

СВОБОДА SVOBODA

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THE WEEKLY

ASIDE from being a Ukrainian Christmas number, this 1947's first Ukrainian Weekly ushers in a new phase of its development. As is obvious, its format has been changed to provide more English reading matter, while the date of its publication has been moved from Saturday to Monday, the latter to permit its readers in the outlying parts of this country to get it by mail in the week of its publication and not the following week, as has been the case thus far. Parenthetically speaking, the Detroit or Chicago clubs, for example, can now with profit advertise their social or cultural affairs taking place on the Saturdays immediately following the Monday's appearance of the Weekly.

Simultaneously with this change, the Svoboda returns to former habit of appearing six times a week, including this Weekly edition, in place of the heretofore five numbers per week.

The change is designed as a step forward toward providing our young people with a publication which meets their needs and interests.

How much it has met them up to now, that is since it took its first bow on October 6, 1933, is for the individual readers to decide for themselves.

Without necessarily tooting our horn—especially since New Year's Day has gone the way of all days—we can with some modesty claim that in one way or another the Weekly has had an important bearing upon the course of our younger generation group development and in its general orientation in the matter of its American environment and Ukrainian background.

To get some conception of this fact one merely has to imagine what would have been the case if there had been no Weekly or "reasonable facsimile thereof." Where would have a lot of your youth organizations been today without it? Or the youth league? And what about the annual youth congresses or conventions, which have played such an important

role in bringing our young people together? How could they have been convened without the publicity aid of the Weekly? And where would many of our young people who are intimately associated with Ukrainian American life be today if they had had not the Weekly to inform them of its content, its ideals, and its course? A little sober reflection and some "soul-searching" will provide the answer to these and similar questions.

But all this is water under the bridge—to coin a new phrase. The important question now is what role the Weekly will play in the future development of our younger generation. That, however, depends a great deal upon the sort of cooperation it gets from our young people.

They are not the young people of yesteryear. The war has affected them deeply. They have a more realistic grasp of things, particularly of their relation to the land of their forbears, Ukraine, now entirely under Soviet domination, yet resolute as ever to free itself of foreign bondage and cruelty. And then there is the "youngest generation," composed of the "kid" brothers and sisters of those who heretofore constituted the Ukrainian American youth movement. They seem to be quite a promising lot. Perhaps, and we hope, they will show up their "elders" in the progress they make. Time will tell.

In any event the Weekly and the Ukrainian National Association which publishes it are out to serve them all. All that is required of them is some interest and cooperation. But more on this subject in our subsequent editions.

Donna Grescoe to Give Town Hall Concert

Four weeks from today, Monday evening, February 3, New York's musical center, the famed Town Hall, will be the setting for the first formal New York debut of a very young violinist, barely turned eighteen, who is undoubtedly the best musical talent the younger generation Americans and Canadians of Ukrainian origin have produced thus far.

She is Donna Grescoe, hailing from Winnipeg, although New York is quite a familiar and favorite habitat for her.

Delegates to the last U.N.A. convention in Pittsburgh in March of last year, delegates to the Third Ukrainian American Congress in Wash-

ington in May of last year, or, if you care to go further back, the thousands who attended the Ukrainian exposition show at New York's World Fair back in 1939, when Miss Grescoe was a child prodigy, fresh from triumphs in Canada, all of them constitute but a fraction of the scores of thousands in whose memories and hearts there remain the strains of melody from the violin of this personally charming and very modest young artist, who unlike many child prodigies has shown constant improvement with her "advancing" years.

At present Miss Grescoe is back in New York and hard at work preparing for her Town Hall debut un-

der the direction of her teacher, Michel Piastro, concert master of the New York Philharmonic and radio fame.

In her spare times Miss Grescoe meets with her young friends, among whom she is a very popular young lady. All of them are already hard at work to make her Town Hall concert a success from the viewpoint of attendance. According to all indications, it will be a "sell-out."

We advise our readers to procure their tickets early, lest they miss the opportunity of hearing a young violinist whose artistry and personal charm are like something out of this world.

(Note: Tickets may be obtained at Svoboda Bookstore. Price range is from 90¢ to \$2.40.

Dutch Paper Outlines UPA Struggle For Free Ukraine

"De Tijd" daily of Amsterdam, Holland, featured in its December 4, 1946 number a dispatch outlining the development of the Ukrainiska Povstancha Armiya, UPA as it is commonly known; in English translation—Ukrainian Insurgent Army, a guerilla force, loosely knit together, fighting now in Soviet-occupied Ukrainian territories, for a free Ukraine.

UPA first appeared during German occupation of Ukraine. At first it fought against the Germans. With the Soviet reoccupation of Ukraine the UPA fought against the Reds as well. In time it found itself engaged in fighting against both the Reds as well as the Nazis. With the downfall of the latter, it concentrated its fury against the Reds. Reports of its activities have appeared from time to time in the American, British, French, Polish, Russian and other press, including The New York Times.

The ultimate objective of UPA is the freeing of Ukraine of foreign rule and the establishment of a free and independent and democratic Ukrainian republic.

Now to come back to Amsterdam's "De Tijd" report on UPA. Translated from Dutch into English, it reads as follows.

Text of Report

"The Ukrainian (insurgent) uprising, which continued after the struggle of the partisans (insurgents) against the Germans, was in the summer of 1944 directed anew against the Russians, and since then it has gradually assumed the character of regular warfare. On the whole, the Ukrainian troops had about 200,000 men, well equipped with the weapons, which they took from the Germans, when the operations against the Russians began. At first, the Russians sent Red Army

troops to the Ukraine, but soon these went over en masse to the other (Ukrainian) side. NKVD troops were then posted almost in every village, and the whole Ukrainian action was then directed against them. Armories of the NKVD troops were blown up. Such was the situation in the summer of 1945 when the whole district of Zhabie was under the control of UPA.

In the fall of 1944, greater battles took place. A partisan group of 15,000 men was surrounded by six Soviet divisions in the Hurbewood region of Kremenetz. The battles lasted for twelve days. The Ukrainian troops then tried to break through and to retire to the Pripet Marshes. After that, the tactics on both sides were changed. The Russians tried to break up the uprising by means of an absolute blockade of food and munitions, while the action of the "Bandera people" was directed at the breaking of this blockade.

The situation at the Curzon Line gave rise to new possibilities for the supplying of the Ukrainian Army in the winter of 1945-46 and for a complete reorganization of its troops. They were split into four groups, with each having separate operational terrains. It was then possible to break the Russian blockade and to supply the troops with what they needed.

The Northern army group operated in the swamp region between Brest-Litovsk and Zhitomir. The Eastern army group fought in the forest region between Vinitza and Proskurov. The Southern army group, in the Carpathians; and the Western army group in the region on the Curzon Line.

In the last-mentioned region the question of supplying the Ukrainian troops did not present a problem for the following reason: The Russians had decided in 1945 to displace the 700,000 Ukrainians who still lived west of the Curzon Line and to bring them within the Russian frontier into the district which had been evacuated by Polish emigrants. The high command of the Ukrainian revolutionary movement thereupon gave orders to the inhabitants of these provinces not to move out voluntarily, but to offer resistance. Since then this resistance has been directed by the UPA's western army group. Despite the Russian action the Ukrainians are determined not to leave this district to the Poles. So they have burned the villages behind them, while the younger people joined the revolutionary movement.

This is "the action of the bands" mentioned in the newspapers at the

(Concluded on page 7)

Christmas in Ukraine

By MELANIE MILAN

THE room behind him was hushed at last. The little boy peering out the window felt the vibrant hush envelope him and knew that all eyes were upon him. He shifted his weight nervously from one foot to the other for a time. Then suddenly the new importance of his eight years struck him and a small dignity descended upon him, to hold his tiny form still and to pucker his dark childish brows. He was the youngest in this family and on him fell the solemn duty to announce the appearance of the first star. Only after his important announcement could his family begin the Christmas Eve supper.

Well, they weren't his family, not really. They were his aunt and uncle and his teen-age cousin, but they had adopted him almost a month ago. They had signed papers and all, so he guessed he could call them family. He guessed he showed them he knew a lot about family things, too, like tonight's "Holy Supper." He bet they were surprised when he had set the table properly and had named everything correctly.

The little boy gazed up at the ever-so-slowly darkening sky. A mischievous smile played around his lips and he contentedly rubbed his nose with a scrawny finger as he remembered the evening's preparations. This was his first "Holy Supper" but he knew all about it. His mother had told him everything at every Christmas-time, since he was old enough to talk. Of course, no one knew about it and he had been forbidden to reveal their secret, for fear of some new punishment.

He rested his temple against the cold pane, dug his hands deeper into the pockets of his new warm trousers, scrunched his neck deeper into the warmth of his heavy sweater and continued to gaze up into the blue dome overhead. He wished his mother were here. She always said he would one day eat such a Christmas Eve supper, just like the "Holy Suppers" they had in Ukraine.

