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Fifth Ukrainian American Congress To Be Held Over Fourth of July Weekend, in New York

The Fifth Congress of Ukrainian Americans meeting in this critical year of 1952 promises to be a most important and eventful occasion.

It will be held on July 4, 5 and 6th at the Hotel Statler in New York.

It is significant that the Congress will be held on the very week-end when Americans commemorate the anniversary of their country's gaining independence by setting aside this holiday to renew their faith in the ideals of Democracy and Freedom.

In tune with these sentiments Ukrainians from all over America will manifest their beliefs in the self-same ideals which find expression in the following slogans:

"Full support of the United States in its fight to preserve the highest ideals of mankind",

"National liberation to all Moscow enslaved peoples",

"Freedom for nations, Freedom for the individual",

"Freedom and independence for Ukraine",

"Unity of all Ukrainians and full support of the Ukrainian liberation movement",

"Protest against genocide of the Ukrainian people"

"Protest against persecution of the Ukrainian Churches".

The following information is offered for organizations which are members of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America and for organizations which wish to become members of it and to participate in the Fifth Congress.

Every organization which upholds the principles of the UCCA has the right to elect delegates to the Fifth Congress. An organization whose membership numbers up to 100 has the right to appoint one delegate. Organizations whose membership numbers over 100 may appoint two delegates. An organization which has not yet filed a membership declaration may do so by filling out the form.

Any organization which submits its credential form properly filled out will receive a detailed program and further instructions. The printed form credentials must be filled out and mailed to the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, P. O. Box 721, Church St. Annex, New York 7, N. Y. A copy of this authorization should be given to the delegate attending the Congress and thereafter may be filed with the records of the organization.

Any organization which has not yet received an announcement and registration material for the Fifth Congress should write immediately to the Ukrainian Congress Committee and the necessary material will be sent out.

There is still time for your organization to register its delegates for the Fifth Congress. Make sure you are represented at this all-important convention.

U.A.V. To Award Citations at June Convention

Walter Bacad, Senior Vice-Commander of the Ukrainian-American Veterans and Chairman of their Fifth Annual Convention Committee, announced today that three citations would be awarded as follows at the U.A.V. convention on June 7-8, at the Henry Hudson Hotel in New York City:

1. To the Ukrainian-American Veteran who has done most in the past year to further the Ukrainian cause in the United States.

2. To the Ukrainian individual who has done most in the past year to further the Ukrainian cause in the United States.

3. To the American doing most for Ukrainians in the past year in the field of humanities.

He urged that all Ukrainian-Americans submit their votes for the above citations to the U.A.V., National Headquarters, 847 North Franklin Street, Philadelphia 23, Pa. All submissions will be carefully screened, but the decision of the judges, the Executive Committee of the U.A.V. will be final.

Mr. Bacad also urged that members of all Ukrainian American Veterans Post Ladies Auxiliaries plan to attend the national Ladies Auxiliary Meeting scheduled at the Hotel for Sunday, June 8th, at 1 P.M. Mothers, wives sisters and daughters of Ukrainian American veterans are earnestly requested to attend, regardless of whether or not they are officially members of an auxiliary unit..

Joseph Lesawyer, of Long Island City, will be toastmaster at the Fifth Annual Convention Banquet to be held in the Grand Ballroom of the Henry Hudson Hotel on Saturday, June 7th.

Cap'n Snafu Fund Gets One Year Prison Pay Donation

Cap'n Snafu (Michael Goy), 3½-year-old Ukrainian Displaced Person living in Newark, N. J. with his parents, two older brothers and a young sister, made national headlines on Saturday, May 3, 1952, when the Newark Star-Ledger carried his picture on the front page. Other papers carried the story nationally via the Associated Press. The Star-Ledger's headline read: "Helping Hand for handless; Pellecchia Donates, Prison Pay to Boy, 3."

The story, carried the same day in the Newark Evening News and N. Y. World-Telegram and Sun, and on Sunday in the N. Y. Times and N. Y. Herald-Tribune, told of how ex-Newark Police Judge, P. James Pellecchia, Jr., 42, now serving a 10-15 year sentence for embezzling $650,000 from his family controlled bank to pay off gambling debts, had read Cap'n Snafu's story in the story in the Star-Ledger, and wrote the Michael Goy Welfare Committee, at 506—18th Ave., Newark, donating a year's prison salary for the rehabilitation of the child. The N. Y. Daily Mirror had a picture in the center on Monday, May 5th.

Pellecchia wrote:

"Enclosed you will please find my contribution to the Michael Goy Welfare Fund. I would have preferred to have made an anonymous contribution, but since I am an inmate at the N. J. Prison Farm, at Leesburg, all disbursements are made from our funds by authorities. Therefore, in this instance you would have to know the donor.

"I am sorry that I cannot make a larger contribution to such a worthy cause; however, I have never taken greater pleasure in giving than in this instance. Mainly because this innocent, lovable child suffers a great misfortune by an act of nature. He makes my problems seem small in comparison, especially since mine were caused by my own faults. While I have made larger contributions in days gone by, this is the greatest proportionately for it represents my earnings for a year.

"It is my sincere hope that your drive for funds will be very successful."

The enclosed check was signed by the head prison keeper. It was for $30.

Commander James M. Melnychuk of the Ukrainian American Veterans of Greater Newark, who launched the fund-raising drive for the purpose of rehabilitating li'l Cap'n Snafu, said, that about $3,500 had been received. "We hope to have $5,000 in the fund by May 25th, when Cap'n Snafu will have his 4th birthday party at the Ukrainian Sitch Hall. Incidentally, the Schraft restaurant chain (Frank G. Shattuck & Co.) is donating a birthday cake. Mayor Ralph Villani and the four City Commissioners of Newark are expected to be there for the party."

Big Civil Defence Exhibition

The 7th Regiment Armory, 66th Street and Park Avenue, will open its doors from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., May 13th through May 19th, for the largest Civil Defense exhibition ever held in New York City.

The Federal, state and city Civil Defense organizations have joined with the "Alert America" convoy, to bring to the public knowledge of what atomic warfare is really like and practical knowledge about survival if the bomb strikes.

The "Alert America" exhibit will dramatize how our city would look after atomic attack, and the preparations already made to protect you and your family from atomic devastation, as well as against germ and gas warfare.

New York City will demontrate the equipment and manpower of its seven emergency divisions: fire, health, police, welfare, communications, medical, and transportation. Each division will present a complete story of how it is prepared to care for the people of New Yok City, immediately after possible attack.

Don't miss the opportunity to learn how to protect yourself and your loved ones. Admission is free.

On Mother's Day we present her here with father.

We think she would prefer it. So would she. And so do we.

The drawing here, done by a younger generation Ukrainian American (Maria Nahirna), typifies well the immigrant parents who came to these shores a long time ago, who built up Ukrainian American life, and inspired and aided their American born children to become what they are today.

Love and the best—to both of you.

Stecura's Carnegie Debut Wins Plaudits of Critics

The young Ukrainian pianist, Roman Stecura, who is here but several years, made his New York piano recital last Thursday evening, May 8, in Carnegie Hall Recital Hall.

He received excellent reviews from the New York Times and other New York papers.

He played Beethoven's Sonata in D Op. 10, No. 1., Mussorgsky's "Pictures from an Exhibition," pieces by Debussy and Hendemith, and Schumann's Symphonic Etudes.

The Times critic wrote that there were "some fine things about Stecura's playing. He has good enough mechanism—a quite facile one, indeed. His musical training is solid, and he occasionally brought considerable interpretive strength to his performances.

"The biggest drawback last night was his unrelieved loud playing. Perhaps he misjudged the sonorities of the little hall. A little more concentration on nuance and the lower dynamic end of the scale are indicated. But one looks forward to hearing Mr. Stecura again, perhaps in a larger hall."

The New York Herald Tribune critic alluded to Mr. Stecura's "general accomplishments," his large dynamic range, "well graded, and a ringing climactic sense (which is) very much a part of his musical equipment. Color also he has in abundance."

HODIAK ON TELEVISION

On Friday, May 2nd, at 6:30 P.M. John Hodiak appeared as guest star on the Jinx Falkenburg McCrary program.

During the course of the interview, Mrs. McCrary praised him for his excellent performance in "The Chase", and quoted Henry Fonda as saying that Mr. Hodiak, along with two other players has accomplished everything on the stage the first time what most actors do or hope to do in three years.

Stephanie Turash Stars in New Opera Ballad

Stephanie Turash, younger generation Ukrainian American soprano, was in excellent voice in her well acted leading role, that of Nana, in the "Acres of Sky" ballad opera, which had its first New York performance at Columbia University's Brander Mathews Theatre, last Wednesday evening, May 8th.

The New York Times critic, Howard Taubman, praised her performance.

Although "Acres of Sky" was in a way a halting, flawed product, it was a brave effort at the creation of something distinctive in the way of American lyric theatre, and Turash was considerably responsible for its successful opening before a distinguished audience of some 400 persons.

It is adapted from the novel by Charles Morrow Wilson; book and lyrics by Zoe Lund Shiller.

The locale of the opera ballad is in Arkansas. It was commisioned in 1950 by the University of Arkansas and its New York presentation was made possible by a grand from the Alice M. Ditson Fund Committee of Columbia University.

