

# СВОБОДА SVOBODA

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#### TIME'S EDITORIAL ON UKRAINE

As we have stressed here on more than one occasion, the work Ukrainian Americans have been doing down through the years in informing American government officials, the press and public opinion in general concerning Ukraine, her people, and particularly their centuries-old struggle for freedom, has not been in vain.

Much more is known about the Ukrainian situation in this country than is generally realized. Representatives of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, which espouses the cause of a free Ukraine, have on more than one occasion been taken by surprise on how well certain American representatives or State Department officials are acquainted with the Ukrainian problem. And the same applies in regards the American press.

In other words, our various English language publications concerning things Ukrainian, the numberless memorandums, press releases, the national congresses and conventions, protest meetings, delegations sent to the San Francisco, Paris and Lake Success international conferences, the representations made in Washington and elsewhere, the contacts established with editors here and correspondents in Europe—all of this and more has had a cumulative effect. Today there is very little of that ignorance concerning the Ukrainian independence movement which existed some score or more years ago.

All of this comes to our mind upon reading last Thursday's (March 6) editorial in the very influential New York Times on the "Trouble in the Ukraine." The editorial has no precedent. Hitherto the Times has, on the whole, been quite chary in its comments on the Ukrainian independence movement. To be sure, in its news columns it has at times—rather rare, to be sure—been quite generous in reporting on events connected with the movement. For example, its Paris correspondent, Mr. Callendar, sent a couple of dispatches on the representations made at the Paris Peace Conference by a delegate of the Ukrainian Congress Committee, which certainly portrayed the Ukrainian situation in its true light.

To repeat, however, editorially the Times constantly has been very reserved, to say the least, so that one got the impression that either the Times was not aware of the Ukrainian movement or opposed to it.

Whether the latter is true or not, remains to be seen. But that the Times is aware of the movement, through its correspondents and other means broad, and through Ukrain-

ian American activity on behalf a free Ukraine, is more than well borne out by the above mentioned Times editorial. Except for a few inaccuracies, the editorial is extremely fair and succinct.

Accordingly, we take pleasure in reprinting it below, just adding a question mark to where inaccuracies appear:

#### Text of Editorial

The dispatch of Lazar M. Kaganovitch, Stalin's brother-in-law and right-hand man, to the "independent" Ukraine to "strengthen the party and Soviet work" is an unmistakable demonstration that Russia is also having post-war troubles. As first secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist party in the Ukraine, Mr. Kaganovitch will be the real boss of the country. Though he was born in the Ukraine, and will thus be one of the few Ukrainians [?] in top positions at home, it is unlikely that Stalin would have sent his "iron commissar" there unless he saw need for vigorous measures.

The Ukraine, a region larger than Germany, with some 40,000,000 people, has been a trouble spot in Russia under both the czars and the commissars. The Ukrainians, as heirs of the South Russians [?] who took over Western civilization from Byzantium and always looked toward the West, have never reconciled themselves to being conquered by the "Great Russians" of Muscovy. Despite all efforts at Russification they have long maintained both a separate nationality and a separatist movement. They established in 1917-18 their own independent republic, which, however, was crushed in the conflicts between Russia, Germany, Poland and the various factions in Russia's civil war. They continued to maintain a strong nationalist movement, especially in formerly Polish Galicia, with Lemberg, or Lwow, as the center, which brought upon them the "pacification" expedition of Marshal Pilsudski that shocked the world at the time by its brutality. They readily collaborated [?] with Hitler against Moscow during his invasion, until they found that Hitler brought, not liberation, but new slavery.

It is therefore nothing new that the Soviet regime continues to have trouble with "bourgeois nationalistic conceptions" in the Ukraine. And since the Ukrainians are, next to the Russians themselves, the largest Slavic nationality, they cannot be easily liquidated or as conveniently deported as were the Tartars of the Crimean Republic, or the inhabitants of the Checheno-Ingush Republic, or the Baltic peoples. Now Ukrainian nationalism is being further inflamed by a growing famine which is mainly due to last year's drought but which has been aggravated by Russian stockpiling of food.

As officially announced last August, half of the main Communist party workers in the Ukraine had already been replaced by that time. But neither this nor the grant of a titular "independence" has reconciled the Ukrainians. Their hopes for real independence are slim, for the Soviet

#### Russian Spy a Former "Schodenni Visti" Correspondent

Sam Carr, reported by the Canadian spy investigating commission to be "the main Canadian cog in (Col.) Zabolin's organization of (Soviet Russian) espionage agents," is a former agent of the notoriously Communist and anti-free Ukraine "Ukrainski Schodenni Visti" (in English: "Ukrainian Daily News.") of New York City.

This fact is revealed in the recently published voluminous "Report of the Royal (Canadian) Commission" appointed to investigate the Russian spy ring in Canada following the sensational disclosures of its activities by one of its cipher clerks, Igor Gouzenko.

Born as Schmill Kogan, in Tomachpol, Ukraine under Tsarist Russia and coming to Canada as an immigrant on August 29, 1924, Sam Carr, for a while also known as Sam Cohen, was a Russian agent from the very outset, who impeded Canada's war effort, for which he was apprehended by Canadian authorities on September 25, 1942. Moreover, according to the Royal Commission's report, he "was an accomplished writer of Communist Party publications on this continent."

Carr, "a Russian agent" (Royal Commission Report), contributed articles to Communist publications. Among them was article he contributed to (here we quote completely

the official report of the commission) "The Ukrainian Daily News of New York in February, 1940, entitled 'How the Ruling Class in Canada Fights for Democracy.'"

In this article which the "Schodenni Visti" published (besides others, we presume) traitor of Canada Sam Carr, wrote—

"Ignoring its losses brought about by terrorizing actions and internments, the Communist Party is improving its methods of activities and expansion of contacts with the masses of people, fighting hard in order to draw away these masses from under the influence of the war machine of the Canadian Bourgeoisie," etc. etc.

The above words are just so much water under the bridge today. The fact remains, however, that at the time of their writing, Carr was already a Soviet agent and remained as such until uncovered during the recent spy ring investigation by Canadian authorities.

The "Schodenni Visti" are usually full of "disclosures" and mud-slinging against newspapers and institutions and individuals who favor a free Ukraine. Perhaps what is really behind these attacks are such sinister influences as the Soviet spy—Sam Carr, a former correspondent of "Schodenni Visti."

#### Judging Our Younger Generation

We'd suggest our readers also read the Svoboda. There is a lot of interesting material in it. Particularly the recent discussions on its pages concerning the views of some of the Ukrainian displaced persons who have arrived here on Ukrainian American younger generation in general. Perhaps some of our readers would like to reply to some of the criticisms levelled against them and their kind.

On the whole the criticism of the newly arrived DPs here is that our young Ukrainian Americans are not Ukrainian enough, that their knowledge of interest in things Ukrainian is superficial, and that they speak Ukrainian very poorly or not at all.

Without going into the merits of these and similar charges, we merely want to point out that the motives

regime is firmly in the saddle and can impose with impunity far greater burdens upon the population than any democracy could impose. But Ukrainian separatism remains a weakness in the seemingly monolithic Russian structure which could become a serious factor if Russia should overextend herself abroad.

behind them are definitely of the highest order. After all, a Ukrainian, born and raised in Ukraine, and removed from it by only several war-torn years, in the course of which he still lived mostly in the company of other such Ukrainians, is bound to be disappointed to find, upon his arrival in this country, that his kinsmen, born and raised here, are far different from what he may have imagined them to be, not patterned after his concept of things. Hence the complaints.

No doubt there is some justification to these complaints. No doubt our younger generation has not been interested in its Ukrainian background, culture, traditions, and language to the extent it should have been.

Yet the fact remains that younger generation, or at least its more progressive elements, have within the past fifteen years or so done quite a bit in advancing Ukrainian American organizational life, in keeping alive some of the finer elements of Ukrainian culture and traditions, and in acquainting their fellow Ameri-

(Concluded on page 7)



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## THE MONK

By TARAS SHEVCHENKO

Translated by A. J. Hunter

[It happened sometimes, when a Kozak warrior found his energies failing and his joints growing stiff from much campaigning, he would bethink himself of his sins and deeds of blood.

These things weighing on his mind, he would decide to spend the remainder of his life in a monastery, but before taking this irrevocable step, he would hold a time of high revel with his old comrades. This poem pictures such an event.]

At Kiev, in the low countrie,  
Things happened once that you'll  
never see.

For evermore, 'twas done,  
Nevermore, 'twill come.  
Yet I, my brother,  
Will with hope foregather,  
That this again I'll see,  
Though grief it brings to me.

To Kiev in the low countrie  
Came our brotherhood so free.  
Nor slave nor lord have they,  
But all in noble garb so gay  
Came splashing forth in mood full  
glad.

With velvet coats the streets are clad.  
They swagger in silken garments  
pride  
And they for no one turn aside.

In Kiev, in the low countrie,  
All the Kozaks dance in glee,  
Just like water in pails and tubs  
Wine pours out 'amid great hubbubs.  
Wine cellars and bars

with all the barmaids  
The Kozaks have bought  
with their wines and meads.  
With their heels they stamp  
And dancing tramp,  
While the music roars  
And joyously soars.

The people gaze  
with gladsome eyes,  
While scholars of the cloister schools  
All in silence bred by rules,  
Look on with wondering surprise.  
Unhappy scholars! Were they free,  
They would Kozaks dancing be.  
Who is this by musicians surrounded  
To whom the people give fame un-  
bounded?