He heard her voice again, as it was that last time, a mere whisper. He had been tired too. He had leaned closer to his mother, drawing new courage from her nearness and warmth. She had wrapped them both more snugly in his father's coat, packed up the straw around them more closely and when the German guard had passed, she had put her lips to his ear and had begun her story:

His Mother's Story

"This is how it was in our house, how it always was in Ukraine and how it will be again. Our house, in that twilight of Christmas Eve, was warm and shiny-clean. My mother and I were done with our work—even with the cooking and baking for Christmas Day and the day after. Now we stood, with my younger brother—just such a one as you, my little pigeon—facing the door. It opened and Father entered, carrying a beautiful sheaf of wheat. He bade us 'Good Evening' and stood the sheaf of wheat—yes, the 'dyid,' the old man, back of the table, in the 'honorary' corner, under the icon, then laced some basil leaves through the 'dyid's' girdle.



CAROLING IN UKRAINE, from the painting by Kost Trutowsky (1826-1893)

"You see, long, long ago, before Christ came, our ancestors celebrated kolyada, a time when the evil of cold winter passed and the good of warm weather, with its final awakening of nature, began to return—or as my babusha used to say—'When the sun grew in strength and the day in length.' That was a truth, they celebrated, the eternal triumph of good over evil and to remember that, we still give their old god of plenty, the 'dyid,' who fed and protected the family, a place of honor. How long ago was that? Why my babusha used to say that in those times, no one knew how to bake bread yet, but fed themselves with cooked whole wheat grains. I read in books that that was more than a thousand years ago. Think of it, a thousand years, and we still include such a dish of whole wheat grains among the twelve courses served on Christmas Eve. We call the dish 'Kutya.' Mother took such care always to cook the grains for our 'kutya' for hours to proper softness. It was sweetened with honey, seasoned with the 'milk' of crushed poppy seeds and made crunchy with nut meats. It is a dish my son, that is as rich as our Ukraine.

"The door opened again and my older brother appeared, carrying two bundles, one of hay, the other straw. He spread a thin layer of hay on the table and the straw he placed underneath, on the floor. Yes, that is right, my son, they are reminders of Christ's manger-bed. Mother then put a clove of garlic at each corner of the table, to ward off disease and evil spirits, you know. In the center, she placed a flat wreath of oats, cut from the last harvest, and adorned with basil leaves and dried flowers. Over this came the gleaming white tablecloth. Our two choicest round loaves of bread were placed, one atop the other, in the center of the table, over the wreath. In the top one, a candle was stuck. A 'topka' of salt and a pot of honey were placed alongside. The wreath symbolizes the sun, you see, and the bread, salt and honey represent the earthly sustenance of man.

"My younger brother, from his station at the window, cried, 'There it is, the first star!' I remember he lisped. Then, as that star announced

long ago the birth of a New Reign of Truth and Hope and Good Will, so then it gave us leave to begin a new year of peace and hope with our family 'Holy Supper.'

"We all took our places around the table, Father by the 'honorary' corner. There was a place for the souls of our departed one there, as one day you will set a place for me at your table, won't you, my son? Father lighted the candle and said, 'Christ Is Born.' We replied, 'Let us praise Him.' Father blessed himself, we all followed suit and said The Lord's Prayer. Then we waited, standing, till Father took up the dish of 'kutya,' offered it to Mother and wished her the best of everything in the year to come. Then he offered a spoonful to my older brother, then to me, then to the young one. We sat down. Father scooped up a spoonful of 'kutya' and flung it at the ceiling. We looked at the result and clapped. Many grains sticking to the ceiling showed us that Father's bees would yield many new swarms that year.

The Twelve Courses

"After the 'kutya,' Mother and I placed the remaining eleven courses on the stout table. Yes, there must be twelve, one in honor of each of the Twelve Apostles. And above all, they must all be fast dishes, on this last day of the 39-day fasting, and must not contain a bit of meat, nor dairy products. If that isn't a feat in itself—preparing twelve such dishes, I don't know what is. What are the twelve? Well, there's the 'uzvar,' a compote of dried fruit. Babusha always boasted that one year, she had twenty different fruits and berries in her 'uzvar.' There's borsch—the beet soup, then cabbage-and-peas soup, then jellied sturgeon fish. There were 'pirohy' stuffed with potatoes or cabbage, or fried cabbage, and the sweet ones, stuffed with plums or cherries. There were 'holubtsi—the cabbage rolls, stuffed with buckwheat-groats or with rice. Mushroom dishes, griddle cakes, 'pampushki'—the raised doughnuts, and above all else, the 'kutya.'

"Dish followed dish at our family's Christmas Eve supper, and we ate well, so that all year we would not be hungry, we were told. At supper's end, my mother laughingly handed me two spoons. I blushed, I remember, knowing that mother now considered me at a marriageable age. I laughed, but quickly donned a shawl and went outside. The moon shone on the glittering snow, the air was clear and so cold that my breath hung in wreaths of smoke. The snow crunched beneath my boots. I looked for a moment at the houses of our village, each with their window lit by the light of the Family-Supper candle. I rattled the spoons till a dog barked. Joyfully I ran in,

Mother Tongue

(RIDNA MOVA)

By VOROBKEVYCH

Translated by Percival Cundy

(Editor's Note:—In sending the poem below to the Weekly, the translator noted that it is his Christmas gift to Ukrainians of the second generation.)

Mother tongue, the speech of forbears!
Who would thee disown?
Such a one has in his bosom
No heart, but a stone.

Who could e'er forget the language
Which, when we were young,
All of us once learned to copy
From a mother's tongue?

Therefore, children, let us cherish
Our own natal speech;
Learn to speak it well, and after,
To our children teach.

Mother tongue, the speech of forbears!
Who would thee disown?
Such a one has in his bosom
No heart, but a stone.

tucked the spoons behind the girdle of the 'dyid.' My mother questioned, 'Was it the Melnik's dog?' I nodded, pleased. Yes, my boy, your father did send his 'starosti' the match-makers, to our house soon after.

"My family sang carols after supper. So many of them. They are written down in books, my son. Learn them and you will learn a thousand years of Ukraine's history.

"We heard other voices singing them. They were the village carollers and when we heard their tinkling bell under our window, father put a candle there as signal to carol for us. Their eight-pointed star-lantern moved nearer to our window, the singers grouped around and we heard, 'God Eternal hath been born.' They sang well and Father invited them in. We gave them a 'kolyada' of money, of fruits and nuts and doughnuts and they left for the next neighbor. We sang carol after carol, till it was time for Midnight Mass."

His mother's voice had become still, remembering, or perhaps she had been too exhausted to continue.

The little boy lifted his head. It was true, everything she had told him. Here he was, waiting to begin just such a "Holy Supper." Of course it wasn't in Ukraine, it was only in a Displaced Persons Camp, but he guessed it was even better. Here the Americans permitted you to sing carols, in your own Ukrainian, too.

He looked intently at a new light in the sky, then slowly turned around to his family. The New Light had left twin reflections in his eyes and solemnly he announced, "The First Star."

("The Pennsylvania Clubwoman"
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MISSION TO PARIS

(Excerpts from a talk delivered at several Ukrainian American community rallies by Stephen Shumeyko, president of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America and its representative at the San Francisco UNO Conference, the Paris Peace Conference and the Lake Success UN Conference.)

... When on Wednesday morning, August 21, my plane took off from La Guardia airfield bound for Paris, I relaxed back in my seat and took stock of the situation facing me. As a representative of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, delegated by it to attend the Paris Peace Conference, I realized that Wednesday morning that I had quite a job facing me.

Three Objectives

Primarily, I had to make the conference and its constituent delegations aware of the importance of the Ukrainian problem to the worldwide effort to establish lasting peace and security. Secondly, as president of our Congress Committee and as one who was born and raised here in this country, I had to acquaint myself at first hand with the realities of the Ukrainian situation in Europe, with both the leaders as well as the rank and file of those who have dedicated themselves to the noble cause of Ukrainian national freedom. Thirdly, and equally important, I had to strive and acquaint them in turn with the realities and conditions of Ukrainian American and Ukrainian Canadian life.

Such were the three primary objectives of my mission to Europe, to which I devoted myself throughout my stay there. Together they constituted an enormous task for one man. What doubled the size of that task was that I had to leave at such short notice, made all the shorter by reason of the fact that our State Department had given me an immediate priority on the plane bound for Paris. And, what is more, once I got to Paris I found myself with no staff, no clerk, no typist, and for a time, not even a typewriter. Where other delegations, both official and non-official, consisted of at least five or six persons, together with the necessary office staffs and equipment, I as a representative of the Ukrainian American people and subsequently of the Ukrainian Canadian people had absolutely no such assistance.

The net result of this was that throughout the nine weeks that I was there I had to, entirely by myself, make official visits upon the various delegations to the conference, receive various callers at all hours of the day, prepare there the necessary memorandum addressed to the conference, spend days in typing out copies of it, as there was no typist or printer available at all in Paris then, (later, I managed to have the memorandum printed—in Brussels, Belgium). In addition I had to prepare the necessary press releases, take them over to the various news agencies there and prevail upon them to publish these releases. Finally I had to make certain necessary trips outside of Paris and even outside the borders of France, in order to meet people who could not get to me in Paris. All this I had to do entirely by myself.