Its composer is Arthur Kreutz, born in LaCrosse, Wisconsin. He is skilled and serious. The only complaint against him in this piece is that he does not compose enough. He was content to let long scenes take place with the actors only speaking their lines and with the orchestra injecting a thin, reticent connecting tissue.

Karanowicz-Hordinsky To Give Town Hall Recital

Daria Karanowicz-Hordinsky a Ukrainian pianist of European reputation, will make her New York debut this Sunday, May 18, at at 5:30, in the Town Tall.

Her program will include compositions by Bach-Stradal, Brahms, Chopin, Nyzhankowsky, Marx, Hennig, Suk, and Sauer.

Born in Ukraine, Daria Karanowicz - Hardinsky received her basis music training under the Ukrainian composer Wasyl Barwinsky in Lviw and then moved to Vienna where she continued her studies under Steuermann. Daria Karanowicz graduated from the Wiener Musik Hochschule (Vienna Academy of Music). Her teachers were Dr. Paul Weingarten and Emil von Sauer. She has appeared as soloist in Vienna, Salzburg (Mozarteum), Berlin, Prague, Warsaw, and many other European cities and frequently played with the Vienna Philharmonic Quartet. Daria Karanowicz was a steady performer in Radio Vienna and Radio Salzburg.

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Roman Kuchar, Tenor, Gives Recital In University of Colorado

Roman Kuchar, Ukrainian emigrant, who is described by the Colorado press "as an outstanding tenor," gave his Senior recital Sunday evening, May 5th, in the auditorium of the Collage of Music of the University of Colorado.

Mr. Kuchar received fine reviews from the local press critics, particularly from the Boulder Courier.

Last year Mr. Kuchar was granted a scholarship for completion of the training of his voice.

He is a student of Prof. Alexander Grant. He started his musical training in the state conservatory of music in Lviw, Western Ukraine, along with modern languages at the Lviw University.

During the war he was a slave laborer for the Germans. However, while in Vienna, he found time after work, in the evenings, to continue his studies in the Viennese Music Conservatory.

"There," sair Kucher, "I got my first chance as a tenor-soloist at the Conservatory's chamber of music. Simultaneously, I was taking part in the masses' and oratorias' performances of the St. Stephans' Cathedral and Alterchefender Kirche."

With the approach of the Soviet Army, Kuchar left the city and, after several months of traveling under the worst possible war conditions, contacted the U.S. forces.

He jointed the entertainment organization for U. S. troops and sang popular songs and popular arias. He also sang leading parts in the Ukrainian National Opera in Munich. Later he continued his studies of modern languages, German, Russian, and English at the University of Heidelberg and received a Diploma of Interpreter, corresponding to a master's degree.

He has been much in demand in Boulder as entertainer and speaker at civic clubs and other organizations. He is also a soloist at the Catholic Church there.

As a speaker, Kuchar says that he is anxious to let the "friendly, hospitable Amerocan people—for whom I have such admiration — know about the Communist danger from which I and my Ukrainian countrymen suffered so much."

Kuchar's recital numbers included a recetative and aria from Handel's "Messiah", as well as those of Pergolesi, Giordani, Verdi, Beethoven, Schubert, Straus.

It ended with compositions of Ukrainians, Matiuk's", Sichinsky's "Iz Sliz Moyikh", and Lopatynsky's "Tsvity, Vasilku."

IVAN FRANKO

Undoubtedly the complex problems of daily existence leave very little time for the average young Ukrainian American to delve into the traditions and other elements that constitutute his Ukrainian background. It is therefore important that he devote the little time that he has for this purpose, to the best advantage. This he can do at least by reading the publications devoted to giving him and his kind a better knowledge and appreciation of their Ukrainian heritage, such as the Ukrainian Weekly, and also by acquainting himself in every possible way with at least a few of the leading representative Ukrainians and their works.

Among the latter, one man whom none of us should fail to learn to know better, is Ivan Ivan Franko, whose death on May 28, 1916 (born August 15, 1856) Ukrainians the world over are commemorating at this time. For with the possible exception of Taras Shevchenko, the national poet of Ukraine, no one is a better all-around representative of the Ukrainian people, their culture, their prolific talents, their national sufferings as well as hopes, strivings and aspirations — than he, Ivan Franko. In addition, he is a man whom any nation would be proud to claim as her own son, for his literary works are a valuable addition to the world's best literature—a fact which will become better realized when the Ukrainian language becomes better known outside its homeland.

One quality, however, of Ivan Franko's works which makes them very popular among those of our young Ukrainian Americans who have read them, is their modernism. There is nothing out-of-date, remote or unreal about them. In many of them the reader is likely to find a replica of his own experiences, both happy and sad, and of the problems with which he has to contend from time to time. And the manner in which Franko treats such situations or solves the problems, often turns out to be of great help to the reader, by pointing out to him the path which he should take, or by inspiring him to fresh endeavors to reach his goal. That is at least one of the reasons why those of our young people who read his poems, short stories, novels, and articles on sundry subject—all of the highest literary quality yet written in simple Ukrainian — find them to be so engrossing, so personal in tone, and so real.

We strongly recommend, therefore, to the many of our youth who Know Ivan Franko only by name, to learn to know him better. This they can do by reading his works and about his life.

Anti-Bolshévist Rally in New York Calls On U.N. To Demand Soviet Free Satellite States

The American Friends of Anti--Bolshevist Bloc of Nations, which operates through underground countries, recommended on Sunday, May 4, to the United Nations that Soviet Russia be called upon to free subjugated nations or face expulsion from the organization.

The recommendation was made and resolutions adopted at a mass meeting in Manhattan Center in New York City attended by over 2,000 persons, including representatives of fifteen enslaved nations.

A large proportion of those present were Ukrainians.

The Ukrainian speaker was Mr. I. L. Bilinsky, whose address appears on these pages.

The Anti-Bolshevist Bloc of Nations was formed in Europe in 1942, when thirteen nations had been subjugated. It professes to represent 250,000,000 persons in twenty-five countris, the New York Times reports.

Principal speaker at the rally was Representative O. K. Armstrong of Missouri.

He is quoted as saying that the Central Agency of Psychological Strategy is changing its name now to the American Center of Liberation, the purpose of which "is to encourage the enslaved peoples to liberate themselves."

"The greatest single mistake ever made by leaders of our government," he said, "was to assume that if we gave the Kremlin tyrants all that they desired, they would cooperate with us for a peaceful world... Now we are following the policy of containment , but we cannot contain Communism. We have reached the ed of the rope as our as policy is concerned.

Messages from Senator Irving M. Ives of New York, Gov. John Davis Lodge of Connecticut, and Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio, were received.

THE AMERICAN WAY

Statism or God?

By DR. ALFRED P. HAAKE

The world has come to the most serious crisis in recorded history. Earth has shuddered at the impact of flood, storm, fire, earthquake and war; and, always, mankind has regained courage, gathered its resources and renewed its march toward the goal of ultimate freedom and perfection.

But the forces which have been gathering through the past generation reach to tear down mankind by the tens and hundreds of millions by grasping at the very soul and source of human progress. Mankind itself faces destruction because this most terrible of all crisis is a religious crisis.

Bridges, docks, ships can be repaired and raised.

Burned and shattered buildings can be replaced.

Flooded lands can be drained and the plow once more turn over their fertile riches.

The lives that were lost yielded their stations to others who took their places. But when we destroy faith in God, we also lose faith in goodness and integrity and every precious value that makes life worth living. Man is destroyed as a "Person endowed of God" when he descends to the materialistic level of the animal world.

The danger from the impending and spreading forces of disaster is the more serious because they are so insidious. Most men fail or refuse to take notice of them under the blandishments within which they are presented.

Communism declared its purpose to free men from the tyranny of the Czars, and to enrich the material living to Russia's teeming millions. But Lenin substituted the State for the Church, and God was kicked out of Russia. The State took the place of God as the author of man's rights, duties and dignity.

Fascism marched on Rome to save Italy from national disintegration. But, Mussolini boasted that "beyond the State there is nothing," and man became the creature and puppet of the Italian corporate State. Again, God was denied as the author of man's rights, duties and dignity.

In Germany a leader arose, sphinx-like, out of the ashes of her political and economic ruin, to promise the people a new order, with freedom from fear and freedom from want, and a restoration of their nation to world power. But, Hitler desecrated God, perverted education and established the hideideous doctrine that "the State can do no wrong." A third time God was denied as the author of man's rights, duties and dignity — and the State lifted to the level of divinity.

Nowhere in the world, not even in our own America, have we escaped that trend toward Statism. Men have let loose of God to seek favor at the altar of the Golden Calf. Make no mistake about it; the growing curse of the world is Statism—a pagan doctrine that denies God as the ultimate Ruler and Refuge.

That is the awful challenge we face. Shall it be State or God? To meet that challenge we must mobilize our spiritual resources; from Church, field, factory, counting room and home we must gather the strength to meet and overcome the pagan forces that threaten the extinction of moral and spiritual man. For material man, with all powers that science can yield him, is finally the victim of his own appetites.

Without God, man is only an articulate beast.