In trousers of velvet red.  
With a coat that sweeps the road  
A Kozak comes. Let's weep o'er his  
years  
For what they've done is cause for  
tears.

But there's life in the old man yet  
I trust,  
For with dancing kicks  
he spurns the dust.

In his short time left with men to  
mingle  
The Kozaks sing,  
this tipsy jingle.

"On the road is a crab, crab, crab.  
Let us catch it grab, grab, grab.  
Girls are sewing jab, jab, jab.  
Let's dance on trouble,  
Dance on it double  
Then on we'll bubble.  
Already this trouble  
We've danced on double  
So let's dance on trouble,

Dance on it double,  
Then on we'll bubble."

To the Cloister of our Saviour  
Old gray-hair dancing goes.  
After him his joyous crowd  
And all the folk of Kiev so proud.  
Dances he up to the doors—  
"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" he roars.  
Ye holy monks give greeting  
A comrade from the prairie meeting.

Opens the sacred door,  
The Kozak enters in.  
Again the portal closes  
To open no more for him.  
What a man was there  
this old gray-hair,  
Who said to the world farewell?  
'Twas Semon Palee,  
a Kozak free  
Whom trouble could not quell.

\*

Oh in the East the sun climbs high  
And sets again in the western sky.  
In narrow cell in monkish gown  
Tramps an old man up and down,  
Then climbs the highest turret there  
To feast his eyes on Kiev so fair,  
And sitting on the paparet  
He yields a while to fond regret.  
Anon he goes to the woodland spring,  
The belfry near, where sweet bells  
ring.

The cooling draught to his mind  
recalls  
How hard was life without the walls.  
Again the monk his cell floor paces  
'Mid the silent walls his life re-  
traces.

The sacred book he holds in hand  
And loudly reads,  
The old man's mind to Kozak land  
Swiftly speeds.

Now holy words do fade away,  
The monkish cell turns Kozak den,  
The glorious brotherhood lives again.  
The gray old captain, like an owl  
Peers beneath the monkish cowl.  
Music, dances, the city's calls,  
Rattling fetters, Moscow's walls,  
O'er woods and snows  
his eyes can see

The banks of distant Yenisee.  
Upon his soul deep gloom has crept  
And thus the monk in sadness wept.

Down, Down! Bow thy head;  
On thy fleshy cravings tread.  
In the sacred writings read.  
Read, read, to the bell give heed,  
Thy heart too long has ruled thee,  
All thy life it's fooled thee.  
Thy heart to exile led thee,  
Now let it silent be.  
As all things pass away,  
So thou shalt pass away.  
Thus may'st thou know thy lot,  
Mankind remembers not.

Though groans the old man's sadness  
tell,  
Upon his book he quickly fell,  
'And tramped and tramped about his  
cell.  
He sits again in mood forlorn  
Wonders why he e'er was born.  
One thing alone he fain would tell,  
He loves his Ukraina well.

## Trivia

By Sophia

RUMOR has it that almost 500,000 women in the U. S. are rapidly approaching a condition called baldness. Think of it—no more long, Lady-Godiva tresses. Nay, not even feather bobs! Woman's crowning glory is being dethroned.

Perhaps this is a harbinger of true democracy, what with women sharing the hardships as well as the privileges of men. Probably the supernatural powers that govern the rotation of the earth, the weather, the division of labor between the sexes, and other such "natural" phenomena, have decreed that women should be more hairless, thus placing them (in this respect) on an equal level with the so-called stronger sex. Our fair-scalped ladies would mind this a lot less if only some of their burdens could also be equally divided between the sexes. The girls, however, have not yet made themselves heard on this point, as they are still silently praying that in addition to their newly-acquired glistening scalps they don't acquire the bane of the male sex: the beard.

Wig-makers are receiving higher incomes. The poor husband who formerly saw his money spent on his wife's bonnets is just beginning to appreciate those good old days. Now, when the little woman approaches him for money to cover her scalp instead of her tresses, it costs him five or ten times the previous price. And so he slinks off into a corner and sulks, realizing it's cheaper for him to get bald than for his wife to rival him. Wigs may some day become a fashion, as did spectacles. In this event, with different colored and styled wigs for every day in the week, entire families will again return to the relief rolls.

But is the picture as bleak as painted? Of course not! There will still be women with fair hair, just as there are still men with sideburns. So what if the best girl starts graying at the temples, or finds herself with a receding hairline? It's just that longer faces will become the

fashion, and anyone with today's normal forehead will be considered demented, feeble-minded, or an individualist. Yes, foreheads are moving back! The philharmonic conductors will find themselves devoid of the distinguishing but troublesome hair that waves in front of the face and manages to prevent good vision. The orchestra's instrumentalists at last will have a chance to see the conductor's face.

But I've traveled somewhat from my original theme—women and baldness. Years from now, when Maryshka meets Kashka at choir rehearsal, the following ensues:

"My, Kashka, how do you get that lovely gleam to your scalp?"

"Why, haven't you been reading the beauty page of the Weekly? It says to use lacquer, and when that dries, buff it to a finish. Lasts me for two days, my dear."

Even though their pretty locks go and beauty methods change, girls will be girls.

Anyhow, gals, worse things than this can happen. Think if you had to join the ranks of bearded women. It's bad enough tumbling out of bed in the morning without having to perform the routine a half hour earlier to allow time to shave. That's one lucky break. For another, take a look at the poor male animal on a hot summer day, trying to look neat and keep cool in a suit, a tight-collared shirt and a tie. All you have to do is appreciate the breaks bestowed upon us by this society in which we live. Even if we do lose our hair, we will still rate the "protection," favors and concessions made to us by men. The loss of a few strands won't make any revolutionary changes in the structure of society.

"This above all," (quoted from William S.) as a final word of advice to the worried lassies: don't worry about losing your hair. Worry causes falling hair, just as falling hair causes worry. Just sit back, relax, and await the inevitable.

## YOU on May 31st

You might be coming in from Detroit, or Chicago, or Pittsburgh, or even from Jersey City just across the river—but you will be thinking of the coming week-end of May 31st-June 1st. By then you will have heard and read much about the wonderful attractions to be offered to the delegates and guests of the UYLANA Rally at the Hotel New Yorker. You might even be one of the small army who will have contributed to the preparations for the success of these attractions. Your thoughts linger on them. Which will attract you more?

Are you coming in because of the Rally Sessions, where you can get up to praise or censor or plead with our Ukrainian Youth of today? Will you be coming in to these sessions to REALLY DO SOMETHING about that youth problem that has been troubling your town lately?

Will you be dreaming about the glamour and excitement and good

For Matins now  
the great bell booms.  
The aged monk  
his cowl resumes.  
For Ukraina now to pray  
My good old Palee limps away.

times of the banquet and ball, and of how you will look? and whom you will meet? Will you be planning an after-the-ball party with your own exclusive set?

You might be one traveling to New York especially to see and hear the amazing Youth Folk Festival of Music and Dance, in which you will see a famous painting come alive! The Festival in which you will hear Ukrainian music of the historic past, of the immediate present and of the probable future, in appropriate settings. Your probably will intrigued with the thought of seeing our dances in new settings and arrangements. You will not help but be excited to hear out talented young musical artists who are now in New York and who will appear in this Festival.

Or, you might be coming in possibly, just because HE or SHE will be there—you would not be the first nor the last who comes for that reason. You, too, will be coming to New York in a mood of keen anticipation, of excitement. Why spoil it all by worry over a place to sleep, over lack of a ticket to one of these functions? Be smart! Take a tip—and we are not kidding. The Rally promises to be an event you will



# The Story of Shevchenko

(1)

**L**OOMING against the background of Ukrainian history and casting all others into the shadow, is the figure of Taras Shevchenko—the great Ukrainian poet, prophet, and martyr.

Rarely in world history has an individual gripped the hearts, the imagination and the intellect of a nation to such an extent as has Shevchenko done to that of the Ukrainian people. And what is more rare is the spell his spirit continues to exercise to this very day over the most varied classes of the Ukrainian people. Rich man, poor man, learned man, unlettered man, all fall under the sway of his influence.

It must indeed have been some unusual power within him, his life, and his works to evoke for him such a feeling of respect, as well as submission among our people—a people who by nature are rather suspicious of any unusual talent or power, for fear that such talent or power might be used to further exploit or oppress them.

It would be interesting, therefore, to re-examine some of those qualities and acts which have enshrined Shevchenko forever in the hearts of the Ukrainian people.

## Boyhood Days

Taras Shevchenko was born in the little village of Morintsi, near Kiev, a district wherein the Haydamaki in 1768 had risen in rebellion against their Polish overlords. Born a serf, Shevchenko's early childhood days were but an ever recurring cycle of misery and poverty, especially when his mother died and his father married again.

Already as a young lad, Taras Shevchenko exhibited an unusual talent for learning and painting. Seeing children of the landowning classes getting an education, he yearned to do likewise, but because of his status as a serf, he could not. Finally he managed to place himself under the tutelage of the local village church precentor—the "dyak." Shortly afterwards his father died. Taras

not will not want to miss. RESERVE YOUR ROOM NOW.

