

THE AMERICAN WAY

Attempted Suicide Caused by Social Security

By DeWITT EMERY

A 71-year old resident of Chicago, Ralph P. LaBelle, recently attempted suicide by slashing his wrists and throat because he was penniless, hungry, had no place to stay and his social security had been shut off.

What crime had this old man committed, which caused his social security check to be withheld? Last January and February he earned \$118.00 as a messenger. Under Social Security he was permitted to earn only \$50.00 a month. So, since he earned too much, he had to be punished. As he expressed it, to the judge after the police had taken him first to the hospital and then to court:

"They called me into the field office at 1045 Lawrence Avenue ad said I would be penalized a full month's payment for earning \$18.00 too much in January and February. I didn't have any money, couldn't get a job, my landlord told me to get out because I hadn't paid my rent. I was cold, hungry and there didn't seem to be any use trying to stay alive."

The judge figured out a way to put LaBelle into the county hospital until his next social security check is due. When he gets out, he says he'll try to find job of some kind which won't pay him more than \$50.00 a month.

Social security is the keystone of the great social progress which has been made in the past twenty years. It's the very first of the first things.

By ULAS SAMCHUK
Translated by Joseph R. Ivaniv

A JEST OF LIFE

Like the vein of a toll-hardened hand, the road to Kiev cut through fields, valleys and villages. Along both sides of the road the twin rows of poplars disappeared from sight toward the muddy October skies.

The wind puffing up its cheeks blew with all its might, aimlessly driving layers of heavy clouds across the siver of a moon. Thick sharp shadows flickered against rain washed stones on the bronze string of the road as though striving to tear away from the earth and fly wildly toward the heights of heaven:

Over the earth, as far as one could see, rolled the mighty Revolution.

The wind fought its way furiously along the road, and death accompanied it in many forms.

Then at evening dropped on the world, gently wrapping the bare fields in a blanket of mist. Like slender girls the poplars swayed gently to and from, accepting the embraces of the wind. Their dreamy whispers shook loose the leaves which flew upward, trembled in the wind and then fell softly in an eternal kiss upon the fat black earth.

Besides that nothing else. The thin sickle of a moon cut through the gray clouds. Shadows carefully leaped over the road and quickly vanished.

Only from the far horizon, where the road winded in a whimsical turn around the ravine, cutting like a strong bow into the iron line of the forest to turn later and shoot straight to Kiev, came the sound of sharp hoof beats. The wind tore at it and the hushed whispers of the poplar covered it. The thick black soil smothered the great distance, the pale stony vein, the sharp fantastic shadows and hid the misty picture which traveled with the echo of the sound.

And now the clamor was nearer. It cut through the wind and hit the eyes and ears

A TOUGH CASE

Like I said I would in my last piece, I joined the Ivan Franko group of the Ukrainian National Association in my town. I made a lot of friends and had fun at picnics, dances, bus rides, shows, and sports events. I got interested in the meetings and even opened my mouth a few times to put in my two cents.

One time I really put my foot in it. It seems that the big brass at the Home Office put out a call for more new members. Our branch big shots told us ordinary members to get on the ball and think up some ideas that could be talked over. So I scratched my head a few times and came up with a dilly. Without even thinking I shot up my hand and got the floor.

"Why not have every member get at least one new member during the year," I said. "In that way we can double our membership."

Coming from me, that was good. I had only recently become a member myself, and here I was telling these old timers how to do things! I tried to shrink down in my chair.

I wished I was some miles away when it dawned on me that I, too, would have to rope in a new member. Holy smoke! I hoped hard that a different idea would come up and mine thrown out, but no such luck. Some geezer said my idea was O.K. and he was for it. It wasn't long before the O.K. was unanimous. Jeepers!

Since it was my idea I was on the spot. I had to get a new member or look like a bum. So I got myself a few applications from our secretary and promised myself to get busy.

When I got home I explained things to the folks. They came through with quite a few names of young people who weren't members. One had a very good job and no dependents, but I was leary as she was a girl. Still I decided to take a crack at it, as she was the best prospect on the list.

Feeling half scared I went over to her house and knocked on the door. I hoped no one was home. The door opened. The girl was so pretty that I forgot what I came there for. I must have been beguiled, because the next thing I knew she was practically laughing.