Poet's Corner

"LOVING AND THIRSTING EYES"

"Gaze, loving and thirsting eyes, in the house or street or public assembly."
— Walt Whitman

Gaze well and long, for now your least glance buys
Great draughts of beauty as from one decanting
Some heady vintage! Note the fresh veneer
Upon the stream, the sunlight so sincere,
The green, eventful woodland all surprise—
And how the willows, once content to languish,
Recall old anguish
And shed their tears like rain in torrents slanting,
While pigeon-colored lilacs show in mass
Above a new edition of the grass . . .
Nothing of grace is wanting!
A beggar sorely smitten
Once caused, it's said, a placard to be written
And hung about his neck that humankind
Might read there, "It is May and I am blind."

Amanda Benjamin Hall.

FREEDOM FOR THE PEOPLE — FREEDOM FOR THE MAN

(Address of I. M. BILINSKY at the Antibolshevist Rally on May 4, 1952, at Manhattan Centre in New York, N. Y.)

Until recent years only the peoples enslaved by Moscow have been speaking of Russian imperialism. Today, every American statesman and every American newspaper is speaking of it. Russian imperialism is menacing the interests of the American people, even more seriously, more totally and more directly than did the Nazi imperialism. The Russian imperialism is even a worse enemy of civilization, freedom and the way of life which the American people regard as their fundamental principles.

Hence, the inevitableness of a determined struggle of United States against Russian bolshevism rises not only from the sympathy toward the peoples in Moscow's bondage, but primarily from the necessity to defend the freedom, civilization and the way of life of American people.

As the American people have realized some ten years ago, that the defense line of United States has been on the Rhine, so they are beginning to feel vividly that the line of defense against Russian imperialism must be on the Volga River, on the ethnograaphic borders of Russia.

The fate of the peoples in Russian yoke is an evident example what the free nations, including America, may expect in the event of a Russian victory.

The Russian Mass Murders of Ukrainians in Vinnitsa

The famine instigated in Ukraine in 1932-1933, which resulted in dreadful deaths of approximately 6,000,000 men and women, elderly and young ones, as well as the murder of scores of thousands of Ukrainian political prisoners in Vinnitsa, Ukraine, . . . these are the illustrations of Russian bolshevik methods of terror which the Russians are employing, to an extent desired by them, in every country that falls under their domination.

None but the Russian communists had murdered at Katyn thousands of Polish officers, and none but the Russian communist political agents are slaying today American wounded prisoners of war.

Also the acts of Russian bolshevik terror in the countries occupied by them — Czechoslovakia, Poland, Roumania, Hun mania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia are generally known throughout the world.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that similar lot will be shared by any people which might fall under Russian bolshevik rule. And that is why the American people and the whole Western World are bound to resist it before it is too late.

There are still in America men, even some political leaders, who believe that Russian communist menace could be avoided through appeasement.

We, as champions of the peoples subjugated by Russia, deem it our duty to warn all American people against impending danger concealed in such political tactics. Is there anyone who does not see the results of applying such a policy? The occupation of Baltic States as well as of all the middle and south-eastern Europe, and millions of victims in these lands . . . These are the results of the policy of appeasement of bolsheviks; the seizure by communists of all China is also the consequence of this policy; the war in Korea which cost America more than 100,000 casulties, and which is threatening to spread over new territories of Asia . . . these are likewise the effects of appeasement.

Russian Empire Must Be Annihilated

The menace of the Russian communist imperialism will cease to exist only when it will have been annihilated in its foundations, when the existence of Russian empire will likewise be terminated.

On the battlefront against the Russian bolshevik imperialism the American people are not alone. On that front are already for 35 years the peoples of Eastern Europe—the Ukrainians, the Byelorussians, Cossacks and the people of Central and North-western Asia. The rescue of Soviet Union from collapse in the World War II did not stifle them and did not break their determination to continue their struggle.

The Fight of the UPA

The Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA), along with insurgent units of other peoples enslaved by Moscow, are waging for over seven years now their armed resistance against the Russian communist occupants. United in the Anti-bolshevik Bloc of Nations, relying only on their own strength, they continue their uneven struggle, not only in self-defense but also in defense of the whole free world. After the World War II their ranks have been augmented by the insurgents of the satellite nations. And none but these peoples subjugated by Moscow, are the best and most trustworthy allies of the American people and of the entire free world in common combat against the common enemy—against the Russian tyranny and imperialism.

This campaign, however, is bound to be common in reality, and it must be conuducted for the common interests, for the liberty of all the peoples. They still remember the enmity of Nazi Germany against Soviet Union, which tried to remove the Russian yoke only to impose its own instead.

The American people, if they truly desire to find their devoted ally, must sincerely and clearly manigest their determination to help them in the restoration of their liberty and national sovereignty.

The American people and their Government ought not to abandon these peoples in uncertainty. Those peoples ought now to be certain of American assistance in accomplishing their objectives, just as the French, the Belgians, the the Dutch or Norwegians had been sure that after the crushing of Hitlerism the American

(Concluded on Page 3)

THE LIFE INSURANCE PROBLEM

LIFE INSURANCE IS NO LONGER A WAGER

Two marvelous things happened in the history of life insurance in the progress of civilization. One of them was the discovery of the very principle that most of the risks of existence could be transferred from one person to a whole group of persons, — the principle which became the very foundation of every kind of insurance. Another was the discovery of the just rates at which death insurance should be given.

At the beginning of life insurance such rates were a mere guesswork. No matter what the people paid for it, nobody knew if they paid enough or too much. Indeed, nobody even tried to find the just amount. Moreover, now that we know, we also know that, had even those people tried to find the just amount of rates they would have failed, just as even the most experienced mathematician has to fail in the simplest addition when he does not know the elements which he has to add.

They would have failed as they lacked completely the necessary data. They were gathered only slowly, by adding the facts through many generations and by attempting to find some order in those phenomena. Those pertinent phenomena, in life insurance, were, of course, deaths on the occurence of which the insurers had to pay insurance to the insured. Now about death only one thing seemed to be certain, namely, that it must occur in the life of every person. Everything else, especially when it should occur, or from what cause, was all problematic. And those were exactly the sides of the question which mattered, as even the simplest people could discover that a man who will die within a year should pay a different rate for his insurance than the man who will live yet 50 years.

When the life insurance, all based upon guesswork as it was, spread and embraced many millions of people, some thinking men discovered certain helpful regularity about death, which allowed such thinking men to guess, or even prophesize, with scientific accuracy, the time of death of the people. Not that they discovered the time of death of each individual person. Far from that. This is still a mystery unlocked by science. But they discovered the time of death of a great number of people. Given a great number of people, it became possible to foretell with something approaching scientific certainty, how many of those people would die within a year, how many within two years, and so on, until all of them will be dead. Basing upon the experiences of the past ages, scientsts have even composed the so-called mortality tables which casts those experiences of humanity in the matter of death into almost immutable tabulations.

Everybody capable of any thinking will at once grasp the importance of this discovery for the business of life insurance. Once it became known how many people out of a certain group will die within a year, it became practically possible to compute the rates which the insured have to pay for their protection. Nowadays this activity of computing the rates is so highly developed that that practically every organization, private or public, organized as a private or a cooperative enterprise, can sell insurance to the people computing the rates in strictly scientific manner.

J. G.

Impressions . by William Shust

Mother of God—this is your month.

Once again time has come to the beautiful moment in the year when all creation sings praises to you.

O Mary—conceived without sin—help us to live our lives.

Help us to realize the insignificant part each one of us plays.

Helps us to glory in simplicity—for that is the beauty you glory in.

Help us to be ever pure in your eyes and earn the reward of your never-ending gaze.

Help us to sing your song.

For Mother we are flesh, and the flesh weakens so quickly without strength of soul. Strengthen our souls with your smile.

And then—though we lose life itself—heaven will be closer, lighted by your smile.

"LOVE YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW"

By HENRY HAWRYLEW

The trouble with mother-in-laws is that they themselves have a serious problem: a problem of making a new life for themselves after their children grow up and get married.

Many mothers have fallen into the trap of burying themselves in their children. So long as their children are at home, and the house is filled with their friends, these mothers are happy and useful. But when their children marry and leave home, these mothers have to make a major adjustment—not only with their new-in-laws, but with their children and their own husbands. They face a new life which stretches bleakly before them, and they feel lost, useless.

The mother-in-law problem is so traditional—so expected, almost—that few young people view it fairly or try to handle it wisely.

It is a sorry fact that some of the most capable clever mothers make the most objectionable mothers-in-law. The wonderful mothers and wives, with naturally executive talents, dominate their homes and families.

In a recent survey of divorced persons, men listed in-law difficulties as the second most important cause of divorce—second only to infidelity. It is not always the mother-in-law who causes all the trouble. Often it's the father-in-law.

The mother, however, usually has the more difficult psychological problem when the children leave home. But the daughter can handle her mother's problem if she recognizes her mother's new loneliness.

One of the great difficulties in the wife versus mother-in-law situation is that the battle seldom comes out into the open. Indirection is a well-known female weapon. The mother-in-law will seldom give her daughter-in-law orders. Instead, she will work for control in devious ways.

Some mother-son attachments are so exaggerated that any marriage for the son cannot work out. A few of these men never marry; a great many who do, make their wives miserable. A man's affection for his mother is natural. But he must divorce himself from her interference before he marries.

Both the husband and wife should be aware of the dangers of letting parents move in and make themselves important. Right from the beginning young people should deliberately avoid forming any pattern of seeing in-laws on a regular basis, no matter how many hurt feelings this attitude stirs up.