You can assure yourself of walking into the lobby of the Hotel New Yorker on May 31st—of registering at the Rally desk and promptly receiving your banquet ticket and Room number. If you send your money order for \$7.50, made payable to Anthony Shumeyko, to the Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee, c/o McBirney YMCA, 215 West 23rd St., New York, N. Y. The \$7.50 covers your registration fee of \$1.00 and your banquet ticket cost of \$6.00 and in addition assures you of a room. Your room bill, of course, you settle yourself, at the end of your stay. No room reservations will be made without the money-order, sorry, because accommodations are restricted, the room-shortage still being acute. Be smart, we say, avoid undergoing the old nervous anxiety experienced at former Rallies and Conventions, in finding a haven to rest your travel-tired body, a place to freshen up, before sailing forth to greet old acquaintances and to make new friends. Send in your \$7.50 and on May 31st you are free to come in and relax—and have a wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten grand time.

M. M.

now became an orphan, with his lot worse than before.

Studying under the village "dyak" was a very difficult task. He did not have any sort of a primer or grammar book, but had to learn to read directly from the Holy Scriptures. His teacher, a worthless fellow, more often drunk than not, whipped him for the slightest fancied infraction of obedience, with the result that Shevchenko finally had to run away from him. This "dyak," Shevchenko later wrote, "was the first despot whom I learned to know. He taught me the inextinguishable hatred I have ever since felt for the tyranny and domination of one man over another."

One day, in the course of his wanderings, Shevchenko met a painter who became quite interested in him and wanted to apprentice him, but he could not since Shevchenko was a serf. So Shevchenko went to his manor-lord, Engelhardt by name, and begged him for his freedom. But the young lord, instead of freeing Taras, made him his lackey, and took him on his travels. Although the new master was a hard taskmaker yet now Taras was able to find a bit more spare time, which he utilized to a good advantage, painting and drawing every chance he got. Several times he was caught doing this, and received a good whipping. Finally, however, came the day when Engelhardt perceived the boy had a great deal of talent for painting, and seeing in it a chance to make a neat profit for himself sent Taras to St. Petersburg to study.

## The Painter

Here in this capital of Russia, Taras was able to pursue his studies unhindered. His teacher was a certain Shiryayeff, to whom Engelhardt had apprenticed him. "This Shiryayeff," wrote Shevchenko later, "combined the functions of a church reader and deacon with decorative painting and the painting of saints. Not being much impressed by this trinity of genius, I hurried out on bright summer mornings to the St. Petersburg Summer Gardens, to sketch the statues there." It was in these gardens that he met other students, including some from his native Ukraine.

Soon he was able to count among his closest friends such as Soshenko, a young Ukrainian student-painter; Eugene Hrebinka, the well known Ukrainian writer of fairy tales; Zhukovsky, the Russian poet; and Brulov, one of the leading painters of that period. These and others took a great liking to young Shevchenko, perceiving in him a splendid character and a great talent. Realizing, however, that as long as he remained a serf he could not make much progress, they decided to buy his freedom. This they did by having Brulov paint a portrait of Zhukovsky, which they raffled off, and since both these were men famous they managed to get enough money this way to pay the 2,500 rubles which Engelhardt demanded. And thus, at last, Shevchenko became a free man.

Now that he was free, Shevchenko had the right to enter the Academy of Fine Arts, which he did. Under the tutelage of Brulov, the director of the school, Shevchenko became one of the best students there.

Moving about in the society of cultured people, being a friend of artists and writers, Shevchenko quick-

ly realized his disadvantage in not having a formal education. He therefore determined to get it through self-schooling. At this time he was twenty-four years old.

Shevchenko began to read voraciously. And as a result of this reading and coming into contact with fine literature, there was awakened in him the hitherto dormant great poet. The coming of the poetic Muse to him was also due to his vivid imagination, which the newly-won freedom from serfdom had liberated. It was on the wings of this imagination that he flew back to his native land—Ukraine, and there reveled in the natural beauty of the Ukrainian landscape, or grew sad at the sight of his native steppes strewn with high burial mounds, wherein lay the famed Kozaks of bygone days. Vivid pictures of Ukraine's heroic past swept over him, followed by recollections of what he himself had seen and experienced as a lad. It was around such mental pictures and recollections that Shevchenko's poetic imagination wove and embroidered the fabric of his first poems.

## The Poet

These first poems appeared in form of a collection called the "Kobzar" (Bard). Deeply rooted in the glorious and tragic memories of Ukraine, these poems vividly portrayed the fate of the Ukrainian people, once free and mighty, now enslaved in their native land. This Kobzar, with later additions, became the most widely read book among the Ukrainians—their national gospel.

The next year, 1841, Shevchenko brought out his "Haydamaki," a long poem whose theme is the great revolt of 1768 when the oppressed Ukrainians on the west bank of the Dnieper rose against their tyrannic Polish overlords.

It was such striking poetry that suddenly centered the attention of all Ukraine upon Shevchenko. The people at once perceived that man with qualities akin to genius had risen among them. Although he was but 26 years of age, yet his poetry contained none of that uncertainty nor faults usually present in the works of young poets. His poetry was a finished mature product, of the highest artistry and yet Biblical simplicity, on par with that of world masters.

Yet the most striking feature of these poems was not so much their style nor beauty, as their power to stir in the hearts and minds of the Ukrainian people a desire for freedom of the social, economic and political slavery they were under. At a time when other Ukrainian writers dared to touch but lightly upon the evils besetting their people, Taras Shevchenko became an ardent and fearless champion of the oppressed and downtrodden. His heart bled when he saw such shocking economic, national and social misery all around him. He saw before him great abuses of the most elementary human rights, and he saw his duty clearly before him: He would fight oppression, serfdom and exploitation of the Ukrainian people in all its forms. And he did. Boldly he condemned the

mightily Czars for their misrule of Ukraine. Courageously he showed the Ukrainians the road to their national rebirth.

## Women

It was this sort of poetry that caused Shevchenko's fame to spread throughout the length and breadth of Ukraine. And so, when in 1843 his longing to visit his native land prompted him to leave St. Petersburg and journey through it, everywhere he was met with open arms, and hailed as a great poet and a national prophet. Even the oldest aristocratic houses, just as the humblest straw-thatched cottages, were opened to the former serf. Prominent men and women desired to have their portraits painted by him. It was during this trip, too, that he won the affection of one of the greatest ladies of the country, Varvara, daughter of Prince Repnin, former Governor General of Ukraine, by whom he was very hospitably received.

It is worth noticing in this connection, that women formed the basis of some of Shevchenko's best poetry. Peasant women of his time, it must be remembered, were the least protected from social injustices and the arbitrary power of the manor-lord. The image of young girls seduced and abandoned, haunts Shevchenko's poetical works from their very beginning. He gives us a whole succession of tragic heroines of this type, such as "Katerina," who finds her end at the bottom of a pond, while her infant son is picked up by beggars and becomes a guide to wandering blind "kobzar." Another such poem, "Naimechka" (Servant), by reason of its purity of form, simplicity, almost biblical grandeur, and the profoundly human idea of the expiation of an involuntary fault by a life of work and humiliation, ranks besides the masterpieces of world literature. "I know of no poet in the literature of the world," said Ivan Franko about Shevchenko, "who made himself so consistently, so hotly, so consciously the defender of the right of woman to a full human life."

## Political Poems

Despite all this, however, the greater part of Shevchenko's significance as a poet lies in what might be called his political poems, of which perhaps the best are the "Dream" and the "Caucasus." Both these poems are significant in that they represent a departure on Shevchenko's part from viewing the historic past of Ukraine in an idealistic fashion; now he takes on a more critical attitude, and he sees that aside from Russian oppression, many of the causes for Ukraine's misfortunes are due to the errors of her people and leaders themselves. These two poems also show Shevchenko's newly-awakened realization of the fact that social and political freedom are linked together, and should be treated together.

After his visit to Ukraine in 1843, Shevchenko returned to St. Petersburg, and in 1845 he graduated from the Academy of Fine Arts. Quickly he hurried back to his native heath, and at the same time to accept a teaching position in drawing at the University of Kiev. It was during his stay in this ancient capital of Ukraine that Shevchenko was arrested for membership in the secret Ukrainian patriotic society known as the Brotherhood of SS. Cyril and Methodius.

(To be concluded)

A FINE UKRAINIAN  
PRESENT  
PROF. MANNING'S  
Excellent Book  
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# For The Common Good

By MYKHAYLO KOTSIUBYNSKY  
Translated by PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

## II

## Various Views

ONE bright day, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, two Moldavian wagons were rumbling along the upper road which runs beside the Prut. From the rear wagon where several men were seated, dangling their legs over the tail-board, the sound of loud laughter, jokes, and songs was heard. By their coarse linen smocks and their horny hands blackened by hard labor, by the iron spades and all sorts of working tools with which the wagon bristled, it was plain to see that they were common laborers.

On the foremost wagon, painted green, amidst a pile of travelling bags, sat three young men; two at the back and the other opposite them with his back to the Moldavian driver. The latter young fellow was wrapped in sweet slumber, his large round head, big as a watermelon, sunk on his breast. On his plump round face with black turned-up moustaches there played a happy smile of cheering dreams, and his well-rounded stomach which gave fair promise of a future paunch, swayed evenly beneath the folds of his student's coat. Beside the rather short, sleek figure of the student, the second of the travellers seemed meager and frail by comparison. Tall and spare, with a hooked nose like that of a kestrel on his long face bordered by a sparse, bleak beard, dressed in a blue French smock through which all his ribs might be counted, he bore some resemblance to Don Quixote. With his lengthy figure bent and with both lean and bony hands resting on a hunting rifle, "Don Quixote" (as his companions teased him by calling him) followed avidly with his eyes a flock of wild geese which were flying across the marches bordering the Prut. It manifestly vexed him greatly that the game should be flying with impunity over his head, protected by the height and by the prohibition against hunting until St. Peter's day.

