

Weekly Commentator

FOR ALL GOOD MEN, NOW IS THE TIME

A Constitution had just been written. As Benjamin Franklin left Independence Hall, a woman asked him, "Mr. Franklin, what kind of government have you given us?" He answered, gravely, "A Republic, madam, if you can keep it!"

interest to choose representatives who live and feel deeply the real America? Can we choose men who, when our institutions are attacked, our traditions belittled, experience a physical pain as if struck a physical blow? Facing critical times, how vote? Prayerfully and reverently, with divine help, to choose real representatives, state, local and national. Washington on the eve of crossing the Delaware—an earlier crisis in American History—issued an order of the day. It is something to take the polls in November 1952. Washington said simply, with no diplomatic gobbledygook, "Put none but Americans on guard tonight."

39 Ukrainian Students Beneficiaries Of East European Fund

Twenty-nine Ukrainian undergraduate students, recent Soviet exiles, have received scholarships from the East European Fund, to assist them in continuing their studies at American colleges and universities during 1952-1953. Melville Ruggles, Director of the Fund, announced last week.

of political science has been serving as a super-market sales clerk. The students are enrolled at colleges and universities in eleven states. Thirteen are studying engineering, four are taking general science and three are completing courses in economics and political science. Others are studying medicine, sociology, education, government, veterinary medicine, forestry, music and the arts.

Bayonne Ukrainians to Raise Funds To Build New Center

DRIVE TO BE HELD OCTOBER 20th TO 31st

At a meeting held this past Friday evening at the local Ukrainian National Home, 33 West 19th Street, the building committee for a new Ukrainian Community Center formulated plans for the financial campaign to obtain necessary funds to construct a new Ukrainian center to serve the educational, cultural, sports, recreational and organizational needs of the 2,000 Ukrainians

Conference for Ukrainian Youth Unity Called

During the sessions of the Fifteenth Annual Convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, the following resolution was passed: Resolved: That the Executive Board of the UYL-NA be empowered and directed to sponsor a conference of representatives of all national Ukrainian Youth organizations in the United States and Canada, including youth organizations of newly arrived immigrants, for the purpose of exploring the possibility of establishing a Council for Ukrainian Youth Unity. This Council is to serve for the purpose of effecting a better understanding of the aims and purposes of these organizations and bring about greater harmony and more effective coordination of their respective activities.

Committee and the Ukrainian Canadian Committee, and that the Council should give support to the Ukrainian National Council of Europe. The aims for such a Council, according to Dr. Yuzyk, at the initial stage could be the following: 1. Preservation of the Democratic Way of Life. 2. Perpetuation of the Ukrainian Cultural Heritage. 3. Support of the Ukrainian Liberation Movement. 4. Promotion of sport, recreational and social activities.

AMERICA "DOBRA"

"Building Service", journal of building employees, American Federation of Labor, carries in its current issue a story of John Perov, a Ukrainian civil engineer from Kiev, now pushing a wheelbarrow on the grounds outside Northrop Auditorium on the University of Minnesota campus. He is a member of Local 113 in Minneapolis.

As described by the journal, he is a big man with king-sized, graying mustache and soulful green eyes. He handles "three languages fluently, but English is not one of them—yet." His first name actually is Ivan, "in America, John", he explains. Most of his life was spent in Kiev, in Ukraine. "A diploma he carries, shows him to be a graduate civil engineer, class of 1930, Kiev Polytechnic Institute."

In Bayonne, reports Walter Danko. As a result of the discussions held, seven committees were organized, composed of the following persons, to visit the homes of all the Ukrainian families in the city to obtain pledges to loan various sums for the new project:— John Wanko, Steven Keballo, Stanley Rawrish, Theodore Mu-

BUSY WEEKEND IN CHICAGO

There was a whirlwind of activity in Chicago on the 13th and 14th of October, reports Alex J. Zabrosky.

On Saturday, the Federation of European Academic Organizations, which includes Ukrainian students from leading midwestern universities, presented an Evening of European music at Northwestern University's Thorne Hall. Participating in the program were musical groups of various nationalities. Representing the Ukrainians, the Surma chorus under the direction of O. Pleshkewych, and Wolodimir Melnychyn, tenor, gave performances that truly exemplified Ukrainian music.

On Sunday afternoon, Br. 22 of the Ukrainian National Women's League (Soyuz Ukrainok) gave a Tea Party for representatives of women's organizations of other nationalities. This affair was attended by Mrs. P. Dauzvardis, wife of the Lithuanian Consul; Dr. M. Mulcena and Miss U. Melenice representing the Croats; Mrs. L. Venta, the Latvians; and Mrs. C. Panucevics and Mrs. W. Machnach representing the Byelo-Russians. Other nationalities sent encouraging for freedom and the individuals involved.

UKRAINIAN FOOD TO BE SERVED AT WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

Mrs. Simon (Maria) Demydchuk, of Brooklyn, Chairman, Ukrainian Women's Exposition Committee, released the food-serving schedule to be followed during the week of November 2nd to 8th at the Ukrainian booth of the Women's International Exposition to be held at the 71st Infantry Regiment Armory, 33rd St. and Park Ave., New York, reports Anne Mitz. Mrs. Demydchuk said that on Sunday and Monday of that week, Ukrainian Christmas food will be the order of the day, and on Tuesday and Wednesday, wedding tid-bits will be served. On Thursday and Friday, Easter goodies will be readied, and on Saturday, food served in Ukrainian homes on various other religious and family holidays will be available.

Ukrainian Anti-Reds Picket UN

A group of about 70 Ukrainian immigrants picketed the United Nations building in New York City during last Tuesday's opening session of the General Assembly and attracted considerable attention there by their presence and by the placards they bore denouncing Soviet Russian enslavement of Ukraine and telling everyone that Vishinsky, Gromyko and company should now be seated not in the UN General Assembly but in the courtrooms of Nuremberg War Criminals Trial No. II. The men who demonstrated are members of the Democratic Union of Former Oppressed Ukrainians of the Soviet Union (DOBRUS) and of the Democratic Ukrainian Youth (ODUM) organizations, composed of those who but a decade ago suffered Soviet Russian tyranny.

Trenton Community Holds Anti-Russian Rally

A rally in protest against Soviet Russian imperialistic and genocidal policies in Ukraine was held Sunday evening, October 12, 1952 in the Sokol Hall in Trenton, N. J. under the auspices of the United Ukrainian Community Committee of Trenton, a branch of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America. The rally also commemorated the 20th anniversary of the Soviet Russian instigated famine in Ukraine whose toll ran into close to five million lives.

