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U.N.A. SUPREME ASSEMBLY BEGINS YEARLY SESSION

The second yearly meeting (since the last Convention) of the Supreme Officers opens this morning at Hotel Statler, New York City. What is formally known as the "Supreme Assembly" consists of the Supreme Executive Committee of five members, the Supreme Auditing Committee of five members, and the Board of Advisors of eleven members.

The auditing committee has been examining the accounts and the wealth of the organization since Monday, March the tenth. Mr. D. Kapitula, of McAdoo, Pa., has been on hand early Monday morning to get a good start; he is the chairman of the auditing committee and has served in that capacity for many years. Other members of that committee, who reported for duty at the Home Office of U.N.A., are: Stephen Kuropas of Chicago, Ill., Walter Hirniak of Toronto, Wolodymyr Kossar of Winnipeg, and Dr. Ambrose Kibzey of Detroit, Michigan.

Supreme President, Dmytro Halychyn, will open the session with a welcoming address and present the program, and then the business of the meeting will get under way. Mr. Halychyn will be assisted in presiding at the sessions by the Supreme Vice-President, Joseph Lesawyer, and the Supreme Vice-Presidentess, Mrs. Genevieve Zerebniak. They will read their respective reports of their activities in the interests of U.N.A. during the last year. They will be followed by the reports from the Supreme Secretary, Gregory Herman, and the Supreme Treasurer, Roman Slobodian.

Following the reports of the executive committee the auditing committee will present the results of last week's work of auditing. The Board of Advisors will then take its turn in reporting what each member had accomplished during the preceding year. Unless held back by the railroad strike, the following Supreme Advisors will take their places in the meeting: Dmytro Shmagala of Cleveland, Ohio; John Romanition of Irvington, N. J.; Dr. John Wasylenko of Toronto; John Kokolski of Woonsocket, R.I.; Peter Kuchma of New York City; Walter Didyk of Detroit, Mich.; Nicholas Dawyskyba of Mattapan, Mass.; Taras Shpikula of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Helen Shtogryn of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Anna Wasylowsky of Chicago, Ill.; and William Hussar of Rochester, N.Y.

The yearly session will most likely continue the whole week as there are important matters to be discussed and decided, among them being the project to purchase an estate for the use as a recreation center and as Home for the Aged. The conclave promises to open and remain under the sign of greater social and cultural activity within the U.N.A. branches and a revival of the fraternal virtues which made the U.N.A. what it is today.

Supreme Officers.

Coming back to the Supreme Officers, it is interesting to note that they represent a cross-section of the U.N.A. membership. Their ages vary from mature youth to middle age, without the extremes. They represent the major professions—medical, legal, pedagogic, the white-collar worker and the laborer; with the three ladies the Supreme Assembly completes the representation of the sixty-six thousand members of U.N.A. Although the time may never come when only the best minds are chosen for the Supreme Assembly, in the present instance the high caliber of the national officers indicates the corresponding intellectual level of the U.N.A. membership.

Aside from the provisions in the By-Laws, presribing the duties of Supreme Officers, their annual meetings have a two-fold function within the working scheme of the organization. One of these functions is to check and examine the performance of all officers. The auditing committee inspects all books and properties of the organization, while the whole body hears the report of every officer and passes judgment on it. The other function is to determine the ways and means for carrying out the provisions of the Constitution and of the decisions of the Convention.

Democracy In Practise

All decisions of the Supreme Assembly are determined by the vote of the majority. This chief characteristic of democracy is observed throughout the organization from the lowest to the highest echelon. If we were to search for the source of authority within the U.N.A. we would find it in the membership unit called a Branch, officially a Subordinate Assembly. Each branch conducts its business under the majority rule, and in that manner elects its delegate to the Convention. The democratic principle is also carried out to the proportionate representation, so that a larger branch is entitled to more delegates.

Just as within the framework of the representative form of government in our state and country—the citizen is king on election day, so in the U.N.A. each member, regardless of the amount of his monthly dues, has an equal voice in the management of our organization. This is a distinct right possessed by a member of a fraternal organization, as contrasted with insurance companies in which the insured has no voice at all.

The occasion of the annual session of the Supreme Assembly inspires the thought that in our organization, the Ukrainian National Association, the Ukrainians are practicing democracy in the true sense of the word, and—it works.—G.H.

Met. Area Committee To Meet Tomorrow

Composed of representatives of all its member clubs, the Metropolitan Area Committee will hold an important general meeting for the discussion of current business at the Mc Burney YMCA 23 Street and 7 Avenue, New York City, on Tuesday evening, March 18.

The agenda will include reports on the present functions of the Met Area Committee, including its recently organized Choral Group, and plans for future performance such as the annual operettas usually sponsored by this organzation.

Walter Shipka, president of the Committee, extends an invitation to all member clubs and also to all clubs interested in membership, to attend this meeting and learn how the Ukrainian youth is conducting its social and cultural life in the Metropolitan area.

Dumka Chorus Sings For World Broadcast

At a Crusade for Freedom mobilization demonstration held last Wednesday, March 12, in Snyder High School, Jersey Sity, N. J., one of the highlights of the program was the singing of the famed 60-voice male "Dumka" Chorus, directed by Mr. Krushelnitsky.

The entire program, which also featured the Jersey City Philharmonic Symphony Society, and 2 minute talks by 31 Jersey City persons who are naturalized citizens born in foreign countries, was recorded by engineers for relay by radio to countries behind the Iron Curtain and the 18 nations under the Marshall plan in Europe. The speakers hit at Communism and dictatorial policies which prevail in Asia and Europe. Here, it is worth noting, the sponsors of the program did not provide to have a Ukrainian speaker.

Mr. Krushelnytsky led the Dumka Chorus in a number of Ukrainian songs. Then the chorus combined with the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Alexander Mykytiuk. A local music critic wrote that the chorus was "impressive." "The most effecitve (number) was 'Kolomeyka, the Ukrainian mountain dance, which aroused deserved enthusiasm. — Then Ludkevych's setting of the great Shevchenko's 'Seeking Truth' was done with the orchestra, this time under Mr. Mykytiuk, who skilfully balanced chorus and orchestra while bringing out the sonority of the one and the velvet smoothness of the other."

DUMKA

Many at Funeral of Mary Minue

CARTERET. — The funeral of Mrs. Mary Minue, 80, 6 Mary Street, took place on Monday morning March 3, reports the Carteret Press.

Services were held at St. Demetrius Ukrainian Church at 9:30 A. M. with Rev. J. Hundiak officiating. Ukrainian National Association held ritual service Sunday evening. Interment was in Cloverleaf Park Cemetery, Woodbridge.

Bearers were: John Dobrowalski, Constanty Mynio, John Markowicz, Harry Sofka, Harry Wolansky, and Joseph Skocypec.

The members of the Pvt. Nicholas Minue Post Ukrainian American Veterans No. 7 of New York City held ritual services Sunday at 5:30 P. M.

Mrs. Minue, died at the home of her son Michael, at 6 Mary Street, after a short illness.

Mother of Congressional Medal Son

She was a resident of Carteret for 48 years. A member of St. Demetrius Ukrainian Church and the Ukrainian National Association. She was the mother of the late Pvt. Nicholas Minue who received the Congressional Medal of Honor posthumously. She received the medal for him at Fort Du Pont, Delaware on March 15 1944. Pvt. Minue was seriously wounded on April 29, 1943 when he wiped out two German machine gun nests single-handed with his bayonet in North Africa in World War II. He died in the next day, April 30, 1943.

A park in the Carteret borough was named after him.

She was the widow of the late John Minue. Surviving are one son Michael of Carteret; one daughter, Mrs. Sophie Smith of Montclair, N. J., 10 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren.

UYL-NA SPORTS RALLY

The Rochester sports rally committee is hustling and bustling to and fro in an effort to have the final preparations ready when the tournament time comes around. The date, set for the rally is April 25 and 26, 1952, place Genesee Bowling Hall, Ukrainian-American Club, and headquarters at the Rochester Hotel, reports William Popowych.

General Chairman Bill Hussar elected the following to the variou posts: Harry Kashmer, Hon. Chairman; Carl Gerula, Men's Bowling; Mary Heiden, Women's Bowling; John Ewanow, Basketball; John Groll, Program; Vince Kowba, Banquet; Anthony Stokiw, Treasurer, and Henry Sauer, Western New York Sports Director. John Shewchuck and John Shmorhun as assistents.

Since the tournament will be conducted on a handicap basis, entries are expected to be an all time high over the Cleveland 1951 Rally. Bowling will be for men and women a handicap of 70% between 200 in all events. All participants must be sanctioned by the American Bowling Congress.

All participants must be Ukrainians, or married to Ukrainians.

The four sectional Basketball champs will be play-off for the John Fedan memorial trophy, presently held by St. George's of New York City.

Saturday evening will climax the rally with a banquet at which the National Sports director Walter Hubchick will present the trophies to the winners. This will be followed by dancing and much gaiety.

Anyone interested in participating in the events are asked to contact Bill Hussar at 291 Hudson Avenue, Rochester 5, N. Y. All entries must be in by April 1, 1952.

As I see the situation, much is expected from this rally due the eagerness from all concerned in making this biggest and best Rally ever sponsored by the Ukrainians. Every night one can see the various committees pondering on ideas and listening to many suggestions. Every thought and consideration is given to make the visitors stay in Rochester a memorable one. We hope that the participants and guests will make the committees effort worth while by packing the halls and tournament places. Our local newspapers have promised to give the Rally a full coverage. It is suggested that persons wishing to enter the tournament do not delay in sending in their entries, guests are also requested to send in their Hotel reservations as soon as possible.

We extend a welcome invitation to all Ukrainians to be in Rochester on April 25, for the biggest Sport Rally in History.

Sergeant Dyke Air Medal Posthumously

Technical Sergeant Andrew A. Dyke, Ukrainian, has just received the award of The Air Medal (Posthumously) from the President of the United States. The citation to accompany the award of The Air Medal, states:

"Technical Sergeant Andrew A. Dyke, 32427528, Air Corps, Army of the United States, — distinguished himself by meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight in the European Theater of Operations from 23 September 1943 to 9 October 1943. The technical skill, exceptional courage, and selfless devotion to duty displayed by Sergeant Dyke, as Aerial Gunner, contributed to the success of bombardment operations and reflect credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States."