The third traveller, wrapped in a tarpaulin cloak and wearing a tufted white peaked cap, and with a fair beard clipped in Vandyke style which made his sunburnt face seem all the darker, was gazing with thoughtful eyes over the broad landscape.

From the high meadow alongside which they were travelling, the green plain stretched far and wide. The silvery ribbon of the Prut with sinuous windings cut through green banks. A great billowy sea of reeds and rushes hid from view its glittering pools and narrows, while a bluish haze of distance enveloped distant villages, hills and vineyards. On the flat land the wheat bent and swayed before the wind, and in the yellow gullies which ran from the mountain range down to the Prut, the profuse and coiling vines clambered upwards and upwards. In the pure, mild skies, only here and there were there a few groups of scattered cloudlets.

"Don Quixote" was the first to be bored by the silence. He gently nudged the slumbering student.

"Comrade Savchenko, you've done enough whistling through your nose! ... You'd better wake and take a look at that flock of wild geese—it's maddening not to be able to get at 'em."

"Hey, what! Was I asleep?" said

the student, waking up. "Anyway, there's nothing else to do on the road; there are neither wine nor girls there."

"We'll soon be in the village; there; will be both the one and the other."

"Ugh... if we find phylloxera there then those vixens will scratch the eyes out of our heads. And you, comrade Rudyk, are you still feasting your eyes like a cat on those birds. Spit upon the whole business..."

Rudyk gave a nervous jerk.

"Better spit on those girls of yours," he replied sharply, offended.

"Ha, ha! We're quite now! But what's this," sighed Savchenko. "Our chief with drooping head? I'll lay you anything you like that he is engaged in meditating a plan of campaign against phylloxera! Come, confess now, comrade Tykhovych, if I haven't guessed your thoughts aright?"

Tykhovych looked up at Savchenko.

"This time you didn't guess right," he replied. "I wasn't thinking about anything; I was merely admiring the landscape. And if you want to know, I will frankly confess that I am disturbed by the thought that we might find phylloxera in Loyeshti."

"It disturbs you?" laughed the student. "I'd go crazy with this eight hours of monotonous work if that enemy of yours, phylloxera, didn't give me a chance from time to time. That, anyway, gives you a few impressions, some movement, life. And it's nice to find it when you're out looking for something."

"You'd better shut up, comrade," interjected Rudyk, alias Don Quixote, and not irritate comrade Tykhovych with your frivolity. You are certainly aware how seriously he regards his mission."

The student waved his hand and unbuttoned his coat.

Tykhovych did not utter a word in reply. After a few moments he turned to the driver: "Is it far to Loyeshti?"

"There it is!" The driver pointed with his whip to a ravine into which the road suddenly dipped. It seemed as if there were nowhere to drive. The road sank as into the ground, out beyond the ravine, the depth of which could not yet be marked, the green slopes of the mountains rose again. The driver reined in his horses and drove down the slope at a walk. He entered into a narrow pass. On one side of the road, the yellow walls of the cliff rose up, while on the other side there yawned darkly a deep abyss, the bottom of which, perhaps, had never seen the sun. The serrated mountains threw their shadows across the road, the gloom came up from the abyss, filled the pass, climbed up the mountain sides to the peaks gleaming in the sunshine. Held back by the reins and pressed from behind by the wagon, the horses wove from side to side like serpents, slowly lowering the wagon down the steep road which seemed as though it were leading into the underworld. A projection of the mountain made a sharp twist in the road and only a scrap of cloudless blue sky gleamed high up above the steep yellow wall of the cliff.

Suddenly, as though with a flourish of a magic wand, the mountain

range divided and broke; in the wide aperture, as if through a window, the river glittered, and beyond the river, a broad expanse of green marshes lay all bathed in the rays of the midday sunshine. The wagon plunged into a billow of bright light and rolled along the banks of the Prut, leaving far behind it the gloomy Beskid mountains.

Soon the village was visible, picturesquely situated along the the river on the mountain slopes. Neat white houses with thatched reed and broad porches over the doorways supported by painted pillars, wooden granaries for feed, wattled stalls, broad-branched acacias and mulberries behind artistically woven reed fences, long sweeps over the wells—all made a charming impression, testifying to order and prosperity. None of the men were at home, all being away at work. Only here and there was an old man warming himself in the sun beside a house, and housekeepers were running hurriedly for water, swinging their shining copper pails. The dogs, of whom there is always a swarm in the villages of southern Bessarabia, leaped around the wagon and barking, ran behind it to the courthouse, where the travellers halted.

Tykhovych jumped out of the wagon and, without stopping to brush off the dust from his clothes, hurried hastily into the office. There he met the mayor, a heavy-set, paunchy Moldavian with an apathetic countenance, and the clerk with whom we are already acquainted but who was no longer wearing his bright, festal trousers.

Tykhovych stated his name.

"I am commissioned," he added, "to inspect vineyards in Loyeshti to make certain that they are free from phylloxera. You got my communication?"

The mayor apathetically blinked his eyes, but the clerk, twisting up his moustaches and starting with his feline eyes, made a bow giving the impression of a person who is drawing in his stomach on account of a terrible cramp.

"Oh, certainly we received it—the one about phylloxera? Oh, you will certainly find some here," he added, with a circular wave of his hand.

"What makes you think so?" said Tykhovych curiously, turning to him.

"The people die," the clerk explained mysteriously. "It's in the air..." He offered no confirmation, but merely drew in a long breath through his nose as though he felt the presence of phylloxera there.

Tykhovych smiled slightly.

"I need to find quarters," he said, turning to the mayor, "for the workmen and ourselves. I will pay for the lodgings. Only hurry up, for the men are waiting outside on the road."

"All shall be done!" interjected the clerk, moving out of the room backwards and making queer movements with his legs, on which, to his infinite regret, the new, bright trousers were no longer shining today.

Some underlings ran about frantically from house to house seeking quarters without finding a place anywhere.

The Moldavians, having learned that the 'doctors' had arrived, would not admit the foes into their homes at any price.

Savchenko and Rudyk sat in the wagon, hungry and peevish, and cursed the Moldavians heartily.

"What barbarians! What a lack of culture!" fumed Savchenko. "You labor for their own good, for their own advantage, and they won't let

you into their houses, the savages!" "Since when have you, comrade, been able to perceive the profit of our labors? Somehow, I never noticed it in you before. Maybe it's because you are hungry?" mocked Rudyk.

"Well, I am hungry, if you want to know!" burst out Savchenko. Since early morn I've not had a bite and now I have to wait in the sun until they let us into their homes. No use talking—an investigator for the phylloxera commission leads a dog's life."

"It's too bad!" sighed Rudyk. "If it were permissible, I'd knock down a couple of those geese there and broil them in butter; you know—with apples."

"Don't be so aggravating!"

"Or else shoot down a hare, you know, and cook it with beets in cream."

"Ugh! Shut up, you make the saliva come..."

From the doorway, Tykhovych listened to the conversation, frowning. It was manifest that the disagreeable situation irritated him.

At last, a breathless constable reported that quarters had been found. Both the wagons moved off and and the travellers dragged themselves after them.

When, a little while after, one of the workmen came of the tavern carrying a bottle of wine, the Moldavians followed him with angry looks, crying out indignantly: "The anti-christ! See, they drink wine themselves, they don't care, and yet they chop down people's vineyards—they're afraid, they say, lest people might die! Let's hope they perish themselves, the antichrists!"

In the small Moldavian house where the investigators were to stay, a benzine stove hissed on the table and over it an omelet was cooking, a job which Savchenko knew how to do in masterly fashion. He himself stood, his plump, round person bent over the frying pan and, with the delight of the gastronome, with distended nostrils, revelled in the aroma of the luscious dish.

Rudyk wiped off the glasses and sliced the bread.

"Where is that Tykhovych fussing around?" grumbled the improvised chef. "There's the omelet all ready and he isn't here..."

"Well, here I come and, as I see, just at the right moment!" said Tykhovych, stepping over the threshold. "I had to take a look to see where they had put the workmen up."

Savchenko extinguished the benzine stove, triumphantly set the omelet on the table and, with exaggerated gestures, invited his comrades to eat.

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## U. N. A. CHRONICLE

In October 1941, in February 1943,

in December 1946, and once again in January, we presented in chronological order the more important events which took place from March 19, 1938 (the date the first "Youth and the U.N.A." column appeared), to the end of 1944. In today's column we continue this chronicle concerning the Ukrainian National Association members by listing the important developments of 1945. The chronicle is offered simply to illustrate what the Ukrainian National Association members have accomplished.

The incidents reported below are listed according to the time they were reported in the Weekly.

### January 1945:

S/Sgt. Lubianetsky of U.N.A. Br. 477 of Hudson, N. Y., a crew chief in the 460th Bombardment Group on the Italian Front, was entitled to wear the distinguished unit badge. The U.N.A. Golden Jubilee Almanac was lauded by the "Nowy Shliakh" ("New Pathway") of Winnipeg. Two members of the Philadelphia U.N.A. Youth Club, Pfc. Joe Pistun and Cpl. Roland Slobogin, met each other "somewhere in France." The Philly club reported a total of 26 members in service. S/Sgt. John Terliski, former secretary of Branch 438 of West Easton, Pa., previously stationed in North Africa, was reported stationed in Egypt. T/Sgt. Peter Charney of Branch 286 of Jersey City, N. J., a veteran of 35 missions from a 15th AAF bombardment group base in Italy, is the wearer of the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf clusters, the Good Conduct Medal, and the European-African-Middle East area ribbon with two campaign stars; his group received three Presidential unit citations. The Philly U.N.A. Basketball Team defeated the New York U.N.A. squad, 56 to 40.