Newark Committee On Liberation Formed

Formation of the Newark Committee on Liberation was announced at a meeting held in the Robert Treat Hotel October 15 by Miss Josephine Gibbons, committee secretary. Miss Josephine Gibbons said the committee will sponsor a rally on October 26 at 3 P.M. at the Mosque Theatre in cooperation with the proclamation of "Liberty Week" (Oct. 26-Nov. 1) by Governor Alfred E. Driscoll. She further stated that the rally will be for the purpose of encouraging a positive and dynamic United States foreign policy which would offer real hope for liberation to the millions of people now suffering under the tyranny of Godless Communist Russian Imperialism.

of his aides arrived by car. The demonstrators, who had been handing out leaflets telling of Soviet Russian oppression in Ukraine and of the Soviet mass murder of Ukrainians in Vinitsia, surrounded the car, plastering it with the leaflets, and when Vishinsky emerged they attempted to give him some of the leaflets. Alarmed by this "sudden intrusion" he covered his face with his arms, and, crying for help, pushed through. Guards and police with him gave him adequate protection from those "fascists and nazis" as the Communist Ukrainians Schodenni Visti described them. The New York Times, however, described them differently: "Even the clusters of Ukrainian emigre pickets stationed across First Avenue at Forty-second Street wore benevolent expressions, sharply in contrast with the slogans they carried. The keynote of the demonstrations addressed to the delegates was: 'If you don't stop Communist aggression, the Communists will make emigrants out of you and there will be no place to flee.'" Other New York newspapers also carried brief reports of the demonstration. ODUM and DOBRUS are warmly congratulated by us on a fine job well done.

Faith and the Crisis

By PROF. G. W. SIMPSON

(3)

Hence we have the Atlantic Security Pact for mutual aid and defence against communist aggression in West Europe and the Mediterranean area. On paper this is a strong and promising organization, but its power is still far from being developed to the degree that we can be assured of adequate protection. We must therefore give it the popular backing which it requires.

In knowing what we should support, it is a good idea to observe what the enemy has singled out for special attack. One of the chief targets for Russian and communist propaganda is the concentrated hate for the United States. By every means in its power it is seeking to create suspicion and prejudice in Canada and Great Britain against the Americans. We know Americans sufficiently at close range to know that they are a very human people with their own variety of short comings; but also know that it is chiefly American power which stands between us and world revolution and chaos. It would be sheer madness on our part if we allowed ourselves to be caught in this fool trap and if we were to join in a swelling chorus of prejudice, criticism and denunciation of the American people.

It would be sheer madness if we allowed the communists to create a rift, or to widen a gap, between the United States and the Commonwealth of Nations to which we belong. With all their faults which are exposed by the most highly powered publicity agencies which the world has ever known, the American people are one of the most generous, dynamic and peace loving folk which exist anywhere. We should make it known without evasion, equivocation or mental reservation of any kind that we stand by their side in the protection and extension of the Free World.

UKRAINE SUPPORT...

I have left to the last the fourth objective, which may indeed be the first in the minds of some of you, namely, the support of your kinsmen, in the old land, Ukraine, beyond the seas. From the very first your Organization has made this objective one of its major concerns.

In the struggle to establish a Free World the Ukraine has occupied the exposed position of front line trenches for some thirty five years. It was the Ukraine which suffered the first outward thrust of Russian Bolshevism in 1917-18. It was the Ukraine which suffered the first great mass confiscation and starvation in 1931-1933, an atrocity which can only be compared with Hitler's mass murder of Jews.

It was the Ukraine which suffered the double calamity of mass evictions first by the Germans and then by Russians.

It was the Ukrainians, closest of all people to the centre of Communist and Russian power, who refused to give up entirely their fight for liberty, and who continue to maintain the struggle underground for the freedoms which we in this country take for granted. Ukrainians outside that prison house of freedom, Canadians of Ukrainian descent, all lovers of liberty would be callous indeed if they were indifferent to the fate of the Ukraine.

Seven hundred years ago the Ukrainians in East Europe received the full onslaught of the Tartar hordes from Asia. For generations they endured the hard conditions of Asiatic servitude, which Western Europe escaped, until eventually they emerged and maintained a flourishing community protected by Kozak fighters. But new oppressors appeared. Always on the frontiers of freedom, always fighting for survival the Ukraine has built up traditions and techniques of resistance and they are not the kind of people who are likely to give up a sense of their own identity and a feeling of their own worth.

NATURAL INTEREST...

Thus the interest of your organization in the Ukraine is not an artificial and trumped-up sentiment but a spontaneous and natural interest in the fate of your kinsmen and in the fate of the Free World.

This interest must be expressed in helping your kinsmen who have managed to come to Canada and who are in need of your sympathy and of your assistance until they can become adjusted to a completely new environment.

The interest must be further expressed in sending help to your kinsmen outside the 'Iron

Curtain' who are not able to migrate, through a great variety of circumstances, to more friendly lands.

It is also necessary to convey to your kinsmen behind the 'Iron Curtain' a sense of your continuing interest. Without raising false hopes of exaggerated expectations they can be assured at least that they are not a forgotten people.

NO PROMISES...

But what about those higher questions of state policy involving war, revolution, intervention? Should you have a clear and definite objective in respect to this? Here, I must confess, that I have no clear answer. So long as the balance of military power lies, not with us, but with the enemy it would be foolish to indulge in promises which we cannot redeem, or in proclamations which are not followed by effective action. It is clear that we want as our objective a free and self governing Ukraine, but how it is to be obtained is a matter for the most delicate and skilful political craftsmanship in international affairs. It must be the work of a surgeon and not the work of a butcher if the patient is to survive.

Certainly your ideas along this line may be freely expressed and discussed. Certainly you have a duty to make known the facts of the European situation to your fellow Canadians, who as I have suggested, have little personal background knowledge of affairs in Eastern Europe. The actual formulation of Canadian policy with respect to the Ukraine must in the nature of things, depend on a terrific number of complicated factors, a full knowledge of which, I at least, do not possess. Of your continued, vital interest in the subject I have no doubt.

Here I must end. Your Organization was established at a time of great faith. It has

U. P. A. THE STORY OF THE UKRAINIAN INSURGENT ARMY

INTRODUCTION

By JOHN F. STEWART

Chairman, Scottish League for European Freedom

(2)

U.P.A. Attacked Nazis at Hight of Their Power

It should be kept in mind that this war against the Germans was launched at the time when the German power was at its peak, and when Nazi Germany celebrated her greatest military victories. It flared up when other nations, getting aid for their governments in exile and support from Western Allies, were only thinking of organizing resistance movements. The Ukrainian people started its armed resistance against the Nazi invaders at the time when corresponding movements in Western Europe were not yet born (1941). It was perhaps one of the first underground armies which operated on a big scale against Nazi Germany, although it got no aid from anybody, and relied on the forces of the Ukrainian people alone.

