salute him and wish him success with the Ukrainian Male Chorus "Dumka." Mr. Krushelnitsky has paid him the highest honor possible by relinquishing his position. We look forward towards a bright future for both the conductor and the chorus.

"A GHASTLY SIGHT"

With these words our musical critic described the empty seats during the recital given by Roman Prydatkevych in Detroit two weeks ago. We must agree with Taras Hubicki on these words, for their can be no more truthful expression in such a case. When a man has devoted so much time, effort and love to Ukrainian music as has Mr. Prydatkevych, well, he deserves much more than he has received from Ukrainian Americans in general.

Ukrainian American youth organizations should be thoroughly ashamed of themselves for not supporting his endeavors. We realize that there are many things going on, that our young people are called upon time and time again, to support various concerts, manifestations etc. However, we know that they can distinguish between truly important activities and mediocre ones. We know only too well, the number of times our young people have spoken vociferously in regards to Ukrainian culture. The very word "culture" has been so bandied about that it seems frayed at the edges. Our concerts, expositions, recitals, festivals have been pointed in one direction. We were constantly striving for recognition by the American public, by the world. Today we are recognized and it is time to climb out of that stake.

Leopold Stokowski has deemed it a pleasure to conduct one of Mr. Prydatkevych's works in the near future. Yet our young people failed to support him, failed to take the opportunity of hearing this same work performed by the composer. One would think that we like to think and talk about Ukrainian serious music, rather than do something constructive. Since Mr. Prydatkevych's recital, a new artist has been acclaimed by the American critics. Boris Maximovitch has been proclaimed as one of the newest and most profound virtuosos of the keyboard. Sad to say, his concert too, was poorly supported by our people. We hope that in the future this situation will be remedied. Mr. Maximovitch stands on the threshold of greatness. We can either support him and actually "practice what we preach" or else we can ignore him and in return, be ourselves forgotten.

SURMA CHORUS SINGS IN WANAMAKERS

The Ukrainian Male Chorus Surma under the direction of John Zadorozny presented a program of Ukrainian Christmas carols and several liturgical numbers.

Joseph Stecura, well known Ukrainian haritone from New York was featured soloists in two numbers. The recital was given in the main rotunda of the great Philadelphia store on Friday evening, November 24, 1950.

# THE WHITE RUSSIAN MENACE

While Americans are laying down their lives in Korea in the defense of freedom and our way of life, Red China propaganda is methodically hammering away at the big lie that we are the aggressors in Korea. We know this to be a lie, we know that Red China is but another acquisition of the Soviet Russian Empire. Therefore, we react with the proper indignation, and are moved into planning to counteract such assaults in the battle for the minds of the Asians.

The Soviet press, meanwhile, still vilifies us and the Soviet mouthpiece at the UN still hurl outrageous accusations at us. Laughable at first, these harangues have been tiresome—and dangerous. Our smiles have become strained, for we are learning that such stuff makes Koreans and Chinese die in Korea as well. Therefore, we listen; and take care to make civil, carefully-reasoned, and sometimes brilliant, replies.

But all of us do not appreciate the full extent of this propaganda yet. There is another barrage of propaganda, heavy and developed, which is directed not at the Asians but at us. As propaganda it is all the more insidious and deadly because too few are aware that it exists, that we are its target and that it too emanates from Russia, that organism convulsed with imperialistic passions in the past and in the present.

It is the White Russian emigres' propaganda.

## Influence of the White Russians

That this other voice of the Russian imperialistic organism has made serious inroads into our thinking was evident in the remarks made at Columbia University by George Kennan, one of the architects of our foreign policy which, via Yalta and Potsdam, had led to the present Korea crisis. This responsible policy-maker expressed mellow and elev-

ated sentiments with respect to the Russian people. They have lived for so long, these Russians, "in archaic darkness and intolerance."—Forgive them now. Help the Russian people as they strive to emancipate themselves, ever so painfully, from the grip of ancient usage and symbols.

Admirable sentiments, indeed! Unfortunately, there is no mention of the other peoples inside the Soviet Union—for these people whom the Russians, as Monarchists and as Communists, have enslaved and who suffer no less keenly than the Russian masses, this attitude might well have served as the basis for yet another foreign policy.

A fresher instance of the influence of the Russian nationalist propaganda is furnished by the November 1950 issue of *The Reader's Digest*. The millions of its readers are accorded an opportunity to be swayed by a Russian "Solidarist" who is patently eager that, after the defeat of Bolshevism, a benevolent attitude toward Russia be adopted.

## Russia and Russians

Constantine W. Boldyreff, a professor of Russian at Georgetown University and one of the organizers of the NTS (National Alliance of Russian Solidarists), takes up where Kennan left off in an article entitled, "We Can Win the Cold War—in Russia."

And, again, the crime of omission is committed. Mr. Boldyreff states the premise that World War III can be prevented by an immediate and vigorous psychological attack aimed at the enemy's weak spot—smoldering opposition of the Russian people against the oppressors in the Kremlin. No mention here or hereafter is made of the Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Georgians, Uzbeks, Kazaks, Azerbaijanians, Kirgizians, Tadzhiks, Armenians, Turkmenians, Tatars or the other nationalities to be

found within Soviet Russia. Nor is there so much as a nod in the direction of the Baltic nations, Czechs, Poles or the others recently enslaved. Just the Russians.

The author notes that between 1921 and 1941 there were more than 30 revolts, rebellions and active plots against the Bolshevik regime. Whose revolts, rebellions plots? By implication, the Russians. We read that hundreds of thousands of Russian prisoners of war and displaced persons refused to return to the Soviet Union, that hardly a Russian family but has lost at least one member to the concentration camps, that the Red Army is Russian. And the reader is urged that the "Voice of America" broadcasts to the Soviet Union be conducted by, of and for Russians.

In short,—the reader with no previous interest in or knowledge of the conglomerate of nations which both the White and the Red Czarist call Russia will be left with an indelible impression that the territories of the U.S.S.R. are wholly populated by Russians. The reader will believe that it is the Russians who are conducting underground warfare, and not the Ukrainian Insurgent Army (whose astute commander-in-chief, Gen. Taras Chuprynya, was recently slain in battle by the Russians). And he would even believe that the trident, the national symbol of Ukraine since the 10th century, is the emblem of the Russians.

More of such Russian nationalist and imperialistic propaganda on a national scale—more of such cynical usurpation by the White Russians of the valiant deeds of the oppressed peoples of the Soviet Union—will eventually make a reality the great Russian dream of Moscow as the Third Rome.