A few years ago, Technical Sergeant Andrew A. Dyke had also been honored with The Purple Heart.

This past June the sports award given each year at the East Rockaway High School Graduation exercises to the student most outstanding in athletics has been named The Andrew A. Dyke Athletic Award in commemoration for his outstanding feats in athletics at the high school.

While a student at East Rockaway High School, Andrew began his aviation training at Roosevelt Field. Following his graduation from high school, he took further training in ground crew operations which led to his Civil Service position at Patterson Field, Ohio until the outbreak of World War II.

Sgt. Andrew Dyke

Andrew A. Dyke was more than just a Ukrainian by descent, but by his actions as well. He supported Ukrainian functions whole heartedly, sacrificed with joy many of his youthful hours studying long parts of Ukrainian plays and other stage perfomances in order to keep money for Ukrainian causes. Among the many friends he invariably made in his travels, the Ukrainian ones he met would not believe he was Ukrainian until he spoke to them in Ukrainian. The other non-Ukrainian always came away knowing something more about the true story of Ukraine. His frequent letters home to his mother and father were consistently written in Ukrainian. It is no wonder that the news of his death proved such a shock, and to this very day continues to leave his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Dyke of 12 Center Ave., Lynbrook, L .I., N. Y., broken in heart and health.

SOVIET MILITARY IDEOLOGY

Lately the Soviet military press has published a number of articles popularizing Soviet military ideology and revealing the essence of the Soviet military science. As two examples among many others the articles of Colonel I. Tiurin and Major-General N. Pukhovski in **Krasnaya Zvezda** may be mentione. As well known, anything published in the USSR, represents the official point of view.

A feature emphasized above all by these articles as well as by others—including those by Lenin, Stalin, Frunze, Voroshilov, Bulganin—is that the Soviet military ideology is an organic part of the Socialist ideology prevalent in the U. S. S. R.. "Like all other forms of the Soviet Socialist ideology, it serves the great historic aim —i.e. the victory of Communism" (Tiurin). As apparent, the Soviets make no attempt to disguise the aggressive character of their ideology. The Soviet Union originated as a result of the victory of Socialism in one country and not simultaneously in all the important capitalist countries as foreseen by Marx and Engels. As a consequence the USSR is to date in a state of so-called "capitalist encirclement" and the only means to escape this is the destruction of capitalism wherever it still exists. The Soviet army is built up for this purpose and the Soviet military ideology has no other aim: for defence is of secondary and attack of primary importance.

Although Lenin deviated from the doctrine of Marx and Engels by admitting the possibility of establishing Communism in one country only, in one thing did he and Stalin follow the Marx-Engels doctrine faithfully, viz., that the Communist regime in the USSR can continue to exist only on condition that it spreads to other countries which are capitalist as yet. The assurences, repeated from time to time, that Communism and capitalism can co-exist peacefully, are only a tactical maneuver because no Soviet theoretician has ever denied that the USSR is consciously preparing for the "least struggle", which is considered inevitable and will be started at the most propitious moment.

The territorial conquests and the enormous expansion of the sphere of influence of the USSR in the last decade have to be viewed in the light of this theory and the idea still prevalent in certain Western quarters that the Soviets are striving for a "cardon sanitaire".

MARIA SOKIL

Soloist at Concert of Antin Rudnytsky's composition in Carnegie Recital Hall this Saturday, at 8:30.

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT IT

We, members of the U.N.A., composed of the early immigrants who built and developed our organization, their children who in their turn have helped to develop it further, and now the newly arrived, the former DPs, all of us should take under serious consideration the growing lack of interest in the U. N. A. among the pioneers and builders of it and among the so-called Ukrainian American youth, the age of which runs into the forties, all American born.

The early immigrants, who put so much effort, money, savings, who attended meetings regularly (to be scolded by their "better-halves" for coming home so late), who argued and — figuratively speaking — fought at the Branch meetings and the Conventions, but who in the end adjusted their differences and came through with flying colors for the benefit of the organzation, today they have in many instances retired from active participation in U. N. A. activities.

Possible reason for it: — (1) growing old (2) "I've done my share."

Solution: Some program must be adopted, more attention should be paid to them by the organization, in order to bring them back into the fold.

Our young people, are particularly derelict in showing interest in the U. N. A. Just a fraction of their activities revolve around the U.N.A. About their only contact with it is The Ukrainian Weekly, which keeps them posted on U. N. A. activities and urges them to bestir themselves in its behalf. It is not that they lack organizational ability, initiative and energy. Witness the UYL-NA.

A possible reason for it is that the U.N.A. has not sufficiently concentrated upon them, has not conducted a drive vigorous enough, well planned and well conducted, to bring them into the fold and harness their energies for the benefit of the organization.

We have always dreamed of seeing a U.N.A. Youth League, which would work in harmony with the UYL-NA.

Hartford Ukrainians Celebrate Shevchenko Anniversary

Over 500 Ukrainians from the Hartford area filled the Burns School Auditorium to hear the Shevchenko Concert on Sunday March 9, 1952. The newly reorganized Ukrainian Choir of Hartford, under the direction of Mr. M. Storozuk gave fine renditions of: The Testament, My Thoughts, Evening, The Dnieper Roars and others. Misses O. and N. Haftkovich were outstanding in their duet rendition of Beloved Homeland by Danilchuk. — Rounding out the musical program were duets by Miss N. Kereshuk and Miss L. Kinal, and Mr. and Mrs. M. Storozuk and a piano solo by Miss L. Terlecka.

A brief address was delivered by Mr. R. Skochdopol welcoming those present and introducing the main speakers. Mr. J. Kukil delivered an address on "Shevchenko and the Destiny of Ukraine" in Ukrainian while Mr. M. Melnyk gave a Sketch on the Life of Shevchenko in English.

A short three act play "The Boyhood of Shevchenko" was superbly enacted by the entire cast under the direction of S. Balko, which concluded the festivities.

A part of the Shevchenko celebration the Ukrainian Radio Program "Echoes of Ukraine" over W.C.C.C. (12:35 P. M. at 1290 on the dial) devoted its entire time to music, poems and talks, both in English and Ukrainian on Taras Shevchenko. Appearing on the program were Mr. Bandera, Mr. Romanyshyn, Miss M. Moletska and Mr. J. Seleman. The program is under the direction of Mr. John Charnyha.

Ukrainian Arts Exhibit in New York

A Ukrainian Arts Exhibit opened last Saturday, March 15, 1952, in the Literary Arts Club, 149 2nd Avenue, New York City. It is to commemorate the Fifth Anniversary of the arrival of the first Ukrainian Displaced Persons in the United States after the Second World War.

Works of art at this exhibit are the products of the best Ukrainian Artists and Sculptors.

Exhibit will be open till March 23, from 10 A.M. — 8 P. M.

It is being held under the auspices of the United Ukrainian Artists Guild & Jubilee Art Exhibit Committee.

Orthodox League to Hold Convention

The Fifth Annual Convention of the Ukrainian Orthodox League of America will be held, this year, on June 27, 28, and 29 in Philadelphia at the very famous Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. The Philadelphia Convention Committee, organized at a regional meeting on October 28, 1951, elected J. Podgurski of Philadelphia as its chairman. Active interest in preparation for the convention has been shown by Philadelphia's neighboring cities; residents of Chester, Wilmington, Trenton, Minersville, and Coatesville are working along with Philadelphians on the various subordinate committees to make this Fifth Convention an interesting and enjoyable event to be long remembered by all those who will attend.

Much interest has been stimulated in the Philadelphia area by Rally-Dances sponsored by the Convention Committee and held in nearby cities. These Rally-Dances have provided a means for informing everyone of the activities and functions of the League and have served as a threshold for new friendships. After the Lenten season, these affairs will be continued as they have proved to be an integral part of pre-convention activity.

Everyone is sincerely invited to attend these pre-convention affairs and especially the final festival which will be the June Convention. Those who wish to receive any information or literature pertaining to the convention and the pre-convention activities, kindly submit your name and adress to:— Miss Helen Senyshyn, 2624 North Franklin Street, Philadelphia 33, Pennsylvania.

INTERNATIONAL MIGRATION

In December 1951 a new international organization came into being at a conference in Brussels. It is the Provisional Intergovernmental Committee for the Movement of Migrants from Europe (PICMME). The purpose of establishing this new international body is to keep in the service of international migration at least some of the ships which have been used for this purpose by the International Refugee Organization which is ceasing operations early in 1952. With these ships and the trained people who operate them, it will be possible, it is hoped, to move from Western Europe and Greece to such countries as Australia, Brazil, Canada and the United States, migrants who might not otherwise have been able to emigrate and who wish to leave their present home to seek a new life elsewhere.

The IRO was empowered to resettle only certain types of refugees, although of late IRO ships have been used to move certain classes of migrants who were not eligible for direct IRO assistance. The Director-General of IRO was authorized to make this type of arrangement with particular governments on a reimbursable basis so that the ships would be kept filled and thus be able to operate as economically as possible. Non-IRO refugees and other migrants could not be transported if they would be taking the place of IRO refugees who were ready for resettlement overseas. But now the emphasis has been placed on migration and on migrants, rather than on refugees and resetllement. PICMME can and will transport refugees but, in its initial twelve-month period of operation, it is probable that ordinary citizens from such coun-countries as Austria, Germany, and Italy will be carried in greater numbers than refugees. The emphasis may, of course, shift later, as it was in the minds of those who helped to establish PICMME that its facilities could, and should, be used to help to solve the growing problem of what to do with the constantly increasing number of new refugees coming from behind the Iron Curtain.

Membership of Organization

The countries voting for the resolution esetablishing PICMME and thus, those countries which, once their governments ratify membership, will become members of the new organization were:

Australia, Austria, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, France, West Germany, Greece, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Turkey and the United States.