This struggle against Nazi Germany cost Ukraine hundreds of thousands of casualties, and brought it unbelievable destruction. What was once a land of proud beauty has become one of the most desolate places in all Eastern Europe. But the Ukrainians definitely helped to destroy the German menace, and the history of that dynamic liberation movement of the Ukrainian masses repeatedly attests

more than justified its existence. A great crisis is still with us and it is my hope that your Organization will continue in the next twenty years to bring forth men of great faith to match with their courage and wisdom the continuing crisis. I wish you great success and that the Ukrainian National Federation will have a notable place in the history of Canada and in the history of the Ukraine.

the will of the Ukrainian people: to be governed by themselves, with their own consent and not to endure oppressive rule against their consent.

It must be emphasized that the Ukrainian people took an active part in the war against Nazi Germany. The guerilla warfare initiated by the Ukrainian nationalist leadership was wholeheartedly approved by the Ukrainian people. They gave no rest to the German legions. The Ukrainian population, old men, women and children, organized in guerilla warfare, effectively disrupted German communications, wrecked their supplies, and gave full support to the U.P.A. Owing to this, the U.P.A. was able to accomplish that which impossible for the underground forces in Western Europe, i.e. the clearing of large regions from enemy forces and administering them by their own government.

In the second half of 1943, and in the first half of 1944 the situation in Western Europe was such, that Germans were only in possession of main roads and larger urban centres. The rest of the territory was controlled by the U.P.A. and administered by it. The U.P.A. was the only underground army in Eastern Europe, having under arms about 200,000 Ukrainians—men and women, older and younger people, workers and farmers, intellectuals and clergymen. It was equipped with arms seized from the Germans and the Russians, and had numerous supply centers at its disposal, as well as training camps and field hospitals, which were well camouflaged and guarded in the mountains, forests and marshlands, the soldiers of the U.P.A. were well fed and clothed, the wounded were nursed. Consequently Ukrainian and Jewish physicians, pharmacists, nurses, specialists and social workers were taken into the U.P.A. which thus became an armed organization of the whole Ukrainian people. The U.P.A. was able to perform striking actions against the German occupation forces.

German Retaliatory Action

In 1943, Ukrainian Insurgent units made their appearance in the southern part of Western Ukraine, and fought

against both the Nazis and the Reds, when they advanced to the Carpathian mountains in Spring 1944. By Summer, 1943, in Galicia, units of the U.P.A. occupied most of the Carpathian terrain and established here supply depots, field hospitals and officer schools. In vain the Germans tried to prevent the Ukrainians from building their insurgent forces in the Carpathian mountains. In September, 1943, German overwhelming forces attacked training-camps of the U.P.A. near Dolyna, Western Ukraine (Galicia). The attack was pushed back. In a battle on a mountain railway near Vygodna the Germans lost more than 200 killed and a considerable number of wounded.

The Nazi Germans combated the Ukrainian Insurgent Army by launching their offensives against it, by an unheard of terror against the Ukrainian population, and, especially, against the Ukrainian intellectuals and by propaganda. Three times (April-May, 1943, July-October, 1943, and February, 1944) during the German occupation of Ukraine, the Nazi Germans launched their offensives against the U.P.A. The entire campaign was fierce and bitter. The enemy used aeroplanes, artillery and tanks, closely followed by infantry. Several attacks against the Ukrainian Insurgent Army (U.P.A.), were repulsed with heavy losses for the enemy, although it was very difficult to state the precise number of their losses, because they took along with them their wounded and killed. In the first half of April, 1943, the U.P.A. cleared the north-west of Volhynia completely, removing Germans administration and police. Germans had launched there a whole division. Battles lasted three days and the Germans were crushed. One single S.S. regiment lost 280 killed. In May, 1943, Victor Lütze, C-in-C. of S.A. was killed on the highway Kovel-Brest Litovsk in a fight with the U.P.A. which made an ambush on this road. On July 24, 1943, the German police destroyed three Ukrainian villages Toolychiv, Lityn and Radovich in Kovel Province and murdered several hundreds of defenceless people. (To be continued)

Vet News Roundup

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I'm planning to convert my NSLI term policy to permanent endowment insurance. If I'm still living at the end of the endowment period, how will I receive my money?

A. You will have a choice. You may either get the insurance proceeds in a lump sum, or you may ask VA to pay them to you in equal monthly installments ranging in number from 36 to 240. If you die before all the installments have been paid to you, the remainder will go to your beneficiary, if you have named one.

Q. I am receiving a VA pension for a total and permanent non-service-connected disability. I have a house which I inherited, and I want to sell it. Must I include all the proceeds of the sale as income, in figuring whether I come under the income ceiling for pension purposes?

A. Since you inherited the house, the entire proceeds from its sale would be considered as income for pension purposes. If you receive a lump sum payment, it will apply for the calendar year in which you got it. If you get paid in in-

stallment, whatever you receive during a calendar year must be included as income for that particular year.

BAYONNE CENTER

(Concluded from page 1)

zychka, Leo Kozak, William Saly, John Swyschuk, Walter Danko, Michael Mindiak, George Hrabovetsky, Martin Solonyka, Jack Lawriw, Nicholas Hawryliuk, John Kobylinsky, John Dowhan, Wasyly Wintoniw, Myron Siry, Elias Korello, Nicholas Dworsky, Julia Kormelluk and Nicholas Mankiw.

The above committees will conduct their house-to-house campaign commencing Monday, October 20th and will continue for 2 weeks to augment the sizeable sum which the committee already has in its treasury and the amount of money which has to date been pledged.

The building committee, composed of Nicholas Kormelluk, Nicholas Mankiw, Walter Danko, Dmytro Onullak, John Dowhan, Peter Kudryk, John Wanko and Steven Kebalo, which has been active these past few months contacting all the Ukrainian churches, fraternal, veteran, sports and social groups in the city to determine their sentiments to-

Isn't it about time you joined the Ukrainian National Association?

Not Enough Insurance

A regrettable feature in the fraternal life of the Ukrainian National Association is that most of its members do not carry enough insurance in it. While the average size of the U.N.A. certificate is increasing, most members seem to be satisfied to hold on to what they have always had. In this they make a grave mistake when one considers the times in which we are living.

These are inflation times. Even a schoolboy knows that today the intrinsic worth of a dollar is about fifty cents. So if you have only a \$1000 U. N. A. insurance protection, that protection is certainly not the sum that a responsible person should have.

We all know, or should know, that the circulation of money today is well-nigh unprecedented. Go to any department store in your community and you will see people spending money prodigally for various commodities. Go to any resort or any amusement places and you will find them spending money prodigally for their enjoyment.

Fortunately, there is a sounder side to this picture. Records show that despite this spending deposits and totals in savings banks are at an all-time high.

Yet in the field of life insurance benefits there is no improvement. This applies not only to fraternal societies, but also to the largest commercial life insurance companies as well. In both cases the benefits being paid today are woefully small in relation to the

needs of the beneficiaries. And whose fault is it? The beneficiary's. For that matter, it is sometimes the fault of the organizer, too, in failing to persuade the prospective member to take out more than the minimum amount of life insurance in the U.N.A.

