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Weekly Commentator

ONE OF THE GREATEST LIVING HISTORIANS?

"Arnold Toynbee is universally acknowledged as one of the greatest living historians writing at the present time. He combines complete mastery of his subject..." etc.

Thus does Oxford University Press introduce Toynbee in his recently published book, "The World and the West." It also refers to his "phenomenal knowledge."

That may be so, yet in the section entitled "Russia and the West" Mr. Toynbee demonstrates a complete lack of knowledge about Ukraine and the Ukrainian people. Ukraine he considers as just a part of Russia. As for the term "Ukrainians"—he does not use it even once. It is all "Russia" and "Russians." The history of Ukraine and of the Ukrainian people is seen by him as that of Russia and the Russians.

"Russia and the West got on fairly well with one another in the early Middle Ages," he writes.

As a matter of historical fact, Russia at that time was Muscovia—up north. What Mr. Toynbee is writing about is actually about Ukraine, then also known as Rus. The latter name the Muscovians adopted and changed during the reign of Peter I. This took place soon after the defeat of Mazepa at Poltava in 1709, when Peter I accepted the peculiar title of "Emperor of, and Tsar of all the Russian" ("Imperator ee Tsar Vsyekh Rusyey"), thereby proclaiming himself to be the successor of the rulers of the Ukrainian Kingdom of Kiev, then also called Rus.

It is significant that Peter I did not designate his newly-founded empire as "Rus". He knew quite well that it would be impossible to convince his Muscovites, as well as the outside world, that Muscovy was "Rus". For to everybody Rus was situated to the south of Muscovy and was identical with Ukraine. But an entirely new name—Russia (Rossiya)—was quite another matter. And so the term "Russia" was promulgated.

Mr. Toynbee also writes that, "It was not until 1945 that Russia recaptured" the last piece of these huge Russian territories that were taken from her by Western Powers in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries."

Recaptured? Russian territories? 13th century? Way off beam.

Western and Carpatho Ukraine to which Mr. Toynbee undoubtedly refers here, for example, were never Russian, never a part of Russia. Even when the Soviets took over Western and Carpatho Ukraine their leader Stalin referred to their populace as not Russians, as Mr. Toynbee would have his readers believe, but as Ukrainians.

It seems to us that Mr. Toynbee is writing "Russian" history on the basis of the 19th century Kluchevsky's, Rambaud's Pare's works, long recognized as being incorrect, as far as their historical accuracy, in reference to the Ukrainian reality.

AMERICANS IN RUSSIA

The State Department reports that there are only 130 Americans living in Russia. All of them are our government employees, except six cor-

THE BEAR THAT PURRS LIKE A CAT

The above head is perhaps the best description of Russia's recent peace overtures. After snarling and growling at America for years, the Russian bear has changed. It is now purring like a friendly cat. The Kremlin appears to be hastening to patch up differences with the West. A group of American newspaper persons have been wined and dined by their Russian counterparts in Moscow, with toasts exchanged to Malenkov and Eisenhower.

If all of this leaves some Americans a bit dazed, imagine for a moment what effect it has had on the peoples of the Soviet Union, especially the Russians. The "capitalist warmongers" and the "lying American editors" of yesterday are now the "comrades" of today.

"The more things change, the more they remain the same," is an old French saying. The bear that purrs like a cat is still the symbol of the heavily armed and imperialistically-minded Russia, run by a Kremlin definitely hostile to our country and utterly without scruples against violence and brutality.

The paws stretched out in friendship can claw the underly in the back tomorrow. And they will, at the very first opportunity.

FORGOTTEN MEN

A young man walked down our street the other day, and we overheard a couple of neighbors saying, "Haven't seen him around lately. Where's he been? Working out of town somewhere?" "Why," replied the second, "believe I heard he just got out of service. Spent some time across, I think. How's your business getting along?" And that was all there was to it. Two years taken away from a boy's life; a college education interrupted; an episode of destruction and death passed off lightly in the middle of a conversation.

What has happened to us? During the last two world wars, boys who were leaving were entertained and given special attention before going. In the last war, a service record was kept in a local store window. A memorial was erected in the town center. The interest and welfare of the fellows in service were everyone's concern.

Today, parents, wives, relatives and close friends keep the servicemen posted of affairs back home. That is about the extent of recognition.

Place your own "brand name" on the Korean fight, but it is a real war. The fellows over there are just as conscientious, just as brave, and just as homesick as those of World War II.

HEARST AND THE BOLSHEVIKS

The late publisher William Randolph Hearst was long known for his fight against

respondents and one Catholic priest.

Just goes to show how much the Lamonts, the "Sichodeni Visti" editors, and other Commie-lovers in our country think of living in the country they worship.

Russian Propaganda: in Moscow and In New York

Ever since the death of Stalin last March we have been witnessing here an upsurge of dangerous optimism as to relations between the United States and the USSR. A few American small-town reporters were gratified by an invitation to go to Moscow, and upon their return became exceedingly vocal in their "impressions" and "prophecies" on what they were allowed to see in Moscow. This sort of reaction could be dangerous if only because it is so patently being sought by U.S.S.R. The official line now emanating from Moscow is that of giving the impression that the Malenkov clique is desirous of peace and peaceful coexistence with the West.

Today we should like to discuss another dangerous line of Russian propaganda that is being pushed with fierce determination both in Moscow and in New York. In Moscow this line is being fixed by the new triumvirate of despots: Malenkov, Beria and Molotov; and of course by the powerful propaganda apparatus of their totalitarian state—the press, radio, Communist Party organs and the entire administration. Here in New York the same line is being systematically propagated by Russian imperialists of all tinges and hues; former Communists who turned Russian nationalists, Mensheviks, Socialist extremists who became "Russia Firsters" and Russian "racists."

Pseudo Experts

Whoever read the article entitled, "A Weapon for the West," by Isaac Don Levine in the March 23, 1953 issue of Life Magazine could not but realize that the American people have to be on guard against all these pseudo experts on the USSR. It is painfully obvious that the later are working for Russian aggrandizement and glory rather than for the wel-

Communism. His newspapers likewise treated Soviet Russia as an enemy of America. When the matter of American recognition of the Soviet Union came up in 1933, Hearst, was in the forefront of those opposed to it. Which is all to the good.

Brushing up on our history the other day, we learned that on February 26, 1918, during the Brest-Litovsk negotiations, during the time when the Ukrainian National Republic was being attacked by the Bolsheviks, the editor of the "New York American" received a telegram which read:

"I think our whole cause is likely to be injured by any delay in recognizing and supporting the Bolsheviks; they are representatives of the most democratic government in Europe. Why are we in this war? Are we in it for democracy? Then, for Heaven's sake, why not recognize a democratic government? We recognized the imperial government of Russia, but when Russia secures a democratic government we have so far not recognized it. Let us recognize the truest democracy in the world of today."

The author of this urgent appeal was William Randolph Hearst. Shades of something or other! Muddled thinking of well-meaning persons at its worst.

fare of the United States.

Mr. Levine, like all other Russian-born "experts" on Soviet affairs, has long been known for his views on what to do with Russia in the event of collapse of communism. He maintains that the trouble lies in the communist clique now ruling Russia rather in traditional Russian imperialism. Before Stalin died this group of experts fought only "Stalinism," and not the Russian system of tyranny and enslavement.

Now Mr. Levine's article ostensibly deals with the encouragement of mass disaffection in the Soviet occupation forces (380,000 men in all) stationed in East Germany and Austria. Had he confined himself to discussion of the lack of "constructive, liberal, and enlightened treatment" accorded to refugees and escapees from behind the iron curtain, the article would have had genuine merit and importance. Instead, Mr. Levine embarked upon a personal crusade against the threat of "dismemberment" of Russia, a theme which is an official ukase in Moscow today.

Any American who has even a superficial knowledge of Russian imperialism and communism must take strong exception to what the author proposes that we do.

First of all, Mr. Levine accepts the Soviet-manufactured myth that Stalin and his successors have succeeded in creating a new type of "Soviet man," homo sovieticus, a mechanical robot who is interested primarily in material things only. This new "Soviet man" is depicted by Mr. Levine as hopelessly materialistic, strongly in love with his "country" (Russia) and not being "in arms against the regime." This common man of the USSR emerges as one who would prefer to remain in slavery rather than be free in a dismembered Russia.

Nationality Problem

This theory that the Soviet Russian leaders have succeeded in "solving" the nationality question (accepted in toto by Mr. Levine) has been beamed from Moscow for the past two decades. Only shortly after the death of Stalin, Malenkov, Beria and Molotov reiterated that the nationality problem does not exist any longer in the USSR. All the peoples, both Russian and non-Russian, the world is told, live a "happy life in the multinational Soviet" fatherland. The concrete significance of such sovietization is that all the subjects of the USSR are subjected to the process of Russification, which would merge all peoples into a great Soviet (Russian) nation.

