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WEEKLY: No. 49 JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1950 VOL. XVIII.

TARAS CHUPRYNKA HONORED IN NEW YORK MANIFESTATION

One of largest manifestations against the Soviet Russian oppression by Ukrainian Americans was held on Sunday, November 26, 1950, in New York's huge assembly hall, Manhattan Center.

Leading speakers in Ukrainian American life were featured on the program. A bust of Taras Chuprynka, in whose honor the manifestation was held, stood in a place of honor in the center of the stage.

The program was officially opened by Nicholas Hawrylko, head of the United Ukrainian Organizations of New York City. Dmytro Halychyn, President of the Ukrainian National Association and chairman of the manifestation program then spoke on the purpose of the gathering and paid homage to the dead hero. Other speakers on the program were: Nicholas Lebid, former member of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, General Zahrodsky, Michael Piznak, Prof. I. Wovchuk, General Paul Shandruk, and representatives of White Russian organizations and from Common Cause.

Over three thousand dollars was collected for the purpose of furthering the battle against communism and for Ukrainian freedom.

The manifestation was reported in some of the leading American newspapers and over the major press services. The "New York Times" report read as follows:

"A meeting in memory of Gen. Taras Chuprynka, for seven years leader of the Ukrainian underground, who is reported to have been killed several months ago by the Soviet secret police, was held yesterday afternoon in Manhattan Center, 311 West 34th Street.

"The meeting, under the auspices of the metropolitan division of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, was attended by 4,000 persons. Christopher Emmet, chairman of the board of Common Cause Inc., an anti-Communist organization created to promote world freedom, declared that if the anti-Communist groups in America and other free nations would stand together, all peoples of Russia would be free."

A resolution calling for United States recognition of the Ukrainian insurgent army as the regular army of the Ukraine and another appealing against admission of Communist China to the United Nations were adopted."

The Ukrainian Male Chorus "Dumka" sang several selections and the anthem of the United States and of Ukraine. The bust of Taras Chuprynka was made by Serhei Letvenenko, famous Ukrainian sculptor.

"Natalka Poltavka" in Southwest Australia

The Ukrainian Theater Circle presented its premier performance of the famous Ukrainian operetta "Natalka Poltavka," written by Ivan Kotlarevsky with music by Lysenko.

Taking part in the performance were oustanding Ukrainian artists in Southwest Australia Colorful costumes, folk dances and first rate singing were the highlights of the evening. Music was supplied by an Australian ensemble.

The entire program was directed by P. Vaselenka while the conductor was P. Klim. Many Australians were present for this performance and the program was annotated in English. The Ukrainian theater was filled to overflowing for the occasion.

The Rochester Ukrainian Hour

Beginning its second year on on the air, the Rochester Ukrainian Hour has endeared itself to all its listeners.

On September 10th, the first program of the season, the sponsors were fortunate in having the Ukrainian National Chorus of Rochester render some favorite Ukrainian Selections. The Chorus ,under the direction of Volodymir Bozyk, gave a superb performance.

The Ukrainian Businessmen's Association, sponsors of the program, was formed early in March of 1949. Under the guidance of Konstantin Shevchuk, the orinator of the program, the organization has grown from eight Ukrainian Businessmen to a membership of twenty-four.

The program is produced by John Boychuk and John Smorhun, who are also the Ukrainian language announcers. Walter Foreman and Michael Zaretsky have succeeded William Andrushin as English announcers.

Included in the Ukrainian Hour are the latest in Ukrainian recorded choral and dance music. Weekly historical calendar of Ukraine, advertisements of group meetings and events, and announcements of congratulations are featured.

Rochesterians are indeed fortunate in having such a program broadcasts over W.V.E.T. 1280 on the dial. It is one step forward in bringing to the American public, as well as to our Ukrainian Community, some of our great Ukrainian Culture.

Ukrainian Church Renovated

Most Rev. Constantine Bohachevsky of Philadelphia, confered his episcopal blessing on the newly renavated St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Catholic Church in Elizabeth, New Jersey reports the "Elizabeth Daily Journal."

Improvements of the church, built in 1912, included new stained glass windows, new pews and carpeting and minor alterations to other parts of the edifice. The entire project was but recently completed.

The blessing rite began at 10 o'clock in the morning on Thursday, November 23, with a procession to the church from the rectory. Bishop Bohachevsky was escorted by an honor guard of priests from the New York and New Jersey parishes.

High mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Vladimir Lotowycz of Jersey City, following the traditional church blessing liturgy. The congregation, which includes 300 families of Elizabeth and vicinity was organized in 1905. The Byzantine domes atop the church have long been a landmark in South Elizabeth. This Eastern architectural design has been approved by the Roman Catholic Church, which has permitted the rite to retain its own liturgy and customs.

MAXIMOVICH AGAIN LAUDED

Boris Maximovich, Ukrainian pianist, recently arrived in this city as a Displaced Person, made his formal American debut at the Institute of Arts, Sunday evening, November 19, 1950. The audience, numbering many of Detroit's notable musicians who have been hearing things of Maximovich, had an evening of excitement and glad surprise. It was the revelation of a major talent; nothing less.

For Maximovich is a pianist in the grand, European manner, of which we perceive too little nowadays. His technique is huge; so huge, indeed, that you presently take it for granted and commence appraising him for musicianship and style; forgetting, perchance, that precious few of his colleagues are bold enough to open a program with the Schumann Toccata and toss in, as a final encore, the Liszt "Campanella."

Either of those would do, goodness knows, as the evening's prime exhibition. But between them came a great, rich bouquet of Chopin, those three opulent piano arrangements of the "Petrouchka" music, Glazounov's "Night" Etude, Liszt's Spanish Rhapsody and, as a tour-de-force, Blumenfeld's Left Hand Etude.

★

Maximovich'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 Maximovich obviously to pound, although the treble of the instrument whereon he played had not the potential of the bass, to put it very mildly.

He may have been nervous, at the beginning of the evening; and small wonder if he was. For he spent years in a Nazi forced-labor camp, more years as a DP refusing repatriation and, finally, here he was, making his debut in the land of promise. But, whatever his emotions, the vast complexities of the schumann Toccata were sheer, disciplined thunder, with his fingers a blur above the board.

For this listener's taste, the peaks of the evening were the Chopin "Black Keys" Etude, the same composer's Scherzo, Op. 39, the "Semaine Grasse" of the "Petrouchka" and the two sets of fireworks by List.

★

Probably the chief comment on this stirring occasion would be that there was no point in the program at which Maximovich did not reveal the "grand line" of whatever work he was playing; because of that enormous proficiency of his, plus an unfaltering taste, plus an interpretive faculty.

Those words would not find challenge from those—too few—who were at the Institute of Arts last night. Vivian Gilpin Robison presented him and she, surveying the roaring, stamping audience at the end of the program, said "That is probably the greatest evening of my life."

RUSSELL McLAUCHLIN
"The Detroit News"

RETURNS FROM EUROPE

Dr. Walter Gallan, executive director of the United Ukrainian Relief Committee returned on Thursday, November 30, to the United States from Paris, France.

For one month Dr. Gallan had been making tour of inspection of the nine general offices of the Ukrainian American Relief Committee in Europe. He pointed out that the Committee was helping the remaining D. P.s in every manner possible and that everything was proceeding according to plan.

According to the latest figures released by I.R.O. (International Relief Organization) there are still 5,400 Ukrainians in Austria, 30,000 in Germany of which some 4,456 have actually entered into the German economic system.

In addition to inspecting the various problems confronting the Committee, Dr. Gallan brought 1000 new assurance papers for the Displaced Persons, so that within a short time as many of them will be leaving for the United States. The most important problem confronting the Committee is the so called "hard core" which numbers some 6,000 people. This is the group that includes invalids etc. and cannot immigrate to the United States under present regulations.

During his month stay in Europe Dr. Gallan travelled through Belgium, France, Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

Memorial Services in Scotland For Chuprynka

On November 5, 1950, the Ukrainian colony in Edinburgh, Scotland, numbering some seven hundred Ukrainians took part in requiem mass and "academia" in memory of Taras Chuprynka, commander of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army.

The "Bulletin" and Scotsman Pictorial" reported the event as follows: "In Edinburgh yesterday where there a procession to the Church of the Sacred Heart of Ukrainian exiles in Scotland 700 hundred strong. The General: Taras Chuprynka was killed in March while fighting Russian forces."

Following the church services an "academia" was held in one of city's leading concert halls. Representatives of leading Ukrainian organizations, Latvian, White Russian were present and M.P. John Stuart who spoke about suffering the Soviets had imposed upon the Ukraine and her people.

DRAMA IN NEW HAVEN

Under the auspices of the United Ukrainian Organizations of Connecticut a drama, "Night Falls for Ivan Kupalo" will be presented on December 16, 1950, in one of the city's finest auditoriums.

Taking part in this production are some of the outstanding personalities Ukrainian dramatic circles in Connecticut. The entire play is being directed by Miss Palydovich who was formerly with the Ukrainian National Theatre in Lviw.

HIRNIAK THEATRE PRESENTS

"Song of the Forest," drama written by Lesya Ukrainka, which will be presented for the first time in America on December 30, and 31, 1950, in the Sixth Street Auditorium, New York City.

Joseph Hirniak and his company of players will appear in the featured roles. This is the first production of the new season and everyone is invited to attend.

Logical

Franklin said: "Necessity never made a good bargain."

MISSING IN ACTION

Paul Shaffron, young Ukrainian American soldier fighting in Korea with the United States Army has been reported missing.

Paul's home is in Duquesne, Pa. and he is a member of Branch 17 of the Ukrainian National Association. According to the regular United States Army casualty listing, he has been missing in action ever since July 17, 1950.