I know well that often when the organizer asks the prospective member to take out a larger policy, he is met with this: "I would like to, but certainly you know that the cost of living is so high that a man cannot afford much life insurance."

Well, the obvious rejoinder to such a remark is that in these times one of the very best forms of security is life insurance, and that it is about the only thing that will enable beneficiaries and old people to conquer the cost of living.

Fraternalism is a wonderful thing. It supports fine ideals. It helps to maintain fine social life. It is a fine agency for easing one another's burdens. It propagates patriotism. It teaches reverence of God. But left-a-member's beneficiaries are left in want and he reaches old age practically destitute, then fraternalism has failed in one of its most important services.

Each U.N.A. member should give this matter serious consideration, for his welfare and the welfare of the grand organization to which he is privileged to belong depend on it. And by "serious consideration" I mean—take out more life insurance in the U.N.A.

Josephine Gibaylo Gibbons

Poetry - - - By MYROSLAVA

... 'Tis the expression of the soul of a people; creation of moods based on such themes as: love, nature, patriotism, faith, humor and personal experiences; each a little jewel shining radiantly; penned beautifully for man to enjoy as he cannot live by bread alone.

Among these gems is a lovely poem entitled:

Autumn

Autumn with fingers all blood-stained hastes on,
Longing to meet with her dear distant sun.
Blood on her garments enhance their charm,
Spattering them like brocade.

Thus for the sun is fair Autumn adorned,
Robed like a prince for festival sites
All that the world hath of beauty she takes,
Garling herself in its sheen.

Ah, but the days swiftly shorten and change,

Sometimes the sun gleams, then shadows his face.
Fast-fading Autumn now grieves and laments,
Hopes of the springtime are gone.

Autumn goes on, but invisible thorns
Tear at her body and wear it away;

Yet, though despairing, she smiles as she cries;
"Sun, look upon me, I smile!"

Yonder the sun sinks behind the dark hills,
Blasts of raw wind springing up bring the frost,
Massive grey clouds slowly pile in the sky.
Winter replies; Lo, I come!"

Autumn then tears at her garments bloodstained,
Down at her feet they lie strewn in a heap;
Naked, defenceless, she stands as she groans:
"Come then, for now it is time!"

Lesya Ukrainka

The Free World As Well

Just ten years ago, some ten thousand armed Ukrainians went to the forests of Northern Volhynia and Polesia and joined other Ukrainians in the forming of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army (U.P.A.), and thus another chapter in the Ukrainian fight for freedom found its beginning.

The story of this struggle includes also the time in the 18th century, when Hetman Ivan Mazepa led the Ukrainians in an unsuccessful fight to free the Ukraine from Russian oppression, and continues to this very day—an unceasing, unwavering struggle against the forces of totalitarianism.

The pages of Ukrainian history are written with the blood of her heroes, who

ward the building of a new Ukrainian center, reported all responded favorably the tentative construction plans, and as such, it is anticipated that building will begin in a relatively short time.

choose to die for freedom rather than live in slavery.

This is the spirit of liberty that prevails in the Ukraine today—where although enslaved, Ukrainians are stubbornly resisting Moscow's efforts to Russinize them, and this same spirit of liberty will ultimately gain independence for their nation.

This month marks the tenth anniversary of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army as the underground army of the Ukrainian people, and as their exploits of the past decade become woven into the web of history free men throughout the world join in their struggle for freedom.

What the next decade will bring has yet to be written, but the objective of the Ukrainian people and their Ukrainian Insurgent Army draws nearer and nearer for not only is freedom from Russian communism and imperialism the goal of Ukrainians, but the free world as well.

ALEX J. ZABROSKY

Poet's Corner

OLD WOMAN SITTING IN THE SUN

No life drags on in the shuttered heart;
The mind gropes back through memory's loss
To memories of Never-was,
Where voices, shapes, old music dart
Like shimmering fish in a caverned sea
With never a forward wave.
Only the swell of a darkling past
That surges endlessly.
Gray monolith of time,
Passive, petrified, still, in your deep unknowing!
The children's cries in their lusty play
Pass you by like a white wind blowing,
Blowing the brooding clouds apart;
But no light falls on the hooded brain,
On the shuttered heart.

Mary L. Inman

A captive for freedom's sake!



THIS MASSIVE, helium-filled balloon rises clumsily to float, captive, 900 feet above the Coast Guard Cutter, *Courier*. Carrying powerful radio antennae, to broadcast the Voice of America behind the Iron Curtain.

This is an investment in neighborliness—for without the agreement of these neighboring peoples in our beliefs of individual freedom, we cannot live securely ourselves.

And so the big balloon goes up to carry our message. We can help to make that message a true one by investing in United States Defense Bonds. For in bonds we are protecting the present and the future of our own families. And we are also building a firm national prosperity as well. We are keeping America strong—for freedom!

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UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
SVOBODA and THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

Jiu Jitsu

By JOHN KERNYTSKY
(Translated by S. S.)

Academy of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu, A. O. Carnalis Licensed Instructor.

Victor finally esped the above sign among numerous other signs and advertisements on the directory board at the entrance to a sagging building at 145 Franklin, a street undoubtedly unworthily named after the father of American diplomacy. Wending his way up the stairs to the second floor he found a similar sign on the doorwindow of the Academy. Above the pushbell a small card tacked on instructed: "Ring three times." Beneath the pushbell there was another little card, which apprised any interested party that the "Bell Is Out of Order." The door itself was partly open anyway, and Victor opened it further and walked in.

The first thing that struck his nostrils was the fetid air and the smell usually prevailing after the departure of rats. The "gymnasium" itself was just a small, dark and probably never ventilated hall. Several gym mats were scattered haphazardly on the floor, and there were some ladders, and horizontal and parallel bars. In one corner hung a punching bag and a pair of boxing gloves. Looking more closely around him he noticed another door, marked "Office."

Well, what did he see in the "office." Nothing more than a pair of hairy legs, bare and shoeless, and gnarled toes perched up on the side of the bed. Next he saw an equally hairy arm and hand appear, with a ornamental chain on the wrist, hover over the floor as if searching for something there, and at last, finding the bottle and raising it. Then followed the gurgling of beer being gulped so heartily that it sounded as if it were being emptied into a deep well. When finally drained to the last drop, the hand carried the bottle down to its place on the floor, and from behind the foot of the bed there rose a pair of shaggy and tattooed shoulders with a large head set in between them.

"Who's there?"
"Have I the honor of talking to Mr. Carnalis," my friend asked, somewhat tremulously.
"Yes, you have the honor," was the reply given with an Italian accent.

"I came here upon the recommendation of Mr. Schwartz."
The shoulders turned around, showing a bare, hairy chest bearing a tattooed beauty on the chest, with four arrows shot by Cupid piercing her. A half-sleepy face also showed itself, sort of Indian-Mexican in appearance, with a squat, bashed-in nose and a veritable mine of blackened gold teeth in his mouth. Sharp, roving eyes measured Victor, and his gold-filled mouth called out to him:
"Sit down, please. I'll be ready for you in a moment."