The provisional headquarters of the organization has been established in Geneva and two co-ordinators have been appointed. They are Mr. G. Warren of the United States and Mr. F. Leemans of Belgium. They in turn, appointed a Deputy Director, Mr. P. Jacobson, who has had considerable migration experience as an Assistant Director-General of IRO.

The Committee hopes to move approximately 115,000 persons within one year. This is not nearly as large a number as IRO had been resettling annually since 1947. Nevertheless, it represents a worthwhile target figure at which to aim. The facilities to be provided by PICMME are intended to supplement normal commercial shipping and air transport services. They are to be used, in the words of the enabling resolution establishing the new organization, to the extent necessary "to secure those movements for which commercial facilities are inadequate."

Not a United Nations Body

PICMME is not a United Nations body nor is it a Specialized Agency. Nevertheless, it is expected that it will establishish close working relations with all major organizations having an interest in migration and in refugees. Indeed, the Brussels conference resolution states that the Committee will give early consideration to the question of the relations to be established with international, non-governmental and voluntary organizations conducting activities in the field of migration and refugees. The United States Government took the initiatice leading to the establishment of PICMME and is expected to contribute $10 million to the organization in the initial trial period of one year. Other countries are expected to contribute proportionately.

A number of governments, including that of Canada, recently have given formal notification of their adherence to the provisional committee, the second session of which took place in Geneva on February 18 to decide on operational plans and other important matters.

Ukrainians to Protest Communist Domination in Rally

A joke whispered about throughout the Soviet goes as follows: "What is the biggest country in the World?"

"Ukraine." "Why?"

"She borders on the Black Sea. Her bosses live in Moscow. And her population is in Siberia."

No Ukrainian goes hysterical with laughter upon hearing this story, instead he is apt to say "How true."

Americans are little aware of the nature of the Soviet Union. Most of what we know has come from Communist or Russian sources.

The aggressions of Russia date back even further in history than most people realize. Under the cloak of Communism the Politburo is carrying out a policy of imperialism started under the Czarist regime more successfully than the Czars ever dreamed of. Apologists of Russian imperialism are even now trying to convince us that the Soviet Union must be kept geographically intact. All that is needed, they say, is a new regime.

Nothing could be further from the truth! So long as we maintain this idea we have no allies behind the Iron Curtain. Every submerged nation behind the Iron Curtain craves the right to self determiantion. Of 200 million people now in the Soviet Union only some 90 million are Russians. There are over 45 million Ukrainians, 8 million Byelorussians, over 7 million Balts, millions of Georgians, Armenians, Azerbaijanians, Kazaks, Uzbeks, and other. These nations have fought to be free of Moscow domination under the Czars as under the Soviets.

Mr. Ansel E. Talbert wrote in the N.Y. Herald Tribune Sunday issue, Nov. 13, 1949, "The Ukraine is known definitely to have an extensive and well organized anti - Soviet underground movement. Although official Soviet propaganda has been attempting to depict the Ukrainian nationalist movement as a creation of Adolf Hitler, it is clear that historically, this is a false concept". The Ukrainians have been fighting for generations for freedom and independence from the times of Hetman Ivan Mazeppa in the 18th century to the Ukrainian Insurgent Army of today.

There ought to be no question that the peoples of the Soviet Union crave freedom from Russian tyranny. No one in the USSR eagerly awaits the return of a Czar or a Kerensky. A Soviet worker toiling from dawn to dusk is apt to applaud and sympathize with anyone seeking independence from the same slave rule under which he lives. In all probability he earnestly hopes the Ukrainians start a movement that will end this police state regime of terror.

If America stands on its time honored principles, we must maintain a positive program for a new, genuinely democratic world, constructed on American patterns with free men, with government responsible to the people and governing for the well being of the people. We must fight for the eternal principles of free men. A declaration of this sort will win for us allies behind the Iron Curtain.

Such an ally would be Ukraine. To stop Russian imperialism for all time the greatest possible blow would be the separation of Ukraine from Russia. Without Ukraine, Russia can exist but would be deprived of the military potential to wage aggressive wars. An independent Ukraine would mean less iron, steel, manganese, coal, oil, grain and other agricultural produce, hydro-electric power, etc. Ukraine's geographic position would deprive Russia of an outlet to the Black Sea, thereby ceasing to be a menace to the near East.

To bring these facts to light, which Americans of Ukrainian descent have been trying to do for the past 40 years, a Giant Protest Rally against Russian aggressions will be held at the Mosque Theatre in Newark, N. J. on Sunday, March 30, 1952. Senator H. Alexander Smith, who toured the D.P. camps of Europe and is familiar with the Ukrainian question has accepted an invitation to speak, Mayor Ralph Villani has similarly accepted. Prof. Clarence E. Manning of Columbia University; Prof. Lev. E. Dobriansky, president of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America; Dr. Luke Myshuha, editor of Svoboda, a Ukrainian Daily Newspaper; Walter E. Dushnyk, editor of the Ukrainian Bulletin and P. Yackovich, representative of the Eastern Central European Federation will also speak.

In 1949 2,500 Ukrainians attended a similar mass meeting at the Mosque Theatre. This year it is expected that the attendence will reach the capacity of the hall.

Mother and daughter were very busy with the wedding plans. "We have so much to do," said the bride-to-be," we mustn't forget the most insignificant detailt."

"Oh," answered the mother, "don't worry about him; he'll be there."

Impressions . by *William Shust*

A preface should appear at the end of a book.

Here's a tenet that I've long maintained.

Usually, all a preface does is give a brief recapitulation of the plot or, which is more painful, a dissecting description of the climax of the story. (As if to prove to the reader that the writer of the preface has read the book.)

Considering them solely from the standpoint of the publication of date, novels may be classed as "new" (recently printed) or "old" (originally published years ago and now enjoying republication.)

As far as "new" novels go, there is no justification for a preface.

In a "new" novel it is conceivable that an author might write a preface to explain some new method or technique or writing that he was using. But if an author, interested in creating an art form, approaches his subject with his original technique in all honesty and sincerity—no word of defense or explanation is needed. His work stands alone on its merit.

Sometimes a reader may be terested in the critics' reaction to a new book. (The book review sections more than willingly fili that job.) But in the new book the reader hates to be told one thing by a prefacer and then form another impression after he's read the book.

I am sort of suspicious of a book whose dust cover proudly announces a preface by some well-known personality. It seems to say: "Look!—I must be good, Jake Jones says so in the preface!"

A publisher in reprinting an "old masterpiece of literature" proceeds to do three things. First, he sets the book in "large clear type". Second, he emblazons the cover with gild letters (which quickly fade). And, third, he commissions some well-known literary figure (a professional preface writer) to write a preface.

As far as an "o.m.l." ("old masterpiece of literature") is concerned it usually needs no preface. If it has weathered the test of time, to be read so many years later, any word by any present-day prefacer is anti-clifactic.

A reader obtaining this new copy of an "o.m.l." is interested in the book and not the preface. By the time he has opened it he is acquainted with the fact of its worth. If he is interested in penetrating criticism of the particular work let him seek other sources devoted to that problem alone. It is doubtbul, when the book is a great one, that our prefacer can encompass its majesty in the few pages allowed him.

Then too, a person has usually made up his mind whether or not he wants to read this book. It is improbable that anyone was ever induced into reading a book on the strength of its preface.

Basically, prefaces are superfluous in novels. The only conceivable use for them are as a means of ackknowledgement as in historical and technical books.

Accepting the fact that good prefaces have been written still that doesn't justify their existence at the front of a book. If you haven't read the book on what terms can you converse with or understand the preface writer who has?

It's like being told that "the butler did it before you see a murder movie.

Since the writer would not be foolhardy enough to write preface before he read the book, I read the preface after I've read the book.

Understand me—I am not against preface writing. Heaven knows it is an honorable (and profitable) occupation. I am only concerned with where the preface appears in the book.

Since it should appear at the end of the book, I suggest "Post Mortem" as a title, or perhaps "Eulogy".

But please, no prefaces!

NEWS FROM CONNECTICUT

A meeting of the N. Y. O. C. reorganization Committee will be held on Sunday March 23, 1952 at the Ukrainian Citizen's Club at 53 Withmore St. in Hartford. Plans will be discussed for a state-wide Reorganization meeting which is scheduled to be held in Hartford some time in May. Hartford delegate of the committee, Mr. Wasyl Plaskonos, and Mr. Jerry Apanovich request all those interested to attend and lend a hand in the arrangements.

The Ukrainian - American Veterans Post has currently been running Bingo Games and has made plans for a Spring Dance to be held on April 19, 1952. An important meeting will be held in the club rooms on Thursday, March 27, 1952 at 8 P.M. at which time the summer schedule will be planned and election of officers held. Post Commander, Michael Melnyk requests all veterans of the Harford area to join the Post and attend the meeting.

The thoughtful one sat in this seat at the concert auditorium and frowned as he listened to the orchestra.

"Something wrong with that violinist," he remarked to his companion. "There's something missing."

"Well, he doesn't have his tin cup," his companion pointed out.

IS IT IMPORTANT?

Is it important that our United States remain a free nation?

Is it important that its people have freedom of speech, worship, and the "Pursuit of happiness"?

Is it important that our governmental affairs be administered in a sane and moral manner?

Is is important that communism be destroyed?

Is it important that the nations and people enslaved by Russian communism and imperialism be liberated?

The answer is NO—for if it were important, the American people would do something about it.

The Preamble to our Constitution begins with "We the people", and in the Gettysburgh address Abraham Lincoln expressed that ours is a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people".

We have allowed these hallowed words to be dragged through the mud of politics, immorality, and greed, until they have been substituted by "We the political party,—of the political party, by the political party, and for the political party".

This desecration of the spirit of our forefathers is not due to the actions of unscrupulous politicians alone — We — the people, have also been very instrumental in the deterioration of the principles upon which our nation was founded.

We have assumed that it is more important to have a "healthy" pocketbook or position, than to have a healthy government.

We the people are to blame that our national debt is almost 300 billion dollars.

We the people are to blame that our government is adopting many socialistic principles.

And we the people are to blame that communism has grown into a monster that now threatens to devour our freedoms.

If you are interested in the welfare of your country, take part in the administration of its affairs by writing to your representatives and informing them of your desires and opinions.