It is particularly important to work out a satisfactory relationship with your in-laws before the grandchildren arrive. Children don't help; they only complicate in-law tensions. So, when your mother-in-law criticizes the way in which you are bringing up the children, try to exercise tact and patience. The situation only becomes painful and critical when the grandmother tries to make herself vital by winning the affection of the children by ruthless methods.

The really perfect mother-in-law is the one who moves to make a clear break when her children marry. She not only gives up control, but also deliberately makes herself unavailable.

Financial or housing problems sometimes makes it necessary for a young couple to live with in-laws. This is never good. But where it is unavoidable, the young couple should keep their relationship a closed corporation. Emotional independence must be maintained.

When there is a real mother-in-law problem, be sure that you and your wife are frank with each other. Talk the difficulty over calmly—and privately. Patience is important. So is tact. But you must be

Concluded on page 3)

Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors

By MICHAEL KOTSIUBINSKY
Translated by STEPHEN SHUMEYKO

(ТІНІ ЗАБУТИХ ПРЕДКІВ)

(Continued) (13)

Ivan gathered some dried sticks of wood and kindled a fire. In a moment the burning sticks were crackling and a column of smoke rose into the air and lost itself among the spruces. The leaping flames quickly lit up the clearing.

Ivan sat down on a stump and looked around him. The clearing was mostly filled with sharp pointed, rotting stumps, among which grew wild raspberry bushes. Pressing upon it from all sides were tall dark spruces, whose lower branches, thin and dry, drooped down like beards.

Sadness again came upon Ivan. He was alone once more. There was no sign of Marichka yet. So he lit his pipe and puffing upon it stared meditatively into the flames; perhaps in this way his vigil would seem much shorter. After all, she was bound to come back. In fact, he was quite certain now that he could hear the sound of her approaching footsteps. Yes! that must be her at last . . . He half rose to greet her, then suddenly sank.

The dry branches parted silently and out of the forest emerged a strange looking person. Of a rotund form, he wore no clothing whatsoever. Instead soft black hair covered his entire body, ringed his round and kindly eyes, came to a point on his heard, and hung down luxuriously on his chest. Resting his hairy-arms comfortably upon his pot-belly, this strange person approached Ivan.

Ivan recognized him now. It was the happy Chuhayster, that good forest spirit that protected people against the wiles of the dryads. He was death itself to them, for upon catching them he tore them to pieces.

Beaming kindly, and winking his eyes at him, he asked Ivan:

"Which way did she go?"

"Who?"

"The dryad."

"He probably means my Marichka," thought Ivan as a sudden fear for her safety assailed him. Why did she have to disappear!

"I don't know, for I haven't seen her," he answered carelessly, and then invitingly waved his hand to a stump next to him:

"Have a seat."

The Chuhayster sat down on the stump, shook himself free of the dry leaves clinging to him, and stretched out his legs towards the fire.

For a while both remained silent. The Chuhayster warmed his legs by the fire, all the while slowly rubbing his belly; while Ivan stared into the flames, thinking how he could possibly keep this wood spirit by him as long as possible, so as to give Marichka plenty of time to get away.

Help came from the Chuhayster himself.

Winking at Ivan, he said:

"Maybe you would like to dance with me?"

"Why not!" Ivan happily exclaimed, rising to his feet.

He threw some more dried sticks upon the fire, glanced, down upon his moccasins to see that they were tied well, pulled down his shirt, and then took his position for the dance.

The Chuhayster was already waiting for him, his hairy hands on his hips, his body swaying.

"Well, go ahead, begin! . . ."

Ivan stamped his foot, advanced it forward, jerked his body, and then whirled off into the easy-flowing dance of the Hutzuls.

Before him swayed the Chuhayster, his eyes half-closed, keeping time by chuckling rhythmically, his pot-belly shaking, while his feet, shaggy like those of a bear, clumsily stamped upon the one some spot. Gradually he warmed up to the dance. His leaps grew higher and squatting lower. His chuckling gave way to rhythmic grunting, while his breath began to come in gasps. Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead, and gleamed from beneath his armpits upon his belly. In a few moments he was fairly beside himself with the joy of the dance.

"Come on! faster!" he yelled to Ivan, his heels drumming upon the ground.

"Let's go! Let's go!" Ivan yelled back. "Ho-ho! If we're to dance, then let's dance!"

"Now, this way!" The chuhayster clapped his hands and squatting lower to the ground began to whirl around.

"Ho-ho-ho!" Ivan gleefully shouted, slapping his thighs. Wasn't he some dancer though!

The flames leaped higher and higher, as the two figures stamped and squatted, and leaped, and whirled about, while their shadows swayed and clashed upon the brightly illuminated clearing.

Gradually the Chuhayster began to tire. Every moment he raised his dirt-encrusted hand to wipe off the pouring sweat. His movemenes grew less energetic, and soon he no longer leaped or whirled about, but just shook his body rhythmically.

"Maybe we've had enough?" he finally gasped.

"Oh, no . . . A little bit more."

Ivan himself was already faint from the exertions. Hot, soaked from the perspiration, his feet sore from the pounding, and his chest heaving, he would have liked to stop himself, but he had to keep the Chuhayster from searching for Marichka.

"Wait," he urged. "I'm going to play a dance tune now that you never heard before." And he reached in his back pocket for his floyara.

Taking a few deep breaths he started to play. The tune was the same he had once learned from Pan: "Here are my goats . . . here are my goats. . . ."

The Chuhayster, livened by this mellow but stirring music, began once more to kick up his heels, his eyes shut tight in contentment, apparently oblivious to any tiredness.

Now Marichka need not fear.

"Flee, Marichka . . . don't be afraid, my dear . . . your enemy is dancing," the floyara sang.

The hair now clung to Chuhayster's quivering and leaping body as if he had just emerged from water, saliva flowed from his mouth, opened in the ecstasy of the dance, and he shone all over from the light of the dancing flames; while Ivan urged him on and on with the wild strains of his floyara, and, although tired beyond the point of endurance, himself drummed the earth with his aching feet, from which his moccasines had already fallen off.

Finally the Chuhayster could not go on any longer.

"That's enough. I can't go on any further . . ."

With these words he toppled over upon the grass, gasping for breath, his eyes tightly shut.

Ivan keeled over beside him. Both of them thus lay there, slowly recovering their breath and strength.

Finally the Chuhayster stirred and said:

"Well, I certainly had fine dance and said:

Grunting happily he massaged his belly. Then smoothing out the hair on his chest, he lumbered to his feet . . .

"Thank you so much for such a nice dance . . ."

"Good luck to you too . . ."

"Good luck to you too . . . .

The dry spruce branches parted and the Chuhayster disappeared into the forest.

Stillness once more fell upon the glade. The fire had nearly died out by now, only the blinking of its smouldering eye showed that it still had some life left.

But where was Marichka?

Ivan had a lot to tell her yet. He had such an overwhelming desire to tell her the whole story of his life, of his great longing for her, of those dark days, following her drowning, of his present existence among enemies, of his unfortunate marriage . . . Yet where was she? Which way had she gone? was it to the left? It seemed to him that she did go that way. So he turned in that direction and plunged into the woods.

Unmindful of the thickets that scratched his face Ivan plunged blindly trough the dense forest in search of Marichka. In some places the spruces grew so closely together that it was with extreme difficulty that he managed to squirm through Nothing deterred him however. Not even the heavy fog through which he had to blindly forded his way. Stumbling over stumps, climbing over fallen trees, gasping for breath, his scratched face bleeding, he kept on. At times it seemed to him that he heard her voice calling to him. Then he would stop, hold his breath, and listen intently. But the forest was so flooded with stillness that even the rustle of the dry branches against which his shoulders brushed sounded like the crackling of a falling tree. So he continued onward through the night, his hands outstretched before him like those of a blind man.

(To be continued)

The Struggle for Greatness

By OSYP TURIANSKY

Translated from the Ukrainian by Adam Hnidj

I

In the borough of Tailsend there lived a parson who had qualities of decisive influence on the point of view of his parishioners. He was extremely tall, belonging to the class of people for whom, as they say, the Lord has lost His measure. Apart from this, he had very broad shoulders, mighty fists, a serious, round belly, two chins, and a thundering bass voice. He was very afraid of that restless spirit which compels to think and strive for something, and he fought it, not only with his strong voice, but also with his strong fists. He lived in concord with ecery nation and therefore considered unnecessary and harmful all kinds of schools, libraries, organizations, and so on. He did not persuade the burghers to give any donations, fees or dues to any national cause. To be concise, he cared only for their being religious, and getting to the Kingdom of Heaven the cheapest possible way.

The borough of Tailsend lived far away from the clamour of life and resembled that legendary settlement of Homer, somewhere on the border of the world, where even the sun's rays could not reach it. And even if the sun strayed there for a moment, he only placed his life-giving rays on the burghers' manes, for he never had enough strength to shine in the darkness of their skulls. And, while the loss of eyesight is a great tragedy for other people, the burghers of Tailsend never felt this tragic loss because, in the spiritual sense, they had never had any eyes. The stomach was the beginning and the end of their lives. They thought with their stomachs, thus: their thoughts, in the form of gifts of their Mother Nature, entered their stomachs fresh and healthy, and emerged from it in an unhealthy condition. That was whole contents of life of the burghers of Tailsend. They were glad to be alive and loved their parson dearly, because he had covered the little stagnant puddle of their lives with

(Continued on page 4)

FREEDOM FOR THE PEOPLE — FREEDOM FOR THE MAN

(Concluded from page 2)

people will aid in restoration of independence of France, Belgium, Holland and Norway.