## Warning

The Ukrainian Bulletin has published a myriad of facts, backed by (Concluded on page 3)

# MISERIES

(Ukrainian Folk-tale)

There lived once upon a time a man, who was so poor that neither he nor his children had enough to eat. And this man had a rich brother. The rich brother had plenty to eat, but he had no son.

Once the rich man, meeting his poor brother, said,

"Pray, my brother, that I have a son. I'll call you then to stand godfather to him."

"I will," said the poor brother. A year later the poor brother heard through other people that a son had been born to his rich brother. He said to his wife,

"You know, wife, a son was born to my brother."

"Yes. Now I'll go to him. He said if God should send him a child, he would let me stand godfather to him."

The wife said, "No, don't go; if he cared to ask you to stand godfather to his son, he would have sent for you himself."

"No, I'll go. At least I'll see the child baptized."

When he arrived there, he was placed at the table and began to talk with his brother. But along came a rich neighbor. "Move over, brother," the rich one said,—"so the man may sit at the table." The poor brother made room on the bench. Another rich neighbor came and the brother said again, "Move over, brother." By the time the house was filled with guests, the poor brother had no more room at the table and was sitting on the threshold. The host feasted his rich guests, and sent not even a slice of bread to the poor brother. The poor man, reaching into his pockets, found a handful of pumpkin seeds and started shelling them as one does after one has emptied a glass of whiskey. The rich guests saw this and said, "Let us have some!"

"Gladly," he said. One of them took a few seeds, then another, then a third... and so they took all the seeds, leaving the poor man without any. He sat there for a while, and then went home, having eaten nothing.

When he came home, his wife asked him, "Well, what happened?" "It was just as you had said it would be. Not only was I not invited to stand godfather, but have not even tasted a spoonful of food at my rich brother's home. They even took from me my pumpkin seeds."

Sunday came, and the poor man, who was a good violinist, took out his violin and began to play to kill his sorrow. His children, hearing the playing, came together and started to dance. Here, the poor man, looking at their dance, saw that among his children small crea-

tures were dancing. Wondering, he stopped playing. The strange creatures quickly rushed under the oven. They were so many that they crowded upon each other. The man asked them,

"Who are you?"

They answered from under the oven in their piping voices, "Why, we are miseries."

The man said to himself, "No wonder that I am poor when there are so many miseries in my hut." He asked them,

"Are you comfortable living there under my oven?"

And they said, "How could we be comfortable in so narrow a space. Don't you see what a crowd of us there is here?"

"All right," said the man, "just wait, and I'll find more space for you."

He went out, found a barrel, brought it into the hut and said to the miseries,

"Creep in here!" They all crowded in. The man sealed the barrel as quickly as he could, carried it into the field, and left it there. Coming home, he boasted to his wife and children that he had gotten rid of his miseries.

"From now on," he said, "with God's help our fortune will turn." A year passed, and his farming was such a great success that the other farmers envied him. Whatever he started, succeeded. In his fields whether he sowed wheat or rye, it grew with ears and grain so heavy that the stems bowed to the ground. Everyone was astonished!

His rich brother, gnawed by envy, came to him and asked, "How has it happened that you have such luck in your husbandry?"

"I have good luck," he said, "because I have no more miseries."

"And what happened to them?" "I locked them up in a barrel, drove it into the field and left it there."

"Where, in that ravine." The rich man hurried to the place, and lo! there was the barrel. He quickly struck off the barrel-head, and the miseries rushed out. He said to them, "Go back to my brother: he has grown so rich!"

And the miseries said, "Oh, no, he is no good! Just see what he did to us! Clapped us all in jail! You are a good man, we'll go with you."

The rich man started to run, but they followed him. They caught up with him, and followed him to his home. And when they settled in his house, the rich man soon became poor, poorer than his brother had been. It was too late to repent.

## UKRAINIAN PROVERBS

Preparedness. It is too late to seek a sword when you have to fight.

Speed. If you drive too fast, you will catch up with trouble; if you drive too slow, trouble will catch you.

Caution. Don't rush into the river before you ask first for the ford.

Measure. Honey is not eaten with a ladle.

Experience. Every experience is a road to wisdom.

Youth. In a year there is only one spring.

Help. Who gives at once, gives twice.

and it went down with him. I leaped down from the tree, ran through underbrush, came to the path, through the forest, to the downs. In a moment I was near the "koshara."

I rap at the door. "Is that you, Panko?" — the "batko," our leader, from inside. "Yes, that's I! Open."

He rose, lit a lantern, opened the door. "Well, what happened?"

"Nothing."—I say. "Did the 'Uncle' come?" "Yes he did."

"And is he gone?" "No, he is not gone." "And where is he?" "He is lying."

"What's the matter with you?" the "batko" did not finish. "What's the matter with your foot?" he called out.

"With my foot?" I did not know what was the matter with my foot, and only now, when I looked at it, did I notice that my sandal and my wrapping cloth and the laces,—all were gory and blood marked my footsteps. Once, only once the "Uncle" touched me, and tore through my sandal, cloth, and flesh to the very bone. When they unwrapped my foot, I swooned from the loss of blood. But "batko," may he live long, knew the charms to stop bleeding, put on some salve, and in a week I was sound and hearty again. The "Uncle" was found on the following day dead, with my axe sticking in his skull.

# MUSIC

by Olga Lachowitch

Who doesn't know the song of Dixie Land today? In Southern States it is revered almost as much as the Star Spangled Banner. During the Civil War it played the part of a national anthem of the South. It was the battle-cry of the Confederate soldiers at Gettysburg. Later it became a marching song of reunited armies, of South and North, when they were marching to war with Spain, in 1898.

This song lived through many vicissitudes. It was composed in the North by a Northerner, Dan Emmet, a minstrel man who organized one of the very first minstrel troupes. Emmet, at the age of thirteen, tried newspaper work and also started composing music. He became quite an expert at the fife and drum.

He was in New York at the time Dixie was composed. This particular Sunday he picked up his violin and began to pick away. He gazed out of the window and mused "I wish I was in Dixie." This longing, by the way, persists stubbornly with Northerners up to the present day, especially on dreary fall and winter days, with no sunshine around, and the temperature jumping or falling 30 degrees one way or the other. Emmet's wife shared this longing and it was she who suggested the name for it—"Dixie Land."