Of course, this is not what we know from the Ukrainians who have recently arrived from Ukraine. They, as well as other non-Russian peoples enslaved by Moscow, state that despite pressure, persecution and terror the Ukrainians have refused to accept the Soviet Russian line that they have ceased to be what they have been for centuries.

They completely reject the thesis that the tragedy of the USSR lies in the fact that the regime is communist. The non-Russian exiles, who in number and activity surpass the Russian exiles, contend that so long as the USSR ex-

Stalin's Wife Cursed by Him For Telling Him About Famine In Ukraine

In the concluding, fourth installment of "Stalin's Secrets," in this week's (April 27) issue of Life magazine, the writer, Alexander Orlov, a former general of the Soviet secret police, tells what happened when Stalin's second wife, Nadezhda Alliluyeva, learned about the famine in Ukraine of 1932-33 which the Kremlin instigated and fostered in an attempt to break the backbone of Ukrainian national resistance to Russian rule.

Stalin allowed his wife to leave the Kremlin, to meet people and life. She was shocked by what she learned. She discovered that the children and workers had recently been deprived of food ration. She was told that thousands of Soviet girls were being forced into prostitution to keep themselves and their parents from starvation.

"From students who had been sent into the rural districts to help carry out the collectivization program," Orlov writes, "Alliluyeva heard the horrible truth of the mass executions and deportations of peasants, of famine in the Ukraine, of bands of orphaned children wandering along the roads begging for bread."

Ambridge Girl Awarded Scholarship

Miss Vera Krokono, 17 School Yearbook, Treasurer of the National Honor Society, a member of the Leaders Club, Girls Patrol, Usherettes and a member of the "Yale-Priston" girls basketball team.

Miss Krokono is a member of the SS. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Catholic Church, sings in the Church Choir. She is a member of the Sodality of the BVM., UCYL, as well as the assistant editor of the Counselor, official publication of the Western Pa. Council of the UCYL.

ists as an empire dominated by nationalistic and chauvinistic Russians, the world will know neither peace nor stability.

Mr. Levine, for one, ought to be well aware of this.

Mr. Levine's "Study"

As a European director of the American Committee for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia under the chairmanship of Vice-Admiral Leslie C. Stevens, he spent several months in Europe not only "studying" the Soviet escapes but trying as well to get the Russian and non-Russian exiles to work together in a common anti-Soviet radio in Munich. Perhaps Mr. Levine's lack of success lay in his outlook, which encompasses Great Russian "pride and patriotism" but somehow completely disregards the pride and patriotism of the non-Russian peoples.

Mr. Levine's attack against the British, who are supporting (allegedly) some of the non-Russian groups in their efforts to gain freedom and independence from Russia, is worthy of critical comment as well. The British were the first to detect the weakness of the Russian colossus as represented by the presence of the millions of non-Russian people. Had we followed the advice of some British statesmen

"Alliluyeva was particularly shaken by two students back from the Ukraine who told her that in the worst famine districts cases of cannibalism had been discovered and that they themselves had helped to arrest two brothers caught trying to sell the dissected body of a man. Alliluyeva reported this report to Stalin and his chief bodyguard, Pauker. Stalin answered with a volley of the foulest language, warned his wife that he would not allow her to attend school any more and ordered Pauker to arrest the two students."

Later Stalin shot his wife, according to NKVD whispers. About three months after Alliluyeva's death, Orlov attended a party given by Pauker. The conversation touched on the dead woman and somebody remarked that she had always been modest and meek.

"Meek?" Pauker said sarcastically. "Then you didn't know her. I wish you had seen how she flared up once and shouted at him to his face! 'You are tormentor, that's what you are! You torment your own son, you torment your wife, you torment the whole Russian people!'"

BULLETIN

Volodimir Malevich, prominent Ukrainian American, former vice-president of the UNA, died in his Pittsburgh home last Wednesday. Funeral services will be held today. He is survived by his wife, Maria, former vice-presidentess of the UNA, sons Stephen and Bohdan, and daughters Dolya and Olga.

UNA RESORT TO BE FORMALLY OPENED JULY 4th

SEASON BEGINS MAY 30th



One of the nine buildings of the U.N.A. Resort

The vacation season for the Ukrainian National Association Resort in Kerhonkson, N. Y., will open on Decoration Day, May 30, the UNA Executive Board announced last Monday.

The formal opening, with appropriate ceremonies, will take place on July 4 and 5, according to the announcement.

It was earlier reported on these pages that the formal opening was to take place during the Memorial Day week-end. Technical and practical reasons, however, caused the UNA executives to postpone the opening to the Fourth of July week-end. By then the renovation from their on until the next and reconstruction of the nine full season—\$35 to \$45. Week-end guests will be accommodated as it is called, will have been for \$9 to \$12.50 per day. Excursion and picnicking parties are also welcome. Arrangements for them must be made in advance.

Address all inquiries to U. N. A. Estate, Kerhonkson, a restaurant for the vacation-

ers and as an assembly hall for about four to five hundred persons.

As already reported here, the UNA resort will have all the facilities for a fine vacation, including plenty of acres for hiking, a commanding view of the surrounding hills and mountains, rolling terrain, swimming pool, lake, waterfall, golf course, tennis and volleyball courts, and the best of housing accommodations.

Weekly rates, covering lodging and food, from May 30 to June 27 will be \$35 to \$45 per person, from June 27 to September 12—\$45 to \$55, and from then on until the next full season—\$35 to \$45. Week-end guests will be accommodated as it is called, will have been for \$9 to \$12.50 per day. Excursion and picnicking parties are also welcome. Arrangements for them must be made in advance.

Address all inquiries to U. N. A. Estate, Kerhonkson, a restaurant for the vacation-

Professor Boris Ivanytsky, Head of Ukrainian National Rada, Dies In Detroit

DETROIT, Mich.—Prof. Boris Ivanytsky, head of the Ukrainian National Rada (Council) and outstanding Ukrainian scientist, died on April 4, 1953 in Detroit, Michigan, after a long illness; at the age of 76.

Prof. Ivanytsky had a long and honorable record as a Ukrainian patriot and scientist. In 1919 he was a member of the Ukrainian government in Kiev as the Minister of Forests. When the Russians occupied Ukraine, Dr. Ivanytsky went to Czechoslovakia, where he was one of the founders and the rector of the Ukrainian Agricultural Academy in Podbrady. After World War II he

lived in Germany where, with the assistance of other Ukrainian scientists, he organized the Ukrainian Technological and Economic Institute in Regensburg. In 1948 when the Ukrainian National Rada was organized Prof. Ivanytsky was elected its head, a post which he kept even after his arrival in the United States as a displaced person. As a member of the Scientific Shevchenko Society and of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences, Prof. Ivanytsky left a great number of scientific books and dissertations, especially in the field of forestry, in which he was an outstanding authority.

Congressman Smith Rebuffs Levine's Anti-Ukrainian Slur

The following correction in the Congressional Record was introduced on April 2, 1953 by Congressman Lawrence H. Smith of Wisconsin:

"Mr. Speaker, on March 30 I inserted in the Appendix of the Record a book review by Issac Don Levine on James Burnham's brilliant book, 'Containment or Liberation?' It often happens that material which we insert does not square fully with our views but in the interest of accuracy it has always been my practice not to delete this material.

"Mr. Speaker, in the article referred to, the reviewer attacks what he has chosen to call Ukrainian extremists. That is, of course, his language. It does not square with my own

views on the Ukrainians who are today waging a hard fight for the independence of the Ukraine and Byelorussia.

"I am solidly behind the activities of that group and have already introduced a resolution asking the House Committee on Foreign Affairs to conduct hearings and request the State Department to extend diplomatic relations with the Ukraine and Byelorussia. My resolution is numbered House Concurrent Resolution 58.

"Mr. Speaker, I make this statement as a correction of any inference that might be implied that I was in agreement with Mr. Levine regarding the Ukraine and Byelorussia. The work of this group should continue."