The mobilization of the World has started already!

The Sly Kremlin

The sly Kremlin is mobilizing for years the sympathies of all colonial peoples outside the borders of the Communist Bloc, promising them every assistance in their struggle for national and social liberation, since the bolsheviks are aware that in a total war not only the weapons but also the ideas are a determining factor.

and the West is bound to have a great idea which will arouse the peoples to struggle. The West ought to have it and to demonstrate it now to all the peoples. Such idea could be no other than the idea of freedom, the idea of national liberation of all the peoples now under Russian subjugation.

The American people should endeavor to realize this idea, if only to prevent creation of new needs of strife.

Communism Just a Tool of Russian Imperialism

Today there can be no doubt that the threat of World War III looms not because of the existence of socialism or communism, but because of the existence of Russian imperialism, which is using communism as its tool.

This very imperialism of Russia which, as our Secretary of State Dean Acheson has rightly stressed, has been terrorizing other peoples for 500 years, must be eradicated. Or else, tomorrow it will make use of Slavophilism, of Eurasianism, or such, just as it is using today communism in order to plunge the world in fire and blood of the next world war.

Only the annihilation of Russian imperialism at the very source, through restoration of national independence to all the peoples now under Moscow's enslavement, can prevent this from happening.

The slogan of the Anti-bolshevik Bloc of Nations "Freedom for the peoples—freedom for the man", ought to find in the free world, and among the American people in particular, a sincere and clear attestation, as a slogan for which the American soldier has always been fighting, as a slogan written in American Declaration of Independence as well as on the American flags.

Vet News Roundup

Q. I am a disabled World War II veteran. If I get VA's approval, may I still start vocational training under Public Law 16, or did the cut-off date of last July end my chances for taking the training?

A. If you meet all requirements, you still may begin training under Public Law 16. Under the law, youn may start at any time, so long as you can finish by the program's wind-up on July 25, 1956. The July 25, 1951 cut-off date applied only to training under the GI Bill, and not under Public Law 16.

Q. A close friend, a World War I veteran, died recently, and I paid the burial expenses, since he had no family. May I be reimbursed by VA for the expenses?

A. Yes.2 VA pay up to $150 for bunrial expenses of an eligible veteran. You can get necessary application forms at any VA office. You must file your claim for reimbursement within two years after the veteran's burial.

Q. My wife and I are both World War II veterans. We want to open a dress shop with the help of a GI business loan. May we both use our loan guarantee privileges together?

A. Yes. However, your total combined guarantee may not exceed 50 percent of the loan.

Q. I understand that VA will stop mailing premium recepts on GI insurance this summer. Does that mean we won't be getting those premium notice envelopes, as well?

A. No. The premium notice envelopes will continue to be sent to veteran policyholders. Only the mailing of receipts will be discontinued.

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THE UKRAINIAN REVOLUTION
by John S. Reshetar, Jr.
This book is an analysis of the Ukrainian National Movement as it emerged at the time of the Russian Revolution of 1917.
Published by Princeton University Press.
Price $5.00.
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BLACKSHEEP TAKE THIRD AS U.N.A: BOWLING LEAGUE ENDS SEASON

By STEPHEN KURLAK

With the first-place spot already occupied by the Newark Ukrainian Veterans and the second position won by the New York U.N.A. Circle Branch 435 as a result of the matches held the week before, the Ukrainian Blacksheep keglers of Jersey City nosed out the Penn-Jersey Social Club quintet by one game for third place in the final match of the season held on Friday, May 2nd.

Both teams had won fifty games each before the final contest, but the Peejays lost their chance for a trophy when they dropped two games to the U.N.A. Branch 272 team of Maplewood, while the Blacksheep won two out of three from the St. Johns C.W.V. aggregation from Newark. Although the Branch 272 bowlers had only a faint outside chance to place in third, they never gave up hope and smothered the Penn-Jersey crew (which sorely missed Walter Tofel) with heavy-pinning games. Only in the second did the latter come back to win with 830 pins to 820 for the Maplewoodites.

The Blacksheep had an easier time with their opponents in two of the games, but the St. Johnsmen stiffened their resistance in the second only to lose the third.

The results of the other matches showed the top-notch Newark Vets the winners in two out of three games from the "B" Team of the Jersey City Social Club, while second-place Branch 435 made a clean-sweep of three games over the Ukrainian Orthodox Church team of Newark, thus finishing the season in true winning form. New York's other team, the St. George C.W.V. Post also won three games from their opponents, the Jersey City "A" team and thus found themselves in a tie for fifth place with Branch 272.

Among the season's outstanding performances by teams and players were the high team single game of 956 pins registered by Penn-Jersey Social Club and the high team three-game series of 2,654 pins scored by the Newark Vets. Peter Struck set the season record for the individual game with a total of 247 pins, while John Chutko did likewise in the individual series class with a total of 629 pins. Chutko also wins a first prize for the greatest number of 200 games scored, having made 28 of them.

Additional details pertaining to individual performances during the whole season will appear in the next issue of this paper.

Trophies supplied by the Ukrainian National Association and cash prizes coming out of the league "kitty" will be presented to the winning teams and to the individual players by supreme officers of the Association at a banquet to be held at the Ukrainian Home on Fleet Street in Jersey City on Saturday, May 17th.

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION LEAGUE TEAM STANDINGS

	Won	Lost	Game	High 3 Game High	Total Pins	Avr.
1. Newark Ukr. - Amer. Vets	66	33	927	2654	77631	784
2. U.N.A. Branch 435, N.Y.C.	62	37	903	2486	76966	777
3. Ukrainian Blacksheep, J.C.	53	46	899	2501	73748	745
4. Penn-Jersey S. C., Newark	52	47	956	2569	77041	778
5. U.N.A. Br. 272, Maplewood	50	49	904	2540	76742	775
6. St. George C.W.V., N.Y.C.	50	49	879	2478	73779	745
7. Jersey City S.&A. Team A	44	55	906	2398	72607	733
8. Jersey City S.&A. Team B	43	56	890	2571	74605	753
9. Ukr. Orth. Church, Newark	38	61	840	2347	71070	718
10. St. Johns C.W.V., Newark	37	62	890	2474	74339	751

UKRAINIANS ARE UNITED

(Z.P.) It is true that Ukrainians in exile are split up into many parties. That is a weakness characteristic for exile and all exiled nations. There are two main Ukrainian state centers: the U.H.V.R. (Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council) representing the Ukrainian forces of resistance in Ukraine; and the U.N.R. (Ukrainian National Council), uniting some Ukrainian political parties in exile, both of which claim to aim at constructing an independent Ukrainian state after the collapse of bolshevism. Apart from these, there is the Ukrainian monarchist group, the Union of Ukrainian Hetman Adherents ("Soyuz Hetmantsiv - Derzhavnykiv"); although this group has not formed a government in exile and is ready to cooperate with other official groups on certain conditions, it nevertheless supports the idea that Ukraine's future lies in a democratic, constitutional monarchy, the model being Great Britain.

Then there are many political parties: the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (O. U.N.) under the leadership of **Stepan Bandera**; the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists and Solidarists, (O.U.N.-S.) under **A. Melnyk**; the U.N.D.O, the Ukrainian National-Democratic Union; theU.N.D.S., the Ukrainian National-Democratic Federation; U.R.D.P., the Ukrainian Revolutionary - Democratic Party; S.Z.S.U., the Federation of Ukrainian Provinces, and many smaller parties.

On the whole, differences between Ukrainians are neither greater nor less than among other peoples. They hate or love each other just as much as elsewhere. There is talk and elsewhere. There is talk and gossip, just as in all party offices, from Washington to Canberra. People rejoice when they get the better of their opponents. They get irritated and there are internal party crises that harm individual members. And, as everywhere else, efforts are made to court the "great unknown", the masses, to win their approval and support. If there was an independent Ukraine, official and other parties would carry on the same contests that we find in other countries even including, perhaps, coups and revolutions. But **national** opponents of Ukraine, hostile to their ideals of independence would be quite in error if they thought they could derive any advantage from these internal divisions among Ukrainians. It does not help much to play one group off against another; nor does it lead very far. However much Ukrainians may quarrel among themselves, they immediately close their ranks and form a united front whenever danger from without threatens. That much they have learned from bitter experience.

A striking proof of this was given by the decided and united resistance put up by Ukrainians to the imperialist claims of Kerensky's group. The Russians were much astonished and upset when they suddenly found themselves confronted by an unbroken Ukrainian front. They were not accustomed to this kind of thing. Their policy of conquest in Ukraine had always been based on bringing supporters in Ukraine with money and promises of opportunity or in founding party friendly to Russians. That is what they tried to do here, but with American money. They were able to get hold of a handful of mercenary people, whom they literally had to pick out of the gutter; not a single decent, selfrespecting Ukrainian was taken in by the fair promises of the Russian "Council for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia." The Ukrainians answered with a clear, decided "No"!

If anyone needs Ukrainians, if he wants to launch any campaign with Ukrainians he must negotiate with them directly, for Ukrainians do not require any Russian intermediaries. The presence of many Ukrainian parties is no obstacle to negotiations; where genuine and and serious affairs of foreign policy insert is doomed to failure from the start.