The song became moderately popular in the North and probably would have been soon forgotten, were it not for the South, where it

gained a tremendous popularity. It started in 1861 in New Orleans, during the performance of John Brougham's "Pocahontas." Toward the end of the performance the singer Susan Denin sang Dixie Land and the audience was so captivated, that the whole house spontaneously rose to its feet and sang the song together. Thus the new national song of the South was christened.

However, as it was mentioned, it's composer was a Northerner. He tried to snatch his own song away from the South, by giving it new words. But he did not succeed. Toward the end of his life, Emmet retired to Mount Vernon, where he lived, as a composer, in complete obscurity.

By them one of the Southern show promoters, realising the box office attraction of the composer of Dixie Land, came to visit Emmet and convinced him to take a trip South. Emmet went South and during his tour, he received tremendous ovations from the people.

Nevertheless, it did not bring him riches. As he stated it himself, Dixieland brought him only five hundred dollars during his life time. Emmet died in 1904 in poverty. Fortunately the New York Actors Club helped him in the last months of his life and were it not for this help, his end would have been even more tragic.

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

# On Record - by Ted Victor

NOTES AND COMMENTS:

"Drafty Days" Seems as though more and more of our boys are being called up by the Armed Forces. Liked the way "Operation Detroit" phrased it in its latest issue. "Margaret Truman's father has sent greetings to Mike Shalayko" etc. If my memory serves me right, Mike was ring-leader of the boys that claimed they were honest-to-goodness West Virginia hilly-billy's... Seems as though the office of treasurer in the League isn't too healthy a spot during mobilization days. Before the last war, Joe Lasawyer had the job. He got drafted and served his prescribed year. Finished it, went on a cross country tour just in time to reach home and get drafted all over again for a longer stretch. Mike Danielson, present keeper of the "hrosy" has been called for his first physical.

Look In Your Own Back Yard Department: One executive of the UYLNA was stumped for picking a district organizer for his state. While he was searching vainly for a likely prospect his fellow executive from another state picked his sister to do the job in his own territory. To date he is still looking. - Ah well! Such is life.

MEMO to several individuals that have written to this column concerning the UYL-NA. In future all letters should be addressed directly to this paper to be published as letters to the editor. This column is unable to utilize any of the received material since a letter has been received by the managing editor of the "Weekly" from the president of the League stating that previous articles written by this writer were harming the relations between the UYL-NA and the U.N.A. This column of course rests on its record in the past. Actions have always spoken louder than words.

Thrush: Dorothy Oleynik from Cleveland, Ohio is presently appearing at the Hotel New Yorker as a featured singer under the name of Dorothy Olen. Bill Mural of Cleveland shouldn't worry though. The "Big City" is perfectly safe these days. I'd like to drop in and see the show but at present I don't own an umbrella. The last time I was in the hotel I got a bath in vegetable soup.

Wrestling: Mike Mazurki paid a visit to this area last week. Wrestled in the Paterson, N. J. Arena in the main show of the evening. Evidently it was Mike's turn to lose to Antonio Rocca. The Big Ukrainian American is certainly keeping busy these days between wrestling and Hollywood picture making.

Ballet: Went to see "Les Ballets de Paris" last week. Very fine program of dancing and music too. Just goes to show you what appeal and what possibilities this particular art has for development among the general public. A few times I thought I was at one of the U.M.A.C. festivals. The lights were blacked out and all could hear above the music was the hurried commotion of moving furniture and scenes on the stage. A tip: If you want to see the ballet don't see the Hartman's show "Thickets Please" first. I did. Thus when Carmen was staged by the Paris ballet, all I could see was Hartman. The scene went something like this: "Don Jose, waits impatiently for Carmen to arrive in her 'boudoir'." The curtains part and we see Hartman's Don Jose. Dressed in flaming red "long johns" scratching himself most unceremoniously and stifling one yawn after another. Thus no matter how excellent the French Don Jose appeared to be all I can remember is a set of "long johns" being scratched. The entire show is wonderful though, especially the "Diamond Cruncher", which was the featured attraction of the evening.

Detroit: That was a fine article in the Detroit District Council bulletin by Past President John Lomake about the forthcoming convention. The little paper has improved a great deal and deserves a good deal of credit for its format and content.

Poetry: The one individual that has taken the opportunity offered by the "Weekly" of having poems published has been a young lady from Chicago. The "topper" is that she is not a Ukrainian. Born of French German parents she became greatly interested in Ukrainian music and literature after hearing the "Bandtrists" perform in Chicago last season. Since that time she has begun studying the Ukrainian language for she hopes to be able to translate later on.

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# THE THEATRE IN UKRAINE

(Continued)

By I. MIRCHUK

Theophan Prokopovych, a collaborator of Peter the Great and a great scholar connected with Mohyla's Academy in Kiev, thoroughly reformed the school theater. In his theory of poetry Prokopovych issued set dramatic rules according to which the new plays, called by him tragicomedies, were to be acted. His theories had not such lasting influence as his play "Vladimir," a play that served as a model to all dramatists of the time and whose rules were so slavishly observed by succeeding writers that this entire branch of art was gradually petrified and died.

The second great period in the history of the Ukrainian theater which lasted from the beginning of the 19th century till the present day, began with the performance of one of the classical masterpieces of a comedy from the life of the people called "Natalka Poltavka" (Natalie from Poltava). It was interspersed with songs and, both as literature and as a stage show, has become one of the classical masterpieces of dramatic art in Ukraine. Ivan Kotlarevsky, the author, was able to book such a great success because, besides his talents as a writer, he was director of the theater in Poltava and was in possession of considerable stage technique. After this auspicious start, Ukrainian theaters sprang up like mushrooms after rain; talented actors appear, among them Shepkin, Solenyk, Rekanovsky, and Maro Kropyvnytsky (1841-1910) whose genius found outlet in reforming later features of the theater in Ukraine. The repertory of the theater also grows as some of the most gifted writers in the first half of the 19th century begin to write for the stage. Among these are Kvitka

(1778-1843). Shevchenko, Kostomarov and others. The subjects that proved most suitable for the stage at that time were characteristic scenes from the life of the people with the Ukrainian landscape as a background and also events from Ukrainian history, but above all the deeds of the Zaporog Kozaks, the heroes of Ukraine.

The national tendencies of the Ukrainian theater could not escape the argus eyes of the imperial government, intent on forcing all the nations within the great empire to become Russians. In 1876 a secret circular was therefore sent round all administrative authorities forbidding the speaking or writing of Ukrainian. The stage was the first position that the Ukrainian language was able to retake. Under the pressure of public opinion the ban on Ukrainian was lifted for the theater after five years.