Victor sat down on the only chair in the gym, and his eyes began examining the walls and ceiling. He soon saw that the beauty adorning the instructor's chest was not lacking in company, for from the floor to the roof the walls were covered with pictures of

girls in clothes so revealing that it would have been more proper if they had been completely nude.

Meanwhile Carnalis was drawing on his pants. Then he sat down on the bed without bothering to put on any of his gym shoes. That done he pulled a nail file of his pocket and began to pare his nails.

"To be quite frank with you," he said with a sigh, "I am not especially anxious to take on any new trainees, for I have enough of them now. Besides, I'm about due to be in Brooklyn College where I'm a gym instructor. Of course, since you've come to me with a recommendations from my good friend Schwartz, I'll have to take care of you."

"Thank you very much," my friend bowed politely. "There's one more favor I want to ask of you. It so happens that this week I have a week's vacation, and therefore I would like it very much if you would teach me everything in this one week."

The instructor shook his head worriedly.

"Madre mia. This makes complicated very much what I have to do. Well, here's what it will have to be. I have to give you a cram course, and because of that it'll cost you more. More than that, it's the rule in my school that students have to pay for three lessons in advance. But since you come from my friend, I won't charge you much, just \$10 in advance.

Rather reluctantly Victor pulled out a tenner which Carnalis quickly grabbed and put into his pocket. In that very moment some strong wave of energy swept over him. He jumped to his feet, did a few knee-bends and a few calisthenics with his arms. Victor sat quietly and regarded with respect the muscular contortions and the powerful chest muscles of Carnalis whose rippling and stretching and contracting was causing the tattooed beauty do a combination kozak and hula-hoola dance together with her lord and master.

Having brandished his arms and legs a little more, Carnalis stepped up to Victor.

"So as not to waste any time, which for me is worth its weight in diamonds, I shall give you the first lesson now. First of all, let's quickly examine the theory of jiu jitsu. The Japanese way of fighting is really one of self-defense. It is a self-defense by a weaker person against a physically stronger one, the attacked against the attacker. It is fighting with calculated and well-thought out fast moves of the hands, arms, legs and feet, of the whole body. But the most important part is this open palm of mine. What a fist is for a boxer, a rifle to a soldier, the edge of strong palm is for the jiu-jitsu fighter. Remember, if it is done right, a small man can disable, injure or throw one of large physique. To do so he has to have good knowledge of the human anatomy. Now to give you a practical example of what I mean. I just want to show you what a terrible weapon the palm of your hand can be. Here, bend your head down a moment."

My friend dutifully bowed his head and simultaneously felt a terrible hammer-like blow on the back of his head. He fell to the floor—unconscious.
Regaining consciousness he found himself lying on the floor, his head whirling with pain and dizziness. Mr. Carnalis was sitting as before on the bed and calmly paring his nails. Alongside his feet there stood not one but three empty beer bottles. He gave Victor a friendly wave of the head.

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"Well, how do you feel young fellow? You were out exactly one-half hour. I must confess that this blow was a little heavier than ordinarily, but after all I am giving you a shortened course, and I have to adjust the tempo of my teaching you to it. Ooh, la-la, get up, for I shall have to be leaving right away for Brooklyn College. Let's go into the gym, where I'll show you a few more tricks."

My friend got up, groaning, and staggered like one drugged into the "gymnasium." Here Mr. Carnalis told him to stand on the mat and then said:

"Now, try to attack me from the front and grab my throat as you do it. Come, make it good."

My friend had barely moved in the direction of his instructor when suddenly he felt himself seized by some unknown force, whirled around the instructor's spine, and like a sheaf of straw thrown hard on the mat. From it—which appeared not to have been cleaned since the Revolutionary War—a cloud of dust rose, blinding my friend completely. All that he was conscious of was that his instructor was standing over him and exclaiming with satisfaction.

"Now, isn't that a fine trick. Did you see what a windmill I made out of you? One moment you're attacking me and the next moment—bam! and you're lying on the ground like a felled sheep. Well, let's get up and do another trick. This time you attack me from the rear."

Here is what happened then. Victor had barely risen to his feet when suddenly he found himself crashing to the mat, without the slightest idea how it happened. He had hit the mat so hard that a piece of plaster from the ceiling came down.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" the instructor was exclaiming, rubbing himself with satisfaction over his knees, thereby recalling to one's mind that chimpanzee in Bronx Park.— "That was a classical fall, over the left shoulder. Get up now, and try a third exercise."

"No, I can't," his pupil groaned. "Something hurts me very much."

"Oh, la-la! I'm sorry. You understand, a shortened course, so shorter lessons. But maybe I really threw you a little too enthusiastically, and maybe some bone got out of place. It's nothing though. Happens often. Here, let me give you a shake and get the joint back into place."

He grabbed a hold of my poor friend and began to shake him so vigorously that it seemed that he would shake his soul out. Victor begged to let go.

"Thanks, thanks, that's enough. Maybe that will be enough for the day. I can barely breathe."
"Not yet, just one more trick. I'll teach one more fine trick, how to defend yourself without any weapon at all against an attack with a knife or a stiletto. Here, please, take this knife and attack me. Don't be afraid. Stab me as hard and fast as you want."

Something difficult to believe took place then inside of Victor. As so often happens to patient persons whom we drive to distraction, he suddenly fell into a silent fury. "I'll kill the guy!" he thought. "Why does he have to abuse me like this. He nearly cracked my skull, just about wrenched my spine, and now he'll probably break my arm and make me a real cripple. Oh no he won't!"

Victor gripped the handle of the knife handed to him, lunged towards his instructor, and in swinging at Carnalis suddenly found his wrist gripped in paws of Carnalis. The latter swiftly gave it a jerk, and twisted it behind his back.

"Help!" Victor cried out, slumped down. He felt as if his arm was no longer there anymore.

"Madre mia! Madre mia!" Carnalis exclaimed self-pityingly. "I'm doing everything a little too strongly today. But I can't help it if this is a short-

A JOB FOR OUR YOUTH

Of late, I have had occasion to speak with several (anti-Communist) Russian engineers, all recent immigrants to these shores, and all, to be sure, staunch supporters of a one great Russian empire. These Muscovites have petty differences amongst themselves such as what type Russian government should control, after the overthrow of the present Red regime in the USSR, but they all vehemently agree that the Russian empire, built up first under the despotic Czars and now under Stalin (who has intentionally murdered nearly 10-million Ukrainians) should remain intact under Moscow rule until comes the day when Stalin and his fellow-bandits receive their deserved rewards.

In other words, dear readers, the Russians still claim the land of our fathers, Ukraine, as their very own, and if we Ukrainians don't work hard, and more important, work together, we can look forward to continued Russification, persecution and genocidal programs directed at our brethren in Ukraine even after the current disease of Russian Communism is destroyed.