### February 1945:

Stephen Iwankiw of Branch 221 of Chicago was reported killed in action. Pfc. Paul Maliborsky of Br. 223 of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., received a citation for bravery after being killed in action in Italy. Sgt. Joseph T. Bundyk of Branch 330 of Little Falls, N. Y., was wounded in action in action in France. Lt. Michael Palamar of Branch 330 of Little Falls, N. Y., was reported missing in action in Belgium. Lt. Volodimir Z. Lotowycz of Branch 25 of Jersey City, N. J., a Navy pilot, was awarded a bronze star, to be worn on the ribbon bar of his American Area Campaign Medal. Paul Lenchuk of Br. 204 of New York was promoted from ensign to lieutenant junior grade, according to a report from the Central Pacific. Sgt. Louis Lobur of Branch 296 of Arnold, Pa., was killed in action in Germany. Lt. John Terlecky Jr. of Branch 140 of Warren, Ohio, was killed over Manheim, Germany, in the course of a bombing mission. T/3 Peter Zahailo of Branch 361 of New York was reported killed in action in the English Channel. Pfc. Charles W. Ewanik of Branch 361 of New York was killed in a plane crash en route to England. Pfc. Theodore Lutwiniak of Branch 287 of Jersey City, stationed aboard the Army Hospital Ship Larkspur as editor of the ship's newspaper, met a fellow Ukrainian American in the person of T/5 Michael Moroz of Boston, who was being evacuated from the European Theater of Operations. The New York U.N.A. Basketball Team defeated Philly, 48 to 36.

### March 1945:

Cpl. Bill Slobodian of Branch 105 of Philadelphia submitted a description of a German school to a high school newspaper. T/5 John L. Kostribiaw of Branch 324 of Landsdale, Pa., was awarded the Bronze Star Medal for action in Belgium. Pfc. Dmytro P. Mode of Branch 73 of Providence, R. I., was killed in action in France. The 21st convention of the U.N.A., slated for May, 1945, was postponed because of restrictions imposed by the war. John Kosiuk of the Navy, a member of Branch 206 of Woonsocket, R. I., was killed in an explosion aboard a warship in the Pacific. Flying Officer Appolion Paul Mazur of Branch 432 of Toronto was reported dead; he was previously listed as missing on active service overseas. Stephen J. Magura of Branch 287 of Jersey City, N. J., was sworn in as a member of the New Jersey Bar. Cpl. Peter Panteluk, former secretary of Branch 374 of Boston, visited the Ukrainian-Canadian Servicemen's Club in London; he commended the U.N.A. for sending a \$500 Christmas gift check to the club, as well as a number of books. S/Sgt. Walter Dolyk of Branch 50 of Lorain, Ohio, was awarded the Bronze Star Medal in Belgium for his skill as a plane mechanic. Pfc. John Kachmarsky of Branch 104 of Perth Amboy, N. J., was killed in France. Singer Vera Macknicz of Branch 170 of Jersey City, N. J., received a merit award for entertaining wounded soldiers under the auspices of the Elks War Commission.

### April 1945:

Pfc. Steven Labinsky of Branch 142 of Elizabeth, N.J., died of wounds suffered on Luzon. Sgt. Eugene Ozyjowski of Branch 143 of Great Meadows, N. J., was reported missing over Germany. Sgt. John Lawroky of Branch 100 of Gary, Ind. was awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received on Saipan. The U.N.A. launched a pre-convention membership campaign. Capt. Joseph Lesawyer of Branch 477 of Hudson, N. Y., described the Nazis as beasts in a letter to his brother, Michael. S/Sgt. Peter Turko of Branch 325 of Brooklyn was killed in Belgium; he had previously been wounded twice. Philadelphia wins U.N.A. basketball title by defeating New York 64 to 51. Sgt. George Suchorsky of Branch 3 of Elizabeth, N. J., reported missing in action, wrote his family that he was a prisoner of war in Germany. Pfc. Anthony Shumeyko, of Branch 423 of New York, wrote his parents in Union, N. J., that he encountered a number of Ukrainians in Germany who had been liberated by advancing American forces. A laudatory account of the baseball pitching qualities of George Worgul (Branch 200, Ozone Park, N. Y.), a member of the New York U.N.A. Basketball Team, appeared in the New York Journal American. Sgt. Eugene B. Cieply of Branch 266 of Broadalbin, N. Y., was killed on a bombing mission over France. The Philly U.N.A. Youth Club reported three members wounded in action, namely, Pfc. Joseph Pistun of Branch 62, wounded a second time, Pfc. Dmytro Olenick of Branch 324, and Pvt. Roland Slobogin of Branch 324. Steve Matyszcak of Branch 163 became the 28th member of the Philly club to join the service. Sgt. Paul Kolisnyk of Br. 206 of Woonsocket, R. I., was reported killed over Austria. Miss Vera Podorozny of Branch 477 of Hudson,

N. Y., was again selected to model for the annual Spring fashion show sponsored by one of Plattsburgh's leading stores. Lt. Michael Senuta of Branch 180 of Akron, Ohio, died of wounds received on Luzon.

### May 1945:

Lt. John Hryshkanish of Elmira, N. Y., a U.N.A. member, listed as missing after his plane crashed near Saipan, sent a message to his family via Radio Tokyo; he gave his address as "Tokyo Camp." Pvt. Mike Franko of Branch 330 of Little Falls, N. Y., wounded in action in France, sent his Purple Heart Medal home to his wife. Sgt. Andrew Mariak of Branch 476 of Hudson, N. Y., was one of the American soldiers to meet Russian troops on the banks of the Elbe River, Torgau, Germany. Pvt. William Fedoryk Jr. of Branch 361 of New York City was killed in Germany. Pvt. Roland Slobogin of Br. 324 of Philadelphia died of wounds received in action in France. Cpl. Walter Romaniuk and Cpl. Michael Romaniuk, brothers, of Branch 238 of Mattapan, Mass., reported meeting each other on Okinawa.

### June 1945:

Cpl. Francis Demcovitz of Branch 408, of Elizabeth, N. J., with another GI, knocked out four German tanks and then hid under the noses of the Germans for four days before getting back to their company. His brother, Boris, was killed in action in Holland in February. Marine Cpl. Henry M. Sozek of Branch 93 of Pawtucket, R. I., died of wounds received on Okinawa. Cpl. William Greta of Branch 234 of Elizabeth, N. J., was killed in Germany. Pvt. Theodore Storosko of Branch 29 of Nanticoke, Pa., received the Silver Star for gallantry in action in Italy. Cpl. Samuel Napowanetz of Br. 65 of Elizabeth, N. J. killed one Jap when three soldiers with hidden rifles tried to pass themselves off as civilians on Okinawa. S/Sgt. Michael J. Zabrowsky of Branch 361 of New York City wrote his sister that he met liberated Ukrainians in Europe. Miss Dorothy Breziki of Branch 414 of New Haven, Conn., voted the best student in a class poll, received her diploma at the Providence, R. I., Hospital School of Nursing. Miss Stephania Borys of Branch 105 of Philadelphia was presented with a Cresson memorial scholarship worth \$1,100; she is a student of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Michael and George Kulick, brothers, of Branch 231 of Nesquehoning, Pa., are in a V-12 Navy Training Unit at the Marquette Medical School. Fireman I/c Michael Lishak of Branch 104 of Perth Amboy, N. J., was aboard the first warship, a minesweeper, to enter Okinawa waters. The U.N.A. announced it paid out over \$77,000 in dividends in 1945. S/Sgt. Edward W. Ostapczuk of Branch 142 of Elizabeth, N. J., was awarded the Bronze Star Medal for meritorious service in France, Luxembourg, Belgium, Holland and Germany. Miss Hope Buciak and Miss Ann Buciak, sisters, of Branch 238 of Boston, graduated from the University of New Hampshire, each receiving a A. S. degree. Miss Stella Dawyskyba of Branch 238 received a B. S. degree in Education from Teachers College, Salem, Mass.

### July 1945:

Lt. William J. Czabaranok of Br. 325 of Brooklyn was awarded a 2nd Oak Leaf Cluster to his Air Medal for meritorious achievement over Burma. Miss Nadia Leona Lulka of Br. 401 of Sykesville, Pa., received her

Bachelor of Science Degree in Home Economics at the Pennsylvania State College. Capt. John P. Glaws of Br. 433 of Amityville, N. Y., received a Distinguished Flying Cross on the Italian front. Pfc. Theodore Lutwiniak of Branch 287 of Jersey City, editor of "News Buoy," a GI paper published abroad the U. S. Army Hospital Ship Larkpur, reported that the paper had won a prize in the 1945 Camp Newspaper Service contest. Cpl. Myron Leskiw of Branch 204 of New York City was reported as serving in China. Cpt. Joseph Lesawyer of Branch 477 of Hudson, N. Y., was awarded the Bronze Star for heroic conduct in Germany.

