

СВОБОДА
УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ЩОДЕННИК



СВОБОДА
UKRAINIAN DAILY

The Ukrainian Weekly Section

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UKRAINIAN WEEKLY
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Tel. Henderson 4-1616

PIK LXI 4 115 SECTION II JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1953 SECTION II No. 115 VOL. LXI

Weekly Commentator

"O QUANTUM MUTATUR AB ILLO"

Art Buchwald, European correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune, who usually writes from Paris or Nice on Europe's lighter side, recently sent in correspondence from Rome. He tells of how he was sitting in the Excelsior Bar the other evening, wondering why Rome wasn't built in a day, when he started a conversation with a man named Hugh Gray, who not only turned out to be a gentleman, but also a scholar. Mr. Gray's specialty is ancient Rome, and he has made the subject pay off by acting as a technical adviser on many Roman extravaganzas, including that \$9,000,000 epic on "Quo Vadis."

peian rock on their heads?" "We had an old saying then: 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do.'" "And after the head shattering?" "Well, you could have a slight snack or go shopping for silks, leather, earrings, or you could buy a few slaves to take home with you as gifts." "In the afternoon you could go and see the gladiators. That was amusing. They were the strongest, bravest men in Rome. And the most handsome. Juvenal, in his 'Satires' tells us that one of Rome's most famous gladiators ran off with a Senator's wife to Athens. This wouldn't happen today and it's understandable once you get a look at the Senators' wives." "If there were no contests, you could go to the chariot racing at the Circus Maximus. They were more exciting races because in those days you'd bet on the driver and not on the horses. It was easier to dope a driver than a horse." "And then after the races the fun really began. You would start dinner around six o'clock at night. Oh, what delicacies. We used to eat larks' tongues, and thrushes on asparagus, boars' heads and sows' udders cooked with the milk still in them, and there was my favorite dish—stuffed dormice. You can look from here to the top of Mount Olympus and you won't find a stuffed dormouse like they made in those days." "And the wines, oh the wines. There is nothing like them today. Have you ever tasted a Falernian 44 B. C., or a Vinum Opianum 126 B. C.? If you ever find them on a wine list, order them. They'll give you much greater pleasure than these younger wines." "But what did you do in those days to pay for all this feasting and drinking?" "Well, if you promise not to tell anybody, I had a piece of a gladiator. Had 25 per cent of him for ten years, until someone sank a mace into his heart. He was a great fighter. Maybe you heard of him, Cassius Claudius Vadis? He was a great little fighter, but his heart was bigger than his sword." "After he was killed I took a table at the Excelsior Bar and I've been here ever since, waiting for another champ to come along." Buchwald got up to leave. Gray shook hands with him. "If you hear of a tavern serving stuffed dormice I'd appreciate it if you'd let me know. I haven't had a good meal since 13 B. C."

THE DAY OF UKRAINIAN MONSIGNORS

Five priests of the Ukrainian Catholic Exarchate in the United States have received the dignity of private papal Chamberlains with the title of Very Reverend Monsignors. The official investiture will take place on Pentecost Sunday, May 24, 1953 in the Ukrainian Seminary at Stamford, Conn. The ceremonies will be

conducted by His Excellency the Most Rev. Constantine Boryshchak during the Pontifical Mass at 11 o'clock a.m. The Reverend Fathers upon whom these Dignities will be bestowed are: Rev. Nicholas Babak, Rev. Joseph Batza, Rev. Dmytro Gresko, Rev. Joseph Schmondiuk, and Rev. John Stock.

IVAN FRANKO



NAIMYT

By IVAN FRANKO

(To whom homage is paid by Ukrainians throughout this month of May. He was born in 1856. Died May, 28, 1916.)

A song adorns his lips, his hands the plough-tails grip, — So he appears to me; Sheer want, hard work, and strife his energy just sip, While forehead's ruffled like that sea. His soul's that of a child, although his head is bent As if with age too rife! Because from cradle he his days in trial spent, And in hard strife his life. Wherever he but moves his plough, where steel but tears apart The fertile earthly mane. There, in a while, the fields, as by the stroke of art, Bear earth begotten grain. Then why the coarseness of his shirt—all patched, The skimpy coat, bare knee, Like an aged beggar, whom death had all but snatched? Because a naimyt's he! A servant he is born though free he is proclaimed. By those that wealth possess; From poverty and pain, from scorn with which he's maimed He cannot find egress. To live, he sells his life, his freedom, and his strength Just for a piece of bread, Even though it does not feed nor right his bent-up length, And strength it does not add. In silence grieving, with a pining song he ploughs, Not for himself, his land; And in that song he finds a pal that not allows Adversity the upper hand. That song is but the dew which during summer heat Revives the fading plant, That song — the herald of an awful thunder reign Which is from distance sent. But fore the thunder storm will culminate above, He bends and pines day through, And caters to the soil and loves it with a love — Like sons their mother do. 'Tis immaterial to him that blood he sweats For someone else's good, 'Tis immaterial to him that what he nets Provides another's kinghood. Just so the land, which he had weaned with his own hands, Shall bear her fruit—once more; As long as through his mighty efforts heaven sends To others a rich store.

This naimyt is our race which sweats with blood in streams On fields called not its own. His heart is always young, with lofty thoughts he beams, Though by good fate unknown. For centuries he's waiting for his destiny — As yet, he waits in vain; Through ruin he has lived, through Tartar misery, And through the feudal reign. No matter how adversity his heart depressed, There lives a spark of hope — Quite oft a granite mountain with a spring is blest Right at the bottom of its slope. 'Tis only in a golden tale, some charming dream, That he perceives his fate; Austere and glum he keeps on tugging like a team From early dawn till late. In centuries of great affliction, him did save His love of native field; His children perished by the thousands in a grave Yet he lived through it, did not yield. With this great love he's like that Titan of the Greeks, That earth's unconquerable son, Who, being thrown, regains what he had lost and seeks To finish what he had begun. With song upon his lips — why care for whom he ploughs The fertile native land; Why care that he's in need of food, of tools and cows, That someone else enjoys his life?

NEW PROGRAM OF LIBERATION URGED

Prof. James Burnham, well-known to the readers of The Ukrainian Weekly, has written another brilliant book on the subject of our relations with the Moscow-led communist world. As the title of the book indicates—'Containment or Liberation?'—this new and searching work by Prof. Burnham is devoted to the vital subject of our foreign policy with respect to the Soviet Union. Developed extensively by the author, this theme is now of primary importance in the thinking of our government officials. Both President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles, prior to and since the election, have stated that we must win the cold war in order to prevent the outbreak of a hot one.

Since the publication of Prof. Burnham's book coincides with the changes which are still being made in Moscow, it becomes extremely vital and important that the views propagated by the author reach the largest possible audience. Our readers, familiar with the previous writings of Mr. Burnham and thus cognizant of his great contribution to the clarification of the true aims of Russian imperialism and communism, will find his latest book as deserving of recommendation as his other works.

Prof. Burnham's book goes to the very root of the containment policy and thoroughly demonstrates its utter inadequacy under the present conditions. Even more important, he also gives the first serious analysis of a policy of liberation and all its possible implications.

Initiated by George F. Kennan, then a chief of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department and subsequently the American Ambassador to Moscow, the containment policy, writes Mr. Burnham, "has failed to comprehend the revolutionary nature of the communist enterprise." It had endeavored to attain a power balance, such that Moscow either would have to fight on a power basis weighted against her, or would have to apply different tactics and seek a modus vivendi with the Western world. But the inescapable conclusion of an unbiased reader of Prof. Burnham's book is that the author is completely right when he writes:

"If the Communists succeed in consolidating what they have already conquered, then their complete victory is certain." Of great importance in this matter of consolidation is Prof. Burnham's understanding of the nature of Eastern Europe, this pivotal area which serves as a springboard for Russian aggressive imperialism. He points out:

"The government of these 'Containment or Liberation? An inquiry into the Aims of United States Foreign Policy. By James Burnham. The John Day Company, New York. P. 256. \$3.50.

Plough on, plough on, keep ploughing you, colossus, bound In darkness, misery! The gloom will fade, your shackles falling to the ground Will make the troubles flee. No wonder you have always sung of strength of will, When harassed by your foes; No wonder that your charming lips your stories fill With conquests of your woes. You will defeat, destroy that shell of prejudice; On your redeemed soil You'll plough again — the master of your home, you'll be The master of your toil.