Ukrainians may march in separate formations, but they attack together. They have an inclination, often a passion, for parties. But, first and foremost they are **Ukrainian patriots.** However great differences between parties may be, there is one thing in which all are united, namely in their reaction to the **Russian danger.** When Russia threatens they rise rise as one man, as was proved in the Kerensky affair. It will be proved in the future, too, for **Russia** is the danger, no matter which Russia—bolshevist(czarist, or "democratic", all are imperialist! As long as Russia is not disintegrated into its national component shevist, czarist, or "democrat- the world. Of this **all Ukrainians** are convinced; here their front is united.

CONNECTICUT YOUTH ORGANIZATION ELECTS YOUTH OFFICERS

Mr. Wasil Plaskonos of Hartford was elected President of the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut at its reorganization meeting held Sunday, May 4, 1952 at the Ukrainian - American Citizen Club in Hartford, Conn. Nearly one hundred young people from various parts of the state attended the meeting.

Others elected to the board of officers were Mr. Walter Bandera, Glastonbury, Mrs. Mary Kopko, Bridgeport; Miss Olena Horbal, Ansonia; Mr. Bohdan Les and Joseph Yarosewich of New Haven, Mr. Henry Paproski, Bridgeport, and Mr. John Chernyha and Mr. John Seleman of East Hartford.

The organization's immediate undertakings will be a statewide organization drive, reissuing the "Ukrainian Affairs Bulletin of Connecticut" and coordinating numerous activities of the State.

Mr. Andrew Melnyk of New Britain presided and Mrs. Mary Kopko Bridgeport was recording secretary.

Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER W. DANKO

UKRAINIANS IN ORGANIZED BASEBALL

Infielder **Mike Goliat's** baseball career changed quickly last week. He played for the Browns in the first game of a double-header against the White Sox, but during the second contest he was sold to Toronto of the International League and was en route by plane to join his new club.

Harry Dorish, ace relief hurler for the Chicago White Sox, chalked up his first win of the '52 season by defeating the St. Louis Browns, 7-6.

Something new has been added to Class C baseball. Ball players traveling with the Roswell Club of the Longhorne League can get plenty of sleep no matter how long the trip may be. It is the first club in organized baseball to have a hotel on wheels—a bus equipped with beds. Manager **Al** Monchak placed two beds in the bus last season—one to be used by the next night's starting hurler and the other by the catcher. This year they have six good-sized, stationary beds. In the middle of the aisle a folding navy cot will be placed. This makes seven beds for use on long jumps. When the cot is not used it can be folded up and removed.

Steve Souchock is currently batting .308 for the Detroit Tigers. He has 8 safeties for 26 times-at-bat and included amongst his hits are 3 doubles. He should have a banner year if given the chance to play regularly.

Buffalo of the International League has shipped catcher **Harry Psutka** to Williamsport of the Eastern (A) League.

From Our Mailbox

Paul Fenchak of Ramsey, who pitched for Niagara Falls of the Middle Atlantic (C) League last season is now attending Clarion, Pa. State Teachers College where he has accrued almost sufficient credits to gain his sheepskin. In a recent letter to this column, Paul wrote... "For my Sociology course I have chosen to write a term paper—"Folkways of the Ukraine." I would like to know if you can suggest any books or other literature dealing specifically with Ukrainian culture. Thought perhaps you might help this worth undertaking."

It's really very commendable when our youth take it upon themselves to help propagate the Ukrainians. Paul — a fine Uke—would welcome any info any reders of this column may core to offer him. His Address is Box 48, Clarion State Teachers College, Clarion, Pa.

BRIEFS

Bobby Sargent, rising young comedian who just completed a successful engagement at the N. Y. Paramount, apparently is of Ukrainian ancestry. During his very entertaining routine, while appearing on the stage at the aforementioned theatre, Bobby told a story of 2 Ukrainians whose names were "Joe Dobryowich" and "Novotney" and some of their experiences in Pittsburgh and McKeesport upon arrival to these shores from Ukraine in 1904. All in all, the very hilarious anecdote lasted 5-plus minutes and he mentioned Ukraine four times. After finishing his story —which by the way drew many hardy laughs—he added "Believe me folks, I should know! Dobryowich is my father!" He is now appearing in N.Y.C.'s famed Copacabana nite club club in their new floor show.

The failure of the New York Knickerbockers to draft **Zeke Zawoluk,** St. John's U.s All-American center, has come as quite a surprise to all basketball fans, but Joe Lapchick, head man of the Knicks, has a ready explanation. "After Minneapolis playoffs, where we gave away an abundance of tap-ins, any desire of drafting Zawoluk completely disappeared," Lapchick said last week. "Bob, for all his 6 feet 6½ inches, would hardly answer our height problem," the Knick coach added. "Connie Simmons, at 6-8, and even Harry Gallatin, at 6-6, can go much higher on the backboards and if they couldn't stop the Lakers, I doubt Zawoluk could help." As such, if Bob doesn't accept any of the lucrative offers from the several industrial companies that are lidding for his services (they play high class amateur ball) he will then take the floor for the Indianapolis quintet in the NBA next season.

George Tishkewitz — a civil engineering student at Cooper Union in NYC has been awarded the Irving Rossi Fellowship (valued at $2,000) in finance and industrial management. George will enter as a student in the first class of the new Sloan School of Industrial Management of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology next September. He is a full-time day undergraduate. He has been co-captain of the basketball team, treasurer of the Cooper chapter of the American Society of Civil Engineers, president of Chi Epsilon and vice president of the Cooper chapter of Tau Beta Pi. As an added note, George is a former member of St. George's Ukrainian basketball team which captured the UYL-NA national title in Toronto in 1948.

Air National Guard Pilot Training Available to High School Graduates

The lowering of educational requirements now makes it possible for high school graduates to join the New Jersey Air National Guard to receive pilot training at regular Air Force flying schools. Formerly, a minimum of two years of college or equivalent educational background was a prerequisite for such training.

Major General Edward C. Rose, the Chief of Staff, New Jersey Department of Defense, announced the new requirements and said that it is now possible for high school graduates from 19 to 26½ years of age to qualify for aviation cadet training.

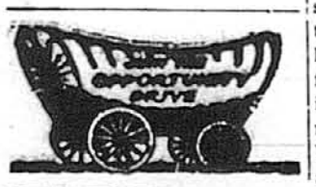
Under this program, young men will enlist in the New Jersey Air National Guard and will be assigned to Air Force flying schools. As aviation cadets, they receive the best flight training in the world. They will be paid $105 per month, receive housing, food, clothing and medical care at government expense. In addition, each cadet will receive $10,000 Government Life Insurance at no cost expense. In addition, each cadet will receive $10,000 Government Life Insurance at no cost to him.

Upon completion of flight training, the cadets will be commissioned second lieutenants and will return to the New Jersey Air National Guard. They will not be required to perform active military service with the Air Force.

In making this announcement, General Rose said that never before in the history of the Air National Guard has this opportunity been presented to air-minded young Americans of New Jersey.

He urged all interested men to write or telephone the following: Captain Robert Hitch-Newark Aoirport, Mitchell 2-7275; Warrant Officer Louis Vocino, Headquarters, New Jersey Air National Guard, State Armory, Trenton 5-8561.

JOIN UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION



LOVE YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW

(Concluded from Page 2)

firm at the same. The success of your marriage must be placed above everything else. Don't make concessions for the sake of temporary peace. Be resolute, even if the first break means tears and hurt feelings.

Remember, the older woman is facing a bad situation herself, that her striving for control is the result of feeling useless, unimportant. Instead of fighting her, help her to win independence. In the long run, mutual independence will be better not only for you, but also for your mother-in-law.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 7: Morning: Registration
1 p.m.—U.A.V. Business Sessions
Henry Hudson Hotel
7 p.m.—Banquet & Dance
Grand Ballroom, Henry Hudson Hotel.—Admission: $7.50.
9 p.m.—Dance only
Admission: $2.00
SUNDAY, JUNE 8: Morning—Church services
1 p.m.—U.A.V. Election of New Officers
Meeting of U.A.V. Ladies Auxiliary
6 p.m.—Farewell Party

THE STRUGGLE FOR GREATNESS

(Continud from page 3)

the cover of watermoss of freedom of care, security, and quiet digestion. For this he promised them the eternal reward after death.

However, the deepest cause of love of the flock to their parson lay elsewhere. As in every being, so in every burgher of Tailsend, slumbered the striving for something great, unusual. The difference was only in one thing: when in other peoples' the striving nestled on the bottom of their souls, in the burghers of Tailsend, in consequence of their withering and the absence of soul, it found shelter on the bottom of their bourgeois stomachs. In the height of their parson, in his mighty fists, and in the fact that he could consume a complete roasted piglet for dinner, the burghers of Tailsend saw the symbol and realization of their not heart's but, so to say, abdominal desire for greatness, something extraordinary. This is the reason why Tailsenders were prepared to go for their parson through fire and water.