(To be concluded)

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## ON THE DOWNS

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

(Concluded)

By IVAN FRANKO

Rogue of an "Uncle"! For three nights he tired me! Perhaps he smelled the handwriting with his nose and did not come. But he could not fool me! When I made up my mind once, I would not give up. On the fourth night he came. It was so dark that it seemed your eyes had been gouged. The wind groaned in the tops of the firs. The brook rustled down into the valley. Crouched amidst the roots of a gigantic upturned tree, huddling my gun, I sat, waiting

and listening. At last I hear that he is coming, that he must be passing by me. I stop my breath. Crunch-crunch—he is already close by me. I strain my eyes. My "Uncle" is rolling near, like a moving stack of hay in the dark. He raises his snout, snuffles, moves on slowly, carefully. My eyes nearly burst out of my head, so attentively I stare, to take a good aim at him, straight under his shoulder blade. Suddenly he stops, jerks his head sideways, and snorts. He caught the smell of powder. He turns back on the spot to give a leap,—in this very moment—Bang! Bang! I fired from both barrels, a good slug in each. Without even one shriek, the "Uncle" is crushed to the ground like one thunderstruck. But he lay there only a moment. In the next moment he rose from the ground, stood on his hind legs and rushed straight at me. It was clear he was not hit in the heart. I am still sitting, without moving. I cannot run away, I have no time to reload.

"Now," I am thinking, "If I took a poor aim, if I merely scratched him, I am done for. But—he it is God wills. Once I was born, once only have I to die." And before that happens, I still have an axe stuck behind my belt. I spat in my palms, grabbed the axe, crossed myself, placed my feet better so that each of them rested against a strong root of the upturned tree, and lowered my head to see the "Uncle" better. And he is already very close. He catches with his paws at the roots, snuffles and roars, roars like an angry drunkard, who can say no sensible word, only feels that he is angry and roars and pushes forward. Now he smelled my leg and reached with his paw for it. I felt as if I were touched with a nettle, not worse. At this moment my axe drove to the very helve into the "Uncle's" skull, splitting in two. He groaned once more, so heavily, so mournfully, like a sinful soul in tortures, and rolled down to the ground, disappearing in the dark hole under the upturned tree. I had no time to take out my axe,

## Poet's Corner

### LOVE'S GIFTS

I have no heart, o' lover mine? Ah yes, I fear that's true. But 'tis no cause to weep and pine, I've given it to you.

You say the lovelight in my eyes, Has sadly dwindled too, But 'tis no cause for sobs and sighs, I've given it to you.

My heart, the lovelight in my eyes, Are yours to keep and treasure, Until the day my being dies, They bring you lover's pleasure.

### ON LEAVING

The icy air hangs o'er my head, Blue walls reflect upon my bed And try to smile their sad "good-by," Yet silently I hear them cry.

My chrysanthemums nod and weep, My saucy dog looks small and meek,

On my picture dust forms like dew, And hides the smile that once I knew.

As I look back my head is bent In reverence to the place I've spent A wedge of time called twenty years... And silently I dry my tears.

Ruth La Verne Matus (Chicago, Nov. 11, 1950)

# Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER W. BANKO

In the recent draft of minor league players in organized baseball, 1B Steve Souchock of the Sacramento Solons of the PCL was claimed by the Detroit Tigers and pitcher Harry Dorish of the Toronto Maple Leafs (he played all last season with the St. Louis Browns) was "scaped-up" by the Chicago White Sox...

Al Redzlow, basketball ace of the Bayonne, N.J. Ukrainian Sporting Club is now wearing Uncle Sam's khaki. Al, long a member of the Bayonne Ukes, was inducted into service November 14th by his local board in Bayonne.

The Chicago Blackhawks of the National Hockey League are currently doing a creditable job in coming up the hard way and players Gus Bodnar, Vic Stasiuk and Bill Mosenko are doing their share in winning the games...

Leo Skladany, former Pittsburgh University star end and also an ex-member of the Philadelphia Eagles and Paterson Panthers has signed to perform on the gridiron for the N. Y. Giants.

The two Ukrainian head coaches in the NFL aren't doing too badly for themselves. Joe Stydahar's Los Angeles Rams are leading the Western Division with a record of 8 wins and 2 losses while Johnnie Michelosen's Pittsburgh Steelers have a 4 win and 5 loss record in the Eastern Division.

Youthful goalie Terry Sawchuk of the Detroit Red Wings of the NHL sports the best goals—scored—against record of 1.67 a game. More next week...

Bob Zawoluk, All American basketball center at St. John University is currently appearing on the front cover of Stanley Woodward's Annual Basketball magazine. Also in the same issue is a complete story on Bob and included is the fact that Bob's parents are both Ukrainian. It's indeed refreshing to see that some of our sport stars do stress their Ukrainian ancestry to the American press. Here's wishing handsome Bob a great season and let's hope the big fellow breaks all his existing scoring records to bring honor and fame to himself, his family and his people!

### FROM MAILBOX

Recently received a very nice letter from court star Joe Fryz of McKees Rocks, Pa. who is now studying for his Master's Degree at Eastern Kentucky State College.

In addition to his regular studies Joe assists the head coach with the variety basketball team and is head coach of the freshman quintet. To quote Joe—"I enjoy my job immensely and I believe it will enable me to learn a great deal about the coaching profession." More power to this up-and-coming Ukrainian.

## YOUTH and U. N. A.

### GENERAL INFORMATION

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

**Juvenile Educational Certificate**—For some time the U.N.A. has been issuing, in amounts of \$500 and \$1000, a new endowment certificate for children called "Endowment at Anniversary Following 18th Birthday." This insurance designed to mature when most young people are about to enter college, has proven to be very popular. Parents insuring their children under this plan are actually providing for the further education of their offspring. When the certificate matures its full face value is paid in cash and the parents have funds to give their children a start in college. Such insurance serve two purposes: it insures the child, in the event of death, up to the maturity date of the certificate; after maturity it is payable in cash for the full face value.

**U.N.A. Sports**—As in the past, the U.N.A. will give financial aid to athletic teams composed of U. N. A. members who play under the U.N.A. name. Several teams are active in different parts of the country, and other teams are taking advantage of the offer. Before the war, there were so many teams participating in the sports program of the organization that a number of leagues were formed. Interest in U.N.A. sports is slowly returning and it is possible that leagues will be formed before long.