If you are dissatisfied with the service they are rendering, then remove them from office. VOTE.

When only fifty percent of the people are interested enough to cast their vote, then a nation's administration is only fifty percent interested in the people.

Whether you are against high taxation, scandals, or whether you wish that your representative support House Concurrent Resolution 94 may not seem important to you, but if we are to remain a free and healthy nation, you must show a healthy interest in the affairs of our government.

We are besieged by local and national scandals in our government. We are in danger of losing the freedom that the "minutemen" of Lexington fought for so valiantly. We are in danger of socialism which is threatening to replace the initiave of free enterprise.

Show an interest in your government before it's too late.

ALEX J. ZABROSKY

IDYLL

By K. LEVKIW

I

As snowflakes fell on quiet walks
And settled gently by the way
The dreamer cast a sullen eye
Upon the scene at hand...

II

His pregnant thoughts no season kept
Each dawn brought him a world of joy
And braced against the winter cold
He lived in summer's ecstasy...

III

The snarl of winds, the bite of frosts
Bode idle threats to his retreat
He basked in rays of eager warmth
Shed, he thought, by spirit "Youth"...

IV

"For Youth holds," said he "the only reins
O'er nature's qualms and disquietudes
And full ensures the future of her ward.
I still have time to act...

V

But e'en as he spoke of fledgling days
His limbs shrivelled and pulled his features taut;
Youth was gone—nature stood.

("Youth Speaks" Winnipeg, Can.)

Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors

(ТІНІ ЗАБУТИХ ПРЕДКІВ)

By MICHAEL KOTSIUBINSKY
Translated by STEPHEN SHUMEYKO

(Continued) (5)

Ivan takes out his floyara and begins blowing upon it as hard as he can, but the wind is stronger than he. It flies from the Chornohora like an unhobbled stallion, that beats the grass with its galloping hoofs, and distorts the floyara's tunes with his flying mane.

The flock surges into a hollow, and here it is quieter.

Up in the clouded skies a blue rift appears. The strongly fragrant downs grasses grow even more fragrant. The rift widens into a lage of blue, which swiftly widens its banks and floods the entire sky. Once more the mountain tops bask in a blue haze, and the valleys became flooded with gold.

Ivan looks downwards. There, midst the hills and dales, where peoplt dwell, his Marichka's white feet are perhaps at this very moment flashing over the green sward. Her eyes, no doubt, are turned towards these highlands. Is she singing her little songs? Or maybe she has indeed strewn them to the winds, as she said she would, and now they have grown into flowers, and Marichka is silent.

The memory of her fresh young voice returns to him, and he plucks a flower and sticks it in his hat.

Ptrua ptrua... My, but the sun is hot. It is growing uncomfortably stuffy. The sheep roll on, twisting their wrinkled lips to better pluck at the vegetation, leaving bare stubble in their wandering wake. Crunch-crunch... Wool rubs against wool, white against black, rumps sway, like wavelets upon a sea... Ba-a... ma-a... while the dogs constantly keep the flock together.

The dogs grow tired. They lie down in the grass and their sides heave. Their long tongues hanging out, and flies settle on them. Bir-bir! An angry shout from Ivan, and up they are again after the sheep.

Far younder, near the thick forest, some cattle are grazing. Their herdsman is leaning thoughtfully upon his long trembita.

Thus slowly time drags on. The sharp mountain air tickles Ivan's appetite and he grows hungry. And how lonely it is here! You stand here, so tiny, like a stalk of straw upon a field. Beneath the feet a green island, drained by the blue waters of distant heights. And there, in those gloomy wild heights, nestle all sorts of evil spirits, most difficult to fight against.

Hish-hish! The sheep step softly over the grass... It is so quiet now that the blood can be heard flowing in its veins... Drowsiness creeps over him. It lays its soft paw on his face and whispers into his ear sleep... The sheep fade before his eyes... they shrink and become lambs... and now there is nothing left of them. The grass flows into the distance like green waters. Ah, there is Marichka, approaching. Come, now, you can't fool me, you forest spirits, that is not my Marichka, that is a dryad that will betray me. Yet something draws him to her. He resists, but is carried to her on a swift green current...

Suddenly a wild lowing of a death-stricken cow casts him out of his dream. What? Who? The cattle herdsman, just as he was standing, seems to have frozen into that position. A black bull is stamping the ground with his hoofs, his neck curbed, and tail upflung stiffly. His hoofs cut the air. Up he leaps. The herdsman comes to his senses witn a jerk and hurries after the bull, who is now galloping into the forest, from where the wild lowing had come. A shot rings out. Bang-bang-bang resound echoing rifles from all the mountaintops. Bang-bang-bang the more distant ones reply, and the shots go on and on, gradually growing fainter. Silence.

"I'll bet an 'uncle' killed the cow," thought Ivan, and he looked more carefully over his flock.

Ptrua-ptrua... The sun seems to have fallen asleep, the winds have died down and left the earth for the skies. Ivan sees them massing the clouds up there again. In the limitless spaces around him, time seems to have perished entirely, and it is hard to know whether the day has stopped still, or whether it is passing...

Suddenly from the distance there comes to the ear the long awaited call of the trembita. It carries with it the smell of cooking food and smoke, and with its long drawn out blast notifies all that the corrals are waiting for the sheep.

Hish-hish... The dogs scurry about with renewed vigor, and the sheep bleat as they pour in a shaggy stream down towards the corrals, their teats swaying, heavily ladden with milk...

For three days a fine misty drizzle has been falling on the downs. The gloomy overcast skies and the greyish fog have shut from view even the nearby mountain peaks. Everything drips with water. Even the sheep move heavily about, like water-laden sponges; while the herders, their clothes wringing wet and shivering from the damp cold, hunch themselves in their misery. Only during milking time under the shedroof is there any respite for them from the sleazy weather...

Ivan sits on a stool, his shoulders resting against the shed and his feet gripping between them a milk pail, waiting to milk the sheep. Nearby stands the goatherder, punctuating every other word with a round outh, and near him a number of other sheepherders. The impatient sheep, laden with milk, mill anxiously about, as if wondering why they don't start relieving them of their burden. Finally the milking begins.

"Don't rush so, you foolish ewes, your turn will come soon enough," one of the herders exclaims as several sheep surge forward. "Rist! rist!" exclaim the other herders testily, snapping their wet switches. "Rist! rist!" cry the others as they let loose the sheep which they had been holding firmly between their while another herder milked them. "Tarnation upon you," shouts the goatherder, as one particularly mettlesome goat frisks away from him. "Of all the dumb animals!"

With a practiced movement Ivan seizes a sheep by her back and drags her to him so that she stands over a wide pail, with another herder firmly holding her in that position. Obediently she stands there, her legs outstretched awkwardly, so foolish-looking, listening to the milk hiss from her udders into the pail. "Rist! rist!" the herders urge the other sheep on with their switches. Those sheep that have been milked return weakly to the corral and there drop wearily to the ground, their heads resting upon their hoofs, and their naked, oldish mouths working. "Rist! rist!" and Ivan's hands knead unceasingly upon the warm udders, pulling on the teats, while the milk, smelling of tallow, trickless down his hands. From the milk pail a sweetish vapor rises. "Rist! rist!" More sheep take their awkward positions, while pairs of hands knead upon their warm udders. All around them the earth drips to... "Rist! rist!"

The goatherder smiles at his goats proudly. They are not like those weak sheep; they have strong hearts. After milking, instead of falling to the ground in an exhausted state like the sheep, they remain upright upon their thin legs, peering curiously into the fog as if they see something there.

The corrals are now empty. All is quiet and deserted. Perhaps down in the lowlands, from whence these mountains rise, human laughter and voices resound; but it is hard to believe this up here in the grassy downs, where the heavens cover only vast stretches of uninhabited highlands, that seem to exist for no one but themselves.

Only within the herders' cabin is the stillness broken, by the cracking of the "eternal" fire that sends clouds of smoke billowing on to their wanderings. In the center of the cabin stands a tub brimming full with milk, and over it bends the chief herder. He has just finished preparing it for proper curdling by throwing some rennet into it. Although the slight breeze from outside penetrates the cabin, yet it is powerless to blow away from him or from the cabin the smell of the fire, of the cheeses and wool. In one corner stand a number of new barrels; it seems that if someone knocked upon them, they would immediately answer and tell what they contain. In another open barrel glistens the cold surface of whey. The chief herder sits among all these various wooden receptacles like a father among his children. All that surrounds him—the the smoke begrimed benches and walls, the fire and smoke, the various wooden pails and barrels—everything, is all so close and dear to him, part of his very life.

Now the milk begins to ferment, but is far from ready. He pulls out from beneath his belt a bunch of little wooden blocks upon which is engraved each sheep owner's account. Laboriously he begins to read this wooden account book: "Mosiuchuk has fourteen, and he has owing to him..."

Outside the hut a cracked voise sings out, that of the cook and general caretaker:

"He would have to sing now!" mutters the chief to himself, and starts going over his accounts again concludes the cook and enters the hut.

Grimy and shaggy, his teeth gleam as he leans over the fire and throws more coal upon it. It crackles gently.

The milk in its tub begins to yellow and curd. The chief herder leans over it, watching it carefully. Next he unbuttons his sleeves, rolls them up to his elbows, and then plunges his hairy arms into the milk. And in this position he seems to freeze...

(To be continued)

How to Make Ukainian Pysanky (Easter Eggs)

Materials needed:

1. Uncooked white eggs.
2. Stylus or Kistka (drawing instrument).
3. Pure unbleached beeswax candle to furnish heat for the stylus and use the melted beeswax to draw the designs or saucepan of melted beeswax kept warm during entire process plus ordinary candle to heat the stylus. Do not use candle wax to draw the designs as you cannot see the designs plainly. Beeswax is dark, making sharp outlines.
4. Good powder dyes. Do not use pill type dyes as they are made for use with hot water for best results, and this is impossible when wax is used. (Dyes can be freshened up by adding a small amount of boiling water once they have been setting for a few days.)
5. Eggholder. This is used for immersing and removing eggs from dyes. The wire-type that come with pill dyes are good or old spoons can be used.
6. Wide-mouthed jars or discarded cups for the dyes.
7. Miscellaneous: several pieces of soft cloth, one for each color used; cleansing tissues; clear nail polish and Energine cleaning fluid.