Hence, it is desirable that we work for the destruction of Russian imperialism as well as Russian Communism and after Stalin and cohorts are exterminated, the Russians should be rolled back to their own borders out of Ukraine, out of Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Armenia, Turkestan, etc. . . . Let our cry be—Ukraine for the Ukrainians, Armenia for the Armenians, Lithuania for the Lithuanians, etc.

Getting back to my brief sketch of an alarming condition, the situation was checked by bringing the Russians' attention to the various informative talks on Ukraine and the Ukrainians which have been printed in the Congressional Record during the past few months. Talks such as those by Secretary of Interior Oscar Chapman (a really great

ened course, Well, perhaps we've had enough today?"

My friend certainly had had enough. He took a taxi and went to a doctor he knew on 7th Street. Fortunately his arm was not broken, but badly sprained. He was told to wear it in a sling for at least two weeks. His back seemed to be all right, except for a bruise and a kidney out of place.

"Someone must have given you a pretty good beating," the doctor remarked. "How did it happen?"

"I had an accident in the factory," Victor lied. "A wheel got loose and rolled off and hit me."

"Ah, well, the factory will pay you compensation for it," the doctor cheered him.

And probably in anticipation of the compensation he charged him \$10 for the visit.

Now there was another problem—how to get home. Riding in the bus was not so bad, but from the bus stop he found it difficult to walk. But finally he made it. And suddenly fear gripped his heart as he saw in the doorway of his tenement those piercing black eyes of the janitress' son glaring at him. He was leaning against the door, sunning himself, well built, tanned, like a young god. Victor was sure of one thing: Where yesterday he might have had at least some chance of defending himself, today after taking those jiu jitsu "lessons" he didn't stand a chance at all.

talk delivered at the recently held Ukrainian Congress Committee of America's national convention held in New York City). Senator Brian McMahon, Sen. H. Alexander Smith, Commissioner of Displaced Persons Edward D' Connor and a good many others cannot be disregarded. Also, the Ukrainian Congress Committee's "Ukrainian Bulletin", a highly informative periodical, provided a great punch for the Ukrainian side of the issue. The Russians for the moment were contained, but another day, to some uniformed persons, these Muscovites will continue their lies and distortion of facts.

There is no doubt in my mind that we, the Ukrainian American youth, should serve more intensively to inform the public of the Ukrainian struggle for freedom.

Probably the best actions to take are:

1. Read as much literature as possible on Ukraine so that you have at least a working knowledge. Recommended books are: Hrushevsky's "History of Ukraine" and Manning's "Story of Ukraine". Also, subscribe to the Ukrainian Congress Committee's "Ukrainian Bulletin" and "Ukrainian Quarterly" for the latest developments in the Ukrainian struggle for freedom.
2. Write to your local newspaper's "Letters to the Editor". Make mention of the current Ukrainian underground and their anti-Red resistance.
3. Support the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America by making periodical donations to this great national organization and also actively partake in the U.C.C.A.'s local branch in your hometown. If none exists, then start the wheels rolling to organize one.

The Ukrainian Congress Committee of America's national headquarters address is: 50 Church Street, New York 7, N. Y.

WALTER W. DANKO

In the meantime the gypsy-like fellow was moving towards him.

"Hi, there, what happened to you?" he asked, very friendly-like.

"I . . . uh, an auto hit me, when I was leaving the factory. Just have been to the doctor," my friend stammered in reply, holding on to the door.

"Boy, those dumb drivers. They drive like hell and knock down people left and right. But don't worry. The guy who hit you is probably insured. You should collect plenty. Here, lean on me, and I'll help you up the stairs."

He practically carried Victor up the stairs.

"I'll tell mother to take a look at you. Hold on, you poor victim of some dumb driver," the janitress' son smiled at him as left him at the door of his room.

Victor pressed his head to the pillow and felt very sorry for himself. Finally he fell asleep.

When he awakened his pillow was wet from tears of self-pity and self-anger.

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A Pattern for Revolution

By ANONYMOUS
(7)

The lack of food and the general exhaustion of our men became so acute that the officers decided to occupy a small village in the mountains which was far from any town with only one road connecting it with another village. The plan was a success, and we spent three, virtually carefree days and nights in the small village of Potok, almost forcibly urging its inhabitants to extend their hospitality. When we left the village, it was the worse for almost all the chickens, many of its eligible rams, and all of its home made alcohol, but we felt greatly refreshed and rested and made our way to another village across the hills. We did not even feel any pangs of conscience at depriving the villagers of so many goods. We had paid for everything in Slovakian Korunas which Captain Secansky had the proficiency and foresight of acquiring before we departed from Banska Bystrica. And now, although it seemed at times like stretching our good luck, the idea of sleeping in bed and eating proper food was too appealing to be abandoned immediately.

It was beautiful in the mountains. A deep snow had fallen and the landscape was absolutely incredible. The snow covered little fir trees, forming some fantastic tents, the white snow looked inviting and immaculate in the brilliant sun. It seemed absurd to think that perhaps just around the corner a German patrol, looking for us, might as well be enchanted by nature's spectacle and yet be prepared to cover it with blood.

The air and the beauty of the surrounding nature really did wonders, at least to me. In spite of the miserable diet we had to get used to I felt so easy and wonderful as never before in my life. After a night's rest I could not help wondering that I felt so rested and even looked forward to following events.

After a day's march we reached the village of Podhradice. The village, situated at the foot of the bizarre ruin of an old castle, "hrad" in Slovakian, which stands on barren, small, but very steep hill, so steep in fact that the sheep grazing there appeared to be standing in an almost vertical position. Hence the name of the village—"the place below the castle." From the hills surrounding the village one could see the great valley of Topoleany, pretty, small villages lying as though on a platter. The population of the village, like that of all the other villages in vicinity eked out an existence farming, mining coal in the nearby mines of Handlova, rearing sale in the neighboring towns, sheep and doing wicker work for sale in the neighboring towns. The village possessed a tavern and a general store.

We were often puzzled by the attitude of the Slovakian population. Although wage earning possibilities seemed to be very limited due to the mountainous character of the area, the villages around Topoleany and Batovany seemed fairly prosperous. The villages were neat and tidy, white-plastered houses with red colored roofs, surrounded by the green hills looked picturesque and even romantic. The inhabitants were well dressed, their stores well stocked. This was definitely not an area likely to breed Communists. As a matter of fact, the villagers whom we met, with whom we traded, and in whose houses we lived showed very little, if any, interest in our activities, or in the cause for which we were allegedly fighting. Of course, some individuals deemed it suitable at times to express their admiration for the Russian armies' rapid advances, but this kind admiration was definitely simulated. And yet they gave us every support. We slept in

in their houses, ate their food, for two full weeks, without their betraying us to the Germans, or putting up any kind of opposition. The situation was at times ludicrous. For instance, the owner of the village tavern was allowed to go to town to replenish his stock of drinks the demand for which had suddenly increased in consequence of the influx of 200 thirsty men. It was certain that the people in the neighboring villages where we used to go on patrol and to buy some cigarettes had every opportunity to disclose our whereabouts to the German authorities. Yet it never happened and, having recovered considerably during the fortnight's stay, we departed on a bright sunny morning in search of another shelter, still heading south, toward the Hungarian border. However, before we left an event took place which determined our future fate.