**The war Clause**—Several persons have inquired about the war clause appearing in U.N.A. insurance certificates. These persons were informed that, despite the war clause, the U.N.A. was one of the very few organizations to pay death benefits in full to the beneficiaries of those of its members who were killed in World War II. Claims resulting from the action in Korea have also been paid promptly and in full. The U.N.A. did not have to make payments in full, but it did so. Members of the organization

should remember this, for it proves that the U.N.A. has the interests of its members foremost in mind all times.

**The Ukrainian Weekly—U.N.A.** members have the privilege of subscribing to this newspaper for only \$2 a year. This rate is so low that it is a wonder a great many members are not taking advantage of it. Yes, we said \$2 a year—that's for 52 issues, a real bargain. And those members who appreciate the Svoboda as well as the Weekly may be interested to know that the subscription rate to the daily Svoboda is only \$6 a year, and that includes the Weekly!

**Advance Payments of Dues**—The U.N.A. has received a number of requests for information concerning discounts for dues paid in advance. Dues may be paid monthly, quarterly, semi-annually, or annually. There is a very small saving on quarterly payments, slightly more on semi-annual payments, and the most on annual payments. Saving on annual payments usually exceed five per cent.

**Ask For More Information**—Readers, members and non-members alike, who desire further information on any subject treated in this column, should communicate with the Ukrainian National Association, Post Office Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J., or else contact the officers of the U. N. A. branches in their localities. Post cards or letters addressed to the U.N.A. will receive prompt attention. Persons desiring information as to how to become members of the organization should give their birthdays and mention the type and amount of insurance they desire. The insurance, it must be remembered, is not the only advantage of U.N.A. membership. There are other benefits, such as aid in the event of incurable illness or permanent disability, loans on insurance reserve at only four per cent interest (most companies charge more), double indemnity

for a very small additional cost, and all the other advantages peculiar to a fraternal benefit society. Write for information without delay.

## UYL-NA Sports Program

1. The chief objective of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America Basketball program is to organize and unite all the Ukrainian basketball teams in Canada and the United States into district-league organizations. These district-leagues will then be co-ordinated into one national organization—the Ukr. Youth League of North America Basketball Program.

2. To indulge in the social and athletic field with other organizations, and to promote the Ukrainians in sports and every other field of endeavor.

3. To produce a National Ukrainian Basketball Champion.

4. Each league will act as a district unit responsible for its own actions and play.

5. Teams must participate in UYL-NA District League play in order to qualify into the National tournament.

At present basketball is in season and I would like to review the set up of "District Leagues," which presents:—

East:—Metropolitan New York City, New Jersey and Connecticut.  
South:—Tri-states (Philly area)

Delaware, Chester and South Anthracite.

North: Ontario, Canada, Western New York, Upper New York and Northern Anthracite.

West: Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Chicago.

Winners of each section will meet in the sectional playoffs (district) Four District Champs will meet at the National basketball tournament for the UYL-NA championship.

The National Basketball and Bowling playoffs will be held in Rossford, Ohio on March 11th and 12th.

From the latest reports Rossford is really going "all-out" for a terrific sports week-end.

It is advisable that all districts try to have a winner by March 1st. This will give sufficient time for National Tournament publicity.

Will the sports directors in the various districts commence play soon as possible.

New teams are welcome into the Youth League.

For information don't hesitate to write me.

JEAN HARASYM,  
136 Lisgar Street,  
Toronto, Ont., Can.

## Impressions...

By WILLIAM SHUST

The child lay quietly asleep as the priest whispered the prayers over him. "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." Then in turn each sense faculty was anointed.

Each anointed so as not to lead to evil. The eyes, the ears, the nose, the mouth, the hands, the feet.

And so this tiny creature, sleeping quietly now in its mother's arms, was on his first step to God.

The eyes... Oh little one, that your eyes might never lead your soul to evil. That these two small orbs might forever shine like two stars in heaven, a tribute to God.

The ears... Always may your soul hear a bit of the chorus of angels. Would that your life not hear the call of evil.

The nose... In your life may you be blessed with the divine perfume the Lord has put in nature. May your nostrils never be assailed by the artificially seductive which in reality is the stench of evil.

The mouth... Your tiny roseate lips, that have opened now like the spring rosebud, may they always be the gates that open a flood of praises to God.

The hands... Dear infant, may those two fluttering birds that will someday form ten pillars of strength be joined each day of your life in supplication and consecrated to the Lord.

The Feet... And holy child, your feet will serve you well, but choose your steps so that when the hour arrives your soul will have a shorter journey to Him.

The church is quiet and the sleeping infant is returned to his cradle.

Sleep little one and you will be attended by legions of angels whose feathery wings will shield you from the rough winds of the world.

Sleep and He will watch. For He has chosen you, and from this day you are His.

ance spurred by an insatiable craving for profound knowledge.

Concerning the class to which these intellectuals do really belong and their being doomed to death in their native countries, as Mr. Raditsa points out, we must make it clear that the communists particularly want to exterminate them because they are the vanguard of the brain of the counter-communist movement. They are those who would never agree with the murderer tyrant of Moscow; who fought against it or tried to oppose it as best they could wishing to secure a free and democratic rule for their countries. Scores of them have been martyred to death, killed or deported to the concentration camps of icy Siberia or the Solovetski Islands, and perished there. The atrocities perpetrated by the red Koreans are a mere detail in comparison to the endless death-toll of the Communism victims in East Europe for years and years now. And those who managed to escape the grip of the NKVD, the communists' political police,—can certainly by no means go back to their countries now. But it is remarkable how coolly Mr. Raditsa speaks of this fact as if they were almost to blame for it.

And last not least the question suggests itself how can a person that pretends to have become so American as to undertake to denounce his former fellows of same tragic fate,—express his thoughts in a way which is remarkably like the communist phraseology? So now, after we have seen what he can do, we feel obliged to ask: "Who is he?" In the name of a group of displaced intellectuals signed: JURIJ LYCHOLIT, 1623 Blaine Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

The above article has been signed in the name of: Dr. Ivan Rozhin, Detroit; Rev. W. Borowsky, Detroit; Journalist—P. Malar, Detroit; Mgr. J. Sydorowycz, Chicago, Ill.

**LETTER TO THE EDITOR**  
I want to compliment you on your editorial "On Changing Names" (November 20, 1950). It's a pity the way good Ukrain-

## "Bumper" Shakes Up Some U.N.A. Bowling Teams

By STEPHEN KURLAK

The innovation of a "bumper night" tried for the first time by the U.N.A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.J.-N.Y. Area last Friday night, November 17th, resulted in some changes in the team line-up, but not many. The "A" team of the Jersey City Social and Athletic Club won two games out of three from the first place U.N.A. Branch 273 team of Maplewood and thus tied them for the top spot. The Ukrainian American Vets of Newark defeated the "B" Jersey City team in two games and not only did the latter drop into last place as a result, but the Vets jumped up into 8th place over the St. George C.W.V. team of New York which was "bumped" by the loss of two out of three to the Orthodox Church team of Newark. The positions of the other teams were unchanged and the second bumper night will find some of them playing against each other for the second or third night.