Steps:

1. Prepare dyes. Place one teaspoon of dye in pint jar, fill 3/4 full with boiling water, add one teaspoon vinegar and mix until thoroughly dissolved. Less dye can be used if lighter color is desired; For beginners, three colors should be enough: yellow, red and blue. Be sure dyes are cool before immersing eggs, as hot water will melt wax design and ruin dyes.

2. Heat stylus over candle flame, fill stylus with beeswax, test by writing on paper or fingernail, reheat point of stylus and start outline on egg. Point must be reheated every time it stops writing. The dyes which in egg decorating cannot penetrate a layer of beeswax, therefore, the wax is applied in lines and areas to the parts of the egg which are to remain unchanged by the succeeding color dye bath. Thus, the very first designs that are drawn will be white when all wax is removed in the end.

3. When outline is completed, use eggholder and dip egg into lightest color dye (yellow if you're using the three colors for beginners). When desired richness of color is obtained after a few minutes, remove and pat dry with cloth. Take caution not to rub egg as wax will smear. Also, wipe holder after each dipping so that it can be ready for the next dye.

4. Your egg is now yellow. Everything you want to re main yellow must be covered with beeswax. Heat your stylus, fill with beeswax and draw more designs These will be yellow when all the wax is removed in the end. Now dip into a little darker color (red if you're using the three colors for beginners). Remove and pat dry. Wipe holder.

5. Your egg is now red. Everything you want to remain red must be covered with beeswax. Heat your stylus, fill with beeswax and draw more designs (these will be red when all wax is removed in the end). Now dip into still darker color (blue if you're using the three colors for beginners). When desired shade is reached, remove and pat dry. (Black, dark green, maroon, etc. can also be used for last background colors.) Your egg is finished and has a dark blue background, or if the red dye was quite dark, the color might be purple. When your experiment with these elementary colors and see the results, you can judge future colors accordingly.

As you know, yellow and blue make green, so if you want blue on your egg, it has to be applied with a toothpick in desired places and covered with wax after outline is completed on white egg, then dipped into yellow; otherwise, egg will turn green when blue is applied.

6. Now to remove the wax. One method is to melt the wax over a gas or candle flame and wipe it off, but if you're not careful, you may burn your fingers or the egg may crack. Another method is to place egg in warm oven and wipe wax when it melts. However, this causes moisture and colors fade. Best is Energine cleaning fluid, but use with extreme caution! Remove wax with cleansing tissue dipped in the fluid. Dip another tissue and go over a second time. When wax has been removed, apply clear nail polish on half of egg, let dry, then do other half.

* * *

Demonstration sponsored by the Ukrainian Graduates, an association of College and University graduates of Ukrainian descent. Children's Museum, Detroit, Mich., Saturday, March 29, 1952, 10:30 A.M.

Miss Rose Suchinsky, demonstrator,
Miss Joanna Draginda, narrator.

It's Lent—Can't Dance

NEW JERSEY YOUTH LEAGUE GOES SWIMMING AND BOWLING

The puzzler of what to do during the lenten season was tackled by the Ukrainian Youth's League of N.J. with a program of activity on Saturday evening, March 8, called a Game Night.

Held at the Elizabeth YMCA, the activities started at 8:00 P.M. with bowling. The boys who showed their age and the girls who hadn't been keeping to a diet all winter continued bowling while the youthful youth went swimming in the pool 8 to 9:30 P.M. The water was just the right temperature but the girls complained it didn't taste very good. Next time the League will put a few lemons in the pool to remedy this.

Those who did neither of these activities went to the game room and played ping pong, billiards, cue rogue (table crocquet on a billiard table), shuffleboard, checkers, or looked at television.

At 10:30 the party adjourned to a small hall of the "Y" where the boys served coffee and doughnuts. Rumor had it that one of the boys made the doughnuts himself and the girls kept trying to find out who all evening. There will be one bachelor less in the league if they ever find out; this year being leap year. The boys wish to say in self-defense, "Honest girls, we bought those doughnuts."

Edward Polewchak, Dorothy Dravuschak, and Sam Herila, comprising the Social Activities Committee that ran this whole affair, say it was only an experiment. There were over 70 people present, but a profit of only $10.00 was realized. As an experiment, the affair was not advertised or pushed enough.

The Youth League of N.J. submits this as a worth while activity for any club to try. See your local YMCA for all arrangements in running such an affair.

D. S.

"SVOBODA"
(UKRAINIAN DAILY)
FOUNDED 1893

Ukrainian newspaper published daily except Sundays and holidays by the Ukrainian National Association, Inc. 81-83 Grand St., Jersey City 3, N. J.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Post Office of Jersey City, N. J. at March 10, 1911 under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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This and That in Rochester

It seems that only a few short years ago, when the Ukrainians of Rochester had the use of one small hall and perhaps an overbuilt house, there was more than enough room for all of the activities that were demanded. Now the Rochester colony has six Ukrainian halls and another additional hall that is rented and still it is to find a place to run an affair. The bigger clubs and halls are always booked far in advance and the smaller halls are either too small for larger affairs or they are also rented for some small occasion. With incoming of the newly arrived immigrants, many new organizations have sprung up which also added to the overcrowded conditions. In an overall picture, all are striving to make headway and in the final analysis no one is making any progress. The cost of sponsoring the various affairs is so expensive that the profits derived are almost worthless and still we have not gotten to the stage of mind to understand that only in unity there is strength. The average working man would constantly be penniless if he were to make an effort to attend every affair that was held. Recently two of Rochesters largest U. N. A. branches held their annual dance, although the hall was packed, but the profits were memorative exercise celebrat- the same time two or three other dances were held.

Yes, and speaking of patriotism, the Ukrainian Congress Committee held a commemorative exercise celebrating January 22, or Ukrainians Freedom Day. This was also in conflict with a vaudevile show sponsored by the Plast Organization. The results were that neither had any success. The sooner we are able to learn that sponsoring several affairs one day is detrimental to all the sooner we will be able to overcome the short comings.

However, on the brighter side it does prove that the Rochester Ukrainians are an aggressive people. It tends to show that we are alive and that efforts are being made to keep the people from hibernating. By running the many dances and plays it had to do in no small to awaken the people who have drifted from the fold. It has been noticed that many of the familiar faces are again becoming active in the various affairs.

However, the biggest obstacle is to find a means or ways of lifting the barrier between the newly arrived immigrant and the Older Immigrant or the American Born. It is a sad and obvious fact as to how the newly arrived continues to ignore or refuses to join hands with the people who at one time made every effort to help him in his hour of distress. I do hope that in the very near future the picture will change that to a full and united Ukrainian Colony. The sooner we have less self thought leaders and more cooperative followers the sooner we will succeed.

WILLIAM POPOWYCH

NEW YORK UKRAINIAN DEMOCRATIC CLUB

With the added interest of a Presidential year, the Ukrainian Democratic Club of New York announces its Annual Meeting, to be held at its Club Rooms, 59 St. Marks Place Borough of Manhattan, City of New York, on Friday, March 21, 1952, at 8:00 P.M.

An invitation is extended to all to attend this meeting at which time plans will be made for the activities of the organization.

Those who are citizens and those who intend to become citizens should attend this meeting and join the Club. Everyone should exercise their right to vote and in particular know more of the issues involved.

It is expected that Congressman Arthur G. Klein will be present and address the meeting.

Stephen J. Jarema is the Executive Member and Walter Bacad is the President.

Newark Vet Bowlers Increase Lead in U.N.A.

By STEPHEN KURLAK

The seemingly unstoppable Newark Ukrainian American Veterans rode rough-shod over the recently revived U.N.A. Branch 272 team of Maplewood in all three of their games played in the tourney of Friday, March 7th last, and were thus able to increase their first-place lead over U. N. A. Branch 435 of New York to five games. The latter team unwillingly helped the Veterans in this effort by losing three games straight to the third-place Penn-Jersey Social Club quintet.

The Newark Vets won their match from Branch 272 with none of the game totals exceeding 782, which was quite unusual for them. Outside of a 519-pin series scored by Victor Romanyshyn, most of the games rolled were average or below average. The same could be said of the Maplewoodites with the exception of a 507-pin series registered by Bill Dudak.

After a decisive win in the first game by over 100 pins, the Penn-Jersey outfit squeezed the New York Friendly Circle out of the second by thirteen pins and out of the third by a scant four pins. Seven of the New Yorkers took part in the match with the object of stopping the Molinsky juggernaut but it was to no avail. Joe Kufta's series of 515 pins, Peter Molinsky's 508 and Walter Molinsky's 500 were hardly matched by your reporter's 502 which was the highest set among the Circle-ites.

The Ukrainian Orthodox Church team of Newark dealt a telling blow to the St. Johns C.W.V. team of Newark when it won all three of its games. Altho the Churchmen had only four men bowling that night, the St. Johnmen were even more handicapped by bowling with only three men (Kacaper, Rozek, and Chuy). This defeat left the Vets, who were last year's third place winners, in the leagues cellar very much by themselves.

The St. George C.W.V. team of New York continued its steady climb up into the higher levels of the league by winning two games out of three from the "B" team of the Jersey City Social and Athletic Club. Both teams produced indifferent results. The highest series scored for the New Yorkers was that of B. Yarmola (478), while Steve Chelak's 466 was the best produced by a Jaysee.

The "A" keglers from Jersey City fared somewhat better than their "brother Bees" by winning two games from their opponents, the Ukrainian Blacksheep of Jersey City. After winning the first game by a score of 672 to 657, the Jaysees lost the second when a roll-off became necessary due to a 721-pin tie. But they managed to come back in the third to win by a wide margin, with Milton Rychalsky doing most of the pinning, totalling a series of 486. W. Karyczak's 451 was the best among the Blacksheep scores that night.