The Story of The Ukrainian Weekly

By STEPHEN SHUMEYKO

(2)

Weekly Objectives

To get started, chart its course, and set up its objectives was not particularly difficult. Starting from the premise that the Weekly was to be in the words inscribed on its masthead, "Dedicated to the needs and interests of young Americans of Ukrainian descent," the Weekly set up as its main objectives the following: (1) to propagate among its readers the inspiring principles of Americanism; (2) to give them at least a rudimentary knowledge of their Ukrainian cultural heritage, and of the centuries-old Ukrainian struggle for national freedom; (3) to inspire and support their organizational efforts; (4) impress upon them the necessity of their becoming members of the Ukrainian National Association—the chief bulwark of American life; (5) to serve as a forum for their thoughts and views on the various important problems and issues confronting them; (6) keep them abreast of the latest developments in Ukrainian American organized life; (7) keep them informed on the current events in the land from which their parents emigrated; and (8) to generally provide them with a type of inspiration, information and reading material which they could not obtain elsewhere.

How far the Ukrainian Weekly has advanced towards these objectives which it set up twenty years ago, is not for the editor to say. However, we would like to point out a fact which has long been recognized by impartial observers, including a Yale University study, namely, that no other younger generation of Americans of Old World background is as group-conscious as is the Ukrainian American younger generation, and that no other generation has shown as much

Poet's Corner

A FORMER SPRING

By LESYA UKRAINKA

The spring came lovely, prodigal and sweet,
All bathed in brilliant light
and strewn flowers,
She swiftly flew, and after her
there came

A swarm of birds who piped
with all their powers,

New life had come and all
things had a voice:

The greenwood rustled in a
joyous mood.

In all there was a song, a smile,
or ringing tone,

But I lay sick and weak, in
solitude.

I lay and thought: "The spring
has come for all;

For everyone she has a gift
to bring;

But yet for me alone she has
no gift,

I am forgotten by the jocund
spring."

Nay, spring did not forget!

An apple tree

Tapped with its branches on
my window pane;

The tender green leaves flashed
before my eyes,

The snowy blossoms dropped
like falling rain.

Then in any narrow chamber
came a breeze,

Which sang to me of spring's
broad, free domain,

And with it came the music of
the birds,

While all the forest echoed
its refrain.

My soul can nevermore forget
the gift

Which lovely spring brought
to me where I lay:

No other spring e'er was and
e'er shall be

Like that which in my win-
dow bloomed that day.

interest in its old-world cultural heritage and the valuable role it can and does play in the development of American life and culture as have our Youth. Much credit for this has been given to the Ukrainian Weekly.

Among the first serious problems with which the Weekly had to contend and take a definite stand on, so that its readers could do likewise, were those encountered by children of foreign-born parents in their efforts to adjust themselves to American life. In this class are the conflicts within the family itself that result from the American ways of the children and the European ways of the parents.

Many think this problem will be solved as soon as these first generation children, Americans, will be completely assimilated, although they doubt whether such assimilation can take place within the span of these children's lives.

The Weekly took a stand against rapid assimilation. Take this matter of conflict within the family, for instance. True, a part of this conflict arises from the already mentioned old and new world conceptions of the parents and children, respectively. Yet, is this aspect of conflict within the immigrant family of any greater importance than the one which is to be found in practically every family, assimilated or not, wherein the parents strive (deliberately or not is beside the question) to impose their ways of thinking and doing things upon their children, who in turn are positive that their ways are better?

Assuredly not. Furthermore, is not this latter conflict larger in scope than the former, and prevalent just as much in those families that date their lineage back to the Mayflower as in those whose minds still contain fresh memories of Ellis Island? The answer is obvious. And so the conclusion is inescapable, that the solution of the first generation American's problems will affect very little the greater problem of the age-old and world-wide conflicts within the family. Neither is it necessary then, to try to solve them by way of any accelerated assimilation, for such assimilation carries with it far worse consequences than those flowing from the maladjustments it would tend to displace. Such an assimilated person, for instance, usually knows and cares very little about his native background, traditions, and heritage, and as a result he lacks that solid basis upon which he can gain the poise and confidence necessary for his struggle with daily life.

The Weekly believes that not in assimilation, cultural or otherwise, but in the preservation of the finer elements of their native Ukrainian heritage and their adaptation to American life, can the children of Ukrainian-born immigrant parents look for a solution of their special problems of adjustment.

Literary Heritage

Probably the first contact a Ukrainian immigrant's child here had with Ukrainian literature consisted of the adventure stories mother told in Ukrainian about the brave Kozaks of yore, of how they would cross the Black Sea in their frail craft, raid and plunder the rich Turkish cities and free the Ukrainian captives. The child's first acquaintance with Ukrainian poetry usually was his memorization of Shevchenko's Last Testament or Learn, My Brothers. This education continued through the Ukrainian school, which the children attended in the evenings, after regular American school hours, and on Saturdays, when religious in-

struction was given. Graduation from the Ukrainian school, however, usually marked the end of learning of the three Rs in Ukrainian and with it of Ukrainian literature. Unless the parents spoke to their children only in Ukrainian, and not, as so often was the case, in broken English, the son or daughter soon lost whatever working knowledge of Ukrainian, especially written and printed, which they had possessed. And thus the rich argosy of Ukrainian literature was longer within their reach.

Fortunately, to their aid came the Ukrainian Weekly, by offering them good translations of the best of Ukrainian stories, novelettes, novels, and poetry.

The first translations were those of simple stories for boys and girls, such as the popular Chaikovsky's "Za Sestroyu" (In Quest of His Sister), which, translated by this writer, ran serially for quite awhile.

As, together with the Weekly, its readers grew in maturity, an entire galaxy of some of the finest examples of Ukrainian literature ran in their translated form on the pages of the Weekly. Outstanding among them were Kulish's full-length novel "Chorna Rada" (Black Council) which ran every week from August 8, 1942 through September 18, 1943. Kotsiubynsky's novelette "Tini Zabutikh Predkiw" (Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors), and a number of short stories by him, Franko, Stefanyk, Makovey, Martovich, Chermashina, Lepky, Lesya Ukrainka, Kobylanska, Pehliuk, Samiylenko, Nechuy-Levitsky, Hrinchenko, Vinnichenko, and the more modern writers, such as Khylyov and Tychy-na. Approximately 85 per cent of these translations were by this writer, the remainder mainly by Andrusyshen, Cundy, and Wissotsky-Kunz.

The Weekly also offered its readers some of the finest selections of Ukrainian poetry, translated into English, especially by Taras Shevchenko, Ivan Franko/Lesya Ukrainka, Kotlyarevsky, Shashkevich, and Lepky, with the translations by Voynich, Semenyna, Manning, Cundy, Livesay, Gambal, Coleman, and Hunter.

In addition, the Weekly ran A Short History of Ukrainian Literature, by Rev. Max Kinash, translated by this writer, which appeared regularly from February 9, 1934 through April 18, 1936. Briefer surveys of Ukrainian literature which ran serially were by this writer and Arthur P. Coleman of Columbia University. Clarence A. Manning, also of Columbia, wrote a number of articles for the Weekly on the subject.

Combined all of the above are sufficient for a very thick volume of Ukrainian anthology, which the U.N.A. plans to have published.

By reading these outstanding examples of Ukrainian prose and poetry in their English translation, the young Ukrainian American strongly strengthened his attachment to his Ukrainian cultural heritage. He perceived in it, too, a mirror of the turbulent and heroic national life of the Ukrainian people, one which reflected their many trials and tribulations, as well as their thoughts, strivings and aspirations. At the same time he gained an insight into the effects that history left upon the Ukrainians upon the masses and the individuals, upon a people of over forty million in number, who have not been able within the past several centuries to become a master and director of their fate, who have been doomed to undergo every form of humiliation and enslavement, and yet who have held firm to their resolve to keep on struggling and fighting for that opportunity when they can strike off the shackles that bind them.

To this it should be added that a noteworthy result of the publication by the Weekly of the best in Ukrainian literature has been that persons of non-Ukrainian extraction have been attracted to read and ad-

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THE AMERICAN WAY

The Three Graces

By GEORGE PECK

(EDITOR'S NOTE: George Peck is Chairman of the Board of the National Labor-Management Foundation and Executive Editor of its official publication, PARTNERS.)

The management of the Vanderbilt Hotel, New York City, recently helped launch a movement that bids fair to sweep the nation like a prairie fire.

The idea of this movement originated in Mamaroneck, New York, where early in March, the clergymen and merchants of that community arranged for the printing of Roman Catholic, Jewish and Protestant prayers on the menus of thirty restaurants so that patrons might thank and ask for Divine blessing while waiting for food. These prayers were written by clergymen of each of the three faiths.

According to Arthur Dunn, Jr., Executive Secretary of the Mamaroneck Chamber of Commerce, its eighteen directors endorsed the idea with "enthusiastic unanimity." So well was it received by Mamaroneck restaurant patrons that the Laymen's National Committee has taken on the job of spreading the movement to every community of the nation.