Among the highlights of that night's tourney was an 837-pin team single game registered by the Penn-Jersey Social Club in its match against New York's Friendly Circle U.N.A. Branch 435. The Newarkers, who won two out of three, also scored the highest team three-game series for the night—2312 pins.

Their Walter Molnasky came close to making a new league single game record when he rolled up a score of 231 pins. His three-game series of 521 pins was also highest for the night.

Second highest honors went to the Jaysee "A" team which registered a single game of 803 pins, and a three-game series total of 2296 pins. Luke Janick of the St. Johns C.W.V. team came up with a single game of 201 pins and Fred Hubka of the Orthodox Church team score the second highest three-game series of 506 pins.

### UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION LEAGUE TEAM STANDINGS

	Won	Lost	High Game	High Pins	Total	Aver.
1. Jersey City S. & A. Team A	21	9	941	2571	24264	809
2. U.N.A. Brs. 217-14, Maplewood 21	9	814	2382	22272	742	
3. Penn-Jersey S. C., Newark 20	10	904	2638	23338	778	
4. U.N.A. Branch 435, N. Y. C. 18	12	824	2336	22230	741	
5. St. Johns C.W.V., Newark 16	14	840	2424	22060	735	
6. Ukrainian Blacksheep, J.C. 14	16	822	2383	22138	738	
7. Ukr. Orth. Church, Newark 13	17	752	2156	20227	674	
8. Newark Ukr. Amer. Vets 9	21	876	2428	21808	727	
9. St. George C.W.V., N.Y.C. 9	21	868	2367	21339	711	
10. Jersey City S. & A. Team B	8	22	838	2327	21860	729

### Children's Nook

#### HAMSTER GETS NEW HOME IN BOOKCASE

By KAREN LACHOWITZ

Sampy was my first Hamster. I love all kinds of cage pets but Hamsters are my favorite. I made a cage for Scampy, where he lived happily for a few weeks.

Then, one morning I was about to feed him, and he was gone. For a few days I looked and looked and could not find him. Then my sister made the discovery. In the Bookcase there was a space where one book was missing. He made himself a nice house.

I did not have a cage for him, so I let him live behind the books for a few days. Every night he would come out and walk around the house as proud as Superman.

But one night I found him dead on the floor. He most likely ate ant poison.

Then I got Nibbles. I made him a cage. He liked it very much. Then he started chewing the wood under the door. I made him a new cage. While I was making it Nibbles ran around free. One night I felt something crawling up my leg. There was Nibbles in my bed. I put him in the new cage.

Nibbles is still alive, and I hope he lives long. If any of you boys and girls want a cage pet, get a hamster. They are wonderful pets. (Reprinted from the "Miami Daily News.")

### WEEKLY BANTER

#### Hahvard, That Is

Definition of a Bostonian: An American, broadly speaking.

#### Dog Days

The city editor gave a bit of old fashioned advice to the new reporter: "It means nothing to our readers when a dog bites a man, but when a man bites a dog, that's news."

The reporter nodded his head gravely at this, and went out to cover his beat. An hour later he came rushing back into the office, flung a sheet of paper into his typewriter and began pounding furiously.

The editor watched from his desk for a moment. Then, unable to stifle his curiosity, he walked over and looked at the reporter's copy. The story was headed: "Hydrant Sprays Dog."

#### Husband's Fate

"Most accidents" the young wife quoted from the newspaper, "occur in the kitchen." To which her husband replied, "Yup, and I have to eat them."

#### Budget Breakdown

The cost of living. I've come to learn, Is always more Than I can earn.

## THE WHITE RUSSIAN MENACE

(Continued from Page 2)

unimpeachable authority, to the effect that the U.S.S.R. and Czarist Russia before it, is and has been an imperialistic and aggressive empire. We have examined its nature and traced its development as thoroughly as space has permitted. Among other things, we have specifically pointed out that the ethnic Russians comprise no better than half the total population of the slave empire, that there is not the smallest shred of evidence that the Russians themselves have mustered an armed insurrectionary force. We have dwelled on Soviet

genocide—and have observed that none has been practiced on the Russian people. We were among the first in this country to establish the NTS as the weak, Fascistic, anti-Semitic organization that it is. We have fervently warned America—and it is obvious that we must again—that far and away the main concern of Russians within and without the Cemetery of Nations is come what may, to keep present-day territorial, expansionist Russia intact.

lan names are changed or distorted because people want to have "American" names or more convenient ones.

It not necessary to spell ones name Polish style in order to keep the original name. A slight change in spelling will enable any American to pronounce it correctly, just like you say in your editorial. I notice the DP's are doing this to a large extent and they have the right idea.

Sincerely,  
ANNA WASYLYK

## Ukrainian Amas Cards

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Іринея Верес

Професор - Рибалка

(Спомини із галицького повітства).

Ця історія почалась ще минулого дня, коли пані професорова підчас обіду заявила вранці:

— Завтра на обід буде риба. Ярчо обіцяв нам її наловити.

Риба — очевидно з ріки і то не яка будь плітці, чи коблї, коли призначена на обід. Ярчо — це ім'я статочного та поважного мужа шановної бесідниці та ще менше поважаного професора і не так цінного, як загалом відомого в цілій підсамбірській околиці рибалки-аматора Антоновича.

Злобні язички плескали, що умів він з три години тримати терпеливо заклинену вудку в воді та витягнути вкінці порожній гачок з обризаним хробачком. Та професор не раз спостерігав і погоджувався з тим, але — щоб наглядно переконатись, чи на вудці є рибка — витягав з білої кишені окуляри та ще з якої пів години оглядав кризь шкельця надгриженого хробачка, висказуючи похитуванням голови своє здивування над порожнім гачком.

Та заява пані професорової не лише наробила при столі великого шуму, але й зродила примамливу надію на смачний обід, ще й з такою зміною у мені.

Може це для деякого й невелика річ їсти рибу та не розуміємої нашої радості, але у нас — міщухів ця радість зовсім оправдана. Бо навіть на Різдва збереться стільки всяких видатків, що на рибу вже не вистає грошей. Буває, що підчас якоїсь урочистості, чи свята якась „грубша риба“ запросить на менше грубу рибу до себе, але це дуже рідкий випадок.