### August 1945:

Pfc. Michael Herman of Branch 361 of New York City was reported aiding soldiers in rehabilitation through the medium of folk dancing. Cpl. Paul Starusnak of Branch 39 of Mattydale, N. Y., was killed in a jeep accident in Germany. S/Sgt. Stephen T. Worona of Branch 386 of Burghill, Ohio, was awarded the Bronze Star for heroic achievement in Belgium. Sgt. Michael Wayda, a U.N.A. member of Buffalo, N. Y., received the Bronze Star for heroic achievement in Italy. Cpl. John Rozek of Branch 76 of Newark, N. J., was awarded the Silver Star posthumously for gallantry in action in Germany.

### September 1945:

Major Stephen Malevich, son of Mrs. Maria Malevich, Vice-Presidents of the U.N.A. of Pottsburgh, Pa., believed to have been killed in action, was found alive and well in a Jap prison camp in Mukden, Manchuria. He was captured by the Japs at Bataan. Radarman 2/c Raymond F. Wawryshyn of Branch 52 of Holyoke, Mass., was officially commended by the captain of the USS Massachusetts in Jap waters and was promoted to duty as a leading petty officer of his division. Pvt. Roland Slobogin of Branch 324 of Philadelphia was awarded posthumously the Purple Heart and Bronze Star Medal; he died in France. Lt. Frank Hawrylak of Branch 76 of Newark, N. J., participated in a 2-round exhibition bout with Cpl. Billy Conn in Ingolstadt, Germany. T/5 Myron Krochak of Branch 204 of New York City received the Bronze Star Medal for heroic achievement in Germany. Lt. Emanuel T. Rudy of Branch 371 of Belleville, N. J., was awarded the Navy and Marine Corps Medal and a commendation ribbon for rescuing Navy personnel in the Pacific. S/Sgt. John Lavrowsky of Branch 100 of Gary, Ind., was killed on Okinawa. Sgt. Mike Moroz of Branch 281 of Bayonne, N. J., brought in 5 Okinawa nurses during mopping up operations; he discovered the women hiding in a cave with four hand grenades in their possession. Branch 206 of Woonsocket, R. I., observed its 35th anniversary with a banquet and religious program. Marine Pvt. John Steckowich Jr. of Branch 371 of Newark, N. J., observed his 18th birthday on Parris Island. S/Sgt. John Kozar of Branch 170 of Jersey City was accidentally shot and killed by a sentry in Germany; the sentry was unable to recognize him in the darkness. Miss Anna M. Magura of Branch 270 of Jersey City was reported as being active in promoting symphonic music.

### October 1945:

Pharmacist Mate 3/c Helen Sudomir and Specialist 2/c Dorothy Sudomir, sisters, of Branch 180 of

(Concluded on page 6)



## "Bandura"—Traditional and National Musical Instrument of Ukraine

From various UNRRA and Military Government authorities we often receive most interesting letters and reports on the various musical and cultural projects and enterprises of the Ukrainians in the different D.P. camps in Germany and Austria. Perhaps one of the most outstanding and typically nationally cultural of these is the now famous "Bandura" choir of "Taras Shevchenko" in the Ukrainian D.P. camp at Ingolstadt, in the American zone of Germany. The director of this troupe is Mr. Ivan Samokish.

During the last year this concert party has toured most of the American zone of Germany, giving its concerts and entertaining American troops as well as the refugees and D.P.'s. It must be stated that much of their work has been made possible through the kind efforts and co-operation of Mrs. E. P. Colley, who is the UNRRA Welfare Officer in that camp. Recently our Relief Bureau also had an opportunity to assist in

their excellent work by supplying them with some "Bandura" strings which were urgently needed for their musical instruments.

The "bandura" instrument and this particular group are of national and historical fame among Ukrainians throughout the world. They have held concerts in some of the largest halls and before some of the largest audiences in Europe, and they all look forward to the time when they might be able to entertain the British, Canadian and American audiences.

Among the "Bandura" artists in the Western world is Professor Wasyl Yemets, who is now in Hollywood, and who recently celebrated the 35th Anniversary of his first public concert. Professor Yemets has toured the world with his Bandura, holding concerts in almost every larger centre in every country in Europe, Canada, and the United States.

("The Refugee," London)

### U.N.A. CHRONICLE

(Concluded from page 5)

of Akron, Ohio, are serving as WAVES. Their brother, Joseph, was discharged from the Army after serving 18 months in the ETO; he was twice wounded in action. S/Sgt. John Biloz Jr. of Branch 21 of Endicott, N. Y., a veteran B-29 crewman, became eligible to return to the U.S. Branches 38 and 283 of Auburn, N. Y., which sponsored floats in the city's victory parade, aroused much interest and favorable comment. Pfc. Harry Polche of Br. 361 of New York City described the plight of Ukrainian children war refugees in a letter to the Ukrainian Weekly. Associate Professor Joseph D. Stetkewicz of Branch 25, of Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J., wrote about the efforts of pressure and temperature on iron powder compacts in the July issue of Metal Progress magazine. Seaman 2/c Walter S. Bahrey of Branch 252 of Chicago was declared officially dead following the accidental sinking of the Extractor in the Pacific. Cpl. Steve Datsko of Branch 312 of S. Plainfield, N. J., received the Bronze Medal for heroic achievement in Germany. The U.N.A. announced that its 21st quadrenial convention would be held in March, 1946, in Pittsburgh. Pfc. Walter T. Shymon of Branch 286 of Jersey City was one of several men to be praised for their work in the development of the VT fuse. T/Sgt. Alex Zwarycz and Seaman 1/c Joseph Zwarycz, brothers of Branch 157 of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., were reunited in Manila, Philippine Islands.

#### November 1945:

Michael and Mary Herman of Branch 361 of New York City inaugurated folk dance sessions in Washington, D. C. Sgt. Basil Wecal of Branch 206 of Woonsocket, R. I., a survivor of the "March of Death" which followed the surrender of Bataan and Corregidor, returned to his home. Capt. Chester M. Monasteriski of Branch 276 of Aliquippa, Pa., wrote his parents from Manila that he expected to be home for Christmas. Lt. Eugene Pula of Branch 361 of New York City was killed while on air reconnaissance in the Pacific theater. Capt. Zenon B. Malanchuk of Branch 54 of Pittsfield, Mass., was released with many honors after serving 6 years in uniform. T/Sgt.

Nicholas Wereszczak of Branch 192 of Herkimer, N. Y., was killed in a vehicle accident in Austria. Sgt. Walter Pytlowany of Branch 435 of New York described his stay at a rest camp high in the mountains of India in a letter to his branch secretary.

#### December 1945:

Joe Pistun, a member of the Philadelphia U.N.A. Basketball Team, received his discharge from the service; he had been wounded twice. Pfc. Ramon J. Hryciak of Branch 204, of Queens Village, L. I., perished on a Jap prison ship torpedoed by an American submarine. L/Col. Wasyl Rybak of Branch 204 of New York, who had served 3 years in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, Belgium and Germany, and holder of the Legion of Merit, came home on furlough.

\*

Such are some of the 1945 highlights concerning the Ukrainian National Association, its branches and members. All the material offered here was extracted from the Ukrainian Weekly.

Non-members desiring information as to privileges of U.N.A. membership and the like should address the U.N.A. Main Office, 83 Grand St., Jersey City 3, N. J.

As illustrated by the above chronicle, the U.N.A. is an organization worthy of the support of all serious-minded Ukrainian Americans and Ukrainian Canadians.

**Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam**, of the New York Methodist Area, at a meeting of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church:

"The faith that can remove mountains, always important, is now imperative. The massing of force along the lines of tension may postpone war but it will not create peace. It is truce before battle. Signing an occasional treaty is not enough. The maintenance of peace demands the setting up of the necessary agencies of government to bring power under control and to establish justice. These agencies must be in continuous operation and their decisions must be based upon the consent of the governed. They must be democratic. The United Nations is such an agency, subject to improvement as are all human institutions, but capable of use in this crucial hour."

## Ukrainian International Scouts and Guides in Austria

In a most interesting report received from an UNRRA senior welfare officer in Austria, is a description of a presentation that was recently held in Salzburg when a Ukrainian scout troop was presented with a special "Good Deeds" inter-patrol trophy for Ukrainian scouts and guides in Austria. The trophy was presented by Mrs. Hilda M. Haggie, Welfare Officer for the Salzburg area, and the inscription on the trophy read: "Good Deeds' trophy for inter-patrol competition amongst the Ukrainian troops of International Boys Scouts and Girl Guides."

The trophy was in the form of a statuette made by a famous young Hungarian sculptress, Eva B. Loete, and is most characteristic of INTERNATIONAL scouting. It is perhaps one of the best pieces of art yet produced by this young and talented genius. The motto "Good Deeds" is an Austrian character from the famous Salzburg festival play, "Everyman." The inscription and some of the material is English. The trophy is presented to Ukrainians, and portrays a figure standing on a sphere, representing the world. Around the sphere is a band on which are engraved the badges of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, signifying that wherever one may go, in the whole world, one will find Scouts and Guides of many different nationalities, all united in friendship to one another.

The figure of the statue is of wood, gilded and well rubbed so that the wood shows through and has a very old antique appearance. It is about a foot in height, and can be fixed on top of a scout-pole for carrying on special occasions in parades and processions.

The winners of the trophy were a patrol of guides called "The Swallow Patrol of the Lesia Ukrainka 'A' Troop." Everybody agreed that this was the most outstanding patrol of both the scouts and guides.