(Written October 10, 1876—when Franko was but 20 years of age). Translated by Wladimir Semenyka.

Dr. Gallan's Visit in Europe

Walter Gallan, Executive Director of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, returned May 13, 1953 after extensive tour through Germany, Austria, Switzerland and France.

In Germany he visited Berlin where a new U.U.A.R.C. office was established. At Bonn—he paid a visit to Chancellor Adenauer, visited U. S. authorities in Bad Godesberg, especially Col. Richard Hagan, chairman of the U.S. Clemency Board, in reference to clemency for three Ukrainian boys, Ciper, Lytwyn and Gnyp, who received heavy sentences for attacking the Ukrainian traitor Hulaj.

After extensive tour and visits to DP camps, hospitals, homes for the aged in Germany and Austria, Dr. Gallan concluded special agreements with the offices of the United States Escapee Program in Germany (Frankfurt) and Austria (Wels) in reference to material help to all Ukrainian escapees who escaped from behind the Iron Curtain since Jan. 1, 1948.

In Geneva Dr. Gallan had a talk with the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, van Heuven Gothart and his staff, where also the U.U.A.R.C. concluded agreements in reference to material help to all Ukrainian Displaced Persons in Austria, Germany and Trieste, Italy.

Miss Mary Popowych of Cleveland and attorney Angees, van Heuven Gothart and drew Diachun of Buffalo, N. Y., will sail for Europe in the near future as U.U.R.C. work in reference to material help to all Ukrainian Displaced Persons.

Ukrainian Art Exhibit at Hunter College

A Ukrainian National Arts Exhibit, sponsored by the Ukrainian Cultural Club of Hunter College for the purpose of acquainting the students, faculty members and guests with some aspects of folk art, was held at Hunter College, 695 Park Avenue, New York City on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 28 and 29.

It attracted considerable attention and was reported in The New York Times.

Featured in the exhibit were colorfully hand embroidered pillow cases, towels, tablecloths, and napkins from the provinces of Poltavshchyna, Polissia, and Bukovina. The walls were decorated with tapestries, pictures and hand carved crosses all depicting the typical interior of Ukrainian homes. Hand-carved boxes, desk sets, albums, plates, towel racks, and hand painted "pysanky" were also on display. To give atmosphere to entire setting the club members were dressed in costumes and recorded bandura music was played. This exhibit fulfilled the aim of the recently organized club, namely, to propagate Ukrainian Culture.

To Ukrainian Junior Leaguer

Junior Branch 58 and Junior Branch 61 of the Ukrainian National Women's League of America, extend a SPECIAL WELCOME to Detroit—the convention host city—the weekend of May 30th!

We hope you're planning on attending the forthcoming UNWLA convention because we have the red carpet of Detroit hospitality rolled out and promise you an interesting, delightful week-end!

We think the entire convention program will appeal equally to the junior branches and senior branches. Friday evening we'll be the hostesses at an informal evening social at the Tuller Hotel—a wonderful opportunity for delegates and guests to relax and get acquainted, or renew old acquaintanceships.

Saturday the convention will be opened officially at the Ukrainian National Temple with League sessions beginning in the morning. Our Jr. League sessions will be held at 4 p.m. In the evening there'll be a banquet feast... and Sunday afternoon a gala concert. (Incidentally, many of us will be performing in the concert as members of the Ukrainian Girls' A Cappella Choir.) There will also be an outstanding exhibit.

The session will consist of short, informative talks followed by a general discussion which will lead to a concrete future Junior League two-year program and plans for a project to be undertaken jointly by the junior branches.

My Three Years in Red Prison

By MYHAJLO MLAKOVYJ
(Courtesy, "Boston Evening Globe")

New York (NANA).—Just under four hours' flight from Nome, Alaska, lies the worst of the many slave labor camps directed by Russia's No. 2 man, Levrenti Beria, Soviet Minister of the Interior and head of the secret police.

Here each Summer a shipment of political prisoners arrive to face almost certain death in a matter of months.

Here, starved and tormented human wrecks work 16 hours a day, seven days a week, 52 weeks a year, without pay, to mine gold which the Kremlin uses to buy goods and dollars in the Western world.

Here, men who have withstood years of persecution, torture and indoctrination are finally broken in spirit and body to become whimpering shadows waiting impatiently for death.

I know, for I spent three years amid this drawn-out massacre—and lived to tell the story.

I am Ukrainian, my home is the city of Kiev. When the Communists took power in Russia, they ruthlessly snuffed out what little there had remained of our people's autonomy. Systematically, the Ukrainian intelligentsia was liquidated and replaced by men from Russia proper.

Year after year I saw friends, fellow students and neighbors disappear in the dreaded prisons of the NKVD. My own turn came in 1937.

At 2 o'clock one morning two agents of the Secret Police came to my small apartment, searched it from top to bottom—their only incriminating find was a map of the world—and dragged me off to prison.

I was called before the chief interrogator, one Michalevich, a man of about 28 with a Moscow accent. I knew what was in store for me. In my small cell which I had shared with 25 other inmates I had seen the inert blood-spattered body of a young man who had just been "interrogated."

The proceedings were simple. First I was informed that "no body ever gets out of here." Then I was told that the NKVD knew everything I had done, and that if I denied the truth terrible things would happen to me.

I was showed a document in which I confessed to be the head of an actually nonexistent Ukrainian terrorist group, to be a spy for Poland and to have blown up bridges and official buildings, some of which I knew had never been built. I was ordered to sign, or else... I refused. Michalevich grabbed a stick and started to beat me until I fell to the floor, then kicked my face and groin.

Disease Soon Strikes Prisoners on Ship

When I still refused, he called in several guards. They beat and kicked me in relays, sending me back to the cell nine

Poet's Corner

RARE BOOK DEALER

How often have you held
A page which feverishly had
Life to thought, a story spelled
In danger, a philosophy well
Like a nail to hold a structure
Firm and true!
Here on your shelves
You stacked men's lives! You
Precious manuscripts selves
And volumed minds against
Of light, against the thieving
Of damp.
Impatient quill,
And clanking tedious press
Have long been gone; but you
A guardian loyal still,
In this, your treasured
You, and the mummied fly
Quena Davidson Miller.

THREE VIRTUES

By WILLIAM PALUK

Age gives to a country, as it does to a man, an aura of venerability and respect. In the case of a man, age is reckoned in years; in a nation, it is reckoned in eras, figures and events. Out of the deep experiences of a nation, a certain spirit develops in the people, a spirit that firstly hallows the sorrows and joys which they have all shared, and, secondly, invents ceremonials and instills habits of thought and behavior that serve to recall the past. Common experiences give birth to nationality: the people's acts and habits constitute culture. Thus, an important period in American history was brought about by the Civil War and the abolition of slavery. The event provided an episode for every American to remember long. It also created a fresh and noble fund of ideas, an impetus to their culture. In "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," everything the central character says and does has meaning and beauty, though his life as depicted there was the simple one of a country lawyer, and his dealings plain and ordinary. The intervening years had imparted a patina of charm to his most casual word and phrase.

Few Can Long Stand Strain of Work Day

The standard working day, and every day of the year is standard day, is 12 hours—provided that the "norm" or quota is met. Since it would be difficult even for a healthy miner to dig this exorbitant quota, the average inmate seldom fills 30 percent of the norm. As a result the working day is always extended to 16 hours—16 hours without a single break for rest of food.

Food is distributed before work and after work. It consists of a few ounces of bread and a plate of soup—water salt and a small handful of farina. Day in, day out, that was my diet.

Few men in the camp can stand up for long under the constant pinch of hunger, hard labor and beatings.

Many contract pneumonia and tuberculosis almost immediately, particularly if they arrive during the rainy season.

Medical services consist of a small dispensary devoid of most essential medications. The Army medic in charge believed in amputation as a cure-all.

The guards beat and shoot prisoners indiscriminately.

On many occasions we were lined up in formation to witness a punitive beating administered by the camp commandant himself.

Three to ten men would be publicly scolded for their inadequate work and then would be literally beaten to death by the commandant, with the help of a steel-adorned truncheon.

Under such circumstances, few prisoners ever serve their term.

Wife's Long Struggle Finally Brings Freedom

Yet I, by a miracle of God, survived and was to know freedom again.

During the long trek to Vladivostok I had managed to smuggle out a letter which had safely reached my wife. In it I was able to tell precisely what had happened to me.