Отже вістка, що її кинула при гостинному столі отця декана — нашого господаря пані професорова, полюскотала присмію не лише мос піднебіння. Вона викликала просто цілу революцію між домашніми. Про розмір і розмах цієї революції найкраще говорить те, що робили її всі гості отця декана, а лише з молодих, (яких мені інколи не вдалось порухувати) можна було зложити дві повні дружини копального м'яча, ще й зі запасними

веротарями. Пані з кухаркою подавали обід і вечерю в той спосіб, що ділили нас на три групи, які засідали до столу одна після другої.

Цього дня риба запанувала на цілому приходстві. Про рибу говорилось при підвечірку, підчас вечері та підчас традиційного преферанса. Найбільше говорив очевидно сам пан професор. Після вечері вийшли ми навіть усі громадно на толоку ловити хробачки на приману для риби та й немало їх таки наловили. Здається, що й риба снілася нам усім цієї ночі.

Раннім ранком довелося покинути розкішні сні про рибу, бо молотий сніп не дозволила на довгий сон у stodoli. Не було іншої ради, лише встати та оглядати схід сонця.

А сонце саме висунуло стріпихату голову з рум'яним, заспанним від ночі лицем та обкинуло повітрям здивованим зором. Попівський дїм, згорблений під тягарем років, тупився до зелені саду, ховаючи — мов стидлива дівчина — свої оголені від тинку стіни. По селі лунав звук трубки громадського пастуха і він мішався з ревом худоби, витворюючи галасливу, але чарівну симфонію літнього ранку на селі.

Професора вже не було вдома. Він вийшов ще перед сходом сонця, як завжди, в кашкеті на голові, в білому непромокальному плащі та „босоніж. У руках сторчала, немов гаківниця, вудка; через рам'я звисала велика торба.

— Ну, бодай сьогодні смачно поїмо чогось нового — говорив, облизуючись, чубатий Данко, найбільший смакун і жерун у нашому товаристві.

Вдоволені були всі: пані, що можуть відпочити, не турбуючись про страву на обід, і молоді, що не треба буде комусь з них бити у близьке містечко на закуп.

Після сніданку засіли ми громадою під хатою та викидали професора. В такому гурті нема ніколи часу на нудьгу, бо дні плывуть весело і швидко. Залюбки йшли ми над ріку і там — хоч і не могли вповні проявити свого темпераменту — все ж таки почувались свободніше. Найбільш турбувало нас те, що в один час не можна було нам усім купатись, бо вода підносилась так високо, що грозила повінню.

Сьогодні однак не могли ми з'явитись на ріці. Адже ж там вирішувалась доля нашого обіду, а професор завжди дорікав нам, що ми купанням і криком полошимо йому рибу. Сиділи ми під хатою і спрагнені очима виглядали кризь окуляри свої пальці. Ми стояли рекордним бігом навропець — випило зі справги всі калабани на подвір'ю, а Ярчо не надходив. Пані почали вже хвилюватись і побоюватись, чи вспіють на час пригостити обід, якщо наш рибалка спізниться.

Вкінці за плотом, у городці показався кашкет нашого професора. Ми всі аж крикнули, мов на команду: Іде рибка, й кинулись назустріч.

Професор ішов з повагою, закинувши на ліве рам'я вудку та тримаючи у правій руці шкіряну торбу. На перші запити, як вдалась ловля, нічого не відповідав.

Ввійшовши в кухню, професор поставив у кутку вудку та масстатично витягнув з кишені маленьку, кілька інчів завдовжки, рибку. Поклавши її ніжно й обережно на крислі, звернувся до нас і сказав: — Була! Була ось така велика — говорив, показуючи руками великий відтінок на кухонному столі, — але... втекла.

І тоді, коли ми з відкритими

ОНО

Канада не боїться потону

(Репортаж)

2

(Дальше)

Не вмієте по-англійськи? — Не журіться!

Що в Торонті проживає тридцять тисяч українців, усім нам було відомо, але це не доказ, що кожний стрічний торонтянин мусить розуміти по-українськи. Тимчасом наш доктор-шофер доказав і цієї штуки. Прошу уявити собі наші гримаси, як він перед першою скраю галяю зупинив авто і першу скраю людину спитав чистою українською мовою:

— У Вас сьогодні забава? — Нс, веселі! — була відповідь по-польськи.

— То ми бажасмо новий парі всього добра!

А ви нам, будь-ласка, скажіть, де тут Мекезі Крес!

Вияснення було скомпліковане, довелося ще три рази питати стрічних.

— Де тут Мекезі Крес? — почув український запит підстаркуватий дячко, з сарматськими рисами лица.

Відповідь прийшла в не дуже поправний англійській мові, й це ще більше роззухвалило доктора:

— Говорить по-українськи, ви напевно вмієте. Дячко почав мнятися й перейшов на церковнослов'янсько-польську мшанину. А як наше авто рушило, раптом замахавав рукою й випалив:

— Дай, Боже, здоров'я!

Черговий інформатор уже не ставив опору й зразу говорив по-українськи, а останній, жіночого роду, сам випередив нас.

— Ви певно до тих, що недавно приїхали? — Це ост тут, за крутом...

Чи після цього українська мова завансувала до ранги світових — про це можна сперечатися. Але, що ми і в своїх

ротах дивилися на професора, він говорив далі:

Рано йдучи, стрінув я мужика. Він мінув мене, пройшов добрий кусень дороги, а згодом кликнув:

— Пане!

— Що? — кличу я йому.

Мужик стоїть, притупивши зір до землі, то ж і підходжу поволі до нього, цікавий, що йому у мене треба.

— А вас не коле в ноги? — спитав він мене, коли я підійшов близько.

— Ні! — кажу йому впевнено.

— Ігі! — подивувався селянин, обернувся і пішов у свою сторону.

Сказавши це, професор Антонович відійшов поважно до своїх кімнати, оглядаючи кризь окуляри свої пальці. Ми стояли зачаровані.

Коли ми очунились, кинулись усі до крисла, на якому професор поклав свою добычу. Та з неї не було вже і сліду. Голодний наш Азор, що так нетерпеливо очідав професора й обіду, з'їв цю маленьку рибку тоді, коли ми слухали професорові теревені.

Наші надії на смачний обід пропали так, як ця плотиця в ненаситному шлунку Азора.