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION LEAGUE TEAM STANDINGS

	Won	Lost	High Game	High 3 Game	Total Pins	Avr.
1. Newark Ukr.-Amer. Vets	51	27	921	2525	60499	775
2. U.N.A. Branch 435, N.Y.C.	46	32	890	2486	59483	762
3. Penn-Jersey S.C., Newark	45	33	956	2569	61326	786
4. St. George C.W.V., N.Y.C.	43	35	879	2478	58139	745
5. Ukrainian Blacksheep, J.C.	39	39	899	2393	57389	736
6. Jersey City S.&A. Team A	38	40	906	2398	58089	744
7. U.N.A. Br. 272, Maplewood	36	42	904	2473	59971	769
8. Jersey City S.&A. Team B	32	46	890	2571	58964	756
9. Ukr. Orth. Church, Newark	32	46	840	2340	55898	716
10. St. Johns C.W.V., Newark	28	50	881	2473	58719	753

Fire Fighting for Householders

(Continued) (4)

Be sure the garden hose has connection that will fit the faucets you may have to use. The usual hose coupling will not go on your kitchen or bathroom faucets, so get adapters.

A hose dosen't take the place of a hand pump, because you cannot be sure the regular water supply system from city pipes will be functioning after an air raid. A hand pump and a stored water supply is certain. Test your equipment at least every 2 weeks. A rusty pump or leaky hose won't be of much use in time of need. If you have chemical fire extinguishers, keep them filled and know how to use them. They are good for putting out small fires, but cannot be refilled easily during an emergency.

Should a magnesium fire bomb fall on your home or nearby, you would probably have most of the tools around the house for disposing of it. These would include a long-handled shovel, heavy gloves and a coal scuttle or metal bucket. Ono of your sand buckets would do. Later on you will read how to fight fires caused by magnesium bombs.

A Ladder Is a Tool for Fire Fighting

A ladder is a useful piece of household fire fighting equipment. If yours is not in good condition, either repair it or get a new one. An unsafe ladder is worse than none at all. It may fail you or injure you when you need it most.

Keep your ladder in good repair. Don't leave it lying on the ground or standing against a wall. Fasten pegs or metal hooks to a wall and hang it up, preferably in the garage or some place under cover.

When need arises, use it safely. Set it so that the foot of the ladder is about one-fifth of its length away from the wall against which you have placed it. In other words, the bottom of a 20-foot ladder should be about 4 feet away from the wall it is leaning against. If you have time, tie the ladder at the top or bottom to keep it from slipping.

In climbing a ladder, the balls of your feet should be placed in the center of the rungs. Your body should be held erect. Keep your upper body at arms length from the rungs and don't look down. Lift your right hand and right foot together, then the left hand and foot.

If you need to free both hands for work while standing on a ladder, brace yourself with a leg lock. Hook one knee over the rung above the one you are standing on. Then bring your foot back and hook your toes around the lower rung or side rail.

How to Fight a Fire

The first thing to do after the all clear has sounded is to check your house to see if fires have started in it. Be sure to check the attic and the roof. If you have more fires than you can handle, call for help.

Don't wait for help to arrive. Assume that it can't. Go to work quickly with the tools at hand. If the organized fire fighters can come, they will, but don't stop fighting until the fire is out—or until it gets too big for you. Any delay increases the fire's chances of getting out of control.

If you are lucky enough to have no fires in your own home after an attack, you may be able to help someone else who has a fire to fight. You will be told by the warden service if someone needs help in your area. Follow the instructions of your local warden.

Remember there are three ways to put out a fire. It will go out if you remove its fuel, or rob it of air, or if the burning material is cooled below its combustion point.

If the burning material is removable, take it out of the house. Then kill the flame with water, a fire extinguisher, sand, or dirt. If the burning material can't be removed, get as close to it as you can safely and douse it with water or whatever fire-fighting material you can use. Keep the area ing material you can use. Keep the area around the fire cooled with water to prevent it from spreading.

A small fire can be smothered by a rug or any other heavy material. If the material is wet, so much the better.

You might have to deal with incendiary bombs, especially magnesium bombs like those which caused so much damage to cities in World War II. These sputter for a few minutes, then settle down to a steady burning. This type makes a lot of smoke, so keep close to the floor in fighting it.

Keep something between yourself and the bomb as you approach it. Some fire bombs contain a charge which blows up several minutes after it starts to burn. Use a piece of sturdy furniture or something made of metal as shield.

Take your water pump or your garden hose with you. The best way to fight a magnesium fire is first to spray it and the area around it with water. Don't use a solid stream of water at first—it will only scatter the fire. As soon as the bomb stop sputtering, turn the full stream of water on it. If you have no water, throw a shovelful of sand or dirt directly on the bomb.

If you can reach the incendiary bomb with your long-handled shovel, scoop it up and drop it into a coal scuttle or metal bucket that has an inch or two of sand in the bottom. Then carry it outside and dump it on the ground.

Watch out for other fires in the neighborhood that may spread to your home. If your house is made of wood and is near other houses that are burning, you must be alert. The walls and roof nearest the flames should be kept wet with a hose or buckets of water. All flying sparks that laud where they can set fire to your property should be doused or smothered quickly. If your house is of brick or stone, watch door and window openings. Pulldown curtains and draperies and cool the frames with water.

The distance between your home and your neighbor's is important. In World War II only a 10-foot space between solid casonry buildings gave a fifty chance of preventing fire from spreading from one to the other. A distance of 50 feet is needed between wooden houses to reduce the chances of a fire spreading. This does not mean that the fight is hopeless if your frame house is nearer to a burning building. It means you will have to work harded to save it.

(To be concluded)

Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER W. DANKO

It is with deep regret that news of the violent auto-death of Steve Wadiak, All American football player at the University of South Carolina, has been received.

Only 24 years old, Steve was fatally injured last Sunday, March 9th near Aiken, S. C. when the car in which he was riding overturned five times. He sustained head injuries and a broken-neck and died in University Hospital at Augusta, Georgia shortly after. Five others were in the car and were injured but none seriously.

Always proud of his Ukrainian ancestry, as evidenced by the many articles mentioning his lineage, he was captain of the All Southern team in 1950 and also was voted the most valuable player by sports writers. After three years in the Navy, Steve returned to his home in Chicago, where he was found playing sandlot football by Bill Milner, Chicago Bears player. Mr. Milner talked him into going to South Carolina since veterans then could play four years of varsity ball under Southern Conference rules.

Steve, who was a senior at the university, led the Southern Conference in rushing in his sophomore and junior years. He established a conferference record of 998 yards for a single season and was slated to play professional ball with the Pittsburgh Steelers next season.

Greatest Hockey Goalie Ever...

Terry Sawchuk of the Detroit Red Wings is top choice for hockey's most coveted award, the Hart Trophy and also the Vezina Trophy, the award given to the goalie with the best defensive record.

The brilliant young Red Wing goaltender has excited the experts to the point where they are willing to concede he is the greatest goalie of all time! Hockey observers will tell you the most important position in hockey is goalie. Taking that into consideration, and realizing that Sowchuk's masterful control of the nets has been main reason Detroit is breezing to a championship triumph makes us sure he is the MVP. If Sawchuk does win the Hart Trophy, he will become the third netminder in history to receive this honor. Back in 1928-1929, Roy Worters of the Americans was selected. Rayner won two years ago.

As for the Vezina Trophy it is an automatic nomination and one Terry should win with ease. Terry is far ahead of the opposition and has surpassed his superb work of last year when he was selected "Rookie of the Year." Terry's closest competitor was winner of the Vezina Trophy last lear, Toronto's Al Rollins.

SPORTS BRIEFS

Top-seeded **Walter Plekan** of Buffalo, N. Y. has already moved up to the 3rd round of the National Handball Tourney being currently held in Detroit, Mich.

Bob Zawoluk of St. John's U. has been named for the 3rd straight year to the Catholic College All-Star basketball team, selected by 25 coaches for The Tablet, a Catholic newspaper. Bob has also been selected to the AP, UP, INS and Colliers' 1952 All-America teams.

Johnny Terpak, former national weightlifting champion, recently journeyed to Caracas, Venezuela to officiate at the Bolivarian Games held every four years. Terpak is an executive in the world famous York Barbell Co..

Steve Souchock is one of a trio of candidates for the 1B position with the Detroit Tigers. Last season, he enjoyed a fairly good year in the batters-box and moved from position-to-position in the infield. This lad has all the earmarks of a top-flight star.

Bob Nesnay, who started the basketball season with the Montclair, N. J. State Teachers College junior varsity team, is now one of the better performers on the varsity.

Mike Gazella, probably the first Ukrainian ever to play in the major leagues, received honorable mention in the final voting to select the N. Y. Yankees All-Time squad. As a matter of interest, he performed with the 1927 Yankees, judged the greatest baseball team of all time by a survey conducted in 1944 by the Sporting News.

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The "Leader's" Victories

By A. LUCKIW

(6)

Applying communism to the suffering and disheartened million masses of various nationalities in U.S.S.R. was not without its complications for the Communist Party, provoking within her growth and sharpened the contradictions. The spirit of detest was carried clear to the center of this organization, and she began to split, especially after the death of Lenin. Stalin who up to this time was very slightly known begins his destructive fight for a personal reign in the party. The entire process of Stalin's formation to rule was later called by his devoted "theoretics" the blooming development and the strengthening of the Soviet democracy," "consecutive socialistic and to the very end unfolded".

This road was not a bit easy for Stalin. As we know in a dictatorial system of government the central government rests on an extremely narrow plane and only one person can stand on while the others must subjugate themselves without fail. Woe betide those politicians who attempt to argue about sharing the government with the victor who ruthlessly seized it into his hands. Their demands as they themselves will be cast aside and destroyed, their names upon the order of the dictator will be dishonored and given to curse. Dictator Stalin is not an exception of the traditional historic conformity. Contrarily he appears as a classical example, estblishing himself as a ruling tyrant.

When Lenin died in 1924, a man who astonishes all contemporary communists by the fact that he stressed that he did not want in any way or manner to permit Stalin to his successor. Twice before his death he sent warning letters to the communist congress giving them an almost unheard of characterization of Stalin: for example, "Stalin is too coarse and will inevitably conduct the party from one split to the other" etc. But Stalin did not pay any attention to the demands of the deceased dictator. He carried out Lenin's funeral and mentioned the well known communist oath which refers to unlimited fidelity to Lenin's ideas, especially the idea of a world communist revolution, over his coffin. He then noticed how necessary it was to act, this was a demand because of the unfriendly environment.