UKRAINIAN WRITER

Michoel Kitsock, age 26 from Mahanoy Plane, Pa. American of Ukrainian descent recently had his first novel published by Dorance and Company, of Philadelphia, Pa.

"Sin of a Nation" contains 426 pages, and was written over a two year period by the young author while serving with the Military Government (United States) in Germany. Mr. Kitsock is a member of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church in Maizeville, Pa. The scene of the book is laid in the United States and Germany.

EMBLEM CONTEST

The Ukrainian Youth's League North America is sponsoring an emblem contest throughout the United States and Canada. The winning emblem will be used on all League publications etc.

Those people who are members of the League are eligible to enter the contest. First prize will be a check for twenty five dollars. Deadline of the contest is January 1, 1951. All sketches must be limited to 3x3" on standard size paper. Two colors, yellow and blue may be employed in addition to the black outlines. For further details artists are requested to write to John Neberezny, 427 Division Street, Youngstown, Ohio. The name of the League must appear in full together with the date of its founding 1933.

BANDURISTS SEEK DANCERS

The renown Ukrainian Chorus of Bandurists organized in the name of Taras Shevchenko many years ago in Ukraine, are in the need of several Ukrainian dancers.

The Bandurists are preparing an entire new concert program under their former director Volodymir Bozyk. It was under Bozyk's direction that the group won great acclaim in Europe during the days following World War II.

For further information write to: Ukrainian Chorus of Bandurists, 2965 Carpenter Avenue, Detroit 12, Michigan.

ELECTED PRESIDENT OF FRATERNAL CONGRESS

Judge John S. Gonas, American of Ukrainian descent was recently elected to the office of president in the Indiana Fraternal Congress which is comprised of the leading fraternal organizations in the State of Indiana.

Judge Gonas has long been active in Indiana state and civil life. For ten years he has been a state senator in Indiana and at present he holds the position of county judge to which office he elected two years ago. Recently Judge Gonas was defeated in the election while running for the position of Judge of the Supreme Court.

JERSEY CITY CONCERT

A concert in honor of November 1, 1917, was presented in the Ukrainian National Home in Jersey City, N. J. on November 12, 1950. The Lysenko Choir under the direction of Joseph Stecura rendered several selections. Edward Kaminsky was tenor soloist. The featured speaker of the evening was Prof. Y. Dachkevych. Other soloists and orators taking part in the program were: K. Magura, Hryza, V. Rudakevych, and I. Myranovich.

On Literature

"Literature is a great staff but a sorry crutch."—Tennyson.

Editorials

THE PATTERN IS THE SAME

The world situation today, cannot help but remind us of those dark days in 1941 when the Japanese empire unleashed its infamous attack upon Pearl Harbor. The pattern today, so very similar to the one in 1941 is frightening. While United States forces are in Korea, fighting desperately to keep alive, a puppet delegation comes to our shores from Red China to press charges of American aggression in Asia before the United Nations. While thousands of American soldiers, thousands more of Koreans die upon the frozen earth in Korea, Malik, Vishinsky and the rest of the unholy brood, flaunt all reason, justice and decency with their procrastinating lies. How much longer can this go on?

Once again two worlds are in opposition. The free world, at its helm the United States, argues with reason and logic. It detests war and believes in human decency. The other world: Totalitarian, ruthless, forcing its satellites to do its dirty work while it becomes bloated with the venom of war. Russia needs not worry about answering to its people. Malik needs not fear of being ousted because of public opposition. Russia is the iron fist behind the entire present day situation. It pulls the strings and the puppets jump.

As we mentioned before the pattern is all to similar to that in 1941. America cannot wait until the last moment to deal with this cancerous growth. It must cut directly into the infection. It cannot afford to battle with the tentacles of the Red octopus. It must cut to the heart, and it must cut deeply. Throughout; the United Nations first and foremost. If that is unsuccessful, than in another way. The pattern is much too similar and this time it may be too late to recover. China is not our enemy; Russia is. The free world should act accordingly.

WE WISH THEM SUCCESS

Sources in Detroit have informed us that the Ukrainian Chorus of Bandurists is being reactivated. Volodymir Bozyk, one of our outstanding choral conductors is today conducting the Bandurists. We sincerely hope that the group will stay together so that once more we here in America may hear the glorious music of the Bandurists. We hope too, that Hryhory Kytasty will remain with the group so that the chorus will have the benefit of his knowledge of the bandura and musical inspiration.

No sacrifice is too great when the welfare of such a superb singing and instrumental ensemble is at stake. Other groups may come and go but the Bandurists have a place in American cultural life. They can carry the Ukrainian folk song into a million hearts. They have received tremendous ovations and excellent reviews. Future greatness, world recognition awaits them; providing of course that they make the most of this coming music season. As much as we would like to see them manage themselves, we realize that in America today one must follow a certain pattern. Large concerts corporations demand much; but in return they are best suited for publicizing and arranging concerts. The Bandurists today need just this type of management, so that in the shortest possible time they can become familiar to all concert goers. Once the free world has heard them sing and play, we feel certain that they will then be able to do as they please. We cannot afford to lose such fine representatives as the members Ukrainian Chorus of Bandurists.

THE WHOLE TRUTH

Several weeks ago there appeared an article in one of the Ukrainian newspapers published in Australia. It had been written by a former displaced person living in Newark, New Jersey to a friend in Australia. Naturally it must have caused a good deal of excitement "down under" for the newspaper there "The Concord," saw fit to print the contents of that particular letter. The title of the article read: "A Ukrainian Writes About Americans."

From the very outset the writer proceeds to inform his Australian friend about the conditions in Newark, New Jersey, "Every magazine leans toward pornography." "High school students think nothing of running around, having children and in general leading a demoralized existence." "There are many burlesque houses, Americans read in general crime stories and enjoy cowboy pictures." "The newspapers are thick but contain very little to read." "There are no good magazines for reading, since most of them feature undraped women." "Newark is a big city yet it doesn't have an opera house." "America values very highly materialistic culture but others are on a very low level." And so it goes on and on.

If the above statements made by the writer from Newark, had been substantiated by some other facts, there would be no need for our editorial. However, that was not done. Naturally we can understand only too well now, the interest aroused by the letter in Australia. Even our neighbors in Newark were surpised by them. What the eager letter writer from Newark forgot to mention, we shall take the trouble of covering here.

Newark is a typical American industrial city. Perhaps a bit larger than some and smaller than others. Being in the shadow of New York City, it has never found a need for an opera house or legitimate stage. Still, despite the fact that almost everyone who wants to see a play or opera can travel to New York in fifteen minutes, Newark does have its own concert season, opera season and even legitimate shows come in for first runs. During the summer, thousand upon thousands of music lovers flock to the City Stadium for outdoor concerts by the New Jersey Philharmonic. The writer mentions the burlesque houses. There is but one. The magazines are all there but for every one the writer mentions there can be found another without a single photograph, providing of course one looks for them. As for pornography. Well, what we have seen in European countries makes our vice on the newstands resemble a kid eating stolen green apples. He fails to mention the fine library and all its branches. The learned journals that are available to those who seek them. The "P.M.L.A.," "Quarterly Review," "Musical Courier," and hundreds of others. The Ukrainian section at the Hayes St. Branch of the Public Library. The excellent museum, the many churches, the colleges and universities that have urban divisions in Newark. The various musical clubs, small orchestras and the thousands of people that listen to good music and see concerts over television. Radio stations such as WQRX and WNYC from New York City broadcasting the best in music from seven in the morning until after midnight. These are just some of the things the unthinking writer from Newark forgot to mention. Things that are important and that bring out the true facts.

We are all created equal, but after that it is up to the individual. America is young and it takes a great many years for a nation to grow both morally, culturally and physically. Certainly Newark has its problems, suffers from the faults that the writer mentioned, but it, like every other city in America, is aware of its faults and is trying to correct them. Therefore, it is only fair that all of us, when we write to friends in other lands, write the truth, the whole truth and then, and only then, will we be doing justice to the country that for all of us is home.

A BRITISH JOURNALIST SEES RUSSIA IN A TRUE LIGHT

Mr. Edward Crankshaw, English journalist and whiter, served with a British military mission in Moscow for eighteen months during World War II. Immediately after the war he published a book, **Russia and the Russians**, in which he like so many other Westerners including many Americans, attempted to portray Soviet Russia was depicted as a nation desirous of peace and progress, and as much it was taken for granted she wanted a general peace settlement and understanding with the West.

But with the passing of a few years, Mr. Crankshaw began seeing Russia in her true light. Lately he has been alarmedly warning the Western world of the ever-increasing Russian aggression. His views on how to look upon Russia's traditional expansionism and aggresion have come astonishingly close to those entertained by politically-thinking Ukrainians.

Mr. Crankshaw's realistic approach to the problem of Russian danger can easily be detected in his article, "The Supreme Fact About the Soviet Union," which appeared in **The New York Times Magazine**, November 12, 1950.

The article is of such importance that it is imperative Ukrainian American leaders acquaint themselves with it for the purpose of using it in their discussions with Americans in regard to Soviet Russia and her brutal domination over the Ukrainian people.

The author states at the beginning that Russia is a land of paradox; its people have not changed despite the terriffic drive exerted by the Communists in the course of their domination.

"We have to remember this and avoid the error of thinking of Russian experience in terms of our own," writes Mr. Crankshaw. The problem of Russia, he continues lies in the psychology of the Russians rather than in their institutions.

He admits that the 200,000,000 people now in Soviet Russia are not all Russians, that is the Great Russians or Muscovites, who have been the driving force of the regime, the backbone of the Soviet communist structure. But although they number half of the entire population of the USSR, goes on Mr. Crankshaw, they are a colonizing race. They moved across the vast areas of Asia always seeking new areas for conquest and acquisition.