I purposely bring out this fact in order to bring about a realization among all of us that if we seriously intend to aid the Ukrainian cause, especially now in these crucial times, we must adopt more serious methods, not the half-hearted and inadequate ones of today. Practically every Ukrainian I met over there, particularly those engaged in the strong Ukrainian underground movement, both the leaders as well as the rank and file, said the self-same thing to me, namely:

Needed: More Political Action

"We appreciate your relief action but we must say that your political action is very weak. We certainly appreciate the coat, or shirt or food that some of our people get from you in America or Canada, but personally we would prefer if you would concentrate far more on political action. For thereby you will bring nearer the day when all of us, Ukrainians in Europe, both inside and outside the borders of our native land, will be able to live in peace and security in a free and independent Ukraine. But as matters stand now, your political action is weak. For look, to this Paris Peace Conference, you Ukrainian Americans together with Ukrainian Canadians were barely able to send but one representative, but one man, while the Polish Americans, for example, were able to send a delegation of four or five men, and provide for them in Paris a staff to aid them."

Of course, I realize, that certain Polish Americans have been saying and writing in their newspapers that in some respects the one-man Ukrainian American mission at the Paris Peace Conference was able to accomplish more than their five-man did. Whether that is correct or not is not for me to decide. Still the fact remains that I could have accomplished more if I had a little more help.

In any event I believe that through my memorandum and other means I made appreciable progress in acquainting the various delegations attending the Paris Peace Conference with the justice of the Ukrainian cause, with the dynamic strength of the Ukrainian movement, and with the indisputable fact as long as Ukraine remains under Soviet rule and tyranny, as long as the Ukrainian people are denied their national independence, so long will there be no lasting peace in Europe.

By now it is a historic fact that the failure to solve the Ukrainian problem in a just manner was one of the causes of the first World War and also of the second World War. It may yet be the cause of a third World War. That dreadful possibility can be avoided if only more people would realize what we constantly stress in our memorandums, and that is the fact that a free Ukraine could act as a stabilizing factor in European affairs, in the sense that it would no longer be a mere pawn in international power politics and intrigues, and as such the object of ambitions of various ruthless adventurers and aggrandizers, such as was Hitler. He thought he could exploit the Ukrainian situation to his unholy advantage, only to find out at bitter cost, his defeat and downfall, that the Ukrainian people will never compromise the sanctity of their cause and will always fight the forces of evil, be they Nazi, Fascist or Communist, anyone or anything that is anti-freedom and anti-democratic.

Likewise—as our Congress Committee memorandums to the San Francisco, the Paris and the Lake Success conferences stressed—a free Ukraine could deprive Soviet Russia of a great deal of its war potential, thereby weakening it to the extent that it would not be able to wage a war of aggression against peaceful minded nations, and yet leave it strong enough and self-economically self-sufficient enough to lead a normal national existence in peace and harmony with its neighbors, Ukraine, Poland and the others.

To be sure, there was in Paris, as there likewise was at San Francisco and at Lake Success, a so-called delegation of the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet so-called Republic. As to be expected, the gentlemen comprising this "delegation," have always tried to create the impression that they are true representatives of the Ukrainian

people. But everyone at the three conferences knew and realized that these so-called delegates are not representatives of anyone except the Kremlin regime which hand-picked them. The same realization, I am happy to note, prevails in this country. Only a short while ago the New York Times in its editorial referred to Mr. Manuilsky as "that Russian who represents Ukraine."

Personally, I never made any efforts to contact the so-called Soviet Ukrainian delegation at any of the conferences. That is because I feel that it would be below the dignity of the cause that I and others like myself represent to talk with stooges of a regime which enslaves and seeks to destroy the people of which I am descended. Moreover, no conversation with them is possible. Like all servants of Mr. Stalin, they fear to talk with anyone, afraid of anyone who is not of their ilk, in fact well nigh afraid even to breathe in the presence of non-Party members. As such they are typical and sorry products of a cruel and vicious totalitarian system.

Cooperation From the Press

The fact that the Soviet delegations to the international conferences do not represent the Ukrainian people but merely the regime that mistreats them, is especially realized among those hardboiled gentlemen who are called foreign correspondents but who prefer to call themselves just mere newspaper men. Perhaps that is one of the several reasons I received such fine cooperation from them in Paris, particularly the Americans. Among them whom I got to know personally there, and with whom I had hours upon hours of conversation, and who were good enough to report in their newspapers my memorandum or the couple of press releases I furnished them, were Mr. Callender, chief of the New York Times bureau in Paris; William Atwood of the New York Herald Tribune; Mr. Hurd, dean of American correspondents in Europe, of the Boston Christian Science Monitor, who remarked to me one time that he was not in Paris to cover the conference so much as because of the fact that "France today is the first battleground on which are met the collectivism of the East and the individualism of the West, and I am here to observe the results of this struggle, which are bound to affect the rest of the world". I also received fine cooperation from Mr. Wales, chief foreign correspondent of the Chicago Tribune and its affiliated papers. Finally worthy of special notice here were M. Huertel of the Parisian Le Matin.

I mention these individuals purposely by name because by their coverage of my mission, memorandum and press releases, and by their counsel in general they were of aid to our Ukrainian cause, and as such they deserve recognition here. The New York Times, for example, printed two dispatches from Paris, one on the memorandum, and the other on a certain report on conditions in Soviet Ukraine which came to me by special courier when I was in a country other than France. It is worth noting that the New York Times report of the memorandum I delivered on behalf our Congress Committee was quoted at a United Nations meeting here in New York by the delegate of Greece in replying to Mr. Manuilsky. Similar dispatches appeared in other papers throughout the country, and some in Canada. The Paris Herald Tribune carried a front page story concerning my mission and memorandum. Mr. Huertel of the Parisian Le Matin wrote a long article on Ukrainian American life based on information I furnished him.

Significantly enough, I also always had the finest sort of cooperation and help from our State Department down in Washington, from the Ameri-

Ukrainian in Schools

Delving further into the subject of Slavonic languages in American schools, it appears that Polish language is taught in fourteen public high schools and in 48 colleges.

After reading these figures one may plunge into a fit of fury or despair, for the immediate reaction prompts one to compare the status of the Ukrainian language with that of the Polish.

And that is discouraging. So very discouraging that one fears to speak about it. It is not nice to bring to light your own people's cultural shortcomings, and it may be regarded by some as treasonable.

"Why should others know of our lack of progress?" some would ask. "You are only exposing our weakness to the unfriendly elements," others might say. What is the use of teaching Ukrainian, or for that matter, any Slavonic language? That seems to be the easiest way out of an unpleasant argument.

Strangely enough, other nationality groups, whose literary achievements are below the Ukrainian level, do not ask these questions. Instead, they offer arguments why their language should be taught on a par with French, German, and Spanish. And most certainly they consider themselves to be as much American as any other nationality group.

Even the protagonists of French and German must periodically reiterate their sales points in order to induce the usual enrollment of students.

The fact is that American colleges are being flooded with European emigres who are teaching Russian, Polish and other Slavonic languages. A splendid opportunity for some Ukrainian DP's, wouldn't you think? Here are the American colleges, and there are educated Ukrainian DP's. Bring them together and... But where are the students?

Here we touch upon a sensitive spot, for we are still smarting from the sad experience with the Ukrainian course at Columbia University. Perhaps it were best at this point to commend the "too few" who did enroll in that course, and change the subject.

A course in Ukrainian would stand a better chance in high schools, especially in cities and towns of Pennsylvania, where Ukrainians are numerous.

The first obstacle to overcome would be the admission of Ukrainian to the high school curriculum by the Department of Public Instruction in Harrisburg. The Poles did it, so did the Slovaks. Why not Ukrainians?

A petition by parents of at least twenty students would compel any School Board in Pennsylvania to introduce Ukrainian courses in a high school. The problem would then resolve itself into finding an eligible teacher, which should not be difficult. There are many teachers of Ukrainian. To become eligible, they would need to take college courses in Ukrainian. And this would naturally give a boost to the Ukrainian courses in colleges.

G. HERMAN

can delegations to United Nations or peace conferences and the American embassy in Paris. In my conversations with them I usually found a sympathetic interest in the plight of the Ukrainian people and a general realization that something has to be done to alleviate that plight if the principles over which the war was fought are to have any meaning.

Thanks

I am particularly grateful for the assistance, such as travel priorities, or for the counsel I personally received as president of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America from such persons as Mr. L. Thompson,

Death of a Peasant

By LES MARTOVYCH

Translated by PERCIVAL CUNDY

I
THEY used to call him Banat, but his proper name was Hryts. He was nicknamed Banat because he had served with the army in the border province of Banat in Hungary and he was always talking about the time he spent there.

He was married to his second wife Kalyna, who in accordance with custom was now called Hrytsykha. She had the "rheumatiz" in one leg and couldn't walk except with the help of a stick.

He had the habit of getting drunk every Sunday.

When he was drunk he forgot completely that he had married again; he always thought of himself as a widower and remembered only his first wife. That was because, so the neighbors said, he had done very well with his first wife, and had married the second only because no peasant can get along without a wife.