But suddenly and unexpectedly their beloved parson died. It is difficult to describe what what sorrow and pain cruelly gripped the hearts of the burghers of Tailsend. To stun, to knock out, to drown the big worm of pining, Tailsenders annihilated to the very bottom all supplies of drinks in the township, and were so full of sorrow at the funeral, their souls being so moved, that they could not walk straight but swayed and stumbled to the right and to the left. And if it had not been for the funeral horses which, in their innate sobriety, were the only creatures thinking for the burghers, having a straight road before them, who knows if Tailsenders, in their extraordinary distress, would have been capable of taking their parson to the place of eternal rest.

The pain began to gnaw Tailsenders' souls mostly after the funeral. It reached a point where they could not walk and had to stand, where they could not stand had to lie down. They lay on the paths, by the fences, and such a sickness and repulsiveness of life gripped them that they poured out their feelings without a word. Even such a dark and ugly power as the mud in the streets commiserated with them: it swelled with pride that the burghers of Tailsend preferred to place their aching heads in it, rather than on their own pillars. For this reason, to make it softer for them, it softened and encompassed their burly heads and their clothes with a black coat of mourning. And when Tailsenders were themselves again, they wished nothing more but the same kind of parson as was the deceased.

But God did not grant them their wish. To replace the deceased, came to Tailsend a new parson who, with his appearance and character, was the small that, we might say, that the mighty, secret power which helps to grow the trees, the grass, and human stupidity, forgot its duties as far as the new priest was concerned. If only some obesity and bulk had remedied the lack of height. But no! The new parson was lean and thin and insignificant looking, and had a thin and feeble voice which actually could be called a squeak. Although he was past forty, because of his modest behavior and the lack of a moustache, he looked like a youth in his twenties.

Yet in the miserable, short body of the new parson lived a great, lofty soul, which was missing in his predecessor. He was a poet whose name was known and esteemed by the best people in the nation. In his writings, sermons and everywhere he attempted to prove that the source of the present bad times for the Ukrainian people, and the cause of deep downfall of mankind, was only one terrible, destructive power: grubby materialism. "Instead of looking for the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, people have stuck their heads into the troughs of dirty profiteering. The belief in the creative power of the spirit has been substituted with the belief in the belly. This is why the most outstanding intellects of our age prophesy perdition for the nations."

The new parson thought that the grubby materialism, i.e. the animal existence for the stomach only, threatened to strike a double blow at the Ukrainian people, because it was being consumed by two diseases: one, external — the chains of slavery, the other one, internal—the loss of a common, worthy goal, in consequence of the miserable existence for the still more miserable broth of everyday's grey routine. On the cruel mart of life people stood, for this reason, a slave of slaves. If it was to rise again, the cancer of listlessness had to be killed at any price, the miserable soupy egotism must be annihilated, and its thoughts and deeds had to be turned, even forcibly, towards the summit of ideals, towards the bright stars of the Ukraine.

(To be continued)

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Л. Печниська

У поклін матерям

Шляхетний звичай, присвячувати один день на рік вшанованню Матері, розповсюдився по всіх культурних країнах, але, здається, жадний народ не святкує цей день так тепло, як це відбувається у нас. Бо в нашому народі жінка взагалі, а мати зокрема займає високе становище і в родині і в суспільному житті. Вже на початку історичного шляху нашого народу, стрічаємо жінок на князівськім престолі, а українські жінки, вийшовши заміж за членів панівних родин в Европі, грали провідну ролю в міжнароднім житті. Особливо почесне було положення жінки у нас, якщо порівняємо принизливе становище жінок в сусідніх народів.

Україна ніколи не жила спокійним життям, її географічне положення та захватництво її сусідів вимагали постійного поготівля. У той час коли інші народи могли жити безтурботно, плекати родинний спокій й затишок забезпеченого життя, то у нас молодь постійно мусіла допомагати своїм батькам відбивати неперестанні напади ворогів. Мужчини хапались за зброю й зникали часто назавжди від родинного життя, що його пильнувати лишались самі жінки. Ці жінки мусіли не лише виховувати своїх дітей, але й нераз боронити їх збройно від нападу ворогів.

Минали віки. Інші народи все більше переходили в колею нормального культурного життя й лише в історичних оповіданнях описувалася кривава минувшина їхніх батьківщин. Не так було у нас. Знайшовшись під російською окупацією, наш нарід ніколи не зазнав можливості спокійного життя. Чужинці постійно забирали нашу молодь на будову Петербургу, на праці в Сибіру на засвоювання піскових надаральських пустель. А в той час, коли, з розвитком цивілізації, інші народи зажили вигідним, безтурботним життям, як це є хоч би в Америці, наша країна була завойована ще страшнішим ворогом, — російськими большевиками.

Населення України винищено голодом, розстрілами і засланнями. Чоловіків майже не лишалось по селах. Увесь тягар непосильної боротьби за кавалок хліба, яким би можна було прогодувати дітей, падав на матір, і хоч діти, — голодні і обдерті, — виростали та ворог не давав матерям натішитись ними. На цих дітей чекали чуже військо, чужі роботи і чужі в'язниці.

Цілком певно можна твердити, що такого життя, такої праці й такого нелюдського болю не переносили жінки жадного народу в усій історії землі. Чужинці, які під час другої світової війни побували в Україні, залишили нам захоплені описи моральної сили української матері, що сама, без батька й чоловіка, яких „забрали", змагалася з непосильними життєвими труднощами й перемагала ці труднощі.

А чи не викликають подиву ці матері, що, бувши змушені кинути рідню землю, давно колись пішли вірно за своїми чоловіками у незнане життя за море — в Америку й тут на диких просторах Канади, чи в найчорнішій праці фабрик ЗДА, не заламались, а виховали своїх дітей на славу людству. Тепер тільки, коли приглядаємося на наслідок праці матерів, на цих забезпечених, освічених дітей їхніх, то пригадується їхня ,здавалося безнадійна, мандрівка у незнаний світ, їхня витривалість і жертвенність, їхні задушевні мрії побачити своїх дітей, що працюватимуть для створення кращого світу, — не того світу нужди і несправедливості, що в ньому ще й досі перебувають наші рідні землі.

У день Матері ще згадуємо біль тих мільйонів сердець, що ніколи не забувають своїх синів і дочок, яким життя одібрали вороги нашої країни. Проходять роки, зміняються події і люди, але незмінна туга матері, якій вже ніколи не почути радісного сміху її дітей, не порозмовляти з ними за родинним столом, не попращати їх надобраніч і не почути їхнього вітання з добрим ранком. Яким ніколи не жити вже звичайними радостями, якими живуть мільйони жінок щасливіших, ніж наш, народів.

А скільки наших матерів, покинувши все, пішли в холодний морок Сибіру, у вічну вогкість промерзлих в'язниць шукати своїх дітей, відшукати яких неможливо! А скільки матерів підняло зброю, яку випустили холодіючі руку їхніх дітей і, замість них, пішли у лави Української Повстанчої Армії. Скільки з них, розшириними від жаху зіницями добачали пожари рідніх хат і трупи рідніх дітей!

Українська матір не заломується. Нехай нестримний біль у серці, нехай доводиться ковтати невиплакувальні сльози, але жити треба. Як не для своїх то для чужих дітей. Якщо не для щастя тих, кого вже немає біля них, то хоч для щастя тих чужих, але близьких, бо для дітей спільного народу.

Тому такі рухливі наші жіночі організації, тому такі притульні мешкання тут, на чужині, де порядкує рука жінки, тому не вгасає бреніння рідної мови і в тюрмах Росії, і в лісах Бразилії, і в пустелях Австралії. Тому живе і буде жити наш працьовитий, мирний і добрий народ.

Матері не вимагають шани і подяки. Радість інших, — їхня радість. Але вдячне серце нашого народу повсякчасно пам'ятає про них. І це серце вирішило посвятити один день на рік виключно для спогаду і для вшанування найтеплішого й найвеличнішого слова, яке тільки існує в людській мові, — вшанування МАТЕРІ.

Ірина Ш. Шуварська

В ДЕНЬ МАТЕРІ

З далекої землі Вашинґтона,
Линуть, линуть думки;
В рожеві букети складаються тихі,
Скорботні — в зелені вінки.

Змилосердіться вали океану,
Понесіть ті квіти-думки
До берега, там де рани, руїни,
Зложіть на могили вінки.

І в день цей великий подяки
Не будь і Ти ворогом нам, —
Вільний і могутній, крилатий,
Привіт передай матерям;

Обійми їх крилами своїми,
Так щиро, як діти колись.
Матерям, що не чекають стрічі
З живими, низько вклонись.

Вклонись до землі дорогої,
За яку пролялась їх кров;
Тих дітей, що так рано зазнали,
Що це — доля, жертва, любов.

З далекої землі Вашинґтона,
Пливуть, летять, линуть думки,
До сердець матерей туляться квіти,
На могили кладуться вінки.

МАТИ

(З книги „Під бойовими прапорами УПА").

Кожний хто тільки кинув свій погляд на мертве тіло, що лежало на дубовій лаві, хоч не хоч мусів повірити, що друга Медведя вже нема між живими. Невблаганні кулі ворога — большевицького окупанта у вирі боротьби прошили його молоде тіло. Тіло героя, затоплене в зелені квітів, відпочиває у тихій поліській хаті. Теплі подихи, болючі зітхання, скорботні погляди та спомини присутніх не можуть уже розбудити його з вічного сну.