Parallel Between Czarism and Soviet Russia

During Czarist times the Russians subjected the non-Russian people to harsh processes of Russification and assimilation. The Poles, Ukrainians, White Ruthenians, the Balts, Finns, the Moslem peoples and others were marked for complete extermination as separate ethnic entities.

After the revolution the process was checked, continues the writer, and a new "nationality policy" was introduced, a policy fostering national pride and quasi-independence of the non-Russian people. (In Ukraine, it is recalled, in the years of 1925-29 an intensified process of so-called "Ukrainianization" was imposed, with the purpose that all inhabitants of Ukraine should know how to speak, write and real Ukrainian. But this soon grew to such proportions that the Russians became panicky. Because this official policy turned against the very source of the misery of the Ukrainian people, that is, the imposed communist rule which the Russians brought to Ukraine, the "Ukrainization" policy was stopped, and a new course of persecution of everything and anything Ukrainian began.)

Mr. Crankshaw says that now this policy of encouraging the non-Russian people towards the development of their own national culture and pride has been abruptly discontinued, and a new policy of persecution substituted. In 1941, he writes, the Ukrainians and the White Ruthenians welcomed the Germans as liberators—until the Germans began to behave far worse than the Russians.

With the return of the Russians after the war the alien races were viewed as a perennial source of weakness of Soviet Russia, a danger in any moment of trouble. So now the Soviet policy is very similar to that of the Russian Czars. non-Russian peoples are being systematically liquidated by the master race-minded Russians, while their territories are being settled by Russian settlers.

Mr. Crankshaw states that the Russians, the greatest majority of them, are living in abject poverty and slavery. Yet they are supporting their government in its drive for more conquests and acquisitions, motivated by an all-or-nothing impulse known and understood only to the Russians.

The Russian People and the Soviet Government

One of Mr. Crankshaw's important points under discussion is his view on the question, to what degree the Russians as such are responsible for the acts of the Soviet government. This is extremely important since there is a new "drive" in the United States attempting whitewash the Russians for whatever Soviet Russia has done to the world, and put the blame on a personless "international communism."

He writes: "So far we have not differentiated the Russians from their government. This has to be done, but not before we realize that, however much they may detest it, the Soviet government is inevitably a product of the Russian people. Lenin achieved his power as the result of a minority conspiracy against an overwhelming majority; but the conditions which made that exploit possible were Russian conditions; and the people who produced those conditions were Russian people."

The author contends that a Stalin is possible under conditions created by the Russian people, in fact "he is an inevitable response to a Russian situation." For he had to deal with the Russian people with their limitless capacity for enduring hardship, the limitless capacity for sacrificial enthusiasm when moved by grandiose ideas, and finally, by the profound, instinctive need of the Russian people for a strong, semi-divine, power.

He concludes that the most immediate danger confronting the West, is not communism, but Russian expansionist imperialism; for communism we can oppose and fight with ideas, while Russianism can only be fought with guns and high explosives.

Those of us who have been consistently pointing out the danger emanating from Russian imperialism and nationalism rather than international communism," can now be gratified that leading writers and authors of the Anglo-Saxon world are beginning to see the light.

The Ukrainians, who have suffered from both White and Red Russian imperialisms, have long been pleading before the world to have their cause heard. Other non-Russian people, particularly the Balts, the peoples of the Caucasus, such as Armenians and Georgians, also have been fighting against Russian imperialism as such rather than communism, because for them the Soviet occupation meant brutal Russification, imposition of the Russian language, literature, customs and the like, at the expense and to the detriment of their own national entities.

The United States, as a leading power of the world, recognizes that as long as Soviet Russia continues to act as a Russian imperialistic state, the prospect of peace in our time is extremely dim.

The recent aggression of Russian-supported Red China in Korea, Tibet and Indo-China only underscores once again the assertion of Mr. Crankshaw that Russia is bent for an "all-or-nothing" plunge which may result in the conquest of the entire world by the Kremlin, or Russia's utter and final destruction as a predatory power.

We do hope that it will be the latter.

MORE PROFESSORS THAN STUDENTS

This is at the Polycultural Institution of America, 1329 18th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.—"A school for teaching Americans to foreign culture and language."

PIA is a non-profit institution of learning and research. It offers now 68 foreign cultures and languages for study. Ukrainian language and culture included.

The school needs books and students. Naturally having been founded in 1945, PIA could not build up yet its library in 68 languages in order to meet the need of the students. Certainly each of us has some books which we have already read, which PIA would gratefully acknowledge as a gift to its library, if one cares to send his books to the above address. The name of the donors will be written in each donated book.

Students are invited to enroll in the school; Veterans may use their eligibility, and study under the G.I. Bill Rights. Veterans Administration will pay their tuition and subsistance. For those of us who are veterans of World War II, it is the time for using this opportunity before he right is invalidated next summer. The U.S. Civil Service Commission announces salaries to English - Ukrainian translators ranging from $2,724 to $8,509 per year.

An Angel's Penance on Earth

(Ukrainian Folk Legend)

An angel sinned in heaven, and was sent by God to the earth to do his penance. He hired himself to a peasant as a servant.

The master and the servant were carting sheaves when they met a funeral. The servant stopped the oxen. The master called to him, "Drive on, lad, without stopping: it's the funeral of a mere ragged widow. She was just a so-and-so worthless hussy. It does not pay to stop!" But the servant drove the oxen off the road, stopped the oxen, and prayed, while the procession passed by.

They took the cart of sheaves home, threw them off the cart, and again drove into the fields. As they were coming back, they met another funeral. "Stop! Stop" the the master calls to the servant. "Don't you see—a man died and is being buried?" The servant did not answer, but urged the oxen on, 'Gee! Gaw!" On the terrace of the tavern they saw three drunken men. The servant tipped his hat to them and greeted them with God's name. The peasant walked on without looking at them.

On Sunday, the master took his servant to church. As soon as the priest started to preach, the servant left the church and winked at the master to go out with him. The master left the church in great shame.

As soon as they came home, the peasant said to his servant, "Lad, I am going to pay you off and send you away."

"Why, master?" the servant asked.

"You are not a help to me. You are a trouble to my household. You always do things which other people do not do."

"What things, master?" the servant asked.

"Well, when they were burying that hussy, you stopped the oxen as if they were burying God knows what gentry. Then the people merely took you for fool, but when they were burying a prosperous man, and you wouldn't stop the oxen to give way to the procession, or take off your hat; then you made many enemies for yourself and for me. When you greeted the drunkards in the tavern, you let the people make fun of you and me, but when you disturbed the people in their prayers, you aroused their anger. Those are the things you cannot easily explain to anybody.

"I can. When the funeral of the widow came, I saw the sky open and I heard the Cherubs sing. When the rich man was being buried, I saw devils sitting on the wagon, rejoicing. When we were passing by the taverns, I heard men saying to each other, 'Now that we have had such a nice crop this season, let us make gifts to the church, the poor and the widows,' And when the priest started to preach, I saw a crowd of evil spirits rush towards him carrying all kinds of gossip to his ears."

"How could you say such things?" the master called. Who would believe you? Who are you to see and hear such things? You would have to be from heaven to know of them. Get out of here, you infidel!"

He had hardly spoken, when the servant rushed up, tore through the ceiling, tore through the roof, and went straight to the sky.

On Record - - by Ted Victor

January 27, 1951, will mark the 50th Anniversary of Giuseppe Verdi's death. In honor of this occasion the Metropolitan Opera will present for the first time in a great many years, a complete performance of the world renowned "Manzoni Requiem on Good Friday, 1951.

The mighty "Manzoni Requiem" a tribute in the highest from titan in the world of music to a man of genius, faith and patriotism. Written in 1874 the "Requiem" caused a great furor in the music world. Because of its unorthodox structure the public and critics alike attacked it as being sacriligious. Astute supporters of the church heaped all sorts of calumnies upon it.

Yet, today, the world can fully realize the true greatness of this masterpiece. Verdi in 1873, at the time of Manzoni's death had passed through several stages of development. In 1873 he had finally become convinced that the style with which we associate his greatest works today was his best medium of expression. Thus it was that in the "Requiem" we find a vibrantly passionate outpouring of his feelings for the deceased Manzoni.

With all the skill, musical genius and inspiration at his command he poured forth his inner-most feelings. The mind that had given birth to scores of operas, now created an even greater monument to man's never ending search for truth and justice.

All Italy knew Manzoni. His novel "I promessi sposi" was accepted as the bible of contemporary Italian scholars, educators and patriots. For years he had fought for the Italian language. To have once and for all times one common Italian language. A language of the people and at the same time for use by the universities and by all men of literature.

These were the ideals of Manzoni, the very ideals for which he fought throughout his lifetime. Thus it was for Manzoni the man and patriot, that Verdi composed his monumental Requiem.

Hear it, but before so doing, forget all other Requiem Masses you may have heard. Scored for full orchestra together with added brass sections and a huge mass chorus together with solo parts for soprano, tenor, contralto and basso the entire work takes on the dimensions of greatness in all respects. Solemnity, bitterness, wild pulsating passion, rebellion and finally humble submission are present in this music. Hear it and recognize the beauty, the fear and the glory of life as so vividly illustrated by Verdi. Known to the world, beloved of the world but always the patriot as was the object of his love and admiration; Manzoni. Two titans in the field of literature and music. Two men, bound together by mutual admiration and love of the land on which they were born, Italy. The land, the people, the soul that enriched them and their endeavors to Manzoni and to this soul, stands the Requiem, as a tribute from Verdi the musician.