Every Sunday he became vociferous. He would come out of his house into the neglected front-yard overgrown with weeds, plant himself by the puddle from which the poultry drank and carry on in a loud voice:

"Where's the wattle fence in front of the street?" he demanded of himself. "Everybody else has a wattle fence yet I haven't? Am I a worse farmer than the rest of you? O-oh, you money-bags! No wattle fence, only palings! But there used to be a wattle fence... when my wife was alive... she used to cook for me while I fenced. My housewife! I used to fix the fence or do something around the yard, didn't I? (this he said very emphatically, as though disputing with someone), and she, poor soul, would stand in the doorway and call: 'Hrytz,' she'd say 'come into the house and eat!' And I used to quit working, didn't I? and go into the house. Well, there'd be the table, covered with a white cloth, wasn't it? The best tablecloth! Well, there'd be a glass on the table—with whiskey. She'd give me a plate of scrambled eggs, a plate of potatoes with gravy, wheat porridge, tasty corncakes with cheese. Ah, boy! Eat, drink and be merry!"

But Hryts did not only fuss about the fence; he also took upon him-

self to wrangle with the poultry and the crows. He wouldn't even allow the old, harmless dog, with its mild and weeping eyes and its long shaggy fell, to run about in peace. Likewise Hryts would accost the passers-by. Every Sunday a young fellow named Petro used to walk past his house on his way to the reading-room and clubhouse. He was secretary of the institution and Hryts detested him on that account. "Where are you going, Petro?" "Where should I be going?" replied Petro. "Why, to the dance. God gave us Sunday and he likes to see the young folk enjoy themselves on holy days."

Hryts knew that Petro was making fun of him. "Oh, yes? Well, I was young myself once. Wasn't I? But then we didn't fool about with the games you do now. There used to be fine young fellows then, but what about now? Just rabble..."

"Were folks any different then?" broke in Petro, incensed. "Now, now, now!" said Hryts, calming him down. "It wasn't meant for you, but for the others." "For what others?" "Now, now now! Don't you know that every Gypsy thinks his child the best? Isn't that right? I'm just talking. You, Petro, as they say, take things too much to heart. It isn't that the young fellows are worse, but that the times are worse. Isn't that right?" Then the discussion turned to the evil times. "How are the times worse?" asked Petro. "In what way are they worse?" "They're worse, all right," asserted Hryts. "Then the young fellows only went after sport, but what now? Awful!" "Well, were the young fellows lords and masters then, or something?" "Now, now, now!" reproved Hryts. "It wasn't that at all. It used to be that when a crowd of them gathered round the tavern, they'd sport and play the whole day long. And the days weren't like they are now. The weather out-of-doors was enough to make your heart rejoice. Wasn't it? The daylight hours were longer, too"

"And how are they now?" inquired Petro. "Take the weather now; and in summer the daytime was twice as long as in winter?" "Eh, you talk! Weather's not always the same as weather, but day-times are! In those times, if you only knew it, the twenty-four hours was longer, wasn't it? Then, on Sundays, when we danced by the tavern you'd get stiffened up, worn out, poor soul, before sunset. Or how was it in Banat? You'd start out in the morning to march with the column in open country, and after a time you'd have to throw off your knapsack..."

"But, Uncle Hryts," broke in Petro, "it wasn't the long daytime that was to blame for your getting tired with dancing, or that the knapsack got too heavy that made you feel like quitting before sunset."

"What are you contradicting me for? I tell you the solemn truth that in those times the twenty-four hours of the day were longer, both daytime and nighttime; but now they're getting shorter."

Petro burst out laughing:

"So, according to you, it's going to be that daytime will shrink to an hour and nighttime the same. And then later on there'll be neither day nor night, except, maybe, once dark, once light: they'll flash before your eyes so that people will bump their heads one against another's."

"Eh, what do you mean, poor soul? You're making mock of me—an old man?"

Petro went on his way, while Hryts continued his tirade against the young fellows and the reading-room.

Hryts, left to himself, would scarcely ever have entered his house of his own accord. His twenty-year-old daughter, Vasylyna (by his first wife), came to call him. She came up quietly on her bare feet to Hryts, plucked him by the sleeve and whispered:

"Dad! come in for supper."

Hryts, surprised, turned round, thought it over a moment, and then went into the house.

A heavy, sweaty odor hung all around Vasylyna's person, perceptible a couple of steps away. The young girls usually washed themselves with soap down to the waist every Saturday. Manifestly, Vasylyna did not do so, for she hadn't the time. Besides taking the place of housewife in the home, she had to work in the fields, and it never entered the stepmother's head that the girl ought to wash.

"I'm as sweet and good as milk," said Hryts, entering the house, but his dejected look displayed anything but a milklike mood.

"Shame on you, you toper!" Hrytsykha greeted him from the stove. "Have you lost your senses, gone out of your mind, that you pay no respect to the holy pictures in the room?"

"Now, now, now, God save you! A man, as they say, has got to enjoy life a bit: that's why God gave us Sunday. All week long we labor, as they say, in the sweat of our brow..."

"Eh, a fine worker, you!" Hrytsykha bawled out. "Keep it up, you tramp: someday that whiskey will get you. Not a scrap of shame! An old man with one foot already in the grave, yet still you swill till you stagger fit to bump into the wall and knock it down!"

Hryts growled something from beneath his moustaches, and, clasping his head in both of his blackened, bony hands, sat down to table and said: "She killed me—as if I was a devil!" His head ached terribly from the whiskey, fortified with the deuce knows what.

Well, was he a drunkard?

Varvara, the dark, tall, and supple daughter of Pevlo had attacked Vasylyna one day in the fields because Vasylyna had gossiped about her in the village.

"You dirty tattler!" cried Varvara. "You'd better go around the village telling tales about yourself and that drunken father of yours, and not about me, or I'll pull your hair all out."

Vasylyna generally looked down at the ground when she was out, and therefore everybody said she was "queer." Now, however, she glanced up at Varvara with her squinting eyes.

"That's a lie, Varvara. I never gossiped about you, and you shut up about my father."

"Liar yourself, you stinking scarecrow! Go on, you've got a stink like a polecat, and your father's a drunkard all the same: the little children know he's a drunkard."

Vasylyna walked away. She went off in perfect tranquility as though nothing at all had happened.

Varvara continued to yell after her: "Watch out, you dirty tattler! Watch out for me, for if I hear another word of your gossip, I'll tear your mouth from ear to ear: I'll do it before all the village!"

And Hryts's neighbor, old Semenykha, once caught Hryts's son, Mykola, up an apple tree in her orchard. She hauled him down and warmed him up properly without sparing her palm in the slightest degree.

That caused a row. The neighbors looked on over their fences. Hrytsykha came out and began to affirm that Mykola had merely picked up

one single, solitary apple from the ground and hadn't climbed up the apple tree at all.

Semenykha wrung her hands in wrathful indignation.

"Hey, good people all! You can't even keep a single green stalk in your front-yard because of this thievish tribe; they carry off everything that grows. The little thief steals and the old one covers him up. Ah, you! you crooked witch, you train your children to steal! You've turned your husband into a good-for-nothing. Hryts was a good steady man while his first wife was living, but you've made a drunkard and a tramp out of him. It would be better for him to go hang himself than to be pushed out of God's world by a crooked witch like you!"

Hrytsykha swung her stick in the air.

"Go on, you nasty thing! I'll have you up in court for calling me a witch. There are witnesses." (At this the neighbors all ducked behind their fences.) "And I'll swear that you are a witch. I know you walked naked round your house with a wash-basin on your head."

It was a working day: no men were at home, only womenfolk. Consequently, after the spat, Semenykha chattered quite a long time with Protsykha. The latter, nursing an infant at her pendant, yellowed breast, said:

"You're right, Semenykha, when you say she dragged Hryts down. See what he is now! It's a shame for him to show himself among the folk—wearing a dirty shirt even on Sundays. She doesn't look after her husband nor Vasylyna either. The girls' twenty and no steady company yet. And because of her."

"Trash, I tell you! And I remember what he was like with his first wife: they lived, as they say, in harmony and happiness. He had two children by her. Maria was the oldest; she got married, but died giving birth to a child. And now, this youngest, Vasylyna, how has she turned out? She's queer; she never looks a person in the eye—always looking down at the ground. And she's to blame."

"Hryts grieved a lot for his first wife; he walked about for a whole week as though he was stunned: he didn't eat, he didn't work. Afterwards what could he do but get married again? If it had only been a decent woman! But it happened to be this draggle-tail, who neither works nor has a good word for anyone. A crooked witch, that's all!"

"And you think that's why he took to drink? Why, with his first wife, look where you will, there wasn't a better farmer in the village. And now? What a tyrant! She doesn't die herself and she won't let him live. Oh, Lord, forgive me! It's a sin."

Father Antony, the parish priest, also considered Hryts a drunkard. Soon after Hryts married the second time, the reverend father sent for and ordered him to see him.

Father Anthony was an aging man of the old school, an inveterate snuff-taker. He belonged to the so-called "stanch Ruthenians," talked Polish with his wife and children, and was always insisting that his peasant flock should pronounce their ts's as s's.

"He wants to make us talk like Poles," said the people.