For three years, undaunted, she kept appealing my case to the office of Andrey Vishinsky—then chief prosecutor of the Soviet Union. Her first petitions were all rejected.

But in 1939, shortly after the start of the war in Europe, there was a noticeable abatement of the Stalinist terror.

In an obvious attempt of creating some kind of national unity, the Soviet authorities agreed to reopen a number of cases involving political prisoners and to grant several pardons.

Early in 1940 my wife's petition was approved.

One cold snowy April morning I was called to the office of the commandant. After so many months of utter degradation, I trembled with shock when he addressed me as comrade and bade me to sit down.

Through an unbelieving daze I listened to a eulogy of Soviet justice. Then he reached over and stuck a piece of paper in my numb hands.

I read it a dozen of times. It said I was a free man. I asked, "does this mean right away?" "Yes," he said.

As fast as my shaky limbs could carry me I ran out of the building. Without a glance backward, without stopping to pick up my belongings or say goodbye to my comrades, I raced like a madman to the gate, through the gate, up the nearest hill outside the camp, always clutching and waving the piece of paper.

On top of the hill, unmindful of the snow and the biting cold, I threw myself to the

ground, shouting, singing, crying, praying, until I fainted.

When I woke up I became more subdued. I must not show my joy. Maybe it was all a trick.

Carefully and gravely I walked to the NKVD post exchange a few miles away, where there was a barbershop.

For three years there had been no razor to shave my face, no comb to tidy my hair, no mirror to see myself. I stared without recognition into the large wall mirror in the barbershop, from which a strange, sunken, hollow-eyed face, framed by gigantic whiskers, greeted me.

A few months later I arrived home.

The very first day I was called back to the NKVD office. "You were in Kolyma. You know what it is like. One word out of you about what you saw there, and you will be back in Kolyma for good."

The German advance on Kiev caught me as civilian worker digging trenches for the Red Army. I was captured but managed to escape later to Switzerland, and finally went to a D. P. camp in Austria. There, in the Fall of 1952, I received my visa to the United States and final freedom.

and the lengthy nature of the pioneer period had the one advantage of making firm in the characters of these pioneers the virtues and ideals that naturally emerged. The wine of Ukrainian pioneer tradition aged slowly, and as a result, it acquired a mellow, valued richness.

The faint rustle of the tall steppe grass is answered by the frightened rush of partridges away from the unnatural sound, by the whirring of a thousand unseen wings, by the instinctive scurrying of countless little live beings in on fleeing from the invader. The tall grass part at the hillock's edge to reveal the white, medallion head of a horse and the bewhiskered face of a man surmounted by a lambskin cap from the top of which hangs a crimson toque of lighter material, flapping in vivid contrast against the black lambskin. Then the purple velvet zhupan comes into view, against which a yellow sash once again presents a contrast. The black morocco boots, glistening with early morning dew are next revealed by the swaying blades of grass, for the wide black cotton trousers are all but hidden by the wide end of the sash with its silk tassels. Tucked into the sash, hidden inside the coat, or depending from the waist and shoulder are the instruments of war, which could spit fire or cut a wound in a moment's instinctive movement. But to all appearances they seem to be an essential part of the costume, for the scabbard is inset with mother-of-pearl, and the pistol butt is inlaid with ivory to form a delicate pattern.

The Kozak mounts the hill slowly, warily, for he may thus present an easy target to a Tatar or a Turk. At last, horse and rider are at the summit, surveying the versts of waving, glistening steppe-grass, unbroken save for the occasional fold in the ground, undisturbed except for the odd bird—a speck or specks on the horizon.

Outlined against the fresh blue of the morning sky is the yellow, black, velvet and crimson of the Kozak's attire, the black and white of the sniffling steed, the color contrasts suddenly blended and refined by that most wonderful of settings—the clear spring sky.

"To dance on the steppes" was a popular expression in the songs of the Kozaks. They meant it figuratively as well as literally. For here were the things that delighted the mind, that put life like the reins into a man's own hands, making it exciting, pleasant, desirable. Back there, on the manor, was the squire, who gave no man his rights as a fellow human being, who treated you as a slave, who in return for a garden patch, demanded payment in labor, livestock or grain. On the steppe, there were only the blue of the heavens and the flower-studded, wide steppes, where one could live in freedom and joy.

(To be continued)

Vet News Roundup

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. — I work on a farm that's owned and operated by my uncle. As a Korean veteran, would I be allowed to take institutional on-farm training under the Korean GI Bill?

A. — Under your present arrangement, you would not be permitted to take the training. The law requires that you be assured of control of your farm—either by ownership, lease or some other arrangement—so that you'll be free to put into practice what you learn in school.

Q. — I served in the WAC since Korea. I'm planning to go to school under the Korean GI Bill. Would I be permitted to claim my husband as a dependent, in order to get a higher monthly education and training allowance?

A. — Under the law, you

The American Way

Women's Knitting

By ALLEGRA TAYLOR
(Editor's Note: Allegra Taylor is National Director of the Liberty Belles, Inc.)

He was a pretty gentleman. And he had his own ideas about women who meddled in politics. Brunt of his apoplexy-and-ulcers complex was the national president of the LIBERTY BELLES, Miss Vivien Kellems. Specifically, he was annoyed over the pretty, petite and brainy Vivien's demand for a cut in taxes NOW. "We have," the gentleman wrote, "men in Washington to handle these matters and you women should stick to your knitting!" I listened to your knitting!" I listened to the heated advice. Watched her drop the letter slowly to the table. Heard her say in the softest of tones, "The man is absolutely right!"

Was he? Let me tell you about Arthur's boy. He was a handsome young man, tall, good looking, beautifully mannered—a Jewish boy, loved by both Jew and Gentile. Like many other American sons he was the apple of his father's eye, the product of his father's sacrifices. He had just finished college and today was paying his last visit to the business that would some day be his. In pitiful attempt to delay the parting the father was to cross the country with him to see him off for Korea. That was six weeks ago. Day before yesterday the telegram arrived... There are many thousands of American parents who understand Arthur's grief. Understand it fully. But—"We have men in Washington to handle these matters. You women should stick to your knitting!"

Since June 25, 1950, American boys have been dying in Korea or falling into prisoner-of-war slave labor camps. Nearly two years ago, according to Gen. James A. Van Fleet, the war in Korea could have been brought to a victorious conclusion. In June of 1951 the Communists were in a panic of retreat but American forces were stopped by order from Washington. For nearly two years now our men have been forced to fight without trying to win. But—"We have men in Washington to handle these matters. You women should stick to your knitting!"

There is a critical shortage of munitions in Korea. American sons have had to face a vicious and paganistic enemy with their ammunition rationed. How does this happen in a country with such great resources as ours? The disgraceful answer hit the headlines on March 26th. "Army Ordnance refused to accept munitions from union struck plants." "Army Ordnance refused to permit their inspectors to cross picket lines"...

And all the while American sons with rationed ammunition were going through hell in Korea. The ghosts of the dead GI's moan "treason!" But—"We have men in Washington to handle these matters. You women should stick to your knitting!"

The man was right! Only he doesn't understand a woman's knitting. He doesn't understand that no garment is whole unless knitted with threads of love and devotion and determination to protect her family, whether it be from war, Communism or excessive taxation.

Results of the November election prove that American women picked up the long-

neglected garment and their needles clicked with an unmistakable rhythm that said, "We intend to fight for our families, our sons, our homes."

Letters coming into the LIBERTY BELLES national office at 131 East 64th Street, New York, show that women know what their knitting job is. They say, in effect, "We WILL stick to our knitting, for every two years cometh another election and we care not one iota about political party or patronage with the lives of our

sons and our future security at stake!" Grim letters telling of parents spending sleepless nights thinking of folks like Arthur and his son, of years of senseless fighting without trying to win, of munitions shortages because Army Ordnance won't cross picket lines... while their sons are dying.

As Vivien Kellems says, the man is absolutely right. We women MUST stick to our knitting!

(Concluded on page 4)

Longevity and UNA

I am not trying here, to, as they say in Ukrainian, "kadyty" (praise) anyone; but I cannot help but be impressed by the fact that some very definitely old-timers in age, whom I have in mind, continue not only to keep up their active interest in our Ukrainian National Association but also through their interest in the UNA enable themselves to continue their interest in life, in living itself, and thereby live far many more years than those whom "fate" would have ordinarily prescribed for them.