THE THEATRE IN UKRAINE

(Continued) (3)

By I. MIRCHUK

This victory gave the Ukrainian theater a tremendous impetus as the only form of expression open to national life. The stage in Ukraine attracted more talented actors than the Russian theater could count on for the performance of popular plays; we mention only a few of the most important, such as Kropyvnytsky (1841-1910), Zankovetska (1860), Saksahansky (1858), Sadowsky (1856-1936), then dramatic critics like Starytsky (1840-1904) who was also an exceptional stage-manager, Tobylevych (1845-1907) and others. Finally composers like Nishchynsky (1832-1896) and Lysenko utilized this newly opened province of art in order to give expression to their ideas.

The Ukrainian troupes of actors were in those days simply called the "Meininger" in Russia (the famous theater in Meiningen was at that time at the height of its fame). And the epithet was not unmerited. For, in the same way as the celebrated German ensemble,, the Ukrainian owed its unparalleled success to its harmonious management and its efforts to achieve truth in the settings of its plays. And the decisive triumph of the national idea was behind this purely artistic success. The Ukrainian language which was completely forbidden rang out unexpectedly, but all the more convincingly, from the advanced outpost of a popular stage. The sound of the Ukrainian language, of the Ukrainian folk-song, the beauty of the national costume, the magic of the Ukrainian landscape, the poetry of national traditions which the higher powers wished to stamp out at all costs, all this was displayed like a pageant to the spectators who were in danger of forgetting that they, too, were children of the Ukrainian people.

Up till the revolution of 1905 the theater in Ukraine was represented by travelling ensembles. New avenues were opened after the Russo-Japanese War and the changes that followed it. All restrictions were removed with one stroke of the pen and theater managers were permitted to extend their repertories beyond subjects from peasant life and to turn their attention to the theater in the West. It was, of course, easy to drop prohibitions that had existed up till now; but it was not so simple to transform suddenly the often gifted actors who had always played peasant and Kozaks roles players who were capable of giving a satisfactory presentation of a modern play. This aim was not completely attained till the short period of Ukrainian independence in 1918.

At this time there were two theaters in the capital which attempted to win popular support by their whole equipment, the excellence of their casts, and their sympathy with western theaters. "Oedipus Rex" which the "Young Theater" had been preparing for almost two years was an enormous success. Les Kurbas (1887), the manager and the soul of the ensemble became famous overnight. The "Young Theater" was mobile, thoroughly alive and inspired by youthful enthusiasm, and a determination to work, though imperfections were bound to appear occasionally. The second modern stage, the "State Theater," was forced by its character to devote its attention to the absolute control of all means of presentation. Its head was Aleksander Zaharov (1877) and its performances were perhaps not always very lively, but they were all the more solid.

After the occupation of Ukraine by the bolshevists, the theater in Ukraine, as elsewhere in the USSR was used as an instrument of widespread propaganda. It was greatly extended for this purpose, so that opera-houses and also some ordinary theaters are to be found in several towns. Peasant life, however, was now banned from the stage and replaced by urban life of neutral nationality and to a large extent coinciding with the life of the working classes. The change that took place here may perhaps be briefly summed up by saying that under the influence of bolshevist reality, Ukrainian dramatic art has been transformed into dramatic art in Ukraine.

(To be concluded)

A Woman's View by Olga Lachowitch

In pursuit of career, be it profession, business or a trade, children very often refuse to follow the footsteps of their parents. Sometimes it is very embarrassing to the parents, and they more often than not, put the blame upon the children. However a careful analysis would show that it is their own fault.

Let us carefully retrace how these things come about. A father or in some cases the mother, comes home from business or from the office and they unload their hearts to each other, not realizing that their small fry are listening to every word that they say. "Why did I study piano?" says one to the other. "Why didn't I study to be a lawyer, engineer, or something else?" "And if I had to study music, why didn't I study perhaps the cello or take singing lessons?" And so it goes, on and on . . .

In this day and age, rarely do we find a man or a woman satisfied with his or her work. If it is not the income, it is the work itself or the lack of opportunity, that always bothers people and they unload their embitterment at home not paying any attention how it effects the children. In turn, the youngsters absorb these complaints and make their own conclusions. The years go by and when the time comes that we want to put them into our footsteps, they rebel. We wonder what has happened, and what is the cause of their stubborn resistance. "Why, oh why don't you practice the piano (or something else)?" "See how your mother or father excells in his art, why can't you be like they are?"—the parents despair. But that is exactly the trouble, they don't want to be as "good" as their parents; didn't they hear how badly off their parents are—didn't they hear that their profession is no good, lots of competition, and many other unpleasantries? And the same goes for any other occupation, business or trade.

Of course there are exceptions. And these exceptions constitute the people who continually showed happiness about their work and contrary to those mentioned above, convinced their children that their occupation is worth while following.

At the conclusion, one may ponder the question what is the cause of this almost universal dissatisfaction with our occupations? A person who is completely happy with the choice of his life's career is as rare as a pink elephant. But as Clifton Webb, in one of his excellent pictures, remarked, "Only an idiot can be completely happy."

The Marvelous Rooster

(Ukrainian detective folk story)

There were many thefts on the estate of a rich landlord. No matter how hard he and his bailiffs tried to catch the thief they never succeded. The more they tried, the more daring grew the thief.

Then one day the lord called all his servants and hired men to his house as he was to discover the thief. When all the men were assembled in a room of the palace, the lord told them to pass through the next room, the window-shutters of which were down, and to touch the rooster placed there on the table under a sieve. "When the thief will touch the rooster," the lord said,—"the rooster will crow."

As each man was coming out of the dark room, the lord examined his hands. Each man had the palm of his hand soiled with the grease which the lord had smeared upon the plumage of the bird. At last one man came out whose palms were clean. "You did not touch the rooster," said the lord. "Were you afraid lest the rooster should crow? Well, then it is you who have been stealing."

Life

Everything in life is either good or bad. Love alone makes it really worthwhile, and makes up for the bad.

★

Fault

The trouble with most critics is that they don't take time out to criticize themselves first.

—Bohdanko

★

The Real Thing

He looked at her, and saw nothing but her. This is love.

Poet's Corner

AND SILENCE . . . FOR AWHILE

A walk, a glance,
A nod and hence
A hesitating smile
Approaching feet
Across the Street
And silence for a while.

A little talk
And then a walk
Through some romantic aisle
A shade, a seat,
Alibi,—heat;—
And silence for awhile.

A hand, a squeeze,
A little tease,
With turned away profile,
A hug, a kiss,
A struggling Miss
And silence for awhile.

A few sweet words,
About some birds,
Of mating—as the style—
A throbbing heart,
A little smart
And silence for awhile.

A quick retort,
A loud report
With blood turned into bile,
A smarting cheek
A burning sheik
And silence for a while.

W. S.

★

A SAD, SAD, STORY

Panko was old,
His feet grew cold,
He called his relatives, dear,
He knew his end was near.
As his family gathered close,
Death grabbed Panko by the nose;
Panko fighting for his life,
Managed to murmur to his wife,
While the relatives hopefully waited,
That he wanted his remains cremated.

They obeyed his last request,
Each having received a large bequest.
For his ashes they bought an ornate vase,
Hid it in the China closet away from the visitors' gaze.
Mrs. Panko was quite overcome,
Her food did not taste wholesome.
With the insurance money
She got a cook that was a phoney;
Who said all cows were feminine
And all bulls masculine.
A remarkable being is a female logician,
She was much more, she was a magician,
Her magic feats were done on a gas range,
Over the late Panko's household there was a subtle change:
Panko's mustache appeared on Mrs. Panko's upper lip,
Panko's mother-in-law acquired lisp.
Panko, Jr. developed a taste for papa's favorite dish, tripe,
While Panko's debutante daughter began to smoke his pipe.
One day the family was waiting for dinner,
And cook walked in with an apologetic manner,
And said there was no more pepper.
Mrs. Panko did not believe her
She told the cook to bring the pepper jar out.
The cook showed her the jar—the family fell off their chairs when they heard
Mrs. Panko shout,
"You, dopey one,
What have you done?
You have seasoned our dishes
With the old man's ashes."

W. MICHAELSON

"SVOBODA"
(UKRAINIAN DAILY)
FOUNDED 1893
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Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER W. DANKO

A Lamentable Situation

I recall having attended a meeting of Ukrainian youth not too long ago where an individual requested the floor, and upon being recognized, promptly proceeded to label most of the players performing with the existing Ukrainian athletic teams as uncooperative bandits, etc. At the time, this writer did not choose to challenge the remarks uttered by this particular individual for a number of varied reasons, but as a result, it seems to have had a catalystic effect on the growing feeling to de-emphasize Ukrainian sports—hence I would now like to take exception to the afore-mentioned person's remarks and bring to lights a few decidedly common factors which may help to alleviate the intensity of anti-sports feeling, which in the opinion of this writer, is now at its optimum point.

In every community in this country boasting 10 or more Ukrainian families, undoubtedly, many of the boy and young-men members of these families are very sports-minded. And because of their feeling for this great American pastime these fellows have thrown their Ukrainian backgrounds to the winds and hold no bars against playing with a Polish, Russian, Slovak or any other national-group team as long as the group, that they do perform with, has an organization whereby the Ukrainian player will enjoy an occasional social, party or what-have-you. As a result, these Ukrainian lads unknowingly help, for instance, the Poles (I will narrow the problem down to the Poles because it seems, as a result of their numbers, they are our greatest threat) by playing with their teams and doing their share in propagating the Polish name in the athletic field of endeavor. And because their "first-love" consumes so much of their free time, they find it necessary to neglect the Ukrainian church, singing groups, social and veteran clubs, etc. and it is here that the Poles have shrewdly combined their activities whereby all their functions are closely co-ordinated and go hand-in-hand. Following the normal progression of events, the Ukrainian soon finds himself completely cut off from his own people (not that he gives a darn), and on the other hand, upon reviewing the situation, he finds that he is a very active member in a Polish club or clubs and soon starts acting the role of a good "Polish"-American. Just to diverge a moment from the regular theme of this article I would like to ask you readers— how many cases of a similar nature do you know of? Unquestionably many!