Two of our men went to the tavern and came back escorting two German soldiers who had been drinking peacefully at the tavern. One of them was a man of around 50, a farmer from the area of Hannover, the other one a very tall lean boy of 18. Our commander, as well as the Russian chief staff had gone on patrol that day and only Lieutenant Ponomarenko was in charge. He immediately began to interrogate the prisoners. They stated that they deserted the German Army and planned to look for work in one of the villages in order to await the end of the war. The explanation was somewhat novel, yet they stuck to their story, and it was to their advantage that they had not tried to resist when caught in the tavern as they well might have done considering that only two men apprehended them, so that even Ponomarenko was convinced of their credibility. Ponomarenko suggested that they join our group. Although there were unmistakable clues as to what was the other alternative if one considered the position the prisoners were in, the elder prisoner staunchly asserted his right to work on the farm and absolutely refused to have anything to do with us. Consequently, two men were given charge of the prisoner and ordered to take him outside the village, undress him and shoot him. The two men were horrified at the nature of their tasks, for they were young and had never killed anyone in their lives. But they had no choice. They marched the prisoner away to a lonely spot outside the village and told him to say his prayers. While the prisoner prayed and wept, they shot him in the back of his head and left him lying in the snow. They took the rosary from the dead man's hands and realizing what they had done they wept and took the rosary to the village church where they deposited it on the mission cross.

The other German prisoner, Hans, agreed to stay with us. He was given a rifle and a new pair of boots and was considered an old member of the gang. Until this day I can see our weird columns marching in the night, climbing up the steep hills, trudging wearily across the meadows, thirstily swallowing the water from the brooks we came across. I hear the sound of crying inside the houses upon whose doors we pounded in quest for bread and milk. We marched on to cross the valley before dawn, to find shelter in the forests ahead. The German, Hans, was with us. Eventually, after 24 hours' march we came across a wonderful villa perched on top of a hill. The villa, save for the couple of men who looked after it, was empty. The owner, a German forest administrator, had gone to Vienna. The villa, a fancy oak-paneled affair, was full

of valuable books, art treasures and furniture. The walls were bedecked with photographs of the owner's operatic wife. However, we could not stay there long. The men in charge of the villa told us that they had seen German patrols only a few hours previously. We had to go. We lighted all the lamps in the house and quietly departed. Upon our departure it was discovered that Hans was missing. We looked for him everywhere but he simply disappeared.

Our departure from the villa proved to be most timely. As soon as we had ascended to the top of another mountain, we heard violent shooting and the villa went up in flames. The Germans, most probably led by Hans who had escaped earlier, hoped to trap us in the villa. It was with a feeling of regret that I watched the villa with all the wonderful things burn like a match stick.

The Germans, or rather Vlasov troops whom the Germans employed to smoke the partisans out of the hills, trailed us from the forest villa to another village where we decided to stop for the night. It was the eve of St. Nicholas' Day, the day when all little boys and girls in Slovakia expect gifts from St. Nicholas—Father Christmas. We sat inside a house and watched little boys don special costumes and paint their faces for the occasion. It was a combination of Father Christmas and Guy Fawkes. Then we sleep, some of us for the last time.

I dreamed about something pleasant and so distant when shots awoke me. I jumped up and saw Capt. Secansky and Captain Borodulin flash past. They shouted that the Germans hand surprised us and that we were to dress quickly and come outside. Only Doctor I. and myself were left in the room. We quickly decided to stay and await our destiny. The shooting grew fiercer and soon we saw statures flash past our window. The women in the room, the inhabitants of the house wailed unbearably. Soon someone knocked on the door.

"Mama, open the door!" he said in Slovakian.

"The door is unlocked," said the woman.

The door was pushed open but no one entered.

"Mamichka, light the lamp!" said the voice from outside.

"But I have no matches," replied the woman.
A box of matches was thrown into the room. As soon as the match was lighted, three Vlassov soldier jumped into the room and put all their artillery to our chests and heads. "Ruki vyorkh!" We raised our hands without a word. They took our watches, money, cigarettes and other personal things and led us out. There already stood 50 or our men, some of them wounded. Several bodies, also our radio man's lay over the yard. A German Major in civilian clothes was abusing us in every language of the European continent. We asked him whether we might render help to our wounded men. He said no and threatened to beat us up with his stick. We asked our captors whether we would be allowed to pick up our overcoats because we stood there shivering in the frost of the morning. One guard said that we would not be needing any coats. We thought that was an indication of our impending end. Yet we were led away to prison and concentration camps where we were to spend the remaining months of the war. The partisans who had escaped treated us to a volley of machine gun fire as we were led away, from the top of a hill. They, too, were captured, however, the following day and we were all re-united in the same concentration camp. The End.

UNA BOWLING LEAGUE NEWS

By STEPHEN KURLAK

The night of Friday, October 10th, saw the "A" Team of the New York St. George C.W.V. Post suffer its first set-back following a string of twelve winning games and no losses.

New Yorkers stand at the top of the U.N.A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.J.-N.Y. Area with 13 1/2 winning games and 1 1/2 losing games.

BOWLING RESULTS OF FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1952

Table with 3 columns: Team Name, Player Name, Score. Includes St. Geo. C.W.V. Team A and Ukrainian Blacksheep.

Table with 3 columns: Team Name, Player Name, Score. Includes UNA Friendly Circle Br. 435 and Newark Ukr.-Amer. Vets.

Table with 3 columns: Team Name, Player Name, Score. Includes Jersey City S. & A. Club and St. George C.W.V. Team B.

Table with 3 columns: Team Name, Player Name, Score. Includes U.N.A. Branch 272 and St. Johns C.W.V.

Table with 3 columns: Team Name, Player Name, Score. Includes Ukr. Orthodox Church and Penn-Jersey Social Club.

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION LEAGUE TEAM STANDINGS

Table with 5 columns: Team Name, Won, Lost, High 3 G'me, Total Pins, Avg. Includes St. George C.W.V., U.N.A. Branch 435, etc.

Hallowe'en DANCE

sponsored by ST. JOHN'S UKRAINIAN CATHOLIC CHURCH at the UKRAINIAN CENTER, 180 WILLIAM STREET, Newark, N. J. Saturday Evening, October 25, 1952

HALLOWEEN DANCE

sponsored by the DAUGHTERS of UKRAINE Br. 53 C. Y. A. to be held at UKRAINIAN NATIONAL HOME 216 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Saturday, October 25, 1952

Коли промовить земля...