Hryts entered into his study, kissed the reverend father's hand, and began to gaze with scared eyes at a portrait of Snihursky, an ecclesiastical dignitary, which hung above the desk; he had never before seen such a terrifying holy man.

"Now listen, Hryts," (the reverend father always used a masterful, familiar tone with everybody), "I ask you: why have you taken to drink like this? And you used to be a good householder."

The householder gazed with pitiable eyes at Snihursky.

"I ask God's pardon and yours,

(Continued on page 7)

1946 Ukrainian All-American College Football Team

PASTUCK AND ANDREJCO LEAD SQUAD STUDDED WITH SEVEN ALL-AMERICANS
By WALTER WM. DANKO

This year's Ukrainian All-American College Football Team, featuring 7 All-Americans and 3 sets of brothers has been selected after much deliberation. It is unfortunate that regulations call for only 7-linemen and 4-backs on a team, as this year's team has a great wealth of surplus material. But, whenever there was little or nothing to choose between players contending for one position, the upperclassman was usually given preference. This team has just about everything, including 7 All-American mentions, and is co-captained by Henry Pastuck of Cornell and Joe Andrejco, who captained Fordham this past season.

In the starting backfield, we have rugged **Tom Mikula** of William and Mary, at the single-calling quarterback position, who is a terrific blocker and tackler. At the halfback spots we have **Eli Maricich** of undefeated Georgia and co-captain **Joe Andrejco** of Fordham, both climax-runners deluxe who can also pass and kick, and at the fullback spot, **Ed Cody**, captain of Purdue, one of the best "T"-formation fullbacks in the nation. The second back field consists of men who are just about as good as the First Team Backs with **Kansas State's All-Around Back Mike Granitz** of Wisconsin and **Emil Sitko** of Notre Dame, both hard runners, at the halfback slots, and durable **Mike Yaremko**, N.Y.U.'s captain-elect at the fullback post.

The first line, averaging 212 lbs, is a veritable powerhouse that is big, fast and strong. At the end posts we have **Sammy Zatkoff** of the "Big-Nine" Champs, Illinois, and All-American mention **Joe "Terrible Terry" Tereshinski** of mighty Georgia. Both of these boys are terrific defense-men. Zatkoff intercepted a pass against powerful Michigan and went the distance for the game-winning touchdown that decided the Western Conference championship. Tereshinski was practically a weekly nominee for the "Lineman of the Week" award, given each week to the outstanding lineman of previous week's play in College Football. At the Tackle Spots are Penn's big **George Savitsky**, named on All-American Teams for the third successive year and big **Frank Wydo** of Cornell, another All-American mention this year. These 2 big boys are 2 of the best tackles in all the U. S., so say Lou Little, Coach of Columbia and Earl Blaik, coach of Army. At the guard positions we have the other Co-Captain versatile **Henry Pastuck** of Cornell, and **Bill Pritula** of Michigan. Both of these boys are bulwarks on defense and had much to do with their respective teams success during the past season. This mighty line is anchored by another All-American, **Charley "The Clutch" Bednarik** of Penn, who just recently captained the North's squad in the annual North-South Bowl Game. Earl Blaik said that Bednarik was the best center his army team faced all season long.

The second line, averaging 214 lbs. is rated on a par with the first line, with Pitt's **Leo Skladany**, brother of All-American **Joe** (Pitt End 1932-33) and Wisconsin's **Hank Olshanski** holding down the end spots. The tackle positions are in the capable hands of Big **Jack Durishan**, Pitt's captain, and Mississippi States's **Al Sidorik**, All-Southeastern Conference tackle and All-America mention. At the guard slots we have **Mike Dimitro** of the Pacific Conference Champs, U.C.L.A., who was All-Conference guard and also an All-America mention, and powerful **Pete Barbolak** of Purdue. The important pivot spot is handled by 3-time Western Conference center and All-Amer-

ica mention this year, **Fred Negus**, entire squad and not only on their first-team, there is an imposing list of reserves on this year's All-Ukrainian Team.

This 1946 edition of the Ukrainian All-American Team is unique in that it has 3 sets of brothers for the first time in its history playing on the team. They include the Skladany's, Tom of Temple and Leo of Pitt; the Shekitka's Andy at Syracuse and Eugene at Columbia; and the Hritzko's, Dan at Toledo and Tom of St. Thomas.

As all teams depend on their

I would like to thank the various players and others for helping in compiling this truly great Ukrainian All-American Team, especially J. Andrejco, H. Pastuck, G. Savitsky, J. Tereshinsky, T. Skladany, E. Ladyko, H. Olshanski, Stan Kosakowski of Bayonne, N. J., publicity director of Scranton University, and Ben Mints,

ditto at Cornell.

Incidentally, permission is granted to anyone who wishes to submit this team to his local newspaper.

Honorary Coaches

Head-Coach:—**Bronko Nagurski**, All-time All-American Fullback.

Assistant-Coaches:

Frank Souchak—Pitt Steelers Coach
Johnny Druze—Notre Dame Coach.

Johnny Michelosen—Pitt Steelers Coach.

Nick Wasyluk—Miami Seahawks Coach 1946.

Mike Mikula—Ex-Oregon University Coach.

Steve Sinko—Duquesne Head Coach 1946.

FIRST-TEAM:

Pos.	Player	Ht.	Wt.	Class	School	Home Town
LE	Sam Zatkoff	6'0"	185	Sophomore	Illinois	Hamtramck, Mich
LT	George Savitsky	6'4"	256	Junior	Pennsylvania	Camden, N. J.
LG	Henry Pastuck (Co.-Capt.)	6'0"	210	Senior	Cornell	Astoria, N. Y.
C	Charles Bednarik	6'3"	220	Junior	Pennsylvania	Bethlehem, Pa.
RG	Bill Pritula	6'0"	195	Senior	Michigan	Detroit, Michigan
RT	Frank Wydo	6'4"	225	Freshman	Cornell	New Salem, Pa.
RE	Joe Tereshinski	6'2"	195	Senior	Georgia	Glen Lyon, Pa.
QB	Tom Mikula	5'10"	190	Sophomore	Wm. Mary	Johnstown, Pa.
LH	Eli Maricich	5'11"	177	Sophomore	Georgia	Chicago, Illinois
RH	Joe Andrejco (Co.-Capt.)	6'0"	195	Senior	Fordham	Hazleton, Pa.
FB	Ed Cody	5'10"	190	Senior	Purdue	New Britain, Conn.

SECOND TEAM:

LE	Leo Skladany	6'2"	205	Sophomore	Pittsburgh	Plymouth, Pa.
LT	Jack Durishan	6'1"	225	Senior	Pittsburgh	Trescow, Pa.
LG	Mike Dimitro	5'10"	210	Junior	U. C. L. A.	Weirton, W. Va.
C	Fred Negus	6'1"	220	Senior	Wisconsin	Martin Ferry, Ohio
RG	Pete Barbolak	6'3"	230	Junior	Purdue	Riverside, Illinois
RT	Al Sidorik	6'1"	215	Junior	Mississippi State	Hartford, Conn.
RE	Henry Olszanski	6'2"	195	Junior	Wisconsin	Wausau, Wisc.
QB	Mike Zeleznak	5'10"	176	Senior	Kansas State	Kansas City, Kan.
LH	Frank Granitz	5'11"	185	Junior	Wisconsin	Madison, Wisc.
RH	Emil Sitko	5'10"	185	Junior	Notre Dame	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
FB	Mike Yaremko	5'9"	185	Junior	New York University	Staten Island, N. Y.

RESERVES:

Pos.	Player	Ht.	Wt.	Class	School	Home Town
Ends	Emil Ladyko	6'2"	200	Senior	Columbia	Bridgeport, Conn.
	Mike Rubish	6'2"	208	Sophomore	North Carolina	Weirton, W. Va.
	Walter Gregonis	6'0"	190	Junior	Pennsylvania	Shenandoah, Pa.
	Chet Lipka	6'4"	230	Sophomore	Boston College	Lowell, Mass.
	John Dutka	5'11"	185	Sophomore	Scranton	Olyphant, Pa.
	Tom Hritzko	6'1 1/2"	180	Sophomore	St. Thomas	Hibbins, Minn.
	Stan Gorski	6'1"	185	Junior	Northwestern	Chicago, Illinois
	Dan Hritzko	6'0"	190	Senior	Toledo	Chisholm, Minn.
	Walter Boychuk	6'4"	225	Sophomore	Cornell	Whippany, N. J.
	John Witkowski	6'0"	202	Senior	Fordham	Jersey City, N. J.
	Ed Wienches	6'2"	200	Sophomore	Fordham	Frackville, Pa.

Tackles

Ted Dostanko	6'2"	205	Freshman	N. Carolina State	Patterson, N. J.
John Pellack	6'0"	210	Junior	William & Mary	Clifton, N. J.
Andy Perhach	6'0"	200	Junior	Georgia	Pittsburgh, Pa.