Now to develope the workings of a typical Polish youth club, the kind that generally exists around any one of the many Polish Roman Catholic churches in this country. Invariably, their primary functions are: organization in relation to the church, sports, socials and culture. and whatever the undertaking may be, they strive to be tops. Therefore, when the club commences organizing a sports team, they try to entice the very best players in the city—Poles and non-Poles to join. They set-up a rather tough schedule with only the best teams, publicize their efforts fully and enjoy a sizeable patronage. After the games, they have socials or get-togethers and have Polish dancing, food, etc. greet the players and they are made to feel big. Then of course, if a fellow meets a Polish girl and takes a liking to her, the picture is complete. Analyzing the entire cycle let's evaluate the gains of the Poles. E—They obtain some very good publicity for the Polish people. 2—The more activity they create the more youth they hold in their Polish circles. 3—They inevitably weaken the other national groups by taking away their youth and 4—The money made at these affairs is utilized to increase the scope of their activities such as for better gyms or halls, equipment, uniforms, entertainment, traveling, etc. The cycle keeps continually expanding and only the Poles profit.

Applying the above routine to the Ukrainians would certainly do our people a tremendous good but only a certain patience with the players must first be brought into play to assure favorable results. In this writer's experience with Ukrainian sports organizations it can be safely stated that over 80% of the players of Ukrainian lineage initially contacted aren't too greatly concerned whethere they play with a Ukrainian club or against it. Therefore the youth, feeling a greater love for their national origin, must take it upon themselves to help draw these indifferferent Ukrainians into the fold. From the very beginning a little patience and diplomacy must be manifested to pull these lads into our circles. Take into consideration the fact that they are college and high school students, and make allowances for it. Stretch certain laws and rules but organize our youth that is now being lost to the other national-groups. And to help any of you doubtful readers realize the necessity for such action—just scan your local newspapers. Check the box-scores and see all the Ukes playing with the Falcons, Sons of Poland, Polish Citizens Club, etc.... Let's get these fellows back on the right path!

John Farbotnik—1950 "Mr. America" and "Mr. World"

All weight-lifting and body-building fans in this country are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the victorious American team and "Mr. America" **John Farbotnik** to this country from the International Meet which was held in Paris France on the 15th of October. The American squad captured the weightlifting title and Farbotnik won the "Mr. World" title.

At the present, they are making an exhibition tour of the American zone of Germany and will move on to London, England where John will perform as a feature act at the Palladuim theatre on the program of the elaborate physical culture show staged annually by the Health and Strength Association of England.

Holy Cross 26—Temple 21

This game, which ended with the high-flying "Crusaders" from Holy Cross squeezing out a hard-fought victory over the Temple "Owls," was note-worthy indeed, as it marked the end of an era in Pennsylvania football. **Andy Skladany**, captain of the "Owls" had played his final game thus ending a football dynasty that has been on the intercollegiate gridiron scene for 20 years. Youngest of 6 brothers hailing from Plymouth, Pa. Andy performed at right tackle for Temple University.

Of his other brother—**Joe Skladany**, the oldest, made All-America as an end at Pittsburgh U. fifteen years ago. **Ed Skladany** played with Fordham, **Barney Skladany** played guard at VMI, **Leo Skladany** was a brilliant end and punter for Pittsburgh (now a pro with the N.Y. Giants) and **Tom Skladany** preceded Andy at Temple where he was the defensive fullback for 4 years.

Toronto Ukes Sponsor "United Nations League"

Currently enjoying a great success in Toronto, Canada is the Bathurst-College Community Basketball League which is commonly referred to by the Toronto press as the "United Nations League." The league is sponsored by Ukrainians and all games are played in the two very fine Ukrainian gyms in Toronto—the St. Vladimir's Gym and the Ukrainian Nationalist Federation Gym. The executive committee includes the following sports-minded individuals—**Dr. M. Lucyk, Jean Harasym, Dr. W. Zinchesin, Mike Rebryk, Dr. E. Humeniuk, Dr. E. Wachna, Bill Sametz** and **Walter Medwig.**

Participating in the loop are 6 quintets—2 Ukrainian (St. Vladimirs and M.U.N.), one Yugoslav, one Macedonian, one Pole and one Canadian team. As a result of this league, the Ukrainians in Toronto are building a very fine reputation for themselves.

Football Twins

This past season with the Temple University football team, **Bill** and **Mike Feddock**, identical twins, performed quite capably on the gridiron. The boys, who were born in Nesquehoning, Pa. on March 27th, 1930, played LHB and RHB respectively with the "Owls" and head coach Al Kowal looks for the boys to excel next season as it will be their senior year. They are both candidates for a B.S. degree, stand 5'11" in height and weigh 170 pounds.

The New York Equitable Life Insurance baseball team captured the National Amateur Baseball Federation Championship by beating the Youngstown, Ohio McKelvey "nine." Starring for the new champions was ex-Fordham star **George Cheverko** who caught the entire game for the winners.

Former weight-lifter **Joe Laskow** of Bayonne, N. J. is now stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia with the Quartermaster Corp. Joe is also well-known for his many singing endeavors with most of the Ukrainian groups in the N.Y.-N.J. area, being one the organizers of the New Jersey Choral Society.

Look for **Dick Supronowicz** of Syracuse U. and **Pete Medvecky** of Scranton U. to excel this season for their respective basketball teams.

The 1950-51 Ukrainian All-American College Football Team will soon be released by this writer. Therefore—if any of you readers know of any Ukrainian playing college football, please send his name, school and all other data to me. My home address is 347 Avenue C, Bayonne, N. J. I hope to have a list as complete as possible this year.

Impressions - - - by Wm. Shust

It is surprising, the many things money can accomplish. Not only can it purchase the immedite necessary things, but sudden wealth seems to bring with it the power of transforming people's character

For example: The man who was always a silent listener and observer because of his lack of knowledge suddenly becomes a fountain of information and a mental mountebank when he inherits his uncle's riches.

Or: The Catholic who prospers in his business and then decides it is more fashionable to leave his church and go to another because in the other his money makes him influential.

The examples are many and varied, and history has recorded them. In their variety, the one unifying theme is the money.

Money—the creator of reality.

Money—the god of the pragmatic.

Money—the mistress of the miser.

Money—the root of all evil.

Warm, treacherous, secure, hateful, seductive, dangerous, desireable, elusive, glorious—money.

The ageless lesson remains: Money is the means to an end and not an end in itself.

But the basic maxim of economics is foregotten in the mountains of coin conjured up by the digits in a bankbook.

When we consider that the objects, the tokens we label as money are senseless, inanimate we realize that any condition of good or evil cannot be attached to them. Rather is the quality created in the man by himself.

The false pretenses and pompousness come because the individual is immature in life's ways.

It is like the child who has received a grown-up toy.

Or, the "nouveau riche" can be compared to the amateur actor who plays the role of a king. The amateur will strut and prance and make regal gestures. And the audience will see through in a moment. The artist actor will play the role as a human, for kings are human, and his performance will be regal.

So is it with wealth.

The wealthy man lives his life as a human, much the same as his poor neighbor. The difference lies only in economic planes and not in humanity.

YOUTH and U. N. A.

U.N.A. Youth of Wilkes-Barre Sponsor Banquet

The Youth of the Ukrainian National Association of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., sponsored its fourth annual banquet and ball on November 18 in the Manfield Ballroom in Wilkes-Barre. The affair was for the benefit of the 109th Emergency Fund;

JOCOB ELKO
General Chairman

in its program book the group saluted the memory of the gallant members of the 109th Field Artillery who died in the tragic train wreck in Coshockton, Ohio, on September 11 of this year.

Joseph Lesawyer and Gregory Herman, vice-president and secretary of the Ukrainian National Association, addressed the 150 members and guests who attended the affair. The Sunday Independent of Wilkes-Barre, in its November 19, editions, mentioned in its long report on the affair that the Association is the oldest and largest fraternal society for Americans of Ukrainian descent; organized in 1894 it now has a membership of over 60,000, about 12,000 of whom reside in Wyoming Valley. Its purpose, stated the newspaper, is to promote social relations among its members by providing entertainment, sport activities and educational programs. Proceeds from previous banquets were given to Bishop Ambrose Senyshyn for refugee orphans, United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, CARE, and the streptomycin fund.

Proceeds of advertisements in the program book for the fourth annual banquet will be donated to the 109th Emergency Fund. The program carries a page listing the 109th train accident victims in memoriam.

Rev. Andrew Chlystun opened the program with invocation, which was followed by Jacob Elko, general chairman, who extended greetings and introduced Attorney Joseph G. Tomascik as toastmaster. William Hrynkiw entertained with accordion selections, Helen Melnyk gave a Ukrainian dance solo and John Mohanco provided the wit and humor.

Highlighting the program were several dance numbers by Wyoming Valley Ukrainian Dance Ensemble under direction of Stephen Parashak of Edwardsville, Pa.

Youth of the Ukrainian National Association was organized in August 1947. It is a club of U.N.A. objectives:

'To promote social relations among its members, by providing for them entertainments, sports activities, educational programs,

ATTY. JOSEPH G. TOMASCIK
Toastmaster

and social activities that are beneficial to their welfare."

Club activities consist of a banquet each year, a Ukrainian New Year's Eve party, a dance, an outing at Lake Silkworth, a trip to the Ukrainian Music and Dance Festival in New York, Halloween party, group bowling, classes at YMCA in Ukrainian language and folk dancing.