(З минулої діяльності).

Ніяких ознак на покращання не було. Навпаки, небо затяглося хмарами, які здавалися своїми блякими гривами зачеплять за вершки дерев.

При багатті було їх з десяток. Решта, не зважаючи на дощ, досипала промандрану ніч. Покулившись в клубки і щільно пообтиски палатками, вони лежали під захисними деревами.

Дехто прокинувся із сну, як до місця постою наблизилися одна за одною дві стежі. Цікаво було знати, що вони з собою принесли, які новини, довідатись, як люди святкують сьогоднішню неділю.

А вистки були не надто погощаючі: в усіх більших селах, за винятком Полян і Зарудців, с большевики.

Вогнище тліло, а не горіло. Часами, коли рідкі трохі підсохло, спалахнуло полум'я, але не на довго. Клуби диму котилися теплом танга, заглядали людям в очі, витискали там слюзу і підносили по стовбурх дерев угору.

Випхайся з таким паленням! Шкода, що в лісі виростає, а вогню порядного не змішати зробити, — сердився Яр на Бляхарського.

— Не скажи так гостро, бо большевик почує, відриється той. — Тесе... — зіронізував з Бляхарського „комік“ Свист.

Почот відділу зібрався на нараду. Кілька голів схилилися над мапником і студіювало ситуацію. — Це буде мати величезне значення, — доводив політиковник.

Ми щасливі, що змогли з вами разом сьогодні допомогти і можемо поділитися нашими думками, вітаннями, порадами... Ми щасливі, що змогли з вами разом сьогодні допомогти і можемо поділитися нашими думками, вітаннями, порадами...

З села почувався голосний свист, і чиясь рука помахувала білою хустиною. „Можна заходити!“ Марш приспів.

Зручно вминаючи калюжі, проходили між хатами, не зрадкуючи себе розмовою. З-за віконних рам супроводжували „босаякі“ завжди якесь пара очей.

В такому разі з виховником піде чотГонта. К-р Чумаєк піде тому, що добре знає терен. А я залишуся на місці.

— Розвідка діє, — промовив тихо хтось з бійців. — Ніяк не розгадаєш, чого вони так крутяться.

Чим далі заглиблювалися в село, тим погляди людей, здавалося, були пригтовані на те, що „попливєся ворог“.

А коли група завершила відседа на горбок, де самотньо між деревами стояла дерев'яна церква, — її супроводив погляд сивеного дідуся, що з паличкою в руках вештався по своїм подвір'ю.

Всцерьт переповнена людми церква, здавалось, акулюла з дива. А може то був переляк? Над головами пролітає шепіт і робив знак запити під склепінням.

— Ми, українські повстанці, з вірою в український народ при його повній підтримці, будемо далі боротися аж до остаточної перемоги.

Після цього населення обступило повстанців і ділилося своїми думками, своєю радістю. До політиковника підійшов старший селянин з словами:

— Сьогодні, коли б мені хтось мільйони поклав в кишеню, не зробив би такої радості, як ви.

Кожний хотів щось сказати. Іноді чулися слова: „Я ніяк не міг вгадати, що це наші“.

В село сходили всі разом. Кожного з повстанців оточували селяни, ведучи привітні розмови. Декотрі бійці розважалися з дітьми.

Вже в селі перебрали ініціативу господарні. Вони наполягали на тому, щоб „хлопці“, перемоклі на дощі, загри-

Професійні огляди: Dr. Med. R. TYLBOR 59 E. 3rd St. (кв. 2nd Ave.) NYC Tel. GRamercy 5-3993

Всі три без накриття на голові зложили руки на грудях, а уста їх шепотли молитву. Здавалось, вони не помічали нічого.

Але не всі передавали вістку карокої личини. Дехто сумнівався і час до часу скоє озирався на двері. Дехто виходив надвір і невдоволю повертався дещо збенежений.

Вже перед кінцем Служби Божої військової вишлі. Саме оді під'їхало до брами двох вершників, і, наблизившись, один з них гукнув:

— Ну, доки ви думаете тягнути?! Вашлаквіс от-от не видно. Я не маю певности, чи якийсь сексот не ввізнає нас і не височив з села.

— Не гарячися, Зрубе, — відповів йому Гонта. — Бачиш, що не могли скоріше... Двері церкви широко відчинилися, і з них висипав народ.

— Просимо трохі почекати, — запрошували повстанці, коли люди хотіли попри них іти далі. Тим часом коні рвонули дуба і, обертаючись на задніх ногах, помчали в село.

На каміні височив повстанець, один з тих, що були в церкві, і заговорив. Селяни зразу згуртувалися навколо нього і загострили свій слух.

Еже по перших словах загадка була роз'язана. Замість попередньої стриманости, вимальовувалась радість на кожному обличчі.

Ukrainian Beekeeper Takes Sweepstakes



Left to right — Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan is shown presenting to Al Bzenko and his father, S. Bzenko, who won the sweepstakes at Michigan State Fair, which means they're the best and finest producers of honey in Michigan.

As a part of their activity this year they entered Miss Pat Norman, daughter of Mr. 339 East street, Rochester, as their choice for honey queen of Michigan and she won hands down and has been honored in many ways as she traveled throughout the land.

For the third year in a row, the Busy Bee Farm, of Rochester, owned and operated by Al Bzenko and his father, S. Bzenko, won the sweepstakes at Michigan State Fair, which means they're the best and finest producers of honey in Michigan.

in the promotion of the interests of the honey producers. Needless to say, Governor Williams recognized the outstanding achievements of these Rochester people and extended his warmest personal congratulations and best wishes to them.

The broad smiles of the Bzenko team register their delight in the accomplishment, and all Rochester is happy to know that "At the top of the South Hill" can be brought the best honey in Michigan.

УВАГА! ШІКАГО, ІЛЛ., І ОКОЛИЦЯ! УВАГА!

Перед від'їздом на концертну подорож до Південної Америки ДВА ВЕЧОРИ РОМИ ПРИЙМИ (МИСТЕЦЬКИЙ ТАНЕЦЬ) ЛІДІЯ КРУШЕЛЬНИЦЬКА — режисер. При фортепіано — ІВАННА ПРИНІМОВА. У СУБОТУ, 25 ЖОВТНЯ ТА В НЕДІЛКУ, 26 ЖОВТНЯ 1952 Початок о год. 7-й ввечорі В CHOPIN SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, RICE & CAMPBELL, CHICAGO, ILL.

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ліся теплою стравою. На це не можна було погодитися, хоч як мавили теплі слова. — Так не забувайте прийти увечорі. Приймімо, як рідних... Доцї перестав падати. Між хмарами деколи виглядало сиве небо. Даліко дрімав зелений ліс...

З. Семенів. (Сучасна Україна).

Ставайте членами Українського Народного Союзу, а також самими і сім'яними організаціями! 13-ти мільйонного майна організації!

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