Guards

John Husak	6'0"	208	Sophomore	Oklahoma	Curwensville, Pa.
John Kosh	6'0"	195	Junior	Pittsburgh	Donora, Pa.
Steve Skapinee	6'2"	195	Junior	Fordham	New York, N. Y.
William Zavidny	5'10"	175	Sophomore	No. Carolina State	McKees Rocks, Pa.
Steve Suhey	5'11"	200	Junior	Pennsylvania State	Casnovia, N. Y.
Walter Macenka	5'10"	220	Junior	Temple University	Coaldale, Pa.
Joe Sarabok	5'10"	190	Freshman	Pennsylvania State	Lansford, Pa.
Nick Susjner	6'1"	215	Sophomore	Michigan	Aliquippa, Pa.
Mike Latzanich	5'8"	176	Senior	Scranton	Dunmore, Pa.
Ed Holdnak	5'0"	190	Sophomore	Columbia University	Kenvil, N. J.
Joe Kovach	5'10"	186	Freshman	Scranton	Hazleton, Pa.
Tom Valaika	5'8"	203	Freshman	Scranton	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Emil Hordesky	5'9"	186	Sophomore	Scranton	Carbondale, Pa.

Centers

Mike Murray	6'1"	190	Freshman	Lehigh	Sayre, Pa.
Andrew Shekitka	5'11"	185	Sophomore	Syracuse	Blakely, Pa.
Eugene Shekitka	5'11"	190	Sophomore	Columbia University	Blakely, Pa.
Andy Lazar	6'0"	192	Sophomore	Washington State	Buckley, Wash.
Jack Susoeff	6'2"	205	Junior	California	San Francisco, Cal.
John Lukachik	6'0"	190	Sophomore	Illinois	Champaign, Ill.
Joe Chesna	6'0"	200	Junior	Georgia	Athens, Georgia
Gerald Deletski	6'0"	195	Junior	Georgia	Athens, Georgia

Backs

William Rudick	5'10"	180	Sophomore	Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.
Stephen Comkowycz	5'4"	145	Sophomore	Connecticut	Shelton, Conn.
John Makar	5'6"	160	Junior	Pennsylvania	Johnstown, Pa.
Tom Skladony	6'0"	206	Freshman	Temple University	Plymouth, Pa.
Paul Dubinetzky	6'2"	212	Freshman	Temple University	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Steve Romanik	6'1"	190	Freshman	Villanova	Millville, N. J.
Joe Ososki	5'8"	175	Senior	Fordham	Mt. Carmel, Pa.
Joe Malchuk	5'9"	185	Freshman	Temple University	Sheatown, Pa.
John Ginda	5'9"	175	Junior	Temple University	Carteret, N. J.
Stan Nestorak	5'11"	185	Junior	Georgia	Athens, Georgia
Joe Kaminsky	5'11"	185	Junior	Georgia	Athens, Georgia
Jack Zupetz	5'11"	188	Freshman	Minnesota	Mt. Iron, Minn.
Frank Kuzma	6'0"	192	Freshman	Minnesota	Ely, Minn.
Tom Tikalsky	6'0"	175	Sophomore	Cornell University	Chicago, Illinois
Mike Yedinak	5'7"	180	Freshman	Michigan	Flint, Michigan
Henry Ciemniecki	5'11"	185	Junior	Lafayette	Elizabeth, N. J.
Walter Kondratovich	6'0"	185	Senior	Columbia University	Bridgeport, Conn.
George Yourishin	5'11"	180	Freshman	Scranton	Hazleton, Pa.
Eugene Havrilak	6'0"	175	Freshman	Scranton	Blakely, Pa.
George Yanisko	5'10"	175	Freshman	Scranton	Scranton, Pa.

WEEKLY BANTER How to Make Perohe Youth and the U.N.A. Looted Books Restored To Kiev Library

"So you have to run home as usual?" scoffed one of the group at the bar as a timid looking little man rose to leave. "What are you, a man or a mouse?"

"A man, of course," replied the little fellow with dignity.

"What makes you so sure?" demanded the other.

"Because," he explained, "my wife is afraid of a mouse."

Two colored brothers were driving a car on a country highway, when suddenly the driver slammed on his brakes and stopped the car while a fast train barely missed their front fenders. The other darkey said:

"Boy, why-for you blow dat horn jes as dis cah stops?"

The driver said: "Boy, day wuzn't mah hawn—h'it wuz Gabriel's"

An American soldier went into a jewelry shop in Australia to have his name engraved on the back of a wristwatch. The girl behind the counter who spoke a pronounced Cockney idiom, was most considerate.

"Righto, myte," she said cheerily, in response to the soldier's request to put his initials and last name—R. V. Deane—on the watch. But the American, having had unsatisfactory experiences in the past was especially explicit. "That last name," he cautioned, "is D-e-a-n-e—don't forget the final 'e'."

Two weeks later, when the soldier returned he was recognized at once. "Elo there," said the girl cheerily. "Ay've your watch right 'ere, sir. And, see, everything's spelled just right."

The soldier turned to the beautiful executed script, and read: "Harvey Deane."

A woman who was living in a hotel at San Francisco, employed a Chinese boy. She asked: "What's your name?"

"Fu Yu Tsing Mei," he replied.

"Your name is too long; I'll call you John."

The Chinese boy looked surprised. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Mrs. Elmer Edward MacDonald."

"Your name too long; I call you Charlie."

Said a medical doctor recently: Beverage alcohol gives you a red nose, a black eye, a white liver, a yellow streak, a green brain, a dark brown breath and a blue outlook... Give some people an inch and they want to become a ruler... Oratory: The art of making noises from the chest sound like important messages from the brain.

The outspoken old alumnus decided he was not going back to the 25th reunion of his class because he did not want to discourage any bright new graduates... Dark street, Banana peel, fat man, Virginia reel... You may not have all the things you would like to have, but you can at least be glad you don't have all the things you don't want.

"How are you getting along at home while your wife's away?"

"Fine. I've reached the height of efficiency. I can put on my socks from either end."

A freckle-faced young hawker was trying to get himself and his basket through a jam-packed throng of fans in a passageway at Yankee Stadium. "Gangway, gents!" he kept shouting, but nobody paid the slightest attention. Finally, he yelled, "Gangway—watch out for the mustard!" Everyone clutched his jacket protectively and shrank back to let the youngster past.

The boy wasn't selling hot dogs at all—just peanuts.

As the tired scientist said after a long day over the test tubes: "Oh, my achin' bacteria!" ...Izzy' What's

Mrs. Walter Dzera of Newark, N. J., a young generation Ukrainian American, recently furnished the Newark Evening News' Home Page with the following recipe for perohé, one of the courses served on Ukrainian Christmas:

First is the preparation of the dough used exclusively for perohé. Ingredients include: Three cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon sweet cream, 1 6-ounce glass lukewarm water.

Thoroughly Mix

To begin with, sift the flour and salt, add egg and sweet cream, mix thoroughly. Add lukewarm water and knead dough until it is firm and easily rolled out with rolling pin. Roll until 1/16 of an inch thick. Cut out with round cookie cutter. If you want to be authentically Ukrainian, cut with object the size of dinner plate.

Fill dough discs with vurdá stuffing. Vurdá is the pulp left from hemp seed after oil has been completely extracted by squeezing. For this process use 2 pounds of hemp seed. The rest of the ingredients for vurdá stuffing are: Two cups vurdá, 3 tablespoons hemp oil, 1 onion.

Fry onion in hemp oil until a dark brown; then mix in vurdá. Stuff dough discs with this new filling. Close round discs in half moon shapes by pressing (never squeezing) edges firmly with fingertips. Place on wax paper sheets. When complete, boil pot of water and while water is boiling, drop half moons into it, stirring slowly with wooden spoon for 20 minutes or until perohé rises to top.

Pour off water, pour warm hemp oil over them when placed of wooden plate and add seasoning of salt, pepper and garlic salt to taste. That completes the recipe except for a few additional hints. To anti-hemp oil gourmets, in spite of the hemp oil, the final product with its carefully planned seasoning turns into a delicious bite to eat.

To the cook: The dough can never be baked or fried unless cooked first. Vurdá stuffing, which, incidentally, can be kept in the refrigerator indefinitely, is never seasoned in itself.

a drizzle?" Ozzy: "Two drips going steady."

First Gal: "I like a man with a past. A man with a past is always more interesting."

Second Gal: "That's true, but I don't think he's nearly so interesting as a man with a future."

Third Gal: "The man who interests me most is the man with a present; and the more expensive it is, the more interest I take in him."

When the delinquent tenant saw the sheriff coming with the eviction papers, he locked himself inside the house and refused to answer the officer's summons. The sheriff slipped the papers under the door, whereupon the tenant picked up a bellows from the fireplace and blew the paper out from under the door.

The sheriff again slipped the papers under the door, and again the tenant blew them out.

Pocketing the document, the officer turned to his deputy and said, "Come on, let's take this back to the landlord. I wouldn't pay rent either if I had to live in such a draughty old house."

Asked by the irate cop, "Where's the fire?" the pretty miss replied, "Why officer, in your great big beautiful eyes."

Boom: A period when people buy things they don't need at prices they can't afford.

Business: An ancient activity once run by the people who owned it.

Insurance: a mutual ticket issued to wives to collect their husband's bets. (St. Josaphat's Catholic Advocate)

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The library of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR in Kiev, from which the Germans occupationists during the war had looted more than 900 thousand volumes, has been restored and was recently reopened, according to G. Karpenko, secretary of the academy's presidium.