It is a well known fact that people who definitely retire and do nothing but eat and sleep and loaf around, doing nothing and thinking less, quickly go to meet their Master. Others prefer to keep on meeting Him in spirit while still on this earth. So, although they have their Social Security benefits, they busy themselves with one thing or another, bodily and mentally. It may be in the garden, in and around the house. It may be some hobby, or it may be work on some unfinished literary or scientific work. And it is also in the field of UNA activity.

One case I have in mind, and an admirable one it is at that, is that of a UNA Branch secretary, 83 years old, whose longevity is due to his great interest in the UNA.

We read in our newspapers all kinds of accounts given to reporters by the old-timers on how he or she has attained such and such an age. Some say it is because they have abstained from certain foods or drinks or from smoking. Others say they have lived so long because of very active living.

But here, as yet as unreported, are such persons as the one whom I have mentioned—and incidentally, his son is quite a prominent person in the UNA,—who credit their vigor to the fact that they want to continue to be of service to the UNA, and to all that for which it stands.

Such persons are definitely to be admired, and with them the UNA. Each complement one another in bringing out qualities of not only longevity, progress, but also of the commonweal of all.

I have in mind, in this connection, other UNA persons as well, old-timers who are UNA workers, officers of Supreme Assembly and Branches, who are really not in the slightest need of their particular office, who are well off financially, who have enjoyed all sorts of honors, for meritorious services, who need no favors from anyone, and who want to remain in office.

Here I am not referring to the dullards, who insist on being officers just out of sheer habit, who are millstones around the neck of UNA progress, and who keep our young people from taking over and forging ahead. There are some such of that sort, and well known.

Well known too, however, are those whom I have in mind, the fine old-timers, the UNA pioneers, who built our organization, who in their advancing years still personify our "Batkovo Soyuz"—ever vigorous, ever an inspiration to us of the younger generation.

May we prove to be worthy of their kind.

Josephine Gibajlo Gibbons

Ukrainian Fraternal Spirit - By MYROSLAVA

Today, the Bowling League of N.Y.-N.J. which is part of the Ukrainian National Association, will convene at an end-of-season banquet to be held tonight at the Ukrainian Center on Fleet Street in Jersey City, N. J., thereby demonstrating, once again, a fine "fraternal spirit" and good sportsmanship for which it is noted.

This spirit is in complete accord with all fraternal societies. It, also, complies with Christian teachings—to sow love instead of hate; to pardon where there are losses or injuries; to bring joy where there is sorrow; and to bring light where there is darkness. It is a way of life to be desired and striven for as it is a beautiful way of life—to love God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength; also, to love thy neighbor as thyself.

sons and our future security at stake!" Grim letters telling of parents spending sleepless nights thinking of folks like Arthur and his son, of years of senseless fighting without trying to win, of munitions shortages because Army Ordnance won't cross picket lines... while their sons are dying.

As Vivien Kellems says, the man is absolutely right. We women MUST stick to our knitting!

JOIN THE U. N. A.

Ukraine Through The Centuries

By MYKOLA H. HAYDAK
(Special to the Ukr. Weekly)
(3)

Shelukhin tried to ascertain from the original source what was meant under the term "Variaks" and "Variak Sea". When the chronicler relates about the invitation of the Rus by the Slavic and Finnish tribes he states: "They went beyond the sea to Variaks, to Rus, since these Variaks were called Swedes (Swedes), others Urmans (Norwegians), Angles, others Goths, so these too". From this statement we can understand that the Rus was a tribe or a people distinct from Swedes, Norwegians, Angles, Goths, and all of them, including Rus, were named by the chronicler "Variaks", in opposition to Slavic. In other words, according to Shelukhin, under the term "Variaks" the chronicler meant foreigners in general, the peoples not living on the territory, the history of which he was writing.

Did the chronicler mean "Baltic Sea" when he wrote "Variak"? As a confirmation that he did, Moshin gives a citation from the Chronicle where the commercial road from the Variaks to the Greeks is described, which ends: "Volkhov enters into the great lake Nevs, and out of this lake (the road) opens into the Variak sea and by this sea one can reach even Rome and from Rome one can come by the same sea to Tsargrad (Constantinople) and from Constantinople one can come to the Pontic Sea into the Dnieper river opens."

After reading this testimony one scarcely can agree with Moshin that the chronicler meant "Baltic" under the term of the "Variak sea". To the contrary, as Shelukhin pointed out, he explicitly stated and underlined by repetition that the Variak Sea is the whole system of foreign waters in contrast to the Pontic Sea which was not foreign and therefore had a proper name. This statement of the chronicler corroborates the interpretation that the term "Variaks" means "foreigners".

Meaning of "Variak sea"

Moshin states that the chronicler listed under Variaks a number of peoples, but meant only Scandinavian bands in the service of the Rus and Byzantine rulers. It would be expedient to restate the citation of the chronicler, because it explicitly testifies what the chronicler meant under the name "Variak sea". The text is:

"Poles and Chud adjoin the Variak Sea. On this sea also dwell Variaks to the East toward the borders of Shem (Asia); on the same sea to the west, toward the territory of Agarians (African people) and Valakhians (Northern Italy) live Variaks of the Japhetic race: Swedes (Swedes), Urmans (Normans), Goths, Rus, Angles, Galicians (Gauls), Valakhians (N. Italians), Romans, Germans, Korlians, Vendes, Friahs, and others, and adjoin from the West toward the South and neighbor with the Hamitic race (African peoples)".

Shelukhin (1929) considers that in this case the chronicler named the whole family of European nations, calling them "Variak", and the Variak sea—all the waters which were foreign to the compatriots of the chronicler. The verb "live" cannot belong to the "Japhetic race", as is interpreted by some historians, because in that case the form would have been "lives". So the verb "live" modifies the word "Variaks", as in the second sentence the verb "dwell" belongs to "Variaks".

It is surprising that Moshin and the followers of the Normanistic school of thought found a different meaning in the writings of Nestor.

Trediakovsky was the first to state that "under the term 'Variaks' Nestor meant the

whole Japhetic race; this name comprises all western people, among whom he named Rus, different from Swedes or Danes."

Shelukhin, (1929), from whose writings a great deal of the critical remarks in regard to the Normanistic theory were taken, proves in details the erroneousess of the conception of the school of Normanists.

Ravndal, (1938), rightly states: "clearly it behooves all those interested to adjust their perspectives carefully and without being unduly swayed by more or less accepted theses. The vagaries of mass psychology are evident even among serious-minded historians". Nevertheless, he maintains: "The Scandinavian nationality of Varings and Rus no longer is seriously questioned."

Kendrick (1930) also maintains that "the Swedes were the folk who achieved the mightiest and the most remarkable triumph of Viking history, namely, the creation of an independent Swedish-Russian state."

It is not important how the name "Variak" originated in the language of the chronicler. The main point is that this word means "a foreigner", no matter of what race and nationality he might have been. Even at the present there is a word "Variak" in the Ukrainian language meaning foreigner, husky, healthy fellow.

German Scientists' Misinterpretation

The cause of all this controversy was the fact that several German scientists started an interpretation of the old Ukrainian word, looking for its meaning everywhere but the right place—the old Rus-Ukrainian vocabulary. It is not surprising that there is no mention of such a word in contemporary Scandinavian or Byzantine literature. Vasiliev justly stated that "Pronounced Normanists in their eagerness to clinch the facts of the Scandinavian intervention, have failed to render justice to the native elements whether Slavs, Chazar or Finnish." (Quoted from Ravndal, 1938).

Moshin, (1931), himself characterizes the Normanistic school as one that "did not study the folklore of the eastern Slavs before the appearance of the Variaks nor did compare it with the folklore of the following epoch. Believing in a special political role of Germans in the history of Europe, the Normanistic school a priori deduced all the old Rus legal terms from the German sources and every similarity noted in 'Ruska Pravda' (code of the old Ruthenian Law) and in the German laws pronounced as borrowed from the latter."

Hrushevsky, (1904), and later Shelukhin, (1929), called attention to the damage which the Normanistic theory did to the historic science, discouraging free and independent research and directing the investigation about the origin of Variak-Rus into one and the only field—Scandinavian. Instead of an unbiased approach to the study of the early history of the Rus, the question in the minds of investigators was how to explain various historical facts so as to fit them into the Scandinavian or generally Northlandic history, religion, language, custom, law, art, tradition, archeology, etc.