It was a "natural" for the Laymen's National Committee to undertake this big task. As sponsors of National Sunday School Week each Spring and National Bible Week each Fall, this organization has been working diligently to impress upon our American citizens to establish and keep alive faith in a Power greater than their own. It was also in keeping that the first move to spread this movement over the nation should be made in the very hotel in which the Laymen's National Committee has its headquarters.

And so, on Friday, March 20, Thomas J. Kelley, II, General Manager of the Vanderbilt Hotel, played host at a luncheon attended by the Rev. Father Edward Rathgeber, St. Malachy's Church; Rabbi Morris H. Finer, Yeshiva University; and Dr. James Fyfe Laughton, Rugby Congregational Church. Simultaneously, cards bearing the three graces were placed on each table in the hotel's four dining rooms. The prayers are as follows:

CATHOLIC: "Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts, which we are about to re-

ceive from Thy bounty. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

JEWISH: "Lift up your hands toward the sanctuary and bless the Lord. Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who bringest forth bread from the earth. Amen."

PROTESTANT: "Bless, O Lord, this food to our use, and us to Thy service, and make us ever mindful of the needs of others, in Jesus' Name. Amen."

The luncheon was covered by reporters and photographers of the press, and as a result, several of the New York newspapers hailed the event as one that would have far-reaching and salutary results, while congratulating the Vanderbilt Hotel management on its progressive policy of providing this extra service to its guests.

This reporter interviewed Kelley after the ceremony. He expressed his gratification at the way the grace cards had been received by patrons.

"Several guests," he said, "made a special point of seeking me out to express their thanks for our having placed these grace cards on the tables."

"We felt our patrons would like them," Mr. Kelley added, "and now that we are assured that they do, these grace cards will be a regular practice at the Vanderbilt. Because of the enthusiastic way in which they were received, I have recommended that the seven other Manager hotels follow our example and they will shortly do so. I hope that hotels and restaurants across the nation will take up the idea because many people who wish to say grace are unaware just how to say it. These cards, therefore, serve a most useful purpose."

"To anyone reading this column who may be interested in having this plan of putting graces on total and restaurant tables in their community, I suggest writing to the Laymen's National Committee, Vanderbilt Hotel, New York City. Full information as to how to get started will be cheerfully furnished by that organization as part of its program 'For God and For America.'"

"This practice would lead to a major industrial dispute in Australia."

He said he was assured by the chief of the trade union's organizational department, Equanasovy, that no strikes could take place in Russia.

Fingleton, who is secretary of the strongly communist Waterside Workers' Federation, was sent to the USSR by his union to get a "true angle" on conditions in the USSR. On his return he made his report and departed pro-Communist members of his own union. "Before I went overseas I promised maritime unionists that I would tell the truth about what I saw in Russia," he said.

Fingleton seemed to feel that the Soviet workers are far from free as is claimed, and that the Soviet economy has all of the imperfections of capitalism with none of its benefits.

"This country of Australia, despite its imperfections, appeals to me more than I can say since my visit," he declared.

Young Woman (over phone): "Doctor, I'm kept awake night after night by a terrible pain in the neck. What do you suggest?"

Doctor: "Send him home early and then call me."

A woman with a 12 children in her car went through a red traffic signal. A pedestrian yelled: "Lady, don't you know when to stop?"

Looking back at the young-

sters crowded in the car, she replied: "I want you to know they're not all mine."

Moe: I don't believe in Darwin's theory of evolution.

Joe: Neither do I. I think some woman made the monkey out of man.

(To be continued)

Criticizes Soviet Economy

"What I saw in Russia condemns Communism," sums up a report made to the Australian Waterside Workers' Federation by Glen Fingleton, an officer of the Communist-dominated union, who visited the USSR as a member of a delegation attending celebrations in honor of the Russian Revolution.

Charging that the word freedom "is often used and abused," Fingleton said that the Russian system in practice is nothing more than an "imposition on freedom of thought and of action of the ordinary man in the street." Their own people don't believe the propaganda about their being no classes in Russia," he stated.

Fingleton said that the Russian claim that the profit motive is not present in the Russian economy "is utter rot." He said that the profit motive is present in Russian internal trading and is extended to the workers through the use of piece rates and bonus systems.

Food shops in Moscow are open 7 days a week, according to Fingleton, and they are staffed by assistants working rotating shifts of 25 days a month.

"They are supposed to work an 8-hour day, 6-day week, but because of their total monthly work hours this is impossible." The shop received no overtime pay for Sunday work, he reported.

On the dock workers angle, Fingleton said that he was "shocked" by conditions at Odessa, the Soviet Union's biggest Black Sea port.

"They (the dock workers) work in teams of from 10 to 15. Each operates under a leader, who receives 20 percent extra of the team's gross earnings."

"When gangs are short-handed for any reason, extra men are not allocated to make up the numbers, as, according to an official explanation, the men work short because their bonus will be greater than if the full complement is used."

He described the docks as generally in bad condition and lacking mechanization, although Odessa is claimed to be 98 percent mechanized.

"Odessa dock workers work around the clock in three 8-hour shifts when vessels need handling, but are put on wharf or shed maintenance when no stevedoring work is available," he said.

"This practice would lead to a major industrial dispute in Australia."

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Life Insurance Sales

The constantly growing awareness of the vital need for life insurance protection—something which our Ukrainian National Association adequately provides—was demonstrated during last March.

In that month purchases of life insurance in the United States totaled \$3,337,000,000, a record figure and 34 per cent greater than the corresponding period of last year. Purchases of ordinary life insurance in March, it was reported by the Life Insurance Agency Management Association, totaled \$2,169,000,000, a new high and a gain of 26 per cent above March 1952.

These figures represent new groups set up and do not include additions under existing group insurance contracts.

In the first three months of this year, total life insurance purchases were 24 per cent over the first three months of 1952, of that 19 per cent represented a gain in ordinary life insurance.

It would be interesting at this point to examine the UNA figures in this connection, how much insurance did the UNA "sell" last March as compared to March of last year. A detailed report will be issued by the Supreme Assembly this month. No doubt that the UNA has gained in life insurance sales this past March as

compared with sales of March 1952. However, it has not gained the expected percentage.

Realization of the value of life insurance protection among prospective members of the Ukrainian National Association, particularly among our growing youth, needs a bit more "nudging".

The more thoughtful of them have already arrived at such a realization. They are today members of the UNA. Others require a bit more of "nudging" by their friends or family. In fact, "nudging" is a too mild word for what is required in some cases. Some delinquents in this respect should be virtually badgered, regularly until they recognize their duty of getting life insurance protection for themselves and their families.

Undoubtedly such badgering in the end will achieve its purpose, and the badgered one will be glad that he signed up for protective life insurance and thereby securing a brighter future.

So from time to time, either casually or with emphasis, ask your friend whether he has already joined the UNA. If he has not, keep after him or her from time to time. Eventually he or she will succumb. And you will have done your duty as a good UNA member.

Impressions - by William Shust

Tempestuous thoughts in memorable May, and meaningful months?

May—the month of May. May—month of flowers. May the placid and serene.

Yet thoughts fly to other places, other times.

May—the door now partly open on another spring.

Time moves quickly now. There is no time to look back, for each moment demands its full measure of attention. And the moments mount into hours, and days.

And yet a thought for the meaning of it all. A new thought for spring—like a new hat. Perhaps all the old thoughts that winter forced upon us now seek outlet in a new spring.

Tempestuous, unsettled thoughts. Shall they lead to a

The thoughts stay unanswered as time quickly ticks away existence and carves a bit of space.

Quickly now, for we are given just a little time to read the page of life. And it's almost time for the page to be turned.

Thoughts move on, as they ever have and will.

May time. Yet in our garbled thoughts there is a dominating strain. A chord that repeats a single theme.

Children of May will always be tossed and buffeted, for they are on the threshold of the new. They are becoming, no matter how tempestuous their thoughts may be.

The Event on the Road

(Fragment of Memories)

By YAR SLAVUTYCH

Twenty years ago... Since that time I have been in many countries. I have seen a cold and wooden Moscow, a brightened Prague, a blazing Berlin, and a destroyed Munich. But nothing was as exciting as the event in April of 1933.

Very rich in grain, Ukraine was turned by Russian communists into a state of hunger, and even death, from famine. Any average American who knows geography can say: "It is impossible! The Ukraine is wealthy. Its fields are flowing with milk and honey. Its people are independent." I would reply: "That's right! The Ukraine is rich and loves its independence, but Russian communists, the true followers of the old Russian imperialism, desire to possess this country rather as a colony."