He writes that some time ago three Red Army men walked into the offices of the Academy loaded down with heavy bundles. They told Karpenko that there were seven more bundles at the station as well as two crates of books from the library of the Academy's Institute of Microbiology and the personal library of the late Academician D. Zabolotny.

These men were part of a mortar unit which, while digging in northwest of Berlin, stumbled across several sacks of books. Although fighting was in progress, the men carefully dug up the buried sacks and loaded them on a passing tank headed for the rear. A check-up revealed that the volumes belonged to the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR. At headquarters the books were dried and dusted and sent back to Kiev.

As soon as Soviet troops crossed the frontiers of Germany, the Academy began to receive letters from soldiers and officers telling of books and other scientific equipment belonging to the Academy which they had found.

In the spring of 1945, Karpenko writes that he was in the district of Germany where troops of the First Byelorussian Front were operating. At front headquarters he was told that in a village not far from Frankfurt-on-the-Oder Soviet troops had found a large number of books with the Academy's stamp.

When he arrived at the village in a jeep he saw the ruins of the houses, bare tree trunks, wrecked German tanks and guns. Only one large manor survived the holocaust. Near this house huts had been hastily thrown up from boards and bits of iron roofing. One would not exactly call these dwellings, but the soldiers had somehow quartered themselves there.

The sole occupants of the house now, however, were books, hundreds of thousands of them, belonging to the Academy and other libraries of the Ukraine. Here were stored some very valuable editions. The Germans had collected books of a geographical-economic nature and geographical maps of the Ukraine and brought them to Berlin. During the evacuation of Berlin these books had been shipped to the village.

Before the Red Army attacked the village, Soviet reconnaissance patrols informed the command that the manor was packed with books. Soviet artillery was then instructed to avoid hitting the house.

Books bearing the stamp of the Academy and scientific equipment were found strewn around in complete disorder at the Heilsberg Fortress in East Prussia. Everything was transferred to one of the surviving dry rooms and subsequently shipped back to the Kiev and other libraries.

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Death of a Peasant

(Continued from page 4)

but what could I do? It happened a couple of times—well, it's true—I did get a bit whiskeyfied, but as to being a drunkard, that... God's truth! I'm not that... not intentionally, at least, and that's all."

Father Antony took a pinch of snuff and began, as they say, to give Hryts a thorough dressing-down.

"You tomfool, you've got to take the pledge and swear off the whiskey; you understand?"

"I understand, I understand; but take pledge... swear off... not!"

"What? How? Why? You don't want to swear off the whiskey?"

"Well, it's made out of God's grain," said Hryts, tremulously, but with an accent of firm conviction.

And nothing came of taking the pledge.

"Just wait, just wait, you loafer, you'll land in jail yet."

But Hryts was not a drunkard like the common run of drunkards. Usually a drunkard is one who drinks in taverns and drinks all the time; whether in company or not, whether there is a reason for drinking or not. Hryts was not like that. He scarcely ever drank in the tavern; he always took his whiskey home with him. The only characteristic of a drunkard he had, was that he drank alone by himself without company.

Hryts "enjoyed life" only on Sundays. On weekdays he went out into the fields like everybody else. Only there he scarcely ever talked. His neighbor Ivan, who had a literate wife, used frequently to say that Hryts talked himself out on Sunday for a whole week and consequently felt no need to talk again until another Sunday rolled around.

Hrytsykhа couldn't walk around very well on account of her "rheumatiz." She spent her time spinning. She spun wool or flax in the village and for this she managed to get sometimes a bit of flour, sometimes a scrap of meat.

And Vasylyna did all the housework and labored in the fields as well. The steward of the estate, a born gentleman, a one-time high government official, but who had committed embezzlement with the funds and had "gone off with the wind," looked upon Vasylyna as one of the squire's hired hands. When he needed a worker, he simply went to Hryts's and shouted from the street.

"Hey, Vasylyna, are you still at home? Don't you know I have work for you? Get out to the field!"

Vasylyna earned enough to have

been able to hire a plough (Hryts had a couple of acres and a garden), but Hryts simply invested it in whiskey.

(To be Continued)

UPA

(Continued from page 4)
(Concluded from page 1)

time of the elections in Slovakia. Groups of 2,000 to 4,000 men then went over the Slovak border from Poland. Anti-Communist leaflets were distributed. The Ukrainian officers made speeches and appealed for an uprising against the Prague government. But this was not only an uprising against communists, but also propaganda in their own cause, namely they speculated on the separatist tendencies in Slovakia. That such tendencies played a role is to be seen from the hospitality with which the Slovak troops received the refugees and from the fact that they declined to support the Prague government in the warfare against the Bander people. This has assumed such proportions that the government was forced to send exclusively Czech troops into Slovakia.

From the new operational terrain the UPA troops have been launching attacks against the Russian garrisons. The question of food and weapon supplies plays no great role any more. But there is a great lack of medical supplies. The illegal Ukrainian Red Cross aids the troops, but its personnel is composed of males only, because the women had to be sent away. Its girls were mistreated in sadistic way by the Russians so that the UPA leadership no longer can keep in service a female Red Cross worker.

The Board of the International Red Cross in Geneva recently had a special meeting about the events in Ukraine and the plan was evolved to send medical help in the future also to the (Ukrainian) nationalist revolutionary troops. At the meeting which will take place in January 1947 this question is to be discussed anew.



Christmas Songs

Shchedryk, vedrik give us a tart,
Some porridge and meat,
And some bacon, if this is not sufficient,

My mantle is scanty, my legs are chilly

Three angels sang as they soared to Heaven:

"Is the poor widow at home?"
She is gone unto merciful God.
May His Name be glorified
The sapwood grows near the mill.

Refrain (after each line)—

O my sapwood, why hath the river submerged thee?

The portals are of stone, with golden folding doors.

The portals are of stone, the tables of precious woods.

Is Sir Nicholas at home?

Nay, he hath gone to Tsarhorod (Constantinople).

And the God who existeth unto all Christ sitteth at the supper.

Eternity hath become flesh.

Give, O my Son, the golden keys
That I may open the gates of Paradise and Hell.

The Man of God is born of a Virgin this day.

The earth giveth shelter unto the inaccessible God.

The angels foregather the shepherds and sing his praises.

The Kings follow the Star.

And Child Jesus is born for our salvation,

Sir Basil loadeth his gun.
He loadeth his gun and taketh aim at the eagle.

May this night prove happy for all well-meaning folk.

Glory to the Father, the Son, and the Holy night, full of plenty.

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В УКР. ПРАВ. ЦЕРКВІ СВ. ІОАНА В ПРОВІДЕНС, Р. АЙ.
в таким порядку:
На Св. Вечір Велике Повечеріє 11:30 вночі.
Зараз по 12-ій на Різдво рано почнеться Велика Служба Божа.
На Собор Преч. Богородиці Служба Божа в 10-ій рано.
На св. Стефана Служба Божа в 10-ій рано.
Просимо українців з Провіденс, Кромптон, Потакет, Тавнтон та інших околиць прийти численно на повищі згадані Різдвяні Богослуження. Також просимо слухати програму нашого хору, який буде співати під управою студента консерваторії музики Мирослава Желехівського, зі стації WJAR, Провіденс, 11:15 до 11:30 вночі, на наш св.-Вечір, 6. січня 1947.
Комітет Церковної Громади.

В. Бен д'Ер.

ЗАВІСА ПАДЕ.

Галю опановує хвилювання, її вона помічає, як її тіло проймає дроз. Адже це вперше після закінчення театральних студій вона виступає в справжньому професійному театрі, перед поважною публікою.

Старенький режисер, який вбачав у Галі великий хист до трагічних роль, помітив хвилювання молодої акторки й намагався заспокоїти її, привести до рівноваги.

— Нічого не бійся, Галю, — каже він. — Це хвилювання природне, оправдане. Деякі великі артисти, які все своє життя проводять у театрі, хвилюються кожного разу, коли виходять на сцену. То нічого... Головне, щоб ти зжилася з ролю від самого початку, щоб забула, що ти на сцені. Тоді все піде своєю чергою...

— Дуже вам дякую, товаришу режисер — відповідає Галю й підходить до завіси, щоб подивитись у щілинку, на глядачів. Це хвороба кожного молодого артиста — дивитись у щілинку.

В перших рядах Галю завважує гарно вбраних людей, гордих і самопевних. Біля поважних мужчин сидять у дорогих сукнях жінки та прохолоджують себе віялами... Це відповідальні керівники підприємств, партійці, різні „зави“, „зави“, депутати, активісти.

У слідуючих рядах публіка не така вже елегантна, а ще далі — просто вже сіра; на самому задньому гніздіться щойно пролетаріят. Та це не вражає Галю...

Тепер вона думає про те, як то найкраще б заграти свою ролю, подобатись оцим людям, захопити їх, бо від їхньої оцінки залежатиме її дальша кар'єра. Адже сьогодні її дебют, сьогодні прем'єра, тож усі „грубі риби“ присутні на салі.