In the light of the correct interpretation of the name Variak, the stories related in the Novgorod chronicle acquire an entirely different meaning.

Nowhere in the contemporary sources is stated that the Variaks were Scandinavians, so one cannot agree with Moshin that there is "a firm ancient tradition of the Varangian (that is Scandinavian—M. H.) origin of the Russian State".

The fact that Finns call

Swedes by the name "Ruotsi" is supposed to support conclusively the Scandinavian origin of Rus, because the deduction of the term "Ruotsi" from "Ruotsi" is entirely correct from the linguistic viewpoint.

Difficult to Accept

It is difficult to accept such a statement as an historical proof. Giving this as one of main supports of the Normanistic theory, Moshin himself writes: "Why the chronicler distinguishes Swedes and Rus as two different tribes? If the term 'Ruotsi' originated from the Finnish word 'Ruotsi', why the Slavic-Swedish state accepted not their own name of Swedes but the name given them by the Finns? If the Eastern Slavs until the invitation (of Rurik and his tribe) called the Swedes by the name 'Rus', why they do not call them by this name after the invitation? The chronicler relates that Rurik, Sineus and Truvor 'took the whole Rus' i.e., that some whole Norse tribe migrated to Eastern Slavs, while not a single other source mentions any such an event. Why the Norsemen in 839 in Constantinople and in Western Europe call themselves 'Rhos'—by the name which was given them by Finns?"

It is strange indeed. Even if the supposed origin of the term "Ruotsi" from the Finnish word "Ruotsi" is linguistically correct, it is scarcely possible, as Shelukhin pointed out, that the Rus, "The people often spoken by many," who came to rule over Slavs, Finns and other people, would accept the name which was used in reference to them by a conquered people who paid taxes to them.

Hrushevsky (1941) states: "We do not know the origin of the word, (Rus), and should not attempt to guess at the answer; but it is important to note that the name was closely attached to Kiev and reports concerning Rus and the Rus band of warriors in the foreign sources of the 9th and 10th centuries refer to the Kievian rulers, the princes and retainers whose capitol was Kiev." It is not likely that the name Rus was brought to Kiev by the Varangians or Novgorod, for if so, why was it not applied to Novgorod as well as to Kiev, the country of Polians. Early Novgorod was never thought of as Rus.

It is obvious that even those writers who accept the theory of the Scandinavian origin of the Rus are somewhat bewildered and are doubtful about the infallibility of the finding that the name Rus came from the Finnish word "Ruotsi".

3. Direct testimony of the foreign sources.

Bayer's Interpretation

Bayer was the first who thought that he had solved the mystery of the Rus and the Variaks. His finding in the "Bertinian Annals" of the name "Rhos" who were of the "genes Sueonum", was already mentioned. The question arises whether his interpretation was correct. In the original it was written that "They, that is their people, were called 'Rhos'. In discussing that part of the annals Hrushevsky (1904) and later Shelukhin (1929) call attention to the fact that those ambassadors may have not been necessarily members of the same nation or the people who sent them. That this may be the correct interpretation can be gained from the fact that there is a sentence modifying the statement of the Rus ambassadors: "That is their people". If the representatives were of the Rus themselves, there would be no reason for interpolating this expression in the description of the event. The only fact which comes out with a certainty from this note is that those ambassadors represented "Rhos". As it was

MARKO ANTIOKH

(From the book "Ukrainian Poets Killed by Russian Communists")

By YAR SLAVUTYCH

Son of poet Mykola Vorony and grandson of poet M. Verbytsky on his mother's side, Marko Antiokh was born in 1904 in Chernyiv, North Ukraine.

M. Antiokh began to publish his poems in the middle of the twenties in the magazines *Literaturno-naukovy Visnyk*, *Chervony Shlakh* and others. Toward the beginning of the thirties he was arrested in Moscow, where he had gone to hide. At that time it was very dangerous to live in Ukraine, because the Moscow destruction of Ukrainian literature had already begun. It is well known that this poet had been in a concentration camp on Solovky Island, where he probably died.

The poetic bequest of M. Antiokh is not large. It is very difficult, almost impossible, to gather all the poems of this executed poet. Immediately after the arrest of each author the Soviet police would pick up all his books. Thus every trace of the author's work disappeared as soon as the author was apprehended.

Over 20 poems of M. Antiokh, found among the admirers of his poetry, show that author's creative ability was already well matured, although he was not yet 22 when those poems were written. His reflections on life and creation (sonnet "The World"), on love and fear as the eternal attributes of existence ("The Love and Fear"), his vision of "The Infernal Destruction," especially his high spirited poems "The Christmas Elegy", "Easter", "The Church and the Angels"—all these portray the poet with a distinct idealistic complexity of thought. It is not accidental that M. Antiokh has such expression: "baroque of church sings cleverly to me." "The shine of the candles in church" is the object of the author's ecstatic delight.

The vision of the author's bride, shot by communists during the Moscow invasion of the

Ukraine in 1920, is frequently recalled in most of his poems. At first this vision appears in the poem "Her Name" (1924), is repeated in "The Songs of the Revenge", and finds its culmination in "The Prayer", which is a genuine example of deeply religious poetry.

The author of this fine poem casts a wrathful curse upon the "lowminded soldiers", and he confirms it by an oath: "I shall pay for blood with blood!"

Marko Antiokh is a poet of the new generation of Ukrainian elite. It is not accidental that his sonnet "Fatherland" clashes with commonly accepted philosophy of Ukrainian history:

My Fatherland! I know, to thee
Was meted out through centuries the road.
Thou saw the God, such destiny,
That leaves in greatest sorrow bowed.
My native land is rich in graves.
I damn those all who are invaders!

In the other poem M. Antiokh underscores the thought, that the Ukraine cannot be free as long as it continues to be exclusively a "peasant country". Thus he volunteers himself to the leaders of the Ukrainian intellectual movement in the twenties, Mykola Khvylovy and Mykola Zerov, who also expressed such progressive thoughts.

M. Antiokh continues to be relatively unknown to the average Ukrainian reader. It has never been proved, in fact, that any of his works were published in book form; but his fine poems live among the lovers of poetry, who like him for his deep idealism and enchanting romanticism. Like Columbus on his ship in great despair, M. Antiokh calls:

Fight 'mong the bloody reefs
'Till you would meet the sand,
'Till if your step achieves
In the glory a longed for land.

A POSTSCRIPT

I have read the four installments of "The Story of The Ukrainian Weekly." I want to add to it.

I have been a Weekly reader and contributor during its entire twenty years of publication. It has always been in my mind that the Weekly is a publication of the Ukrainian National Association, a fraternal benefit society, consisting of hundreds of subordinate branches, with many thousands of members, the whole striving to attain the utmost in fraternalism. The "Story" mentioned the U.N.A. near the end. Not mentioned were the youth branches of the U.N.A., the U.N.A. Baseball League, the (current) U.N.A. Bowling League youth interest in the U.N.A. through the Weekly—all well publicized in the Weekly and worthy of inclusion in a story of the paper.

found later; they themselves were of the race of "Sueones". There is also no positive assurance that the interpretation of the term "Sueonum" as Swedes is correct.

In other words, the interpretation of Bayer is accepted with a considerable reservation.

Johannes Diaconus and Bishop Liutprand refer to the Rus as "gens Nortmannorum" and "Nordmannos" respectively, in other words, as "Northern people". Liutprand explains that he calls them "Nordmannos" simply because they live in the North. Liutprand was a native of Lombardy, so the people living to the North from his land all may be called "Nordmannos". The same can be said about the statement by Diaconus.

(To be continued)

The Weekly has been of inestimable value to the U.N.A. Through it the organization literally introduced itself to the Ukrainian-American youth. Because of it youth branches were formed and an athletic program came into existence. Weekly readers became members of the U.N.A., officers of branches, and delegates to conventions. The young people are well represented in the U.N.A. Supreme Assembly. How much would the U.N.A. have accomplished where the younger generation is concerned without the Weekly? No history of the U.N.A. could be written without copious mention of the Weekly and no history of the Weekly would be complete without many references to the U.N.A.