The proceeds from former banquets have been distributed as follows: $400 to Bishop Ambrose Senyshyn for refugee orphans; $175 to the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee in Philadelphia; $50 in CARE packages for DP's; $25 to the streptomycin fund; donations of several Ukrainian books of historical and cultural interest to the Ostehout Library.

Membership in the club is open to young men and memen who are members of the Ukrainian National Association.

Jacob Elko, general chairman of the banquet committee, was assisted by Michael Malischak, vice chairman. Committee heads consisted of Phyloretta Horoshko, Alice Malischak, Michael Galaida, Metro Orral, and Joseph G. Tomascik. Committee members included Helen Slawich, Mildred Dobranski, John Lawryk, Peter Malischak, Ann Bonk, Eva Malischak, Sam Turchin, Helen Melnyk, John Hrencecin, Irene Melnyk, Peter Herman, Mary Mohanko, Nicholas Nehrebetski, John Mohanko, John Zwarycz, Catherine Lukacz, Michael Tkatch, Helen Dnistran, George Onyschak, Anthony Shipula, Stephen Grozio, Paul Gazdu, Michaed Phillips, Jerry Russin, Tillie Bonk, Mary Slawich, Anne Slawich, Stella Iwaniw, Rose Slawich, Stephen Parashak, George Matsko, Katherine Herman, George Welgoss, Andrew Garber, Michael Grozio, Tillie Kiever, and Mary Bolosky.

T. L.

Jersey State League Nominates Officers For 1951

ELECTIONS TO BE HELD NEXT MONTH

Almost as an after thought, at the close of the meeting held Nov. 26 in Passaic of the Ukrainian Youth League of New Jersey, someone remembered that according to the constitution, nominations of officers must be made in November to enable delegates to inform their clubs who is running and to discuss their merits.

Despite the damage wrought by the storm the previous day, Sunday's meeting turned out 23 hardy Ukes. Joe Boyko, usually glum and worried, had a smile on his face as he reported that the income has exceeded expenses for a change. Clubs have begun to pay their annual dues.

Plans for holding a picnic July 4th fell through when it was learned a religious holiday, Petrivka, fell at the same time. As this was the only date a suitable picnic ground was available the picnic was dropped and plans are being made to hold two dances for the benefit of the State League in January and May.

In his report as Sports Director, George Tizio reported that social bowling program which takes places at the Star Alleys, William St., Newark, N. J. has four men's teams and three girl's teams. Another girls team would be welcomed. Leading the league is Carteret, followed by Elizabeth, Passaic, and Jersey City, respectively. On Sunday Dec. 10, after the bowling, there will be a meeting of the League followed by a social open to all.

Playoffs will be necessary and plans are being made to have a team representing Jersey play the N.Y. Metropolitan Area so that the winner can play in the National Tournament in Rossford, Ohio.

N. J. had been the only area without a district organizer. It was pointed out that all the other districts appointed their presidents as district organizers so that they could attend the national executive board meetings of the UYL of NA and represent their districts. The discussion resulted in the appointment of Edward Polewchak as N.J. District Organizer.

To aid members to distinguish between affairs being run by members or non-members of the State League, Jimmy Melnychuk suggested the League have an emblem designed that could be used in all advertisements by member clubs.

A long discussion ensued on the question of how we can attract and organize our youth. Mike "Culture" Labinsky pointed to the program of Rotary Clubs in sponsoring workshops, art classes, radioshops, etc. Mike Zalepsky was against this for the youth gets all this in school. If youth is really desirous of singing every town has a choir or chorus which it can join and if they want to dance they can join Ukrainian dancing group. Nothing stopped us when we were young in starting such new organizations ourselves. It was noted that even in the above exising organizations the youth is missing. This leads to the question, "Where is our Youth"? Perhaps, there is no youth at present in this age bracket. It is to be noticed that even in our local churches, there is an absence of youth. If there are youth of age to belong to Ukrainian clubs, then the blame, it would seem belongs on the parents since this youth is not present at our Ukrainian churches and other institutions where they can meet other Ukrainian youth their age. The conclusion drawn from all this discussion was that to get youth into our organizations is something that can be better handled by the youth themselves. Some energetic youth must be urged to speak to his fellow youth and bring them into the fold. The presence of a few should soon attract more. The youth will thereby help themselves through their own efforts.

The following candidates have been nominated for the ensuing year: for President Michael Tizio, Vice Pres. George Senchy, Recording Secretary Ann Stec and Rose Holubko, Corresponding Secretary Alice Polewchak - Senchy, Treasurer Joseph Boyko, Sports Director George Tizio, Bill Polewchak, and Michael Labinski. Nominations will be reopened at the next meeting for any other candidates who are proposed and elections will also take place.

Represhments and sandwiches were served by the girls of St. Nicholas Club.

DAN SLOBODIAN

U.N.A. TEAMS SEE-SAW IN LEAGUE STANDINGS

By STEPHEN KURLAK

The second "bumper night" in the schedule of the U.N.A. Bowling League of the N.J.-N.Y. Metropolitan Area, which took place on Friday, November 24th, resulted in several changes in the team standings. The U.N.A. Branch 272 team of Maplewood set back the senior "A" team of the Jersey City Social and Athletic Club by winning two games out of three and resumed the first-place spot again. Bill Banit's series of 546 pins which included the evening's highest single game of 212 pins, plus an assist from John Sipsky whose series totalled 510, were mainly instrumental in Maplewood's victory. The best which the Jaysees could produce was Sam Walczuk's 509-pin series, but lack of support from the rest of the team brought on the defeat.

The only clean sweep of the evening was made by the St. George C.W.V. team of New York in its match with the junior "B" team of Jersey City. All three games were won by substantial margins, and after having spent some time in the league "cellar" before this, the St. Georgians must have felt relieved to find themselves in the comparatively upper reaches of eighth place. St. Georgeman Pokush bowled far ahead of his teammates, having registered a series of 493 pins for the three games.

The Penn-Jersey Social Club quintet, composed of Tofel, Clay and the Molinsky brothers, set an incidental record by winning two games out of three from New York's Friendly Circle U.N.A. Br. 435 for the third consecutive week. The bumper system to the contrary notwithstanding, both teams have remained fixed in their league positions during all three matches. Walter Molinsky excelled for the Penn-Jerseys again this week by rolling up a night's highest series of 559 pins. His 208-pin game in the second helped his team score the evening's highest single game totalling 850 pins. New Yorker Byron Magalas was again in good form and came through with a series of 528 pins followed not far behind by Tony Gulka's 503 pins.

The Ukrainian Blacksheep added to their string of winning games by taking two out of three from the St. John's C.W.V. team of Newark, which was handicapped by the absence of the fifth player. St. Johnsman Luke Janick bowled a good series of 485 pins (under par for him!) but the absence of John Chutko seemed to be felt noticeably in the final tally. Blacksheep W. Kawaska's 202 game was the highlight of this match.

The Ukrainian-American Veterans of Newark, who once showed promise of doing big things at the beginning of the season, were snagged again by the Ukrainian Orthodox Church team when they lost two out of three games. Pete Struck's 508pin series went to waste for lack of support from his fellow-vets while Churchman Fred Hubka's 518 series received substantial support and helped his team to win.

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION LEAGUE TEAM STANDINGS

	Won	Lost	High Game	3 Game High	Total Pins	Aver.
1. U.N.A. Brs. 14-272, Maplew'd	23	10	840	2382	24588	745
2. Jersey City S. & A. Team A	22	11	941	2571	26468	802
3. Penn-Jersey S. C., Newark	22	11	904	2638	25785	781
4. U.N.A. Branch 435, N.Y.C.	19	14	828	2336	24564	744
5. St. Johns C.W.V., Newark	17	16	840	2424	24149	731
6. Ukrainian Blacksheep, J. C.	16	17	822	2383	24276	736
7. Ukr. Orth. Church, Newark	15	18	801	2274	22501	682
8. St. George C.W.V., N.Y.C.	12	21	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
9. Newark Ukr.-Amer. Vets	10	23	876	2428	24089	730
10. Jersey City S. & A. Team B	8	25	838	2327	23931	725

WEEKLY BANTER

Awful Truth

Out of 100,000 men called recently by the Hooperating service, to the question, "Who are you listening to?" 97,514 replied, "My wife."

Formula

The successful columnist doubts everything he hears, elaborates on it, and then puts it in his column.

Typical American

The American visitor was gazing down into the crater of the famous Greek volcano. Finally he commented, "It sure looks like hell!"

"Oh," retorted his guide, "you Americans — you've been every where.

Batting .1000

The teacher asked, "Where is Cleveland?" To her surprize, the slowest boy in the class had his hand up. "Cleveland," he said confidently, "is playing in Washington."

Likely Place

Look not at a woman's head for her brains, but rather to her heart.

A Hint

It takes art to win a man but only genius can hold him.

Obedient Ant

An ant was racing with all his might across the top of a new box of cornflakes. Suddenly he ran into another ant. "What's the hurry, chum?" the second ant inquired.

"Can't you read?" gasped the first. "It tells you right here, "Tear along the dotted line."

Остап Тарнавський

ГРА ЖИТТЯ.

Аркадій Тименко запалив світло та, підійшовши до вікна, спустив тяжкі, дерев'яні жалюзії.

Потонув у глибині старовинного фотелю. Перед очима стелилась у мінливих відтінях колірів безкордонна просторінь. В далечіні бреніли тони якоїсь нечутної музики.

„. . . в далечінь
лягла тінь . . .
Смутку мій."

Пригадувались поезії з „Фіолетних арій" Ніхтинського.

Впивався красою мрій, які взористими килимами стелились у тиші самоти.