"Well?" she asked, after I still failed to talk.

"Beg pardon Miss," I said, "but I represent the—"

"Sorry, but whatever it is I don't want it," she cut in, and closed the door.

Well, I got the heck out of there, fast. And don't think I wasn't glad. Heck, selling things isn't my line. Phooey on getting new members. So I'll look like a bum, so what?

My folks asked me how I made out. I told them their son struck out on the first pitch. But those two were full of ideas and they wouldn't let me quit. No sir. They told me that I wrote nice letters home when I was in the Army and that if I did my campaigning by mail, I might do better. I liked that — anything to stop having doors slammed in my face.

So I wrote the chick a letter and told her what it was all about. I added one of those "Facts on the U.N.A." pamphlets to the letter and mailed it. I didn't mention the slammed door.

Nothing happened, absolutely nothing. I started worrying how it would feel to look like a bum.

I told my folks I was still batting a cool zero. It only convinced them that I only should make another call in person and mention my name and the letter before I said anything else. Well, I was ready to throw in the towel, but I let my folks win and once more trotted over to Miss Tough Case's house.

It worked.

"Won't you come in," she purred, after I gave her my name.

I came in, got invited to sit down, and started my spiel. She stopped me.

"I read the 'Facts' pamphlet," she said. She explained how busy she was. She didn't have time to answer my letter and certainly wouldn't have time to attend branch meetings.

"The meetings are held on Sundays," I pointed out.

"Oh, are they?" she seemed surprised. "Suppose you leave a membership application with me and I'll think it over."

So I left the application and

Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER WM. DANKO

Metro Prystal, high-scoring Detroit Red Winger, accounted for his 100th goal in National Hockey League play last Sunday evening against the New York Rangers. Metro is currently among the top scorers of the loop. He still has a very long haul ahead of him if he is to crack the coveted 200-goal mark which is the measuring stick of all truly great scorers. Only a very few active players have accomplished this feat, one of them being veteran Bill Mosienko of the Chicago Blackhawks.

Walter Supronowicz played some terrific basketball for Holy Cross last week as they decisively trounced St. John's University by 20-point margin. Walt, brother of Mack Supronowicz, former Michigan captain and Dick Supronowicz, ex-Syracuse U. star, hit the nets for nine markers in addition to playing a bang-up defensive game.

A Ukrainian lad hailing from the Windy City has garnered the "Most Yards Rushing" title on the collegiate gridiron this past season. His name is Diek Wolf and he performed with Arkansas State College. Last year, RHB Dick was named to the "Little All

Veterans Congratulate UYL-NA

The Ukrainian American Veterans Organization wishes to take this opportunity to congratulate the Ukrainian Youth League of North America for assuming the responsibility in calling a meeting of Ukrainian-American organizations, together with many Ukrainian-Canadian groups. The meeting was held in November at the Hotel Statler in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. The UYL-NA was highly satisfied with the response they received from the many groups that attended the sessions, and it is certain they were gratified that they had taken the initiative in order to get the "ball rolling".

The Ukrainian American Veterans were very grateful that they were extended the honor of being able to attend the meeting. They eagerly accepted the invitation for the Veterans realize that only in real unity is there any lasting strength. Commander Martin Horobowski and Thomas Darnopray drove up from Philadelphia to Buffalo in order to serve as delegates from the Ukrainian American Veterans.

A report of the meeting's proceedings was submitted to the U.A.V.'s Executive board meeting during the month of November. The delegates recalled with a great deal of enthusiasm the many opportunities they had had in asking questions of the other representatives as to the purposes and objectives of their various organizations. And they, in turn, had an opportunity to get better acquainted with the aims, ideals of the U.A.V. Our Veterans were especially pleased at having the chance to speak with the representatives of the Ukrainian-Canadian Veterans. It brought a reassurance to both groups to discover that the two organizations have many common problems that must be solved in the future.

The Ukrainian American Veterans agree wholeheartedly with the UYL-NA for the need of more meetings of this type. It is essential for all groups to come together and discuss their problems and grievances openly, if understanding and cooperation is ever to be achieved. Hats off to the members of the UYL-NA. You can rest assured that you will have the support of the Ukrainian American Veterans in any of your future attempts to help define the common purposes of all Ukrainian-American organizations.