It should be remembered that the U.N.A. is an organization with many problems of its own. It is a big organization—bigger than any youth league and any Ukrainian political group. In fact it is the biggest possession we Ukrainians, Ukrainian Americans and Ukrainian Canadians have in this hemisphere. It is so big it is taken for granted by many people, and this is unfortunate. More people should recognize its problems and help solve them. More people should take active interest in the affairs of the branches of which they are members. More people should join as members. Both the Svboda and the Weekly have done much to bring the problems of the U.N.A. to the attention of the members, to encourage branch activity, and to encourage new membership.

The U.N.A. is "big" by our standards, but we should con-

(Concluded on page 4)

That Side of Agony

By OSEP TURIANSKY

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

(7)

Szabo put the bill to his nose, blew into it, then tossed it away with contempt, spitting after it and shouting: "Filth to filth!"

Another note introduced itself through Szabo's mouth, thus:

"I am His Highness, the Royal Commander-in-Chief..."

"Ah, I am your Highness's most obedient, humble servant. ... You are a symbol of the state, which is our present national and social order. You must be cremated alive."

"Leave His Royal Highness in peace," mocked Dobrowsky, "for he is almost as unfortunate as we are here. May His Highness deign most graciously to perish from the cold and starvation, like us..."

With these words, Dobrowsky intercepted the note, which was already on its way into the fire, and held it in his hand.

"Throw it on the fire at once," shouted Szabo, "otherwise I'll be impelled to think that you already belong to that honorable company..."

"You are very mistaken," said Dobrowsky and threw the money in the gorge.

Szabo picked up the scattered notes and threw them on the fire. For a while he sat there in silence, and it was evident that he was completely overcome by his bleak thoughts.

All at once, he picked up an old, crumpled, almost torn in half, one Kronen bill, the only remaining note, looked at it for a long while and then spoke, with great sorrow and pain:

"You worthless, miserable piece of paper! You are the poor, squalid dog, Szabo, you are Szabo—evil and stupid, an unworthy, dishonorable tramp, no better than those whom you have condemned to death. For this reason, you must also sentence yourself to death."

Upon hearing Szabo's words, a ray of the most profound sympathy flitted through the hearts of his comrades. Suddenly, they all became alarmed, for Szabo jumped to his feet and ran towards the crevasse, probably intending to jump. But Dobrowsky leaped after him and caught him by the hand. They struggled for a while.

"Let me go," shouted Szabo, "let me go! I want to be just as well with myself."

With great difficulty, the comrades managed at last to appease Szabo, seating him at his place, by the fire. He sat there without showing any signs of life. And his wrath, the desire for revenge, all his agony, his penitence, the face of their blind comrade, the cadaverous faces of them all, their neglect, the grim clouds, all the misery of existence—all that emerged from his soul, in violent, repressed sobbing. All his comrades found it very difficult to control their feelings. Only by Stranzinger's blind eyes, could one not recognize whether he was weeping. Could it be that divine and human cruelty had also stolen his tears?

Suddenly, the blind friend interrupted Szabo's sobbing, in a voice that seemed to come from the boundaries of eternity. From beyond the limits of good and evil. Like a mysterious, powerful spirit, which had risen high above all the blunders of humanity, above all the wrath of the gods, the spirit which comprehends everything, understands and forgives, thus spoke the blind friend:

"People are not evil... are not good. People are only unfortunate and - fortunate."

Shaken by these words to the depths of their souls, the unfortunate men looked at their most unfortunate friend, and down their fallen-in cold

faces rolled big, heavy, hot tears.

After everyone had calmed down, Dobrowsky said softly: "Comrades, we have now no money and we don't need any. We have now become real human beings."

I ceased ransacking my ragged clothes. My dreams sped me to faraway, distant places. Christmas Eve...

My wife and my little son at my parents' home... There is a Christmas tree in the large, warm room... It is weighed down with lights, and everything a child's soul may desire... The whole family stands around the tree...

I ragged, wretched, covered with gore, rather a corpse than a living man, steal on tiptoe, very quietly, to the window and look inside...

My wife speaks something to the baby, takes it by the hand and smiles gently... The shadow of melancholy thoughts descends upon her forehead... Perhaps she is thinking of me this very moment?

The child looks long into his mother's eyes and asks her: "Mama, why isn't father here? Wish so much he would teach me how to sing the carol 'Christ is born...'"

Something shakes me, as a storm shakes a dry, weak stalk on the frozen steppes... O, my son... I grab hold of the window ledge in order not to collapse...

The mist before my eyes disperses... My wife and my son look at the window behind which I stand... O, God... Could they have seen and recognized me? How it draws me towards them, how it draws... There is my life, there is my sun, there is everything I have!

But some heavy hand is placed upon my shoulders... I feel that I am not capable of going in... Who am I?—I am unworthy of my wife's, my son's and my parents' company... In spite of everything, they are happy... And I see an immense, unbridgeable gap between their happiness and my misery...

No, I can claim no right to those people... Why have I come here? It is a dream... it is an insane fantasy of my diseased imagination that I was a human being once... I enjoyed domestic happiness and rejoiced in the rays of sunshine... It seems to me that I have vegetated for centuries in the starless night... in a dark pit... amid cold reptiles and shall keep on dying there for centuries... The light blinds me, the warmth emanating from those people kills me...

But, no... I would die a hundred times to make them happy... Would I, some uncanny apparition from ice-en-

crusted caves, dare impose suddenly upon those people, by coming in and shattering their quiet Christmas joy. Does it behoove me to kill their song "Christ is born" and force a cry of horror from their breasts?... No, let the events take their course... I cannot, I dare not join them.

Nikolić began to complain: "I want to live so much. Not for myself, but for my parents and for science. Life is so attractive."

Szabo's eyes flared up with strange, wild flames. He gave his friends a long, pensive, inquiring look. Suddenly he asked Nikolić:

"Do you really want to?"

"I do."

"Do you all want to live?"

"We all do."

Nikolić glanced at Stranzinger and asked Dobrowsky, whispering:

"Does the blind man want to live too?"

"You'd better ask if a blind man lives at all," answered Dobrowsky quietly. "His spirit is not among us. It roams far away from us... that side of agony."

"I don't want to live," said Przuluski grimly, in a suppressed voice.

They looked at him with amazement.

"Why not?"

He merely said "Don't ask me", and again veiled his soul with deep silence.

"Do you want to live at all costs?" asked Szabo.

"At all costs."

"But how?" sounded the unspoken question.

"If so, then there is a way... look over there!" said Szabo and pointed at something.

Their eyes followed Szabo's hand, and stopped at Boyani's body.

The idea struck them, like lightning.

What was he contemplating? Was the corpse to save their lives?

Could it be that they would use their friend's body for food?

It's horrific!

It's unheard of!

The innermost depths of souls revolted against the idea.

It became clear that they had to eat the body of their friend, if they wanted to save their lives. A terrific struggle ensued between body and soul. On one side, there was the terrible realization that they would become cannibals, and on the other side the instinct of self-preservation, which does not hesitate to use whatever means are necessary, to win the struggle. Here—revulsion, there—the despairing cry of the stomach:—"give me anything, or else death will come."

(Continued on page 4)

Tenth Convention

OF THE
UKRAINIAN NATIONAL WOMEN'S LEAGUE
OF AMERICA, Inc.

May 30, 31 and June 1, 1953

at the Ukrainian National Temple
4655 Martin St., Detroit, Mich.

JUNIOR LEAGUE SESSION
Saturday, May 30, 1953 — 4:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m.

Presiding: Miss Joanna Draginda, Detroit Convention Committee;
Opening: Welcome of delegates and guests by Mrs. Sophie Shada, Detroit Convention Committee; Introduction of Mrs. Lototsky, U.N.W.L. President; Election of Sessions Chairman and Secretary.

Presiding: Sessions Chairman. Appointment of Resolutions Committee; Sessions Program; General Discussion; Report of Resolutions Committee; Closing.

SESSION PROGRAM
Theme: Future of the Junior League

10-minute talk—"History & Accomplishments of Junior League"

Speaker: Miss Helen Mural, Jr. Vice-President

20-minute talk—"Role of the Junior League in Their Community"

Speaker: Mrs. William R. Alvord, Former Executive Secretary International Center, Y.W.C.A.; Past President, Michigan Federation of Women's Clubs.