The essence of the matters no longer laid in the commandments of the deceased dictator, but in the actions of the new dictator, his successor. Immediately after the death of Lenin a crude and bloody battle began for the possession to reign the absolute government in the great Russian Empire. Stalin immediately felt and understood that the only one who will win will be the one who directs the actions of the political police and after that, the operation of the party, this he was able to acquire first.

Rapidly he began stepping over tens and then over tens of thousands of corpses who like himself were Lenin's followers, fanatic believers of the communist dogma. Stalin seated himself "comfortably" and for eon on the narrow undivided space as a government sovereign— dictator of the old Russian Empire which, in 1917 had her tri-color flag changed to a red color. and the two-headed eagle on the national coat of arms was replaced by the hammer and sickle. He was assisted in this, first of all, by the political police, centralized party government machine, the Kremlin walls, plus many other things, which were employed in the struggle against his enemies and opponents by his recent predecessor.

Well isn't "democratic"?

The non-Soviet people never saw, and surely never will see such a struggle for the reign of the government, as took place before the eyes of the residents of U. S. S. R. — brutal struggle of the "genuis leader" for the "democratic" power. As yet it is impossible to uncover the many important incidentals of Stalin's "democratic victory" as they are great accusations against him and the Soviet political police, upon his harsh orders attempt to wipe out everything through forgetfulness and concealment. Future world trials, on the basis of the materials which will be gathered from the remaining communist leaders, who will fall alive into the hands of the world court, will reveal before the world the stunning cruelness of the communist despots, especially their leader from Moscow Kremlin. These facts are only known to a small extent by the world but the trivial amount known shakes the agitated nerves when hear about Stalin's cruelnesss in his fight for power.

From the short notices about the trials and executions of the many leaders of the Communist Party and the Soviet government which were listed in the well censored Soviet press, we can conclude that there were many anti-Stalin organizations and conspiracies. Here are a few examples which will recall some of them:

1. Far Eastern anti-Stalin plot 1931-33 (Bucenko, etc.)
2. Far Eastern opposition organization (Krutov, Levrenti, etc.)
3. Siberian opposition organization (Ache, etc.)
4. Ural plots (Kabakov, Pchenicyn, etc.)
5. Southern plot (Scheboldajev, Betal Kalmykov, Yevdokimov, etc.)
6. Central—Russian plot (Varikis, etc.)
7. Moscow plot (M. Kaminsky, etc.)
8. Army plot (Tuhachevsky, Jakir, Hamarnik, Prymakov, etc.)
10. Ukrainian plot (Kosior, Chubar, etc.)
11. Ukrainian "borotbist" anti-Stalin organization (P. Lubchenko, A. Chvyla, etc.) and many other similar plots.

The above list naturally does not include the bigger and smaller anti-Stalin organizations and plots in the higher party circles, and Soviet government apparatus, and more so their participants. I am not even mentioning the widely known world massive anti-Stalin organization which along with the material called "open trials" were listed in the press under the titles. "Trotskyist Opposition", "Right-Left Coalition", etc. This incomplete account gives a sufficient idea in order to visualize the extent of the struggle against Stalin in the Communist Party and the U.S.S.R. government.

For Stalin this was a difficult and dangerous struggle. He has been spotted with blood and cursed many times during the period of personal inquires, he was laughed at and he frothed with saliva because of his personal lack of strength in his struggle with his more talented opposers, (Trotsky, Zinovev, Bukharin, Kamenev, Rykov, etc.) When he unskilfully swung at them he fell into the dirt of dishonor and detest action, but he picked himself up again and again and rapaciously threw himself up at them. Because the matter was about his personal life not about anything else, which in his sentimation was more trivial. He attacked everything which looked slightly doubtful or suspicious to him. Aquiring the fullest hate toward the "party democratism" he ruthlessly went over the heads to to the throne of Ivan the Terrible almightly, installing a political obedience and moral enslavery, first of all in the party and later throughout the entire U.S.S.R.

(To be continued)

Борис Базилевич

Непередбачений випадок

Повільно-нудно точиться „оксцуг" Мінхен-Ульм. Вечірня година. Вагони сливе порожні. Зрідка на якійсь станції висяде подорожний, або увійде новий, щоб вигідно розсівшися передрімати до станції призначення.

В моїм переділі, напроти мене, охопивши голову руками спертими на коліна, сидить елегантно убраний пан.

Час від часу десь з глибини його грудей видобувається стогін — тяжке зітхання, в якім іноді чути щось в роді викликів: „Бог твуй", або „Mater Dei".

Годі сказати якого віку та нації цей пан, очевидно, терплячий на духову недугу.

Потяг спинився. Серед вечірньої тиші розлягся голос мегафону:

— Augsburg H a u p t bahnhof! Naechste Anschluss . . .

Мій співподорожний зірвався на ноги й тим дав мені можливість побачити його слушний ріст, енергійне гарне обличчя двадцятилітнього юнака й на нім відчитати муку, якої вираз концентрувався у великих, темної краски очах.

Він виглянув у відкрите вікно. На хвилю вираз вагання з'явився на його чолі Рішуче махнув рукою й неймовірно каліченою німецькою мовою звернувся чемно до мене. З тиради його слів мені вдалося довідатися, що він мене перепрошує за це, що сміє обтяжити просьбою пильнувати його місця й валізки і що він за хвилю верне.

Хвиля затягнулася аж до мегафонового оповіщення про відхід нашого потягу.

Мій сусід, заточуючись, пройшов, коридором повз переділ, в якому їхав, а за коротку хвилю з'явився в дверях. Війнуло алькоголем.

— Перепрошую пана, звернувся до мене, чи тут є моє місце, чи не є?

І раптом, з тяжким плачем, сів на лавку.

— Мати Божа . . . Иезусе солоденький . . . раз-у-раз виривалося з його уст в переміжку з іншими словами українсько - словацької говірки.

Я обережно звертаюсь до нього, й питаю, що міг би я зробити, щоб полегчити його терпіння? І ось, переплітаючи своє оповідання п'яними викликами у всіх знаних йому мовах, він розказав мені історію характерну для наших днів, днів сумерку традиційної моралі й шукання нової в хаосі післявоєнних стосунків.

— Менш-більш місяць тому, я зі своїм другом, також словаком, обідрані й напівголодні, йшли вулицею Мінхену до Головної Квартири ІРО, щоб якось дістати позволення на еміграцію до ЗДА. Звичайно, говоримо по-словацьки. В двох-трьох кроках з-заду нас йшов якийсь добре убраний вояк. На розі вулиці ми трохи затрималась. Вояк підійшов до нас і запитав, чи ми є словаки. І на наше підтвердження освідчив, що він є теж словаком, й дуже радий пізнати краянів і запрошує нас на почастунок до ресторану. Ми згодилися, й втрійку вступили до „Баварії". Тут в дружній розмові при добрій їжі й чарці ми забавили кілька годин . . .

По вечері, при виході з ресторану, наш новий знайомий сказав, що хотів би з ока-на-око поговорити зі мною й коли мій друг відійшов на бік, рубаючи кожне слово освідчив:

— Мій батько є дуже багатим фабрикантом. Я маю 30 відсотків уділів нашої фабрики. Завтра о годині 6-ій увечорі чекаю на вас у себе, — й подав свою адресу.

— Таж я є таким обідранцем, таж я не маю де ночувати, що їсти, а надто мушу вертати з другом до табору, — говорю я йому.

— Дурне, каже вояк! Отже зараз в склепі, з ніг до голови одягаю вас, а це вам 100 марок на оплату трьох днів в готелі й на харчування. Я часу до страти не маю, бо за три дні, від'їжджаю на схід, в невідоме. Чи згода?

— Так, але чому це ви для мене робите, — питаю я збентежений?

— Річ для мене проста. Я є чесний чоловік. Моя засада — чесний бизнес. Отже, чотири місяці тому пізнав я шіснадцятилітню дівчину. Дуже, дуже гарна. Українка, словачка чи полька. Словом, родачка. Ну і вона є . . . в четвертім місяці від мене. Розумієте?

— Розумію, кажу. Але що ж мені до того?

— Я вас пізнаю з нею. Як сподобається — ви з нею оженитесь, бо я не можу. Як по шлюбі уродиться дитина, дістанете 5000 долярів й дальше забезпечення.

— Мій Боже, думаю собі! 5000 долярів і дальше забезпечення для мене бездомного біженця? Це не є дійсність! Але обережність, що до неї мусів я призвичаїтися за чотири роки життя в совєтській Словаччині, казала мені оглядатися на задні колеса. И я кажу, що це все добре, але остаточне слово скажу, як пізнаю панну.

— О, кей! — кинув мені вояк.

За годину я вже був одягнений з ніг до голови, а в новій валізці мав дві пари білля, гарну краватку, черевики та туалетове приладдя.

— Слухайте, пане Мартін — так себе назвав вояк — кажу я, ви ж мене не знаєте. А може я є злодій, лайдак. Використаю вашу та її довірливість та й . . .

— I am sorry to talk, what you are mistaking. Я вас добре пізнав при добрій чарці та коли ми заграли в twenty-one. Thus, tomorrow at five o'clock! Good bye! Сказав, обернувся й покинув мене в хаосі сумнівів, надій, думок.

На другий день . . . А нех би він не прийшов проклятий — пальці обох рук оповідача нервово вп'ялись в буйну каштанову чуприну — на другий день пізнав я панну. Над рідним Попрадом не знайшов би кращої. Прийняли мене, як свого рідного. Три дні провели ми вкупі. Сакраменто, — я закохався. Забув, що вона мусить бути матір'ю не від мене. Кажу вам, чулемся завороженим, а тут, як Патрік Мартін освідчив, що Леся — так звалася панна, — матиме аж до породу по 300 марок місячно, а потім ще по 100 марок на виховання, я згодився одружитися із нею й піти до нотара зробити запис, який на другий день зробилисьми.