Ціле західнє Полісся, ввесь надрайон Дубровиця не може віджалувати його смерти. Друг Медвідь, член надрайонової повстанської бойової групи Служби Безпеки був знаний широким народнім масам, яко невсипущий борець за волю народу. Повстанські діячі не могли отямитися від вістки про смерть такої людини, що ніколи не знала ніякого страху, що все була карною, що не могла розуміти, що може у повстанськім житті існувати невиконання наказу.

Печальна вістка про смерть неустрашимого борця дійшла й до матері. По скорбну матір вислали повстанці підводу. Нехай і вона попрощається зі своїм сином-героєм.

Поліське село Грань, району Дубровиця, готовиться до панахиди над героєм. Дівочі руки нарядили мертве тіло вінками, квітами. Священик, зажурені друзі, мовчазні чоловіки, жінки у сльозах ждуть ще на матір. Вогники свічок сумно колихаються. Кожний уявляє трагічну сцену скорбової матері над трупом свого сина. І не буде чому дивуватися. Вже третій її син гине в боротьбі проти окупантів. Може й серце від такого болю розірватися.

Раптом сколихнувся натовп, прошептав: „Матір!"

Двері відчинилися і увійшла вона зі сивим волосєм над зморщеним чолом; років п'яддесяти. Тихо, спокійно пройшла вона між натовпом, спокійно впала на коліна й молиться.

Серед вичікуваної тишини залунав зойк. Це вона встала з колін, підійшла до свого мертвого сина й так до нього промовила:

„Сину мій, не довелося Тобі діждатися волі, за яку Ти боровся, дякую Тобі, що Ти згинув не даремо! Дякую Тобі що Ти згинув у боротьбі за Землю рідну, за наш народ, за нашу Батьківщину! Ти не міг терпіти наруги ворога, Ти не скорився большевицьким окупантам. Дякую Твоїм ногам, що ходили рідною землею; дякую Твоїм рукам, що знали лише працю для народу. Дякую Твоїй головонці й устам, що все несли нам слова правди й розради!"

Покотилися іскрами сльози по її обличчі. Спокійно обцілувала вона наболілі рани свого мертвого сина, обмила їх сльозами. Відтак звернулася до всіх присутніх:

„Спасибі Вам, дітки кохані, що так гарно прибрали мого сина в останню дорогу. Дякую Вам, що Ви мене покликали побачити його в останнє. Нехай він буде для Вас прикладом. Він згинув за нашу Україну. Не дав він ворогові посміятися над собою. Я горда ним, моїм сином!"

Слова її гостро врізалися в серця матерей. Слова її сильно підкріпили завзяття присутніх повстанців. Шепотом почали розказувати про неї, про матір-героїню. Окупанти спалили ціле її господарство, пограбили майно. Вона сама мусить критися перед енкаведистами та ховатися по чужих хатах. І ця переслідувана окупантом, неграмотна поліська стара жінка стільки виявляє свідомости й героїзму та ще інших підтримує на дусі.

А вона мати-героїня, обняла свого мертвого сина, заколисала його мов до сну, та благально до нього звернулася:

„Сину мій, випроси у Бога, щоб Ти був останньою жертвою у цій нашій боротьбі. Нехай більше ніхто не гине. Нехай всі ці, що бояться за волю, дочекають її!"

Друзі на плечах своїх несли мовчазну труну з хати. Дорога веде на кладовище. Біля церкви ще раз прощали героя.

Командир Шворний в коротких словах виголосив щиру, прощальну промову повстанцеві. Мати мовчки слухала прощання друзів.

Повстанці понесли труну до могили. Тут на кладовищі могильний спокій збудила коротка прощальна козацька крісова сальва. Труну опущено в яму. Незабаром виросла могила, висипана повстанцями. Зелені вінки, кольорові квіти покрили сиру землю.

Мати-героїня ще раз звернулася до присутніх:

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Під Берестечком

Під містом Берестечком на Волині, саме в трикутнику, де річка Пляшова впадає в Стир, є село Пляшова. За цим селом, по той бік річки, на широких розлогих луках, розгорівся колись нещасливий бій козацького війська Богдана Хмельницького з поляками. Було це ще в червні 1651 року — триста років тому, але в народній пам'яті ця подія ще й досі зберігається. Місцеве населення навколишніх сіл, та й самого міста Берестечка, розповідає багато дуже цікавих легенд і переказів.

Поле, де відбувалась баталія, зветься „Вали" бо, кажуть, що там були колись оборонні земляні вали, насипані козаками перед боєм. На побоїщі, над самою річкою Пляшова є великий горб, що заходить в річку й утворює невеличкий півострів. З західнього боку від поля той півострів поступово підіймається, а зі східнього — являє собою урвистий беріг над самою річкою.

Цей горб - півострів був козацькою фортецею і його козаки, ніби, „насипали шапками".

Пізніше той півострів заріс густою терниною, кущами калини та верболозом. У тих чагарниках виводилися журавлі, а тому й півострів люди почали називати „Журавлихою".

Ще перед першою світовою війною, один з архимандритів Почаївської Лаври зацікавився тими місцями, де відбувався бій „За Віру Православну". В наслідок того зацікавлення, на „Журавлисі" був побудований монастир у стилі козацького барокка. Монастир був освячений іменем Святого Юрія, проте в народі його прозвали „Козацькими могилами".

Одночасно з будівництвом монастиря, ченці з Почаєва вели археологічні роскопи на „островах". Островами там звуться сухі місця серед грузького болота та мокрих луків. Ті „острови", звичайно, вкриті вербами, лозами або чагарниками. Копаючись у землі серед тих заростів, ченці познаходили багато людських кісток, черепів і навіть уламки козацької зброї.

Кістяки були складені в підземеллі нового монастиря на „Журавлисі", а знахідки зброї та вжиткового знаряддя: старовинний козацький посуд, козацькі люльки - носогрійки та інший „дрібязок" був приміщений у історичному музеї, що заснований при тому ж монастирі.

Історичний музей був поповнений великою знахідкою одного селянина, який орючи своє поле, під „Журавлихою", знайшов великий скарб, що складався з козацьких шаблюк та пістолів.

Як бачимо, на побойовищі під Берестечком, була проведена велика і дуже корисна робота та, напревеликий жаль, все те пішло марно... Перед першою світовою війною експонати з історичного музею були вивезені „вглиб Росії" і як слід було чекати, безслідно згинули...

Правда трохи тішить нас те, що поважних наукових розшуків там не було і є підстави думати, що наші українські археологи ще багато знайдуть дуже цікавих пам'яток для майбутніх, справді українських, музеїв.

Випадкові знахідки трапляються ще й тепер досить часто. Ось, оповідач, від якого записані ці перекази, пан Починок, росповідає, що копаючи яму на „Журавлисі" в 1934 році, він сам знайшов уламок козацької шаблі.

У двох кілометрах від села Пляшової є село Острів і там була стара дерев'яна церква з трьома банями — типовий староукраїнський стиль. Про цю церкву зберігся пеерказ, що сам Богдан Хмельницький перед боєм там сповідався і причащався.

Ту церкву ченці перенесли на „Журавлиху" і поставили поруч нового монастиря. Кажуть, що церква і манастир збереглися й досі. Правда, є відомості, що манастир був ушкоджений в останній війні, але те пошкодження було не велике.

Поміж селами Острів та Пляшова, вздовж річки, на низинних лках є багато озер та джерельних криниць. Одне з тих озер зветься „Нечасве озеро". Зберігся переказ, що на тому озері з човна, косою прив'язаною до довгої тички, боронився козак Нечай. На нього напала ціла зграя поляків, він десятьох вбив, поки сам не поліг головою.

У цій же місцевості, над річкою в лозах та в очеретах зпоконвіку водяться чайки.

Селяни навколишніх сіл не люблять цього птаха, називають чайок зрадницями і при цьому розповідають такий переказ: Після програного бою козаки ховалися в очеретах та лозах над річкою Пляшовою, а чайки скиглячи, зраджували їх полякам.

Старі діди колись оповідали, що підчас бою козаків з поляками, десь у тих хащах над Стиром, один польський старшина загубив свою шапку. І ось, ще перед першою світовою війною місцеві „віщуни" казали, що прийде час, коли „поляк ще вернеться за шапкою". Це віщування вже збулося, поляки були на Волині понад двадцять років.

Цікаво, що хлопчаки, чуючи від старих людей оповідання про польську шапку, завжди, як траплялося їм пасти худобу над Стиром, не жаліли свого одягу та босих ніг, а постійно лазили у тих колючих хащах і шукали польської шапки...

Проти „Журавлихи", на річці Пляшова є дуже глибоке місце. Кажуть, що там, на тому місці, козаки переправлялися через багна; робили переправу з возів, кінських сідел та всього, що траплялося їм під руки. Тоді ж вони у те найглибше місце річки, вкинули і свій козацький скарб — „кільканадцять бочок золота". І ось, за тим скарбом, по те золото, ще прийдуть козаки...

Крім усіх цих переказів, мешканці Берестечка росповідають таку легенду: Козаки, відбиваючись від поляків, вскочили в церкву. Ляхи побачивши, почали бігти до тієї церкви, і тут сталось чудо: церква разом з козаками ввійшла у землю. Це, ніби, відбувалося у Великодну ніч. Тепер же, кожного року в ніч під Великдень, якщо прикласти вухо до землі, то чути дзвони і співи „Христос Воскрес"...

(У. Думка).

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