Підійшов до шахвочки, взяв у руки новокуплену книжечку та вдивлявся в неї. Якими прекрасними видались звичайні чорні ковіньки букв.

Із захватом декламував вірш за віршем. Голосні, різьблені слова гомоном віддзвонювали від мальованих стін.

За вікнами царила таємна ніч.

А ранком, як звичайно, стукіт до дверей.

— Аркадію, ходіть — уже сніданок на столі.

Ніхто не входив до його кімнати. Навіть дружина. Це була його „святая святих", приміщення його найкращих мрій.

— Вже йду — відповідав, складав рівненько ранній одяг і входив до їдальні.

Сніданок випивав дишком. Не міг довго сидіти при столі, на якому побіч кави та масла дитяча панчішка і будильник. Не міг дивитись на розчепірене волосся пані Галі та замурзане, заспане обличчя малої Данки, що безперервно схлипувала.

Вмішувався в товпу людної вулиці. Повільно серед думок проходив пішоходом.

— Чи так вічно треба йти утоптаним до зануди шляхом? Чи ніколи не доведеться вийти поза лаштунки, які скривають справжній чарівний світ, щоб направду жити?

Думав. Чоло морщилось. Очі дивились тупо в далечінь.

У бюрі — як завжди — розквітла квітка на столику та сум, що за вікнами тремтять пахощі тисячей цвіток назустріч прозорій блакиті.

Пересічний будень проходив повільно і нудно.

— Чи людина не мусить знайти в житті свій ідеал? — питався Івановича.

— Так буває найчастіше — відповідав товариш, вкутуючи свою сухорляву постать у сіре пальто.

Ишли пішоходом, по якому каплі дощу вистукували свою німу журбу.

— Це таке звичайне! Душа прагне життя, свободи — а нам лише дано виконувати вивчені ролі. Щодня там і звідтам, зі спокійним, безбарвним виглядом. І так завжди: тепер і потім — говорив, прощаючись, Іванович.

Тименко впав обезсилений на фотель. Так завжди, так тепер і потім. Там і звідтам. Мов машина. Бачити ті самі лиця, ніби рідні, а такі обоятні. Ті самі дні, скриті від сонця брудними мурами. Не знати життя, лиш мріяти про нього.

Груди роздирала звіряча жадоба гнатись у далечінь. Здавалось, що стіни придавили живу істоту, що ще дише і хоче бодай раз іще бачити синяву небес.

Мов навіжений біг вулицями, похнюпивши голову.

Двірець пах чадом і посмаком винної далечі.

У вагоні глітно. За вікнами кучерявились поля, ліси і сам день.

Золотими стопами ступало по запашній землі величне сонце.

Приспішеними кроками йшов по лісній дорозі. Пам'ятав її добре від тоді. коли після вінчання Слави вештався поблизу її дому в цьому лісі.

Ліс шумів свіжою зеленню. На лісничівці гавкали собаки.

— Аркадій? — скрикнула здивовано Слава. — Аркадію, що вам?

Великі чорні очі — розхилені широко — застигли в непорушности.

Вп'ялився гарячими губами в її уста. Міцно обнімав її стан нервовими руками.

— Ар — Аркадію. Що вам? Ви хворі.

— Слава, Славчик, Славонька — любувався ніжним іменем. Перед собою бачив лише сяйливі очі — дорогоцінні камені.

Довкруги стояв заслуханий ліс.

— Це все минулось — говорила повільно Слава, коли йшли вже дорогою на лісничівку. — Минулось, як наша молодість. Я замужня — ви жонаті. Ми вже маємо своє окреме життя.

— Та серце бунтується, не хоче того, що є.

— Треба погодитись з дійсністю. Прийняти її, як одиноку конечність, якої ніяк змінити не можна.

Над головами шелестіла зелень.

— А, Аркадій Тименко. Вітаємо — кликав лісничий Савчак, йдучи напроти гостя. — Що ж, на відпустку?

Тименко скривав свою розгубленість.

— Так, на відпустку — говорив він. — До вас, бо тут заховані мої найкращі спомини.

— Просимо дуже.

В кімнатах біла чистота. Радісна тишина обіцювала приємне затишшя.

— Навіть гарно, що ви саме тепер приїхали. Я завтра зі Славою їду до міста, то може зволите трохи заопікуватись нашим домом.

Тименко згодився несподівано. Перед очима бачив якийсь цвітистий край, залитий ніжними мелодіями — немов розплюсканий сонячними бризками.

Мріяв.

На гранатовому пляфоні неба дзвеніли зорі.

Лісничий з дружиною вибрались у місто дуже рано. Щойно родився день.

— Щасливої дороги — кидав їм у слід Тименко. А сам сумний. Знову та сама самота. Знову ті безконечні думки.

Згадував молодість, як безжурним хлопчиком бігав сюди, у ліс.

Так само, як тепер, стояла тут лісничівка, в ній високий, бородатий дід — Охрім.

Ну і Слава. Обоє ходили з дідусем у глибінь лісу. Там і страх, і незбагненна тайна, і їх прив'язання до себе. Потім народилась любов.

Ось цей самий тінник. Скільки тайн ховає він у своїй запашній тіні, як багато міг би він сказати.

І все це проминуло. Прийшов хтось, хто зі серця — мов зі скарбниці — вкрав прискладане довгими роками золото, залишаючи пустку і тугу.

Пристанув. Від думок розтріскувався череп. В серці молотили молоти.

Бачив у мріях цю давню, прекрасну Славу. Хотів викликати її благальним, розпучливим криком з темнозеленої тиші.

Почав бігти.

Перед очима бачив незабутній образ: роздзвонене сміхом обличчя, приманливо осяяні очі та золоті кучері.

Гнав, мов нестримний вітер.

Сонце крізь густу зелень кидало золоті плями на дорогу...

Знайшли його під вечір на лісній поляні з розбитою головою.

— Здається, пані, що у хворого, крім рани в голові, ще й інша хвороба. Чи не треба буде прикликати ще й лікаря нервових хворіб — говорив до Слави Савчак лікар — може це лише стрясення мозку від удару, а може . . .

Слава задумалась.

Пригадався їй той день, коли дідо радив вийти за Савчака. Тамтой десь у світі — не знати, чи вернеться. Я старий — хто ж заопікується тобою? — говорив.

Пригадалась їй перша зустріч зі Савчаком і сльозами зайшли їй очі.

Хто ж у тебе, доле, жадав би сповнення думок недодуманих, мрій недомріяних? Хто вірив би, що життєвий шлях можна застелити пухнатими килимами?

Тименко приходив до здоров'я. Рішив знову взяти себе у рямці щоденного життя, яке сам на себе наложив.

— Пам'ятай, Славо, що я одружився з Галею лише наперекір тобі. Тому я такий нещасливий.

В далекому сірому морі за обрієм топився день, забираючи зі собою радість, світло і щастя.

М. І. Зощенко

ПАСТКА

Один мій знайомий хлопчина, — він, між іншим, поет, — побував у цьому році закордоном. Він об'їздив Італію і Німеччину для ознайомлення з буржуазною культурою і для поповнення не дуже повної скрині. Дуже багато чого подивугідного бачив. Ну, безперечно, говорить, — величезна криза, безробіття, протиріччя де не уступиш. Харчів і промтоварів дуже багато, а купить нізащо.

Між іншим, він вечеряв з однією герцогинею. Він сидів із своїм знайомим у ресторані. Знайомий йому говорить:

— Хочеш, зараз я для сміху покличу одну герцогиню. Непідфальшовану, правдиву герцогиню, у якої 5 будинків, хмарочос, виноградник і т. далі. Ну, безперечно, на баса бере. І, значить, телефонує. І невдовзі приходить така краля, років двадцяти. Чудово одягнена. Манери. Рухи. Зневажливий вираз обличчя. Три носові хустинки. Черевички на босу ногу. Замовляє вона собі і в розмові говорить:

— Ага, знаєте, я вже мабуть тиждень м'ясива не їла.

Ну, поет, так-сяк по-французьки і по-російськи їй відповідає, мовляв, даруйте, у вас а ля мезон стільки будинків, брешете, мовляв, туман пускаєте, прибіднюєтеся, під тон підробляєтеся.

Вона говорить:

— Знаєте, вже півроку як квартиранти з тих будинків мені квартплату не платять. У населення грошей немає.

Цей невеличкий факт я розповів так собі. Для розгону. Для опису буржуазної кризи. У них там просто відчайдушна криза з усіх боків. Але, між іншим, на вулицях у них чисто. Мій знайомий поет дуже, між іншим, хвалив їхню европейську чистоту і культурність. Особливо, говорить, в Німеччині, не дивлячись на отаку от величезну кризу, спостерігається дивогідна чистота і акуратність. Вулиці вони, чорт би їх з'їв, мильною піною миють. Сходи скребуть кожного ранку. Нікому не дозволяють перебувати на сходах і лежать на підвіконнях, як у нас. Кішок своїх господині на шнурочках виводять на прогулянку. Дідько його розбере, що це таке. Все, безперечно, чисто до сліпоти. Плюнуть нікуди.

Навіть такі другорядні місця, як, я вибачаюсь, вбиральні, і ті сяють небесною чистотою. Приємно, не образливо для людської гідности туди навідатись. Він зайшов, між іншим, в одну таку другорядну установу. Просто так, для сміху. Краще, ніж в кафе. „Що це, — думає, — за чорт? Наша країна — передова в розумінні політичних течій, а щодо чистоти ще дуже відстаємо. Ні, — думає, — вернуся в Москву — буду писати про це і Европу за приклад ставити. Безперечно, у нас багато хлопців дійсно з-плечима відносяться до цих питань. Їм, бачите, незручно читати і писати про такі низькуваті речі. Але я, — думає, — проб'ю цю зашкарублість. От повернусь і поему напишу — мовляв, бруду багато, товариші, — не годиться . . . Тим більше, у нас тепер кампанія за чистоту — виконую соціялістичне замовлення".