5-minute talks—"Activities of Junior Branches"

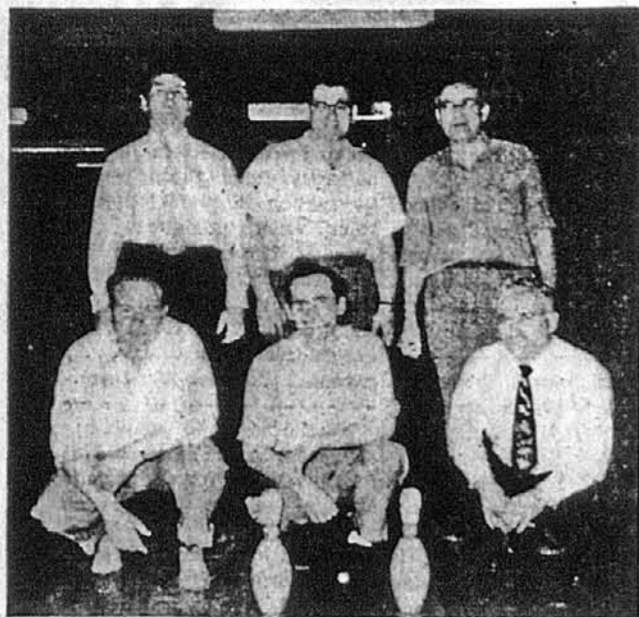
Speakers: Representatives of each Junior Branch outlining past year program of their respective branch.

20-minute talk—"Where Do We Go From Here?"

Speaker: Miss Mildred Milanowicz, Former Editor Junior Section of "Our Life".

30-minute Open General Discussion — Moderator: Mrs. William Volker.

1953 UNA BOWLING LEAGUE CHAMPIONS



Judging by their expressions, the six kglers comprising the "A" Team of the New York St. George Catholic War Veterans Post No. 404, pictured above, are quite pleased that they won the top honors in the ten-team U.N.A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.Y.-N.J. Area during 1952.

Kneeling (from left to right) are: Fred Broda, William Nastyn and Emile Husar.

Standing (from left to right) are: Dr. William Baron, Bernie Yarnola, and Peter Kapcio.

Nastyn and Broda finished fifth and sixth, respectively, in the individual averages and will be entitled to cash awards to be presented at the end-of-season banquet on May 23rd.

INDIVIDUAL STANDINGS

No.	Player's Name	Games Played	Total Pins	Average
1.	Chutko, J.	57	9941	174.23
2.	Rychalsky, M.	93	15848	170.38
3.	Janick, L.	84	13652	162.54
4.	Gulka A.	96	15592	162.40
5.	Nastyn, W.	102	16381	160.61
6.	Broda, F.	94	15071	160.31
7.	Kawaska, W.	98	15702	160.22
8.	Kolba, J.	84	13368	159.12
9.	Banit, W.	85	13474	158.44
10.	Zinsky, J.	15	2373	158.03
11.	Yarnola, B.	17	2678	157.09
12.	Dudak, W.	63	9917	157.26
13.	Kufta, J.	95	14895	156.75
14.	Sipsky, J.	99	15517	156.73
15.	Molinsky, P.	102	15947	156.35
16.	Scheskowsky, N.	102	15864	155.54
17.	Chmity, A.	83	12715	153.16
18.	Zayatz, M.	89	13546	152.18
19.	Magarits, J.	76	11383	151.58
20.	Husar, E.	100	15142	151.42
21.	Kurlak, S.	95	14375	151.30
22.	Krychukowsky, R.	74	11204	151.30
23.	Baron, W.	95	14358	151.13
24.	Lyba, T.	54	8167	151.13
25.	Kapcio, P.	92	13893	151.01
26.	Shuka, J.	58	8745	150.45
27.	Pokorny, V.	91	14123	150.23
28.	Lytwyn, M.	90	13412	149.32
29.	Prychoda, A.	83	12357	148.73
30.	Golombuski, M.	15	2221	148.61
31.	Hrynshyn, S.	75	11003	146.53
32.	Korytko, W.	99	14487	146.33
33.	Kondrasky, P.	57	8312	146.20
34.	Karyczak, W.	89	12961	145.58
35.	Poturney, M.	78	11364	145.54
36.	Switnicki, P.	80	12881	144.65
37.	Magalus, B.	82	11840	144.32
38.	Popaca, M.	98	14136	144.24
39.	Bemko, J. B.	85	12250	144.10
40.	Tofel, W.	33	4752	144
41.	Wowchuk, P.	56	8056	143.48
42.	Chelak, St.	66	9482	143.41
43.	Samila, J.	54	7745	143.23
44.	Sawchak, D.	39	5572	143.04
45.	Waslykow, P.	68	9718	142.62
46.	Tango, M.	63	9000	142.54
47.	Zolto, L.	84	11979	142.51
48.	Tizio, A.	85	12022	141.37
49.	Stasig, W.	74	10445	141.11
50.	Chmil, W.	77	10843	140.63
51.	Lakomsky, P.	92	12800	139.12
52.	Walchuk, S.	20	2792	139.12
53.	Zayatz, H.	86	11939	138.71
54.	Sheremeta, P.	94	12931	137.53
55.	Baranik, S.	69	9355	135.40
56.	Tizio, G.	79	10664	134.78
57.	Kacaper, S.	98	13170	134.48
58.	Kranets, L.	35	4702	134.12
59.	Rozek, W.	22	2922	132.18
60.	Chelak, S.	78	10307	132.11
61.	Van Kueren, A.	95	12392	130.42
62.	Sawitsky, M.	27	3525	130.15
63.	Melnychuk, J.	24	3141	130.21
64.	Chuzey, M.	13	1700	130.10
65.	Makarchuk, W.	27	3491	129.08
66.	Harmatiuk, S.	91	11644	127.89
67.	Tomashewsky, J.	12	1415	117.11
68.	Price, L.	4	441	110.01

THAT SIDE OF AGONY

(Concluded from page 3)

More and more, they became arrested by the idea which drilled their brains and rent their hearts. There was no other way out.

All of them, with the exception of Stranzinger and Przulski, turned toward the body. Their eyes almost left their sockets and became unnaturally large, and all the faces showed the immeasurable desire, not to live, but to relieve their endless starvation pains. Only their lips became twisted with revulsion, as though in the grip of a spasm. But the eyes, it seemed wished to fly alone to the body to devour it.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Szabo impatiently.

"For heaven's sake, men what are you contemplating?" wailed Nikolič "Do you have no heart, nor any human feelings?"

"Is that so? Look, what a sensitive young man!" said Dobrowsky in a voice, in which quivered common sense, some uncanny irony and mockery of existence. "You, Nikolič, are talking like a greenhorn. You are quite an aesthete. ... Did you not see yesterday, how our comrades, simple soldiers, ate the body of one of their comrades? Do you imagine that your stomach is made of divine ambrosia, and not of the same bad clay as mine and everyone else? Oh, you milk-sop! Look at yourself, at me, at everyone of us! What do you see? Am I right? The hide and bones alone! Who has eaten up our flesh? Tell me, poor soul! Who?"

"Misery", answered Nikolič. "I'll tell you. Our flesh has been devoured by the greatest lords of the world, the kings and plutocrats, who have left us the sack of skin, with a soul and the bones inside. ... But it's our own fault. Why did we, people, kill people? Who dared lead us to slaughter our brethren? Why did we obey the will of dark powers? We have stripped our own faces and become a senseless, cruel tool of murder. Where were our souls and our human dignity? We have trampled it with our own feet. This is our crime. And for this crime we must die. And whosoever of us wants to live, he must eat the flesh from the body of his own friend."

"Dobrowsky, how can you talk like that?" complained Nikolič. "You want to talk down your own revulsion, it is not so? Is this really your philosophy?"

Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER WM. DANKO

A new baseball player has arrived for Mr. and Mrs. Alex Monchak of Bayonne, N. J., now making their summer home in Lexington where Al is the popular playing manager of the Lexington Indians of the ten-club Tar Heel (Class D) League. The new arrival Alex Monchak Jr. weighed six pounds, three ounces and both mother and son are doing fine. This is the Monchak's first child. Al celebrated the arrival of his son by hitting a homer a few hours before in the game against Shelby, which the latter won, 5-3. It was his second circuit blow of the season.