During the autumn of 1932 all supplies of grain were picked up and sent far away into the Moscow area. The Ukrainian people were left without bread. A real hunger had developed by February of 1933. Cows and horses were eaten. Dogs and cats also were caught and devoured.

It was just then that I, teenage boy, visited my old

grandfather in a small farm on a wide Kherson steppe. It was early spring. The arriving skylarks flew in the sunshine over wet fields still untouched by the ploughs. It seemed to me that the blue skies had been calling me into their open beckoning spaces.

Going from the town toward the farm of my grandfather, I was happy and gay. My heart wanted to sing in a resounding voice like a bird. Suddenly I became aware of a man lying beside the road. I approached him shyly and—alas—I recognized him as the neighbor so well known to my grandfather. The man had fallen into the swamp. His gloomy eyes set in a face which had grown thin did not recognize me. His swollen hands rested in some dirty water.

"Do you remember me?" I tried to talk to him.

He moved his body but remained indifferent. I took a piece of bread from my pocket and placed it near his face. He paid no attention. I took that piece of bread and touched it to his lips, but he didn't show any interest in eating. Leaving him, I went further; and sad thoughts filled my head...

During the first half of 1933 some millions of people died in the Ukraine, while many more left their homes and fled far away from the native country.

In the Russian area there was no hunger, because there was plenty of grain—the grain taken from the Ukrainian storerooms.

THE DEATH OF STALIN

By CLARENCE A. MANNING

(3)

But Will Malenkov?

It has been indeed rare in history when any state, be it an inherited monarchy or an elective republic, has been able to maintain in office an unbroken continuity of greatness. The Soviets were fortunate in having Stalin succeed and continue the work of Lenin but will Malenkov with even less personal knowledge of a non-Communist old Russia and a non-Communist world be able to continue to strengthen and direct the ship of state?

It would be rash to assert that there will be discord and feuds but the world will still wonder where the purges will first begin. The Kremlin may decide not to publicize them but if there is any latent ill-feeling between any of the high groups, there should be signs somewhere, however they may be interpreted in the beginning. Yet such a condition is strongly hinted by the changes since the death of Stalin. The scrapping of many of those institutions in March that were set up with such fanfare only last October suggests that there may be still more changes, once the new men are sure of themselves.

This leads again to still another problem and that is the problem of the non-Russians. In the ruling circles today there are only three non-Russian Soviet citizens by the appointments to the alternates of the admirations of the Russians for Stalin, that they would look with favor on the extension of the power of another Georgian Kaganovich is a Jew and Mikoyan, one of the lesser figures politically, is probably an Armenian.

There has been a left-handed admission of the existence of the non-Russian citizens by the appointments to the alternates of the Presidium of the Communist Party. Malenkov is a Russian who was sent to dominate the Communists in Ukraine. Ponomarenko is a Byelorussian or a Ukrainian and Bagirov is from Azerbaijan. It is interesting that these three along with Shvernik who has been demoted (?) from the technically executive head of the state to the Chairmanship of the Trades Unions should be the only alternates for the Presidium and all but Shvernik come from areas where there is a growing national feeling.

Yet such appointments in a system where the second man has the same value as the inferior first in a battle can hardly satisfy the moderate and much less the out and out national elements—of the non-Russians—the bourgeois nationalists about which the Kremlin loves to complain. Why should it?

The slogan for 1953 after the death of Stalin stresses unity and security, the unity of all the peoples of the Soviet Union and security against the foreign spies who are trying to thwart the peaceful efforts of the Kremlin to infiltrate everywhere and take over the world peacefully, so as to commence its reign of butchery without war. Those words are directly by the Soviet authorities themselves.

Pravda's Appeal for Unity.

On March 5, 1953, while Stalin was dying, the Communist newspaper Pravda, the organ of the Party which first unofficially hinted the accession of Malenkov, published an appeal for the unity of the Soviet people in the crisis caused by the impending death of the leader. That editorial makes the appropriate quotations from Lenin and Stalin as to the support of the masses and then it goes on:

"The ardent, selfless support which the Soviet Government enjoyed in the difficult years of the war from all peoples of the U.S.S.R.—and above all, the confidence in the Soviet Government displayed by the

Great Russian people, the leader among the peoples of our country—was the decisive power which ensured for our country the historic victory over the worst enemy of mankind—fascism."

There again at the moment of an appeal for the unity of all the people is that same policy which through the thirties and the forties bedeviled the life of the people of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic and the other non-Russian peoples of the Soviet Union. In season and out of season they are told that their one mission in life in the name of Communism is to turn themselves into imitation Great Russians in thought, in culture, and in habits or to become bourgeois nationalists and be punished, as American agents and spies of international capitalism.

Growth of National Sentiment

It is easy then to understand the growth of national sentiment among the non-Russian peoples of the Soviet Union who have suffered for three decades under that yoke which today is being imposed upon the satellite states. It is easy to understand why the appointment of a Russian in charge of the Ukrainian Communists or a Byelorussian or an Azerbaijanian placing himself at the disposal of the Kremlin and receiving the post of alternate as a temporary sop will hardly seem enough to prove anything except the essentially Great Russian character of the USSR? When we reflect that it has only been Stalin and Beria, the two men who proved their Great Russianism by the savage suppression of the independence movements in their own country of Georgia, that have been admitted to the inner circle, we can well understand how far the people of the non-Russian republics and the satellite states have to go before they are deemed worthy to be mentioned in the same breath as the truly "international" Russian nature which is to be preserved pure as the pattern for international and world Communism.

It is still too early to know how the death of Stalin will affect the cold war, whether it will remain as it is or become more violent as the new group of Stalin's associates under the leadership of the rigid Malenkov settle down in their posts and ranks. Yet there is still no sign from the past of any of the prominent members that there will be any softening toward the West or any relaxation of the effort to continue to infiltrate and dominate, to react vigorously and strongly against the Great Russian attempt to dominate the satellites and the non-Russian peoples of the Union. The Soviet appeal for unity has furnished the text if the West will but shake off its apathetic neglect of the oppressed nations and resolve upon a broad campaign to counter the Great Russian attempts at domination by a definite proclamation that the Soviet Great Russian hierarchy have no inherent right to tyrannize over the non-Russian peoples even if they are in the Soviet Union. Every speech, every percentage put out by the Great Russian Communist leaders shows that they depend for their final support solely upon the Great Russians and that should finally penetrate the West and as the opposition to Communism grows, encourage it to demand the extension of democracy to all the oppressed peoples. Once that is done, the West will find new allies in building a peaceful world in which the oppressed nations of the Soviet Union as well as the satellites will be glad to play a part for the welfare of humanity.

SUBSCRIPTION TO UKRAINIAN WEEKLY:
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That Side of Agony

By OSEP TURJANSKY

A Condensed Version—Translated from the Ukrainian
By ADAM and PAMELA HNIJD

(4)

He chattered with his teeth and pointed at the nearby drop.

"My name is Doctor Dobrowsky, and I am a man who is not worried about hunger, neither cold, nor life, nor death, and laughs, excuse me, my gracious ladies, even at a little, within the limits of propriety, of course."

"Lieutenant Stranzinger..."

He stopped here and glanced at the blind comrade, who stood on the side, indifferent to all mirth and, seemingly, to all pain. Looking at him and his blind eyes, he grabbed himself by the throat and began to cough, as though trying to eject something that had come out of his heart and gripped his throat. He shook it off and continued:

"The gentleman you see looking towards our buffet is Lieutenant Przuluski. Always frowning: something is eating him, perhaps he has fallen out with someone and now takes it to heart, poor devil. The milk-sop. That's what he is! The ladies will be so kind, for purely humanitarian reasons, well, and for their own pleasure (that's the main thing), as to turn his head, otherwise the melancholia shall eat him up. And please don't look askance because his dancing outfit is not quite fashionable, but you, it seems to me, can guess the reason for it..."

"Doctor Ohladivsky. Today, he dances perhaps for the first time in his life. Very sensitive to the warmth of the female heart, especially these cold days. But he seeks the warmth only in his domestic nest. Prove to him, my gracious ladies, that warm nests are also to be had elsewhere..."

"Lieutenant Szabo, the savage son of the Hungarian puta. A great and dangerous blade. The lady who can conquer him shall get the highest credit."

"Lieutenant Nikolic, a sentimental youth, sheer joy for you, my worthy ladies."

"Lieutenant Boyani: a strange man, who in consequence of various unpleasant occurrences in Albania has forgotten his name. Ill, exhausted, feverish, he stooped over a cool brook to have a drink of a water. But instead of scooping some water into his hat, or into the palm of his hand, he plunged into the stream himself! We dragged him out, but he forgot to take his name out of the water. Please try, my gracious ladies, to make him recall his name. otherwise no lady can become his lawful wife."