THEODORE ZENUK, Jr.

Baby Rabbit: Mother, how much is 6,754,098 times 234,764,785?

Mama Rabbit: I don't know.

Baby Rabbit: Then how come they say rabbits multiply so rapidly?

Joe: "Moe, I think I've a job for your uncle. But are you sure he's a responsible person?"

Moe: "Yes, Joe. On every other job he's had, when anything went wrong they said he was responsible!"

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9:00 P.M.

AT UKRAINIAN HALL
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"Drive straight ahead! I'll point out the way later!"

The Sotnyk twisted his lips and whipped the horses. They jumped and started swiftly down the road as though racing each other. The poplars shot by in quick succession, the dark pages of the fields turning continuously, the black line of the forest rushing forward to meet them. Otherwise there was stony silence, broken only by the clamor of the horses' hoofs and the whispering of the leaves.

The Sotnyk kept his eyes on the road, every nerve taut. With every breath he felt the nearness of the ax which lay peacefully at the feet of the monster, glittering brightly in the moonlight.

The road, eternity. Speedily they cut through the darkness of the forest. A thousand fantastic creatures appeared in the imagination, racing after the rushing carriage, taking a hundred different forms before the eyes, falling like huge boulders on the head. The Sotnyk was ready for anything. One slight move from his unusual passenger and he would jump like a spring. But the other sat as motionless as his ax. Not a word escaped him. There was only his heavy breathing.

The forest now thinned into small patches and was soon left behind. Again the wide horizon appeared, and the fields touched the outskirts of the city. The moon burned through the mud of the clouds and lit the white structures of the capital.

"There it is!" the monster suddenly cried, pointing his hairy hand toward a huge building standing to one side.

"All right," the Sotnyk answered.

Two minutes more and the carriage was by the gates.

"Here!"

The horses, foaming and breathing heavily, pulled up.

"Get out and tell my people that I have come!"

"Yes, sir!"

Argument was useless. The Sotnyk had begun to understand. He jumped from the carriage and approached the high iron gates. He found the bell and pulled nervously. Iron and bronze answered in loud ringing tones, shattering the silence. The echoes of an outer wall will traveled along the nerve of the stony building. The sensitive fingers of knowledge reached the very brain of the building, and the iron gate opened a crack.

A heavily lined and orange-colored face appeared, lighted up by a hand lamp. A few more wrinkles, a few movements of the crooked eyebrows and the wide, duck-like lips squeezed out a question.

"I brought you your master," the Sotnyk answered.

A very short "Ah" and the face disappeared like a flash. Instead there was the noise of many running feet behind the door, and gate squeaked half open. In the light of a few more hand lamps five muscular men marched toward the carriage, and an older man stepped fearlessly up to the monster.

"We are very, very happy to see you again, Sir General," he said.

The General dropped his ax and stood up proudly. In that instant the five men seized him in a powerful embrace...

The Sotnyk was left behind with the older man and the ax. It lay on the road, glittering brightly. The iron gate clanked shut, and silence descended again. Towering above its surroundings stood the Kyryliv Psychopathic Hospital, moonbeams gently touching the sad, huge, forbidding walls, sowing dead signs from a dead light.

The older man carefully wiped his forehead.

"Sir," he said. "A million thanks to you. We have been after him since he escaped at dawn and found that ax somewhere. Several farmers were unlucky enough to get in his way. Some fanatical mania saved you from the same fate."

He bent down, picked up the ax and raised it to his eyes. One could now see the clear black spots. But the dead light could not fill it with the color of life.

The Sotnyk bade the old man farewell and jumped into the carriage. The clatter of horses' hoofs echoed upon the stone, and he was carried away.

UNA League Bowling News

By STEPHEN KURLAK

Another week has gone by and the changes in the team line-up of the U.N.A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.Y.-N.J. Area are barely noticeable.

BOWLING RESULTS OF FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1952

Table with 3 columns: Team Name, Score 1, Score 2, Score 3, Total.

Table with 3 columns: U.N.A. Branch 435 (2), Score 1, Score 2, Score 3, Total.

Table with 3 columns: Jersey City S. & A. Club (3), Score 1, Score 2, Score 3, Total.