На четвертий день Патрік Мартін, урядивши добре прощання, виїхав, а я з Олесею, за якою сонця не бачивем, зачали оформлювати документи потрібні до шлюбу. І ось . . . ось . . . рясні сльози хлинули з очей оповідача й стогін вирвався з його грудей.

І ось передучора йшов я з Олесею тими, знаєте, високими сходами . . . Олесі підвернулася нога . . . злетіла стремголов . . . Кровоток . . . Завезли до шпиталю . . . Вчора довідався, що скинула дитину . . . Робили операцію!

Знову голосіння розляглося в тиші вагону.

— Чого ж ви, питаю, не при хворій нареченій?

Блудним зором кинув на мене словак.

— Твуй Бог, сакраменська свиня, навіщо мені здалася чужа дівка? Пропали доляри, пропало життя! Йой-йой, матінко моя!

Залився сльозами й тим закінчив свою „трагедію" син Попрада, позбавлений вітчизни й . . . етичних первнів.

Пам'яті шляхетної людини

Так дивно воно склалося, що автор цих рядків учився на кооператора і бизнесмена, а „вивчився" на фейлетоніста. Українська Торговельна Школа при вул. Корняктів ч. 1. у Львові це й була та надзвичайна установа, яка виховувала, в більшості, поетів і письменників, або революціонерів... З моїх шкільних часів згадаю хоч би таких вихованків Школи, як поета Богдана Нижанківського та невіджалуваного Друга Василя Ткачука, талановитого новеліста, що загинув під час воєнної хуртовини в 1941-42 рр., в 25-му році життя. А про підпільників і не згадую, бо їм ім'я — Легіон! Це й були часи злопам'ятних пацифікацій і найбільшого умасовлення підпольного руху на західно-українських землях. А головні його кадри гніздилися, очевидно, на середньошкільних лавках.

І щойно тепер, з перспективи двох десятків років, можна належно освідомити цю складну і незвичайно важку та відповідальну ролю українського педогога, якому прийшлося виховувати молоде покоління в такій підміонованій атмосфері. З одного боку висів над ними, неначе меч Дамокля, тиск чужої адміністрації в умовинах напів-поліційної державної системи: далі йшла вічна турбота і тривога за саму істоту молодої людини, за її виховання та приспособлення до життєвих завдань, відповідальність за неї перед Богом, батьками і цілим народом. І з другого — масовим революційним фанатизмом заражені лави юнацтва, що для нього, часто, шкільна лавка служила лише як засіб конспірації, яке основну свою життєву місію вбачало в безкомпромісовій боротьбі з окупантом. Природній і не страшний в нормальних обставинах конфлікт „батьків і дітей", молоді і старшого громадянства, учня і виховника, — в такій ситуації прибирав особливо драстичні форми, завоювався до крайніх меж і, деколи мав дуже трагічні наслідки (як вбивство дир. Бабія).

На тлі тієї неспокійної епохи виринає перед моїми очима незабутня постать „нашого Директора", довголітнього керманича Української Торговельної Школи, бл. п. Дениса Коренця. Є директори, перед якими учні мають страх, або респект, яких треба шанувати за енергію, чи т. зв. тверду руку, або подивляти за їхні наукові титули, але вийнятком буває такий керівник школи, що його учні направду і щиро люблять. Покійний наш Директор належав саме до такого вийняткового типу людей.

Людина багатого життєвого досвіду, з довгим професійним та громадським стажем, мав наш Директор ще особливі прикмети душі і серця, що з'єднували йому симпатію Школи, а це вибачливість, зрозуміння і великий такт. Вже з його зовнішнього, щиро-добродушного вигляду випливала якась тепло-інтимна струя і нав'язувала нитку своєрідного відношення до учня, що його можна схарактеризувати одним тільки словом: батьківське. Не відчувалося в тій людині нічого офіціяльного чи пак „директорського": в канцелярії, в клясі, чи на коридорі вас зустрічали завжди лагідно-жартівливі очі, привітня усмішка і дружнє, справді батьківське: „Ну, що ж там, хлопче?" Його лекції з історії кооперації в нашій клясі скидалися радше на свобідну гутірку, як на стислий, шкільний виклад про Овена та рочдельських піонерів. Навіть короткотривалі спалахи гніву, що скорше гасли, як вибухали, служили йому хіба для замаскування вродженої лагідности і доброти.

Моя літературна „хвороба" почалася зараз у першій клясі, а на початкові її симптоми звернув увагу д-р Е. Ю. Пеленський, тоді професор польської мови в нашій Школі (тепер в Австралії). Почалося, як це звичайно буває, від писання задач на т..зв. вільну тему. Невдовзі зацікавився моїми задачами сам Пан Директор і скав раз у канцелярії, після конференції:

— То що ж, будемо мати в школі ще одного поета... Хай вже буде поет, як мав би бути підпільник: з поетами менше клопоту.

Але даремні були сподівання дорогого нашого Директора, що я не прибавлю йому клопотів у характері підпольника... Так воно склалося, що й я попав у одне підпольне середовище, радше припадково, як „з премедитацією", бо, сказати правду, справжнім революційним духом, я ніколи не відзначався. Як би там воно не було, я вплутався тоді в досить погану аферу, і як би це трапилось в іншій школі, з іншим директором, то хто зна, чи я не „вилетів би" тоді із школи. Але, що справа опинилася в руках нашого Директора, а господар кляси, пані д-р Лежогубська, теж вставила за мене своє слівце, то все скінчилося на переслуханні в канцелярії та „затягненні" до ч о р н о ї книжки.

Та після того, коли я тільки стрінувся око в око з Директором, я завжди вичитував у його погляді німий, мовчазний докір і мені вчувалися тоді пам'ятні слова Цезаря:

— Et tu Brutte contra me?

Або в перекладі на сучаснішу мову:

— І ти, хлопче, такий самий, як інші?...

Цей погляд переслідував мене до кінця навчання і я покидав шкільні пороги при вул. Корняктів із почуттям нечистої совісти — у відношенні до моїх Професорів і, головне, до самого Директора... Пізніше ми ще нераз зустрічалися у Львові, вже як „рівнорядні", сказати б, громадяни, та ще й тоді ця нечиста совість підказувала мені думку — поговорити собі по — душам з колишнім Директором, виправдатись перед ним, перепросити ту шляхетну людину за заподіяну їй, може, прикрість, розчарування...

На жаль — це був лише добрий намір, а добрими та нездійсненими намірами промощена дорога в пекло... Потім прийшла війна, одна і друга, одна і друга окупація, а далі почалася Скитальщина. І на важкому, скитальському шляху не стало нашого Директора... Може цей скромний спомин про нього, в шосту річницю його трагічної смерти, хоч деякою мірою звільнить мене від того тягару, що обтяжує моє душевне конто ще від 2-гої кляси Торговельної Школи?

Ів. Керницький.

Надія Хмара.

Молодість і багатство

7)

А за ним шумів столітній ліс, співали пташки, і безперестанно шепотіли прозорі хвилі...

Оля вже чекала на нього на назначеному місці. Вона стояла нерухомо, і її ніби закам'янілу постать, вдало можна б порівняти зі стрункою тополею, що росла в кількох кроках від неї.

Дмитро Сидорович швидко підійшов до неї, вибачаючись за кілька хвилин запізнення. Дівчина кинула на нього повний байдужности, навіть дещо неприязний погляд.

Той погляд не віщував нічого доброго для нього. Яка чужа й далека здалася вона йому в цю мить! Це строге обличчя, повне якоїсь рішучости, яке неподібне було воно тепер до тої Олі, що кохала його колись, в очах якої з'являлася невимовна радість при одній його появі! Так! Дочка священика, була чесна, ніжна дівчина, але вона вміла також бути рішучою. І тепер сміло приготувалася негативно відповісти на прохання Дмитра Сидоровича.

— Олю! Вам напевно батьки писали, що я хотів би одружитися з вами, — несміло заговорив — поміщик. — Я люблю вас, Олю, і ви будете щасливою, бо ввесь мій маєток буде в ваших руках...

Останні слова навіть дещо розгнівали добре серце дівчини, і вона перебила його:

„Чому ви не подумали, чи я люблю вас? Чи ви певні, що маєток вистачить для того, щоб полюбити когось? За гроші люблять людей, але не щиро, бо ті, що люблять за гроші, люблять не їх власника, а його маєток, і як тільки він позбудеться свого маєтку припадково, любов до нього зникає теж. Чи ви хотіли б бути любленим так? — наче грім сипалися слова дівчини.

— Я не люблю вас, а тому щастя вам принести не могла б ніколи, бо його вам могла б принести лише та, що щиро любила б вас... і без маєтку, — добавила Оля. — Це все, що я хотіла сказати вам тут, де нікого немає. Дівчина кинула останній байдужий погляд на заніміло Дмитра Сидоровича і, повернувшись, пішла по широкій алеї вздовж кладовища. Поміщик мовчки провожав її очима аж доки вона не зникла на закруті вулиці. Спочатку поміщик не міг рухнутись з місця, і навіть не міг нічого думати, але скоро сумні думки почали снуватися в його голові. Він не був лихий на дівчину! Ні! Навпаки він був вдячний їй, відчуваючи правду її слів, таких загальновідомих, і все ж над якими він не задумувався раніше.

„Щастя могла б вам принести лише та, що щиро любила б вас без маєтку", — пригадувалися слова дочки священика.

Так! Він раньше не думав над правдивістю цих слів, і в молодости, мріючи про багатство, Дмитро Сидорович не цінив щирої любови Олі, котра думала лише про його щастя. Тепер він був певний, що це була одинока дівчина, що щиро кохала його. Інші жінки захоплювались ним, радо бували в його товаристві, але також швидко, пізнавши його змінливу натуру, легко змінювали його на інших. Лише Оля терпеливо до смерти кохала його, і напевно його одруження прискорило смерть дівчини. Дмитро Сидорович з присмністю дивився в її повні любови до нього очі, і це дуже тішило його, але він не думав над тим, що бути щиро любленим це велике щастя; не думав про те, що щира любов буває дуже рідко.

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