"Boyani", shouted Dobrowsky, "your lips have become very blue. Embrace tightly the most beautiful princess and kiss her red lips loudly and passionately, until your bloodless lips begin to tingle with fire."

Boyani hugged the air in front of him and kissed it, until it echoed. Dobrowsky looked at him and spoke, more to himself than to the others:

"Why don't I see anything? Is illusion not for me? Is all life not an illusion? Envy is devouring me..."

Dobrowsky jumped like mad. He stopped a moment and glanced at the black sky and the gorge. His face displayed the struggle between the agony and the pride of a man who, thrown into the abyss of existence, felt all the peril of his impotence. He smiled mockingly and called out:

"I wish I could shatter the stony sky and throw all the gods into this hole. Let the gods, kings, and all the potentates, who have thrown the world into the rift of a world war, pass through this hell of suffering people have been punished with. Let them feel and know the immensity and profoundness of human suffering! Then the gods would be-

come human and human would become brothers."

Each shadow tried to imitate Dobrowsky's uncanny steps. It was difficult, and only Szabo was successful for, next to Dobrowsky, he was the strongest. Yet, for a short while, the instinct of life proved so powerful that all of them jumped with the same vigour like nightmare visions, which oppress a sleeping man and force a cry of horror from his breast, thus looked their faces during the dance. In these faces, resembling the face of death, only the eyes glimmered with a strange fire and immeasurable desire to live. The faint smile of their eyes and their fire, awakened by the hope of life, constituted even greater a contrast to the dying face.

Szabo began to survey his comrades with indications of malicious impatience. He looked at me. It seemed to me that his eyes asked directly: "When, at last... one of us...? How long do we have to wait?"

At first, I had the impression that it was not one of my comrades who was looking at me, but death. I wanted to cry out, as cries every man pestered by a bleak nightmare, but I came to, and controlled myself.

"Do you imagine", I said to him, "that I can't dance like you? Watch this!"

I began to jump as he did. And to supply further proof that I was strong and vigorous, although mortal weariness and horror plagued me, in a wavering, frozen voice I began to sing a gay folk song.

Szabo now turned away from me and began to leap in front of Boyani, persistently and provocatively looking into his eyes. The barely breathing Boyani, who still continued moving his feet feebly, dropped his eyes each time, for whenever he looked at Szabo, he was assailed by mortal trepidation. Yet, even with his eyes turned downward, he felt with his feeble consciousness how Szabo's gaze rested, like a stone slab, upon his whole body, depriving him of his remaining energy.

Eventually, Boyani brought up the courage and asked him in a faint voice:

"Why do you look at me like a devil?"

Szabo did not reply, but continued drilling him with his eyes even more persistently. Now Boyani was dominated by one thought only: Let something, like lightning, strike suddenly, instantly, and put out in him all the feelings of suffering, pain and fear. He was lost, looking at the highest peak, and quivered like will-o'-the-wisp in darkness, whispering:

"Let it fall... crush me... the end... peace..."

He repeated these words again.

Suddenly, it seemed to him that the mighty peak was pushing the clouds aside and heading straight at him. He wanted to throw himself on the ground and wait till the mountain came and crushed him. All at once, he beheld Szabo's eyes before him. He stumbled and fell. Insane terror took hold of him, because not the mountain, but a man was bringing him death. This increased his strength. He jumped up, like a little boy, like a ball, he bounced from the ground and began to dance, shouting:

"He wanted to trip me over. But I'll kick him... kick him! Ha, ha, ha! He kicked him and headed towards the precipice."

The possessed dance of the weakest shadow as though infected the others. Even Przuluski, who mostly stood over the chasm and sounded its immeasurable depth, joined in the dance, shouting with a grim expression on his face:

"Get away from me, you harlot!"

Everyone was attempting to shout down someone's steps, someone's who slowly, noiselessly, ominously, was already approaching. It was the shouting of people who, in a dense virgin forest, at midnight, want to chase away something which lurks, amid the bewitched calm, and will attack them at any moment.

Boyani laughed: "I pushed him into the abyss", Nikolic babbled "You are mine, you are mine!", Szabo cursed in Hungarian, Dobrowsky grated his teeth, and I kept repeating, without realizing why: "The sun... the sun..." Only Stranzinger stood on the side, like a statue, and remained silent.

Like the thistledown carried by a storm, like straws on the waves of a raging sea, the human shadows tossed themselves around, in the wild wild dance of life and death.

Their mortally alarmed faces, resembling dirty-grey, green and purple fragments of a broken earthenpot, which threatens to disintegrate at any moment, their strange shouting and Dobrowsky's strange, heartrending music awakened the feeling that the ground beneath them will part and the sky collapse upon them.

Something undefined, like the secret of existence, boundless as eternity, shows itself in their eyes and every motion of their bodies.

What is it?

A tiny spark.

It grows and bursts into a powerful fire which encompasses the universe. The eternal fire burns over the universal abyss of nothingness.

Who shall win?

It seems to me at times that my consciousness dwells somewhere outside of me. A dream, or insanity? Or is it some manifestation, possible only here, in this bleak wilderness? Something circles around my ear and attempts to force its way inside... some horrible fly... it brings death...

In the buzzing of the fly, I hear again and again:

"Nevermore... nevermore..."

Waving with my hand, I try to chase this monstrosity away. But the very next moment, I hear again the ill-ominous buzzing... I run away, to the brink of the chasm, and, exhausted, worn out, I sit down. But it buzzes again and booms, like the far-off, incessant echo of a funeral bell: "Nevermore... nevermore... nevermore..."

Yet, after a while, the uncanny buzzing and booming loses for me its terrifying quality and calms me down. I begin to rejoice that the monstrous fly, this demon, god, devil, this somebody knows that we are here, that people are here. That means, that somewhere in hell, perhaps in heaven, in the abyss... somewhere under the crosses in the cemetery... somewhere in the sad, endless emptiness, there is somebody, there is somebody who thinks about us... It is unimportant, indifferent what he thinks... But he thinks about us...

Perhaps it is our fate?

(To be continued)

Ukrainian Youth News

By WALTER WM. DANKO

KOREAN VET—1st UYL-NA CONVENTION REGISTRANT

Michael Solomon of Youngstown, Ohio, who recently returned from the battlefields of Korea where he served as a captain in the US Army, gained the honor of being the first paid registrant to the UYL-NA's 20th Anniversary Convention to be held in the fashionable Hotel Essex House, Newark, N. J., this Labor Day Weekend, Sept. 5, 6 and 7th. Mike, who was indeed very active in Ohio Ukrainian youth circles, prior to his recent stint in Uncle Sam's armed forces, has returned with a bang. The number two spot goes to another Youngstown lad answering to the name of Ted Nachim. This fine response presents a favorable notice that the "West" will support the UYL's national conclave, solidly! It follows then, that for the best in accommodations, etc. now is the time to register. For a booklet of tickets to all events send \$12.00 to the Registrations Chairman, Ann Stec, 138 Rector Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

A Stanford University student, Oleg Vladimir Suzaleff, whose parents came to America from Eastern Ukraine in 1916, writes that the vast majority of members in the Russian Center in San Francisco are Ukrainians. This certainly looks like a good spot for the two major Ukrainian dioceses in America—the Orthodox and Catholic—to organize new followers. Let's get these Ukrainians back into the fold. Ironically the Russians are the chief thorn in our side, yet our politically unwise brothers ignorantly swell the Muscovite ranks.

William Rybak, young Ukrainian attorney, is a candidate for the school director of Bethlehem, Pa. Bill holds a B.S. degree from Temple University and received his law degree from Mississippi. A dual amputee since childhood, he was an intercollegiate football star at Ole' Miss.

The Ukrainian Home in Elizabeth, N. J. will really be jumping Saturday evening, May 16th, when the UYL of New Jersey will hold its pre-convention dance. Ticket sales are shooting skyward according to latest reports emanating from Betsytown and chairman Sammy Herila and his committee are feverishly preparing for the anticipated crowd that will attend. Music will be furnished by Mike Halasnik and his Orchestra.

The Ukrainian Center, situated in the Journal Square section of Jersey City, will be taken over by civic authorities to make way for a multi-million dollar housing project. Plans are already under way to construct a new, modern "narodny dim" to serve the many Ukrainians residing in Kenyville.