Throughout the three months of keen competition they always showed themselves more than ready to volunteer for every type of special work in the DP camps... in the vegetable gardens... in flower gardens... the school... the barracks... etc. Whenever special help was needed they were always there and were a most useful part of the community. In addition to this general initiative they organized hospital visits to take comforts and reading material to the patients. During the summer camp on Lake Fuschl, helped with the harvest and with many jobs in the village, and on one occasion saved a farmhouse from probable destruction by observing and putting out a fire that no one had seen.

The ceremonial presentation of the trophy took place during the general celebration held on November 17 to celebrate the 35th Anniversary of Ukrainian scouting. Ukrainian scouting started in Galicia in 1911 when that province was part of the Austrian Empire, and for that reason this anniversary celebration in Salzburg, Austria, had an additional historic significance. The celebrations were attended by Ukrainian International patrols (Scouts and Guides) from Landeck in Tyrol, from Voralberg, from Innsbruck, from Upper Austria, and from Villach (Carinthia). The leader of the Ukrainian scouts in Austria, Chief Scout Nikefor HIRNIAK, who has been a scoutmaster since 1912, also arrived from Innsbruck to take part in the celebrations.

Following the evening ceremony which was also attended by the President, the Chief Commissioner, and the Assistant Chief Scout of the Austrian Scouts and Guides, there was a program of stage show and speeches in campfire fashion, in which the Brownies and Wolfcubs assisted.

("The Refugee," London)

## St. George's Vets Post Installs Officers

The St. George Catholic War Veterans Post 401 held its annual installation of officers and induction of new members on Sunday, February 9, 1947. A special service paying tribute to the veterans was held at St. George Ukrainian Catholic Church, 22 East 7th Street, New York City. From there all the guests and members proceeded with the Colors to the Auditorium where the installation ceremony was held.

The program was opened with the playing of military airs by the St. George Bugle and Drum Corps, and the singing of our National Anthem by the Church Choir. The Post Chaplain, Rev. Peter Hewko, OSBM, delivered the Invocation; and the former Post Commander Walter Lakusta introduced County Commander James W. Fay, who with his assistants from the New York County Post conducted the ritual, which was witnessed by an audience of approximately 500.

The 45 new members, standing in the form of a Cross, took their oath; and the following officers were then installed for the year 1947:

Post Chaplain, Rev. Peter Hewko, OSBM; Commander, Peter Tynetski; 1st Vice-Commander, William Romanynshyn; 2nd Vice-Commander, Michael Luchuf; 3rd Vice-Commander, Charles Parker; Adjutant, Max Trepeta; Treasurer, Peter Slowitsky; Medical Officer, Dr. Walter Urusky;

Judge Advocate, Harry Polche; Welfare Officer, John Katinsky; Historian, William Zmyndak; Officer of the Day, Douglas Curran; Trustees: 3 years, Walter Lakusta, 2 years, Paul Hysa, 1 year Henry Blumhagen.

The ritual was very impressive. Each officer was conducted to the ritual officer of the New York County Post who explained his duties to him. At the conclusion of installations, the gavel was handed to the new Commander, Peter Tynetski. Among the guest speakers he introduced was the Hon. Robert F. Wagner, Jr., Commissioner of Housing of New York City. Mr. Wagner is a member of the Monsignor Connolly Catholic War Veterans, and told the group that he had not been inducted as yet but that he repeated the oath along with the new members at this induction. Mr. Wagner spoke further and revealed that he is very much interested in Veterans Housing.

The ceremony was brought to an end with a closing prayer by the Post Chaplain, and all the guests were invited to attend the reception and dance that followed.

The St. George C.W.V. Post 401 is now located in its new club rooms at 33 East 7th Street, New York City; and all veterans are welcome to drop in any evening. A dance by the Post will be given on April 27, 1947.

HARRY POLCHE



## Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER WM. DANKO

### FOOTBALL:

Another collegiate football player has been uncovered in the person of **Ray Maladowitz**, plebe at West Point. With "Doc" Blanchard due to graduate this June, Maladowitz, a big 200 lbs. fullback is expected to come into his own as he created quite a stir in Northern New Jersey scholastic circles with his playing. Incidentally, his brother plays for the Young Men's Orthodox Club of Passaic in the N. J. State Ukrainian Basketball League... **Joe Stydahar** husky All-League tackle with the Chicago Bears, recently signed a contract to coach the linemen for the L. A. Rams of the N.F.L... **John Kuzman**, ex-Fordham tackle of a few years ago, has been traded by the San Francisco 49'ers to the Brooklyn Dodgers of the A. A. C... **Mike Stelmach**, passing ace of a decade ago at NYU, is now athletic coach of the Jersey City Vocational School. Rumor has it that Mike will take over the vacant coaching job at Ferris High of Jersey City... **Fred Negus** of Wisconsin who was on the 1946 All-Uke football team, recently signed a 2-year contract to center the Chicago Rockets of the A.A.C. Recently acquiring "Sleepy Jim" Crowley as part-owner and head-coach, this "Rocket" team should go places after a rather mediocre season in the 1st year of the A.A.C.'s existence last fall... The N. Y. Yanks of the A.A.C. picked **Joe Tereshinski** of Georgia and **Big Jack Durishan** of Pittsburgh in the "draft." The Yanks also picked **Ed Sikorski** of Muhlenberg, who is only a sophomore... **Frank Wydo** of Cornell, All-America mention at tackle position, was picked by the Pitt. Steelers., although Frank is only a freshman.

### BASEBALL:

**Mike Lazorchak**, ex-Villanova athlete, has been on the Voluntary Retirement List of the Chicago White Sox of the A. L. for the past four years.

### BASKETBALL:

The Ukrainians are beginning to make some headway in college basketball. A few more names have been uncovered. For example, **Walter Kostyshyn**, a N. Y. boy, is the ace of the crack Seton Hall Frosh quintet. Walt sent word that both of his parents are Ukrainian... **John Veryzen**, captain of Manhattan College squad, sends a card stating that he is of Dutch ancestry but that 2 of his team-mates, **Sig Skronsky** of Staten Island and **Al Ezersky** of the Bronx, are of Ukrainian parentage... **Tony Karpowich**, captain and high-scorer of the Fordham team and **Michael Bak** of the Paterson State Teachers College are both Ukrainians. Incidentally, Tony has also played collegiate football.

### WRESTLING:

**Bronco Nagurski**, All-time grid great at Minnesota and later with the Chicago Bears, is now going along in great style in the "grunt and groan" profession. The Bronc, an ex-champ, recently appeared in Brooklyn when he came to grips with **Wally Dusek**. Although never extended, Nagurski enjoyed a good workout before pinning the youngest of the famous Dusek clan.

### HOCKEY:

**Pete Horeck**, husky wing recently traded to the Detroit Red Wing by the Chicago Black Hawks, led the

## N. J. League Triple Header

The New Jersey State Ukrainian Basketball League will crown its first half champions in the feature attraction of a triple header basketball program planned for next Sunday, March 16, 1947 at the Carteret High School Gymnasium on Washington Ave. in Carteret, N. J. The game will pit the Ukrainian Social Club of Elizabeth and the Ukrainian Athletic Club of Bayonne, since both teams finished in a tie for first place in the N. J. League with records of seven wins and three defeats.

The second half of play will be in the form of a single elimination affair with Carteret meeting Perth Amboy in the quarter finals, and the St. Nicholas Club of Passaic meeting their city rivals, the Orthodox five, also of Passaic.

The entire league roster will be the League's Jamboree on Sunday. The two losing teams will be dropped from further competition.

Both Elizabeth and Bayonne have drawn byes and must win two games in the second half to become the Second Half Champions. Sports Directors **Eugene Wadiak** is directing the tournament, and is being assisted by various committees representing each organization.

Further championship play will continue on successive Sundays.

The first game between Carteret and Perth Amboy will start at 1:15 P.M. with Elizabeth and Bayonne slated to start one hour later. The two Passaic teams will get their contest under way at 3:45. A large delegation from the state is expected.

Being married saves a man a lot of time making up his mind about things.

Wings to a win over his former team-mates with an excellent display of shooting when he scored 4 goals and 1 assist shortly thereafter.

### НАЙДУТЬ ЗАНЯТТЯ

ПОТРІБНО ДІВЧИНИ до офісової роботи. Голоситись у п. Стадника 158 E. 84th St., New York City, N. Y.

## Charity Basketball Tournament in Philly

Three top notch Ukrainian basketball teams will invade Philadelphia on Sunday, March 23, for a sensational triple-header tournament which is scheduled to get under way at 2 P.M.

Entire proceeds of the tournament will be for the benefit of the Ukrainian Catholic War Relief Fund.

Bridgeport, Conn., will be the feature attraction, playing two of the three games. In the first contest they will be paired off with Berwick, Pa., former champions of the Ukrainian National Association Basketball League and current pace-setters in their local City League. The second setto will bring together St. George's Ukrainian Choir of New York City against Philadelphia's Ukrainian Americans "B" team while, in the finale, Bridgeport will face the Ukrainian American "A" team.

Philly's followers of the famous 849 N. Franklin Street address have yet to witness such a star-studded attraction being prompted for such an urgent cause. All services and expenses are being shared by the Ukrainian American basketball team and the Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral Choir of Philadelphia, the co-sponsoring groups of this affair. Everyone, including players and committee members, will pay the dollar to witness this attraction. Let's start this march of dollars rolling, whether you can or cannot attend the games.

DIETRIC SLOBOGIN, Chairman

### JUDGING OUR YOUNGER GENERATION

(Concluded from page 1)

cans of non-Ukrainian stock with this culture ad particularly with the Ukrainian national struggle for freedom.