Harry Dorish, Ukrainian pitcher from Swoyerville, Pa. has been the chief factor in the early foot of the White Sox in the American League pennant race. Harry has been pulling more than double his share of the load, because of consistently brilliant relief pitching. Of the first eight victories recorded by the Comiskey, he saved no fewer than five. The 29-year-old Dorish,

who is built along the blocky lines of a muscular football guard, appeared in exactly half of the first dozen games played by the White Sox. In one stretch he worked in four consecutive tilts. Manager Paul Richards hasn't been blessed with sound hurling by his starting staff. Sufficient evidence of that can be gleaned from the fact that there were only two complete games pitched in the first 12 contests, by Billy Pierce and Joe Dobson. However, Dorish has been able to step into the breach and finish what the others started. Only once did Dorish leave the field with the White Sox on the losing end. But he didn't suffer the defeat, nor was he the cause of it. It occurred in his first 1953 appearance against the Browns, April 17. The Browns got a five-run rally rolling against Dobson in the seventh inning and Dorish was touched for the final two runs before he could restore order. The Browns eventually won, 6 to 4. But the next five games were all on the right side of ledger, even though only one resulted in an actual victory for him. That came against Cleveland in that 26-walk debacle. But here they are with brief details. April 18 — Entered game in eighth and pitched two scoreless and hitless innings. White Sox scored in eighth for 7 to 6 victory over Indians, credited to Dorish. April 21 — Entered in seventh inning to stop rally and hurl two and one-third innings of shutout ball. White Sox won, 7 to 5, over Detroit. April 22 — Entered in ninth inning to stop five-run rally by Tigers and White Sox won 7 to 5. April 25 — Entered in seventh after Tommy Byrne walked

two and was cuffed for grand-slam homer, two runs charged to him, on a 320-foot pop fly to right field pavilion roof by Dick Kryhoski. Blanketed Browns rest of way and White Sox won 6 to 4. April 28 — White Sox leading 5 to 3, and Senators loaded bases in ninth with none out. Entered game at that point, allowed only one run to cross plate and White Sox won, 5 to 4. With this very formidable record, manager Richards is hoping that Dorish can bridge the gap for his starting pitchers until he can get them in a winning groove. So far, Harry has a 3 win and 0 loss record which is close to tops in the American League.

Steve Souchock is beginning to play left field regularly for the Detroit Tigers and as a result his batting is booming. Big Steve led the Bengals to a 5-2 win over the Boston Red Sox last Monday with a double and triple.

The trainer for the Cleveland Barons of the American Hockey League is a Ukrainian answering to the name of Charlie Homenuk.

It's refreshing to see different Ukrainian groups reactivating their sports programs from time-to-time. One such organization is the Ukrainian Athletic Association Chornomorska Sitch, Inc. of Newark, N. J. Sparkplug behind the UAA's recent sport campaign is Nicholas Scheskowsky. Incidentally, the UAA is sponsoring an all-Ukrainian bowling tourney to be held Sunday, May 31st, 1953. All interested Ukrainians are requested to write Nick at the following address: —442 Kerrigan Boulevard Newark 6, N. J. Phone ESsax 3-6200.



UKRAINIAN SPORTS CLUB, NEW YORK CITY—1952-1953 National Soccer League Champions. Front row, left to right: Ihor Malanchuk, George Kolodyj, Cornel Hewko, George Cloiko, Eugene Holuka, Omelian Banach with his son Orest, Junior-team manager Stephen Krawcheniuk. Back row, left to right: Treasurer Michael Hawryliuk, 1st Vice-President Eugene Chamula, Organizer Mrs. I. Lutak, Manager Alexander Bilan, Ole' Chalkidwskyj, Roman Pidhoreckyj, George Holuka, William Sierant, President John Petrash, Adrian Lapychak, Roman Pawliuk, Myron Witniuk, Captain Jaroslav Schmigel, 2nd Vice-President Fedir Kucharchuk, Secretary Jaroslav Wozniak. Missing: Dr. Osyp Krawcheniuk, Eugene Arndt. (Photo by Michael Brodin)

VET NEWS ROUNDUP

(Concluded from page 3)

to the benefits so long as you were a Public Health Service officer on active duty since Korea, under detail by proper authority, with any branch of the armed forces.

Q. — I am an accountant. I've just been released from service after two years in the Army. Could I take a refresher course in accounting under the Korean GI Bill?

A. — The Korean GI Bill prohibits veterans from taking courses leading to objectives for which they already are qualified. For that reason, you would not be permitted to take a refresher course in accounting.

one and all interested in the organization. Perhaps, some day, the U.N.A. will be considered "big" by American standards. Some day, when you mention the Ukrainian National Association to an American friend, he won't say "Never heard of it." When the U.N.A. is that big its voice will be heard and more will be accomplished in behalf of our people everywhere.

Theodore Lutwiniak

A POSTSCRIPT
Concluded from page 3

time to work for it. We should keep up our activities, keep getting new members, and keep

„Dumka” Chorus of New York is organizing a Ukrainian Symphony Orchestra

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I play _____ (Name of instrument)

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FIRST PRIZE AND AWARD \$40.00
St. Josephat's Branch 217, Rochester, N. Y.

	1	2	3	Total
Vince Kowba, Br. 217	182	172	167	521
Wm. Hussar, Br. 289	164	135	172	571
John Sorotki, Br. 217	133	187	177	497
Steve Sorochety, Br. 367	154	178	171	503
Mike Koldan, Br. 217	142	168	167	477
Handicap	119	119	119	357
Totals	894	959	973	2826

SECOND PLACE \$30.00
Ukrainian Civic Center Branch 316, Rochester, N. Y.

	113	150	127	390
Wm. Estrick, Br. 316	113	150	127	390
Charles Ruslowski, Br. 316	132	138	140	410
John Kucy, Br. 316	103	140	129	372
G. Gurjansky, Br. 316	214	132	181	557
Al Kucy, Br. 316	191	218	175	584
Handicap	165	163	163	489
Totals	916	971	915	2802

THIRD PLACE \$25.00
St. Nicholas Veterans, Branch 191, Troy, N. Y.

	145	133	121	399
Russ Kolody, Br. 191	145	133	121	399
Mike Kidnasky, Br. 191	180	116	146	442
Joe Katchmar, Br. 191	111	151	177	439
Charles Sklaryk, Br. 191	182	187	148	516
Nick Boyko, Br. 191	148	213	185	546
Handicap	141	141	141	423
Totals	907	941	917	2765

FOURTH PLACE \$15.00
St. Josephat's Branch 217, Rochester, N. Y.

	147	208	167	522
J. Anderson, Br. 217	147	208	167	522
Frank Kubarich, Br. 217	169	171	157	497
M. Danalishyn, Br. 316	174	158	159	491
J. Bandura, Br. 217	137	131	161	429
Nick Ewanow, Br. 217	190	151	168	509
Handicap	105	105	105	315
Totals	922	924	917	2763

FIFTH PLACE
Zaporozhian Sitch, Branch 367, Rochester, N. Y.

	150	166	135	451
Alex Koral, Br. 367	150	166	135	451
Mike Koral, Br. 367	155	135	130	420
John Hryniw, Br. 367	149	169	156	504
Mike Melnyk, Br. 367	146	167	126	439
John Melnyk, Br. 367	148	166	173	487
Handicap	138	138	138	414
Totals	886	941	768	2721

SIXTH PLACE
St. Josephat's Branch 217, Rochester, N. Y.

	159	138	165	462
Myron Chajchuk, Br. 217	159	138	165	462
Eugene Kowalchuk, Br. 217	112	134	174	420
Peter Wollke, Br. 217	106	148	139	393
John Strelie, Br. 217	202	133	186	521
Pete Binazeski, Br. 217	209	151	224	584
Handicap	126	126	126	378
Totals	914	830	964	2708

SEVENTH PLACE
Ivan Franko Branch 266, Rochester, N. Y.

	196	138	155	489
William Gerega, Br. 316	196	138	155	489
Peter Patrick, Br. 367	170	153	139	462
Michell Wozniak, Br. 316	171	129	157	457
John Patrick (Blind) Br. 367	163	163	163	489
M. Sokolowski, Br. 269	151	179	123	453
Handicap	100	100	100	300
Totals	951	862	837	2650

EIGHTH PLACE
Taras Shevchenko Branch 289, Irondequoit, N. Y.

	156	158	170	484
Mike Holowka, Br. 289	156	158	170	484
Grank Pashak, Br. 289	120	108	117	345
Metro Bastuk, Br. 289	142	155	146	443
Peter Holowka, Br. 289	163	163	188	504
Steve Holowka, Br. 289	153	185	173	511
Handicap	—	—	—	—
Totals	834	870	904	2617

Nicholas Muraszko Memorial Tournament Committee:
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