Edward Dmytryk, who has publicly manifested his regrets in having been used by the Hollywood Reds, is now once again one of the top-fight directors in the movie world. He is Stanley's ace director and recently was selected to

WATCH YOUR HEALTH

Some of the big commercial insurance companies go to a lot of trouble and expense to disseminate health information to the policy holders. They do this for their own benefit and for the benefit of the insured. The people receiving the health information realize that the company is interested in their welfare; they appreciate this concern and give the health pamphlets serious attention.

The Ukrainian National Association demonstrates its interest in the health of its members by maintaining an Indigent Fund for the benefit of the permanently disabled and the chronically and incurably ill.

Ill health may and often does do result in death. That is why the insurance people are promulgating health information. We wish to take a small part in this crusade against ill health by attacking one of the biggest of the health robbers—tuberculosis.

The National Tuberculosis Association estimates that 500,000 Americans have active tuberculosis; in addition there are about 500,000 persons whose tuberculosis has been arrested, and this figure is increasing year by year. Our source of information stresses that those figures are conservative.

Cold statistics impress very few people. Yet there are not many of us who have not heard of the tuberculosis cases in our own neighborhoods; some of us have lost friends or relatives to the disease. We do not need figures to realize that tuberculosis is an enemy of woman and child which can get into our bodies and unless we are healthy and resistant, start wasting away our tissues.

Yet how many of actually go to the trouble of periodic examinations for the tuberculosis? No one can doubt that there are many people in every-day life who are unsuspecting victims of the disease. They represent future statistics.

Some people have the dangerous idea that TB germs can easily be licked by the "wonder drugs" or antibiotics. The battle against the tubercle bacillus has been going on for more than 70 years and, though much has been accomplished, there is still no "quick cure." Mankind is winning the fight; in the early 1900's TB used to lead all causes of death; by 1944 the death rate due to TB was only one-fifth of what it was in 1900. The battle continues today.

Dr. Charles E. Lyght, Director Health Education, National Tuberculosis Association in his booklet for TB patients, "What You Should Know About Tuberculosis," stresses: "Early TB has no symptoms of any kind. By the time a person goes to the doctor because of alarming warnings such as chronic cough, hoarseness, indigestion, loss of weight, pain in the chest, night sweats, afternoon fever, blood spitting, or everlasting tiredness, his TB is past its early stages. These much-talked-of symptoms appear only after TB is well under way." He goes on to recommend chest X-rays.

It would seem that every one would be anxious to have chest X-rays if for no other reason than peace of mind.

Any person who has a chest X-ray and is told he has TB in early stage "saves many precious months when the disease might have been advancing unnoticed," says Dr. Lyght. "Those months can then be used for proper treatment to restore him sooner and more surely to good health."

Some TB patients spend several months in hospitals and sanatoriums, resting in bed, taking special pills and injections of antibiotics, and are discharged as arrested cases; they have to live cautiously or risk becoming active cases again. Other patients, less fortunate, undergo operations varying from simple pneumothorax (which rests the infected lung) to involved lung and rib "jobs"; they, too, may be discharged. And, of course, some patients die. The patient with the best chance to return to normal living is the one with early TB. Early TB will show in a chest X-ray.

We hope our U.N.A. members are watching their health. Remember, TB is infectious. So don't risk spreading it to your loved ones. And if you want to help fight tuberculosis buy and use Christmas seals every December.

Theodore Lutwiniak

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Competition for U.N.A. Bowling Trophy Sharpens

By STEPHEN KURLAK

Last week's matches sponsored by the U.N.A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.Y.-N.J. Area saw the five-game lead of the first-place New York St. George "A" team cut down to two games when it lost all three games to U.N.A. Branch 272 of Maplewood, while the second-place U.N.A. Branch 435 of New York won all three from an undermanned Jersey City Social and Athletic Club team. With the season's two remaining tournaments scheduled to be "bumper nights", the matches between the top two contenders should be exciting.

The St. Georgians were in poor form that Friday night and lost the three games mainly through low scoring, although the third was lost via the "handicap route." The Branch 435 quintet, on the other hand, found the absence of two of its opponents' players in its favor and won its games with large margins. Its pinfall of 833 in the third game was the night's highest, while the three game total of 2,308 pins took second honors. The St. Johns C.W.V. aggregation registered the highest total of 2,352 pins.

Among the individual scores, the 213-pin game registered by Terry Lyba was tops, while the highest three-game series was rolled by Luke Janick—535 pins.

BOWLING RESULTS OF FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1953

U.N.A. Branch 272 (3)	St. Geo. C.W.V. Team A (0)
Stasig, W. 143 136 135	Nastyn, W. 146 163 143
Wouchuk, P. 117 156 125	Husar, E. 149 130 158
Chymiy, A. 187 127 156	Broda, F. 132 115 139
Banit, W. 132 199 190	Baron, W. 149 172 184
Sipsky, J. 160 149 162	Kapcio, P. 124 113 139
Handicap 14 14 14	
Totals 753 781 782	Totals 700 693 763

U.N.A. Branch 435 (3)	Jersey City S. & A. Club (0)
Kondrasky, M. 145 157 201	Blind 125 125 125
Wasyk, P. 211 118 —	Blind 125 125 125
Pokorny, V. 134 135 148	Tizio, A. 131 124 141
Kolba, J. 117 — 159	Chelak, S. 143 108 98
Gulka, A. 156 147 180	Rychalsky, M. 168 162 129
Kurlak, S. — 155 145	Handicap 16 16 16
Totals 763 712 833	Totals 708 660 634

St. Johns C.W.V. (2)	St. Geo. C.W.V. Team B (1)
Kacper, S. 130 145 193	Lakowski, P. 159 127 142
Samila, J. 147 155 148	Chmil, W. 146 141 175
Tango, M. 150 157 130	Makarchuk, W. 126 113 137
Janick, L. 150 196 189	Switnicki, P. 143 134 135
Chutko, J. 158 156 148	Lyba, T. 136 132 213
Handicap 19 19 19	Handicap 19 19 19
Totals 735 809 808	Totals 729 666 821

Penn-Jersey S. C. (2)	Ukr. Blacksheep (1)
Magalas, B. 166 173 126	Zayatz, M. 152 139 178
Korytko, W. 137 103 125	Baranik, S. 117 131 125
Molinsky, P. 153 155 151	Sluka, J. 154 — —
Kranetz, L. 167 151 140	Karyczak, W. 130 167 161
Kufta, J. 143 162 167	Kawaska, W. 163 143 182
Handicap 3 3 3	Zayatz, H. — 126 136
Totals 766 744 709	Handicap 3 3 3
	Totals 719 709 785

Ukr.-American Vets (2)	Ukr. Orthodox Church (1)
Bemko, B. 146 143 125	VanKeuren, A. 120 122 136
Popaca, M. 104 132 158	Harmatiuk, S. 131 120 119
Lytwyn, M. 146 138 134	Szeremeta, P. 143 124 143
Zolto, L. 124 156 149	Schekowsky, N. 171 135 171
Prychoda, A. 165 157 175	Margaritis, J. 152 111 127
Handicap 16 16 16	Handicap 16 16 16
Totals 655 726 741	Totals 733 628 712

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION LEAGUE TEAM STANDINGS

High 3 G'me	Total
Win Lost Game High Pins Avr	
1. St. George C.W.V., NYC, 'A'	67½ 28½ 925 2197 74236 773
2. U.N.A. Branch 435, N.Y.C.	65½ 30½ 881 2521 72938 760
3. U.N.A. Br. 272, Maplewood	54 42 856 2487 72099 751
4. Penn-Jersey S. C., Newark	50½ 45½ 875 2420 71254 742
5. St. Johns C.W.V., Newark	48 48 863 2418 70931 739
6. Jersey City S. & A. Club	48 48 831 2360 70150 731
7. Newark Ukr.-Amer. Vets	40 56 883 2386 69991 726
8. Ukrainian Blacksheep	39 57 855 2355 70543 735
9. Ukr. Orth. Church, Newark	35 61 824 2292 69694 697
10. St. George C.W.V., NYC, 'B'	32½ 54½ 827 2323 61377 705

"PROPERTY IS THE FRUIT OF LABOR"

Every left-winger is adept in catch phrases. One standard example is the cry that "human rights" must be superior to "property rights."

This appeal to the unthinking evades the fact that the right to own property is one of the most basic and important of the human rights. That idea was powerfully expressed by Abraham Lincoln, as great a humanitarian as ever lived, in these words: "Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; it is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

JOIN UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION!
BUY THE UNITED STATES SAVING BONDS.

N. F. C. Blood Donor Program Organized and Operating

It is logic and good sense after Fraternal Benefit Societies have contributed funds to buy Bloodmobiles for the Red Cross to enlist their members as blood donors. Those who are familiar with Red Cross work know that it is difficult to get gifts of blood, not because of individuals' reluctance but because it takes a widespread organization mostly of volunteers to bring the blood donors and the facilities of the Red Cross Chapters together.