Іх рідних містах Старого Краю починали розмову в мові загарбників — то не дивуюсь, що і там і тут так рідко в містах чути...

Бідне Торонто

Коли цей загаловок ображує Торонто, то я віддаю кесареві — що кесареві: вистави крамниць повні, люди добре зодягнені. Ціни харчів і артикулів першої потреби не вищі американських.

Зате холодильні й авта майже двічі дорожчі, ніж в Америці. Нічого дивного, що при розмірно невисоких заробітках (30-40 канад. доларів у тиждень, чоловіки, й 20-30 — жінки), новоприбулим ці речі далекі до осягнення — як поворот до краю.

За працю не дуже легко, але люди все ж повлаштувалися. Слід не забувати, що — крім „торонтонської квоти“ скитальців, до міста наплили цілі загоны наших дроворубів з доколичних лісів (злобні язички кажуть, що наші браві дроворуби викликали були подвійне безробіття: в лісі, де наплили на два роки забагато дров, і в Торонті, куди приїшли шукати праці).

Звичайно, оповідання про дитройтський й огайський заробітки в нових торонтян викликають оскому — проте люди доволени і вдячні Канаді за приют.

Мешканеві труднощі — як і в Америці. І так же, як в Америці, їх поборюється: люди родовою, чи кооперативною системою купують дома. Дедалі частіше виростають підприємства „нових канадійців“.

Вечір невдач

Коли хтось робить ближньою несподіванку, дуже часто має її сам. Не сповістивши нікого про свій приїзд і не визнавши торонтонської програми тієї суботи, ми втратили футбольні змагання місцевої „України“, а вечорі з'їздили пів-міста й нікого не застали вдома. Торонто було на веселі сина православного архисрея...

На щастя люди, що до них ми їхали, були вдома. Від свого друга й члена управи „України“, М. Теренця, я взяв про труднощі й успіхи торонтських спортсів і дістав у дарунок гарний альманах Товариства. Розмови з хатніми виявили, що „на заході (наших спільних мрій) — без змін“.

Тільки в 7-мілітнього сина нашого господніні. В Австрії Юрчик казав матусі:

— Не роби собі „зорген“, мутті! Як виросту, буду „шухмакером“ і зроблю тобі нові „шуги“.

А тепер каже: — Не „бадруйся“, „мам“! Швидко я буду „біг бой“, заложимо собі „стор“ — і ти не підеш до „шапи“.

Юрчик ходить до двох шкіл: канадійська має дати йому те, без чого він у цій країні не міг би жити — українська ж те, без чого він не міг би жити для України. В допомог

М. Зоженко.

ШЕСТИРНЯ

Це, громадянине, трапилося через шестірно. Тріснула шестірна. А може вона і не тріснула, а зломилася. Чорт її розбері. Я в цих сімєриях не розбираюся. Кваліфікації у мене такої немає, щоб у цих восьмиріччях розбиратися.

Ну, так от тріснула. І тріпальні машини тому стали. Не можуть вони, чи, що, без цих шестіреней діяти. Не знаю я про це. А було це, не люблю плітки пускати, у тексильному технікумі.

Відразу шестірно де ж знайдеш? Не знайдеш. І в технікумі Олександр Іванович Смірнов — інструктор. Дуже наполегливий мужчина і добрий технік.

— Що, — говорить. — Я, — говорить, — я... оту шестірно, я вже шестірно дістану. Мені, — говорить, — раз плюнуть шестірно дістати.

А була недалеко — як її — „Червона Фабрика“. Прізвище директора цієї фабрики — Куліков. А звати — по-батькові його не знаю. Кваліфікації у мене такої немає, щоб усе знати.

От інструктор Смірнов і побіг до цього директора.

— Позичте, — говорить, — свою шестірно. Наша, — гово

гу другій школі приходить Пласт, у якому Юрчик зареєстрований у разні новака.

В Уласа Самчука

В неділю вранці рушаю відбивати втрачений увечорі терен. Перший наступ спрямований на нашого широковідомого повістєра — Уласа Самчука.

С щось трагічне, боляче в житті цього письменника. Нема сумніву, що кождочасне його оточення свідоме загн цієї постаті в житті нашої спільності. Коли б Улас Самчук — не дай, Боже! — швидко помер, громадянство влаштувало б йому похорон, якого Торонто ще не бачило, пацькалось би, що „ми втратили великого письменника“ і збудувало б йому кам'яний пам'ятник.

Але Самчук уперто живе (має всього 45 літ) і вперто творить. Ще гірше: він наслідуються дивитися на українське питання і взагалі на світ з пичкої, замість прийнятої жаб'ячої перспективи. Він хоче дати роман, що визнаєв би суть і цілі українства в часі й просторі — наче б партійні програми, святочні академії й майстри „зрівнювання в низ“ давню не визнавали суті й цілей українства?!

Та доволі іроніч. До людей, що так же, як і Самчук, дивляться на українське питання з всеохплюючої перспективи, ставимо запит: коли наш чільний повістєр нарешті дістане серед своєї громади працю, що дозволила б йому продовжити письменницьку діяльність? Коли наші впливові люди звернуть увагу американських видавців на високоактуальний тепер у Західному світі, знаменитий протибольшевицький роман Самчука — „Марію“? Коли цей твір, перекладений на англійську мову і сфільмований, знайде шлях до мільйонів англомовних людей, які все ще не ймуть віри грядучій загрози?!

Зреалізування цього плану не тільки дало б письменнику

риту, шестірна тріснула, будь вона проклята.

— Ні, говорять директор, — не може позичити. Зуба я маю проти вашого керівника. Він у нас, каналія, лебідку замонтав. А шестірна — так, дійсно, є в запасі.

— Дозвольте, — говорять інструктор, — спільні ж інтереси. Спільна ж власність. Ви — радянські, ми — радянські. Ваші шестірни — наші п'ятірні...

— Інтереси спільні, — говорять директор, — а дати не можу. Не симпатичний мені якимось ваш керівник.

— Дозвольте, — заплакав інструктор, — виробництву підірвуть... Народні соки-грошники течуть. Не веліть карать, веліть милувать.

— Немає, — сказав директор. — Відчайотіте.

І інструктор відчалів.

А директор Куліков, — не люблячи плітки пускати, — показав дулю в спину інструктору і, промишривши „бачив миңдал“, повернувся до вікна.

А за вікном тихо плакало зимове небо, поплывуючи дощиком і снігом на шкло, за яким стояв директор. Тріпальні машини стояли в меланхолійній непорушності.

Переклав Л. Полтава

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