Table with 3 columns: Ukrainian Blacksheep (2), Score 1, Score 2, Score 3, Total.

Table with 3 columns: Newark Ukr.-Amer. Vets (3), Score 1, Score 2, Score 3, Total.

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION LEAGUE TEAM STANDINGS

Table with 5 columns: Rank, Team Name, Won, Lost, Gme, Total.

В хвилях життя

Таня не знала, як висловити безмежну вдячність цій людині. Вона відчула, що любить Жана за його шляхетну вдачу.

УВАГА! УКРАЇНЦІ МІСТА БОФАЛО, Н.Й.

ПОНЕДІЛОК, 29 ГРУДНЯ 1952 ГАЛЯ УКРАЇНСЬКОЇ КАТОЛИЦЬКОЇ ЦЕРКВИ

"ЧОРНОМОРЦІ" український кольоровий звуковий фільм за опереткою Кукурена, при участі визначних артистів із Канади.

ДОДАТКОВІ ФІЛЬМИ: "СВЯТКУВАННЯ 60-их РОКОВИН ПОБУТУ УКРАЇНЦІВ У КАНАДІ"

УВАГА! ЮТИКА, Н. Й. УВАГА! Ці фільми будуть висвітлені В ГАЛІ УКР. КАТОЛИЦЬКОЇ ЦЕРКВИ

ЧЕТВЕР, 1. СІЧНЯ (JANUARY 1) 1953 P. о год. 2:00 і 4:00 по полудні (два сеанси)

УВАГА! СИРАКУЗ, Н. Й. УВАГА! Та сама програма в ЧЕТВЕР, 1. СІЧНЯ (JANUARY 1) 1953 P.

В ГАЛІ УКРАЇНСЬКОГО НАРОДНОГО ДОМУ два сеанси: Початок о 7:00 год. і о 9:00 вечорі. Всіх українських громадян та гостей щиро запрошує "Карнатія-Фільмова Служба", Нью Йорк, Н. Й.

ВІСТІ З УКРАЇНИ

"РАДІОПРИЙМАЧІ МОВЧАТЬ" М. Давиденко з селища Привілля, Лисичанського району, Ворошиловградської області, нарікає в "Радянській Україні" за 29 листопада на те, що мешканці цього села не можуть користатися з радіоприймачів.

Зі Спорту

СІЧ КАНДИДАТОМ НА ПЕРШУНА СІЧ — ВІЛОРУСЬКИЙ С. К. 2:0 (1:0). СІЧ — МАДЯРСЬКО-АМ. А. К. 3:2 (3:2). Останні дві зустрічі принесли Січі дальші точки так цінні в змагу за місце в Лізі як:

Table with columns: Team Name, Goals, Points, etc. for various sports teams.

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ЗГРАЯ ШКІДНИКІВ

Під таким заголовком "Радянська Україна" пише про нещасливу долю троєх підсудних до кари смерті. "Своїми злочинними діями вони підірвали радянську торгівлю і товарооборот в місті Києві, розкладали соціалістичну власність. Краді ходили за товарами, краді крали і збували через спекулянтів, а виручені за товари сотні тисяч карбованців привласнювали. Учасники шкідницької групи в широких розмірах провадили незаконні валютні операції.

ПАТЕРСОН ДОВЕРС — УСК НЮ ЙОРК 3:5 (3:3)

УСК: Цьолюк - Шмідель, Липчак - В. Павлюк, Серант, д-р Кравченко - Маланчук, Арндт, Е. Голлока, Вітюк, Коллоді. Факти: Ворота здобули: 4 хв. 0:1 Голлока, 18 хв. 1:1 Федяло, 19 хв. 2:1 Перучол, 34 хв. 2:2 Голлока, 41 хв. 2:3 Голлока, 43 хв. 3:3 Брава, 66 хв. 3:4 Голлока, 85 хв. 3:5 Голлока. Наріжники: 3:1 для П. Доверса. Віллі: до УСК 2, до П. Доверса 7. Судді: Мек-Карті. Патерсон, Н. Дж., дня 21 грудня ц. р. — Навіть найбільший оптиміст з рядів симпатиків УСК-у не міг передбачити, що на протязі двох тижнів УСК відбере трикратно мистеців Н. Лігі.

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