— Гляди ж, Галю, не підкачай — озивається ще раз режисер. — На сьогоднішній прем'єрі присутній сам товариш Комліков, секретар обласного комітету партії.

— Так? — дивується Галю. — А де ж він сидить?

— Звідси його не побачиш. Він у першій бічній льожі.

— А, нічого — легковажно сміється Галю.

Втретє дзвонять дзвінки, на салі гасне світло. На сцені збільшується метушня. Останній погляд на декорації, останні вказівки режисера, й завіса піднімається.

Галю роля починається в сьомій яві, тому Галю прислухається уважно, щоб не прогавити свого виходу. — „Здається, йде вона...“ — чує, і, хвилюючись, крокує на авансцену. Її голс вібрує, хоче обірватись, не підчиняється їй, але поволі вона опановує себе, вирівнює гру, й перше хвилювання проходить. Галю поводить легко, свобідно, і глядачі зразу захоплюються нею. Її партнер виглядає довгий любовний монолог, а вона кокетливо проходить по сцені.

Перед очима Галі заблестіла ескадриль табличка: „Льожі ч.

1“. Галю підводить новолі очі, бачить на поручнях дві плекані руки з лискучими перстнями на пальцях, чорне вбрання з біленькою хустинкою в кишені, чорну краватку, легко роздвоєне підборіддя з родинкою на правій стороні, прямий ніс, чорні брови, високий лоб і хвилясте волосся. Лице мужчины скривлене в усмішку, й тому ліва брова піднялася вище правої.

Як загіпнотизована, Галю робить крок уперед, до льожі, зупиняється, протирає свої очі, але бачить те ж саме. Це не сон, ні! Це — він!

О, та усмішка! Нічого так не запам'ятала вона, як ту усмішку, що в ній криється і ненависть, і погорда, і якийсь льодовий спокій... І та родинка... Роздвоєне підборіддя... Він! Він! Галю хоче крикнути, але не може.

На лиці мужчины немає жодної переміни. В голові Галі клубляться обривки режисерових слів:

— Він у першій бічній льожі... Комліков... Секретар партії. — Секретар? Він секретар? Цей садист, вбивник, шкуродер?!

Сім років минуло із того часу. Галю вже забула про те, але ця усмішка знову пригадала їй страшну картину, трагедію її родини.

Була зима. Зажурений батько вернувся трохи пізніше, як вертався завжди. Тільки сів вечеряти, як відкрились двері, впустивши до хати трьох людей у скіряних куртках, озброєних наганями. Той, з роздвоєним підборіддям, нічого не сказав і не питає. Підійшов до столу, й широко замахнувшись, ручкою нагана вдарив батька по голві. Батько поточився, на лиці заюжилась кров. Потім якийсь несміливо підвівся, дивився хвилинку в вічі тій людині, яка всміхалася точнісінько так, як гелер. У повітрі мигнув батвік п'ястук, і представник влади впав на землю. Та швидко підвівся; трьома пострілами покінчив старого...

Кричала мати, рвала на собі волосся, вигукувала прокльони, кидалась, як божевільна на підлогу, а вони, три, стояли посеред кімнати, два з суворими обличчями, а третій з лицем, злегка скривленим в усмішку...

Нічого не казали. Мовчки обшукали всі скрині, забрали цінності, а коли виходили, збожеволіла мати крикнула їм услід: „Гаді!“

Тоді один вернувся; той, що сидить у льожі. Носиком чобота вдарив матір по голові, і та перестала мучитись...

Галю опам'яталась у „поправчій кольонії“. Нове окруження, новий дух, нові слова впливали на 12-літню дівчину, й вона забула про трагедію батьків. Директор кольонії пізнав Галю хист, і вона покинула драмгурток та опинилась у вищій театральній школі...

На салі ніхто нічого не помічає, але Галю партнер тривожно поглядає на режисера, що стоїть за кулісами й говорить слова, які



Sing These Carols and Keep Alive
Our Christmas Traditions



БОГ ПРЕДВІЧНИЙ НАРОДИВСЯ

Бог Предвчний народився,
(2) Прийшов днес із небес,
Щоб спасти люд свій весь, —
Тай утішився.

В Фифлеємі народився
(2) Месія, Христос наш,
Господь наш, для всіх нас,
Нам народився.

„Слава Богу“ — заспіваймо,
(2) Честь Сину Божому,
Господу нашому
Поклін віддаймо!

ВСЕЛЕННАЯ, ВЕСЕЛИСЯ!

Вселенная, веселися,
Бог від Диви днесь родився, —
(2) У вертепі, між бидляти,
Там Христові поклін дати,
Три князі, три князі приходять...

Ладан, миро, злато в дарі
Тут принесли ті владарі,
(2) Новородженому Князеві,
Всього світу Господеві,
Відають, відають покійно.

Ангели ся-поклоняють,
„Слава во вишних“ співають,
(2) Новородженому Дитяти
Поспішають поклін дати,
Богові, Богові у яслах.

Пастирям уподобімся,
Родженому поклонімся,
(2) Щоб нам зволив долю дати,
Українцям мир зіслати,
Віруючим, віруючим у Нього!

ВОЗВЕСЕЛІМСЯ ВСІ РАЗОМ
НИНІ

Возвеселімся всі разом нині,
Христос родився в бідній яскині,
(2) Посліднім віком став
чоловіком,
Всі утішайтесь на землі!
Всі утішайтесь на землі гайно,
І честь віддаймо Йому достойно,
(2) Пожаданому, з неба даному,
Котрий увесь світ відкупив.

Пісні співаймо согласно, мило,
І торжествуймо всі разом щиро,
(2) „Слава во вижних, а мир для
нижних!“
Весело світу голосім!

НА НЕБІ ЗІРКА ЯСНА ЗАСЯЛА

На небі зірка ясна засяла —
І ясным світлом сіяє,
Хвиля спасення к нам завитала
Там Діва Бога раждає, —
(2) Щоб землю з небом в одно
злучити,

Христос родився: Славіте!
Благослови нас, Дитятко Боже.
Скріпи своєю ласкою,
То і пекельна сила не зможе
Нас розділити з Тобою.
(2) Благослови нас, між Твої
діти, —
Христос родився: Славіте!

Благослови нас і збав нас, Христе.
Визволь нас, Боже, з недолі,
Засій в серцях нам бажання чисте,
Дай всім діджати дня волі!
(2) Щоб Україна могла радіти:
Христос родився: Славіте!

повинна казати Галю. Вона одна-
че нічого не чує й не бачить. Її
увага й зір приковані до льожі
ч. 1.

Їй здається, що він, Комліков,
підводиться, переступає через
поручні й іде до неї, простягаю-
чи руку. На руді лискучі персте-
ні враз бліднуть, зникають зов-
сім, а його довгі пальці судоро-
жно стискають нагану... Вбран-
ня поволі сивіє, змінюється на

БОГ СЯ РАЖДАЄ

Бог ся раждає, хтож Го може
знати, —
Ісус Му імя, Марія Му Мати!

(2) Тут ангели чудяться,
Рожденного бояться,
А віл стоїть, трясеться,
Осел смутно пасеться, —
Пастиріє клячать,
Бога в плоти бачать
Тутже, тутже, тутже, тутже, тут!

І пастирі там к Ньому прибігають,
В Ньому Господа свого
витають.

(2) Тут ангели чудяться... (і так
далі)

І ми днесь, браття, к Ньому
прибігаймо,
Божому Сину славу, честь
віддаймо!

(2) Тут ангели чудяться... (і так
далі)

НОВА РАДІСТЬ СТАЛА

Нова радість стала, яка не бувала,
(2) Над вертепом зірка ясна
світу засіяла.

Де Христос родився з Диви
воплотився,
(2) Як чоловік, пеленами убого
повився.

Просим Тебе, Князю, небесний
Владарю
(2) Даруй літа щасливій тому
господарю!

НЕБО І ЗЕМЛЯ НИНІ
ТОРЖЕСТВУЮТЬ

Неба і земля 2) нині
торжествують,
Ангели й люди 2) весело
празнують:
(2) Христос родився, Бог
воплотився,
Ангели співають і князі витають,
Поклін віддають, а пастирі
грають,
„Чудо, чудо!“ — повідають.

Во Вифлеємі 2) весела новина:
Чистая Діва 2) породила сина!
(2) Христос родився, Бог
воплотився, (і так далі)

І ми Христові 2) Богу поклін
даймо,
„Слава во вижних!“ 2) Йому
заспіваймо!
(2) Христос родився, Бог
воплотився, (і так далі)

ВО ВИФЛЕЄМІ НИНІ НОВИНА

Во Вифлеємі нині новина,
Пречиста Діва зродила Сина,
(2) В яслах сповитий, поміж
бидляти,
Спочив на сні Бог необнятий.
Вже херувими славу співають,
Ангельські хори Бога витають,
(2) Пастир убогий несе, що може,
Щоб обдарити Дитятко Боже.
Глянь оком світлим, о, Божий
Сину
На нашу землю, рідну країну, —
(2) Зішли нам з неба дар
превеликий,
Будь Тобі слава на вічні віки!

PROTECT YOUR FUTURE

★★★ with ★★★

U. S. SAVINGS BONDS