От наш поет знаходиться за з а критими дверима. Думає, милується фіялками, мріє, яку він поему бабахне. Щось ніби таке:

„Навіть сюди зайти до них мило —
На полицях фіялки цвітуть.
Так невже ж у нас пройшов Атила,
Що такий бруд там і тут".

А потім, наспівуючи останній німецький фокстрот „Ауф відерзеен, мадам", хоче вийти на вулицю. Він хоче відчинити двері, але бачить — двері не відчиняються. В першу хвилину він навіть трохи розгубився. От, думає, потрапив у пастку. Потім тріснув себе по лобові. „Я, дурак, — дурак, забув де знаходжусь — в капіталістичному світі. Тут у них, за кожний крок, дивись, феніг платити. Дарма, — думає, — у мене в кишені дрібні є. Пошився б в дурні я без цих дрібних". Виймає він із кишені монети. „Відкуплюся, — думає, — від капіталістичних щук. Впхаю їм у горлянку монету або дві". Але бачить, що не тут було! Бачить — ніяких скриньок і щілин немає. Надпис якийсь є, але цифр на ньому — ніяких. І куди саме впхати — невідомо.

Ось тут наш знайомий уже трохи настрашився. Почав легенько стукати. Ніхто не підходить. Почав бити ногою у двері. Чує — збирається нарід. Підходять німці. Лепечуть на своєму діялекті. Поет говорить:

— Відпустіть на волю, зробіть ласку.

Німці чомусь там шепчуться, але, видко, не розуміють всієї гостроти ситуації.

Поет говорить:

— Ґеноссе, ґеноссе, дер тюр, сволочі, ніяк не відкриваються. Компрешен? Будьте такі добрі, відпустіть на милість. Дві години сиджу.

— Німці говорять:

— Шпрехен зі дойч?

Тут поет прямо заблагав:

— Дер тюр, — говорить, — цер тюр відчиніть! А ну вас до чорта!

Раптом за дверима російський голос чути:

— Ви, — говорить, що там? Дверей чи що не можете відчинити?

— Та так, — говорить, — другу годину намагаюсь.

Російський голос говорить:

— У них, у сволочів, ці двері механічні. Ви, — говорить, — очевидно, призабули шнурка смикнути. Спустіть воду, і тоді двері сами відчиняться. Вони це навмисне приробили для забуваючих людей.

Ось знайомий зробив, що йому сказали і раптом, як у казці, двері відчиняються. І наш знайомий, як герой, виходить на вулицю під легенькі насмішки і німецький шепіт. Росіянин говорить:

— Хоча я є еміґрант, але мені ці німецькі вндумки і ковбасня сторч горла стоять. По моєму, не знущайся над людиною . . .

Мій знайомий не думав, безперечно підтримувати розмову з еміґрантом, а, піднявши ковнірець піджака, швидко підтиснув до виходу.

ОНО

Канада не боїться потопу

(Репортаж)

3)

З усіх сторін вас обнімають, клепають по плечах і шарпають на всі боки знайомі з австрійських, українських, польських, німецьких і большевицьких часів. Вас засипають сотнями питань, але не дають відповісти ні на одне:

— ОНО! . .

— Боже мій! . .

— Кого я бачу?! . .

— Свят! Свят! — Та ж ми за тебе двічі панахиду відправили! . .

— Жонатий? . .

— А де наш Михась? . .

— Та переїдь у Торонто жити! . .

Політичний ярмарок виявив, що я не маю поняття про те, що в світі „пищить". Виявляється, що в Ню Йорку основано А м е риканськo-Українське Товариство (яка шкода, що то було тільки стереотипне об'єднання наших демократів!?), Дмитро Дорошенко поїхав до Парижу в важній політичній місії і що до місяця вибухає війна. Цю високу політику розбиває аж пробій 6-футового напасника торонтського С Т „Україна", Панчишина, якому, на позиціях помічників, асистує половина проводу б. Українського Спортового Клюбу — Зальцбурґ. А потім „доместички" (сусідки, з табору ДП) — і танець іде „безконечної"...

Щоб звести до спільного знаменника всі запросини в гості, умовляєтеся з усіма на пополудневі футбольні змагання „України" (сьогодні фінал за чашу, з монтреальськими мадярами). Та цим викликаєте аж двох вовків з лісу. Незнайомий пан „в сторону" заявляє, що з'їзд НТШ важніший футболу, а молодечий бьондин остерігає, що сьогодні річний День Молоді . . .

Від надміру подажі забуваєте про ввесь товар і нагадуєте, що ви, не договоришся, згубили свого Гірняка. Тоді, в стилі сорочинського кума, розпихаєте знайомих — незнайомих і на все горло гукаєте:

— Де мій Гірняк („Де мій кум")?

Кінчиться „гепі-енд"-ом. „Кум" знайдений і заанґажований „під спільний знаменник" (на грище). В добавок, під православною церквою стрічаєте видавця й редактора, П. Волиняка, що з Зальцбурґу привіз не тільки себе, але й назву свого журналу („Нові Дні").

Ще один ярмарок

З умовленої зустрічі на спортовій площі нічого не вийшло. На вас накинулися нові знайомі — і старі пішли „до актів".

Який імпозантний образ на трибунах! Бадьорі, усміхнені обличчя, ніде ні сліду нарікань на „важку працю" й апатію. Люди просто прийшли, щоб після церкви могти знову побачитися, піддержати на дусі своїх хлопців у синьо-жовтих одностроях і самим держатися „в формі".

На майдані образ слабший. Наші сьогодні не мають „свого дня" й програють. Так, чи так — ці молодці й їхній провід заслуговують найвищої похвали. Добитися, за три роки існування клюбу, до найвищої канадійської кляси, виступати перед тисячною публікою на найкращих грищах Торонта (часто, при вечірньому освітленні), завоювати для українського імені шпальти спортових сторінок канадійської преси — це щось варта!

Дві ради в альбом симпатичним торонтським спортовцям: 1) більше вправи на тренінґах, щоб з п'ятого вийти на перше місце в табелі „вісьмох великих" і 2) змінити назву. Україна визначає щось іншого, ніж спортовий клюб! . .

(Кінець буде)

Спортові Вісті

УСПІХ ФИЛАДЕЛФИСЬКИХ СПОРТОВЦІВ

УСК-Тризуб — Кардінґтон С. К. — 5:1 (3:0)

В неділю, 12 ц. м. в змаганнях за чашу ЗДА осягнув филаделфійський „Тризуб", по гарній грі, переконливу перемогу над доволі сильним противником. До дуже доброго нападу „Тризуба" тим разом достроїлися поміч і оборона. Ворота стрілили: 3 Конопасевич і 2 д-р Павлічка.

ПЕРША ПРОГРАНА В НАЦІОНАЛЬНІЙ ЛІЗІ

Укр.-амер. Ст. — СК Прага 1:2 (1:2)

Укр.-амер. Ст.: Деревницький; Шміґель, Товпаш І.; Арндт, Лютак (Лапічак), Серант; Голюка, Банах, Павлюк, Товпаш П., Гірка.

СК Прага: Бардун; Фрольо, Скольнік; Урбіндер, Псенко, Яніс; Шредер, Гранічка, Куца, Сефцовіц, Шиляндер.

Суддя А. Шмітт.

Публіки біля 400.

Ворота стрілили: 15 хв. О: Гранічка, 18 хв. 1:1 Арндт, 29 хв. 1:2 Гранічка.

Відношення корнерів 3:5 для СК Прага.

Бруклин, 12 ц. м. — На досить можливому стадіоні при Евеню Джей українці зазнали традиційної поразки проти сильних чехів, які є добрим представником пануючої в американському копаному м'ячі „системи" довгої гри. Проти цього українці повинні були протиставити свою точну пасінґову гру. Цього вони не тільки не зробили, але почали погано наслідувати гру чехів — копати вгору і подавати „довгими" в . . . ноги противника. Спеціяльну „заслугу" у впроваджені такої гри треба дати Банахові. Найкращим з наших був без сумніву меткий Деревницький. Вирізнити треба сконтуженого Шміґля — зразок правдивого спортовця — який в другій половині держав на собі цілу оборону. В нападі одинокий Павлюк міг задовольнити. Треба одначе сказати, що його крив бувший чеський інтернаціонал Стефан Псенко — стовп чехів. СКПрага мала крім нього в особах воротаря Бардуна (в зударі з Павлюком, без вини останнього, він зломив собі хряш в носі, але далі боронив) та напасника Гранічки, дворазового стрільця, найкращі сили.

Перший ґоль впав із маленького замішання, коли Деревницький вибіг вияснити ситуацію. Зараз же Арндт прекрасним самоходом і стрілом з далека вирівнює. У 79 хв. Лютак не може держати Гранічку і той цілеспрямованим та сильним стрілом примушує Деревницького капітулювати. Друга половина помимо атак наших, до речі дуже не сконцентрованих і наставлених на випадковість, не міняє висліду. Перемога чехів заслужена. Суддя А. Шмідт прекрасний: уміє все бачити, але не перериває гри.

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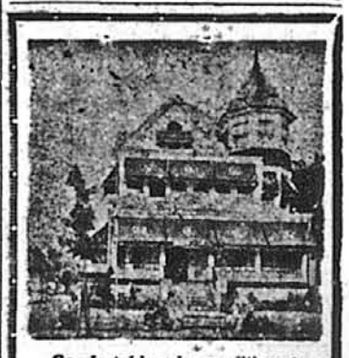

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