With millions of people belonging to local lodges of the 106 Societies of the National Fraternal Congress, the potential number of members which could be used as an objective for prospects for giving blood is over eight million. The National Fraternal Congress Fraternal Week Committee has been working steadily and has much cooperation to report.

The plan adopted to reach the local lodges is to act through the Home Office of each Fraternal Society participating in the plan. The Office of Defense Mobilization together with the National Blood Program, the Red Cross and the Civilian Defense will reproduce a letter from the President of any Society, a letter from the O.D.M., a Fact Sheet giving the details of the cooperation between the local lodges of various Societies and the Chapters of the American Red Cross, and a circular descriptive of the Blood Program. All a Society has to do is to receive the large envelopes from the National Blood Program and address-ograph the names of the local Secretaries or collectors of premiums and return them to Washington when they will be mailed with the information stated above.

The Chairman of the Fraternal Week Committee, Vice-President Frank Mallett of the Protected Home Circle of Sharon, P., reports that up to April 21st thirty-one Societies have agreed to cooperate in the plan. These Societies have a total membership of over 3,058,000 and the number of lodges represented by these thirty-one Societies is 27,141. Some Societies already have in operation or in the planning stage Blood Donor campaigns of their own. These Societies, however, will report totals of donors when the National Fraternal Congress report is made before Flag Day, June 14th.

This early report shows a very encouraging response and brings the project to a size which makes a worthwhile contribution from the Fraternal Society members to the National Blood Program. It is hoped and believed that more Societies will participate in this wonderful opportunity for the Societies to do their part in this important work.

After the mailing of the letters and literature from the headquarters of the American Red Cross, the next step will be the organization in each local lodge of a special Blood Donor Pledge committee, or to act through the officers of the local lodge. At the local lodge level contacts should be established with the local Chapter of the American Red Cross to secure Blood Donor pledge cards for the Fraternal Society members to sign. It will then be the function of the Red Cross Chapters to schedule them with the facilities for taking the blood.

All pledges from groups of members in various Societies for donations of blood in 1953 are to be counted in the campaign and a report is to be made to the Chairman of the committee, Mr. Mallett, in time for an announcement on Flag Day, June 14th. The campaign, however, will continue until the total membership has had an opportunity to make a pledge of blood.

Farmin' Is a Profession

A late March issue of Pennsylvania Farmer carried a brief but significant article by Wellington D. Smith of the Pennsylvania Young Farmers Association. His theme was the almost incredible progress we have witnessed since the turn of the century. As he put it, "Fifty-two years ago the telephone and electricity were in the infant stage. No one believed in the horseless carriage or the gasoline engine. Old Dobbin and the wagon wheel were here to stay. The breech loader was then our secret weapon.

"Today I am surrounded with the necessary but apparently luxurious automobile, stearliner, super-sonic jet aircraft, atomic submarine, radio, television, deep freeze, electric kitchen, combine, hay baler, field chopper and diesel tractor. Even old Daisy

(the family cow) is equipped with a jet pump... During the years following World War II there have been fabulous investments made in agricultural enterprises. Such investments have served to cause a tremendous increase in agricultural production."

The result of this, Mr. Smith believes, is that farming is becoming a true and integral part of our vast industrial system. And here he made the telling observation that farming "... is no longer a proposition for the man with the hoe. It is a profession for the man with a knowledge of the science of the soils, the language of a cow, and the heart of a tractor."

Science and machines have gone a long way to transform the face of the land. And they are transforming the lives of the men and women who live on the land.

CONTAINMENT OR LIBERATION?

By JAMES BURNHAM

An inquiry into the aims of United States Foreign Policy.

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Translated by M. O. from Ukrainian Publication of the Ukrainian American Youth Association, Inc.

Introduction by John F. Stewart
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Price 75 cents.

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CONCERT EVERY SUNDAY

By EL KAY

Perhaps we should title this effort "How to plan and execute a Ukrainian concert."—with a casual disregard for the first infinitive and a strong emphasis on the second.

A simple procedure when you come to look at it. All you have to do is look back on half a century of Ukrainian concerts carefully planned and executed in Canada and the U. S.

Base your concert on the general pattern and you will be assured a tremendous success—a rousing ovation from the audience, and a flattering paragraph or two of comment in the Ukrainian papers. Which is, after all, what you want—isn't it?

Follow these simple steps in chronological fashion, and you'll be surprised how the concert begins to take shape. Moreover, you'll be surprised at what shape you're in.

The important thing of course is the publicity. It doesn't matter whether you have a program or an artist, or both. Put an announcement in the Ukrainian press. Print some posters and make sure you put a carefully worded "Attention! Toronto! Attention!" on them at very top—or Winnipeg, Montreal or Edmonton, as the case may be.

This lets the people know that they should pay attention. Logical, isn't it? State the time, place and date. Then make sure to point out "Everybody Welcome," or "We Invite Everybody". Otherwise how is Everybody to know he is invited?

Next, ask some of the members of the club what they would like to contribute to the concert. Ask the choir, if the club has a choir (and what Ukrainian club hasn't?) what it is going to sing.

Don't be discouraged if no one volunteers any items or makes any concrete suggestions. The concert is still a month away. You don't want to rush things.

If one of the clubsters has a friend who has a cousin who has a little boy who plays the violin who thinks that he should play in a concert which should be glad of his services which are second to professional... let him! One item won't spoil a top-notch program.

The choir will sing six songs, the conductor said? That's fine. That should fill up half the program. What about a play now, or a skit? The members will work on it? That's great!

Put out some more publicity. This is really going to be a big thing! Let's not under-advertise. Let's get the whole Ukrainian community out. How about some spot advertising on the radio?

Now how about a speaker? Can't have a concert without a speaker. What about Mr. Drol Twanginicky? He always talks

for at least half an hour. That should take up another good portion of the program. He said he would? He's always glad to do it. Such a nice chap!

The only thing you have to do now is print a program. Can't tell the players without a program! Sell space to local merchants and print it on top quality paper. Spare no expense.

Three days before the concert, you say? Ticket sales are going good—glad to hear it. Told you there was nothing to it.

Your guest artist has to attend a lodge meeting? Well, that's no serious cause for concern; he can always be replaced. You have a gockenspiel player instead? That should go over in a big way.

You say the concert's tomorrow evening and the choir director has just phoned you? His tenors are bowling tomorrow night? They can sing just as well with three parts, can't they. You said they have six songs on the program. What's that? Only two and one of them is a Christmas carol? But this is a spring concert!

I'm sure everything will proceed according to pattern. No cause for alarm. The speaker's in good health isn't he?

The drama group has disbanded? Why, the concert goes on in half an hour. What's wrong with them? The drama coach doesn't like the mustache the leading man is supposed to wear? Pity. No cause for alarm, though.

Your only items are the child prodigy on the violin and the speaker (The little rascal just broke a string? Ha! Ha! Boys will be boys!)

The speaker just fell down the stairs?

Tell you what I'm gonna do. Here's how to run a very successful Whist Drive... "Digest Ukrainian," Winnipeg, Man.)

GRASS ROOTS OPINION
Corvallis, Ore., Gazette-Times: "Perhaps the best suggestion for government loans to small business, is that the government should not make them, as it now does loans to veterans. That was the recommendation of the Hoover Commission... Small business would get help, banks would get the 'business, and politicians and influence peddlers would be frozen out."

Sheldin, Iowa, Mail: "The Post Office, despite all opposition, continues to print names and addresses on stamped envelopes for forty-four cents per thousand. A congressman doesn't have to be a printer to realize no one could set type, get a press ready, and run 1,000 envelopes through it for that price."

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TWO IMMIGRANTS FROM GIBRALTAR



THE LATEST ARRIVALS at the National Zoo, Washington, D. C., Tommy, 4, and Virginia, 1, two Gibraltar apes, appear a little homesick as they pose for the photographer in their new residence. The apes were donated to the U. S. by Gibraltar's Gov. H. A. MacMillan. The pair are the first ever to come to America. (International Soundphoto)

Weekly Banter

Judge: "Now tell me why stole that purse."
Howard: "Why did you call me 'Pilgrim'?"
Kathy: "Because every time you call, you make a little progress."
Dentist: "I'm sorry but I'm all out of gas."
Girl (leaping from chair): "Ye gods, do dentists pull that stuff too?"

Sadie: "Is it true that the professor who took you dancing last night is a little dull?"
Grace: "Dull? Why he's the type of guy who thinks sex is a number between 5 and 7."

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