We would suggest, in this connection, that our newly arrived immigrants, both young and old, read the article on Ukrainian American youth congresses appearing on page 169 of the U.N.A. Golden Jubilee Almanac, written in Ukrainian.

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## CHAMPIONSHIP Basketball Triple Header of the N. J. STATE UKRAINIAN LEAGUE SUNDAY, MARCH 16TH, 1947

at the

CARTERET HIGH SCHOOL GYM. ADMISSION 50 CENTS WASHINGTON AVE., CARTERET, N. J.

1:15 CARTERET vs. PERTH AMBOY — 2:30 BAYONNE vs. ELIZABETH  
3:45 ST. NICK'S vs. ORTH-UKES, PASSAIC

In a nutshell: A lot depends upon the kind of young people you meet. Maybe you haven't met the right ones.

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## ТАРАС ШЕВЧЕНКО

(9 березня 1814 — 10 березня 1861)

## ЗА ПОВІТ.

Як умру, то поховайте  
Мене на могилі,  
Серед степу широкого,  
На Вкраїні милій:  
Щоб лани широкополі  
І Дніпро і кручі  
Було видно, було чути,  
Як реве ревучий!

Як понесе з України  
У синєє море  
Кров ворожу... отоді я  
І лани і гори —  
Все покину і полину  
До самого Бога  
Молитися... А до того —  
Я не знаю Бога.

Поховайте та вставайте,  
Кайдани порвіть  
І вражою злою кровю  
Волю окропіте!  
І мене в сім'ї великій  
В сім'ї вольній, новій  
Не забудьте помянути  
Не злим тихим словом.

(25. грудня 1845  
в Переяславі).

\* \* \*

Мені однаково, чи буду  
Я жить в Україні, чи ні.  
Чи хто згадає, чи забуде  
Мене в снігу на чужині —  
Однаковісенько мені.  
В неволі виріс між чужими,  
І, неоплаканий своїми,  
В неволі, плачучи, умру.  
І все з собою заберу —  
Малого сліду не покину  
На нашій славній Україні,  
На нашій — не своїй землі.  
І не помяне батько з сином.  
Не скаже синові: Молись!  
Молися, сину: за Україну  
Його замучили колись.  
Мені однаково, чи буде  
Той син молитися, чи ні...  
Та не однаково мені.  
Як Україну злії люди  
Присплять, лукаві, і в огні  
Її окрадену, збудять...  
Ох, не однаково мені.

(В казаметі 1847).

\* \* \*

Чи ми ще зійдемося знову?  
Чи вже навіки розійшлося?  
І слово правди і любові  
В степи і дебрі рознесли?  
Нехай і так!... Не наша мати,  
А доведлося поважати.  
То воля Господа. Годіть!  
Смиріться, моліться Богу  
І згадуйте один другого,  
Свою Україну любіть.  
Любіть її... Во время люте,  
В останню тяжкую минуту  
За неї Господа моліть.

(30. травня 1847 в казаметі).

\* \* \*

Сонце заходить, гори чорніють  
Пташечка тихе, поле німіє,  
Радіють люди, що одпочинуть.  
А я дивлюся... і серцем ліну  
В темний садочок на Україну;  
Лину я, ліну, думу гадаю,  
І ніби серце одпочиває.  
Чорніє поле, і гаї, і гори,  
На синє небо виходить зоря.  
Ой зоре! зоре! — і слізи кануть.  
Чи ти зійшла вже і на Україні?  
Чи очі карі тебе шукають  
На небі синім? Чи забувають?  
Коли забули, бодай засуди.  
Про мою доленьку, щоб і не чули.

(Орська кріпость 1847).

\* \* \*

Один у другого питаєм:  
Нащо нас мати привела?  
Чи для добра? Чи для зла?  
Нащо живем? Чого бажаєм?  
І, не дознавшись, умираєм.  
А покидаємо діла.

(Орська кріпость 1847).

Не так тії вороги,  
Як добрії люди —  
І окрадуть жалкуючи,  
Плачучи осудять,  
І попросять тебе в хату,  
І будуть вітати  
І питать тебе про тебе,  
Щоб потім сміятись,  
Щоб тебе добити...  
Без ворогів можна в світі  
Якнебудь прожити.  
А ці добрії люди  
Найдуть тебе всюди.  
І на тім світі, добряги,  
Тебе не забудуть.

(Кос-Арал 1848).

\* \* \*

Не тополю високою  
Вітер нагинає,  
Дівчинонька одинока  
Долю звеважає.  
— Бодай тобі, доле,  
У морі втопитись,  
Що не даєш мені й досі  
Ні з ким полюбитись.  
Як дівчата цілуються,  
Як їх обнімають,  
І що тоді їм діється —  
Я й досі не знаю...  
І не знатиму. Ой, мамо,  
Страшно дівувати,  
Увесь вік свій дівувати,  
Ні з ким не кохатись.

(Кос-Арал 1848).

\* \* \*

Роботящим умам,  
Роботящим рукам  
Перелоги орать,  
Думать, сіять, не ждять  
І посіяне жать  
Роботящим рукам.

## РОЗРИТА МОГИЛА.

Світе тихий, краю милий,  
Моя Україно!  
За що тебе сплюндровано,  
За що, мамо, гинець?  
Чи ти рано до сходу сонця  
Богу не молилась?  
Чи ти діточок недівних  
Звичаю не вчила?  
Молилась, турбувалась,  
День і ніч не спала,  
Малих діток доглядала,  
Звичаю навчала.  
Виростали мої квіти,  
Мої добрі діти,  
Панувала і я колись  
На широкому світі, —  
Панувала... Ой Богдане!  
Нерозумний сину!  
Подивись тепер на матір,  
На свою Україну,  
Що, колишучи, співала  
Про свою долю,  
Що, співаючи, ридала,  
Виглядала волю.  
Ой Богдане, Богданочку!  
Якби була знала —  
У колиці б задумала,  
Під серцем приспала.  
Степи мої запродані  
Жидові, німоті,  
Сини мої на чужині,  
На чужій роботі.  
Дніпро, брат мій, висихає,  
Мене покидає,  
А могили мої милі  
Москаль розриває...  
Нехай рие, розкопує,  
Не своє шукає...  
А тим часом перевертні  
Нехай підрастають.  
Та допоможуть москалеві  
Господарювати  
Та з матері податану  
Сорочку знімати.  
Помагайте, недолюдки,  
Матір катувати.  
На четверо розкопана,  
Розрита могила...  
Чого вони там шукали?  
Що там схоронили  
Старі батьки? Ех, якби то...  
Якби то найшли те, що там  
схоронили  
Не плакали б діти, мати не  
журилась...

(Березень, 1843).

\* \* \*

У нашім раї на землі  
Нічого кращого не має.  
Як тая мати молода  
З своїм дитятком малим.  
Буває іноді, дивлюся,  
Дивуюсь дивом, і печаль  
Охватить душу; стане жаль  
Мені її, і зажурюся,  
І перед нею помолюся,  
Мов перед образом святим  
Тієї Матері Святої,  
Що в мир наш Бога принесла...

(Кос-Арал 1848).

\* \* \*

Буває, іноді старий  
Не знає сам, чого зрадіє,  
Неначе стане молодий,  
І заспіває, як уміє...  
І стане ясно перед ним  
Надія ангелом святим,  
І зброя, молодість його.  
Витає весело над ним.  
Що ж се зробилося з старим,  
Чого зрадів оце? Того,  
Що, бачите, старий подумав  
Добро якесь комусь зробити.  
А що ж, як зробити? Добре  
жить  
Тому, чия душа і дума  
Добро навчилася любити!  
Не раз такому любо стане,  
Не раз барвінком зацвіте.  
Отак, буває, в темну яму  
Святе сонечко загляне,  
І в темній ямі, як на те,  
Зелена травка поросте.

(Кос-Арал 1848).

\* \* \*

Дівча любе, чорнобриве  
Несло з льоху пиво,  
А я глянув, подивився —  
Та аж похилився...  
Кому воно пиво носить?  
Чому босе ходить?  
Боже сильний! Твоя сила  
Та тобі ж і шкодить.

(15. січня 1860).

## ДАВИДОВІ ПСАЛЬМИ.

43.

Боже, нашими ушима  
Чули Твою славу,  
І діди нам розказують  
Про давні криваві  
Тії літа, як рукою  
Твердою своєю  
Розв'язав Ти наші руки  
І покрив землею  
Труци ворожі. І силу  
Твою возхвалили  
Твої люди і в покої,  
В добрі одпочили,  
Слав'я Господа... А нині!...  
Покрив еси знову  
Страмотою свої люди, —  
І вороги нові  
Розкранють, як овець, нас  
І жеруть!... Без плати  
І без ціни оддав еси  
Ворогам проклятим.  
Покинув нас на сміх людям,  
В наругу сусідам, —  
Покинув нас яко в притчу  
Нерозумним людям.  
І кивають, сміючися,  
На нас головонами;  
І всякий день перед нами —  
Стид наш перед нами.  
Окрадені, замучені,  
В путах умираєм.  
Не молимося чужим богам,  
А Тебе благаєм:  
— Поможи нам, ізбави нас  
Вражою наругою!  
Поборов Ти першу силу,  
Побори ж і другу,  
Ще лютішу! Встань же, Боже,  
Вскую будеш спати,  
Од сліз наших одвертатись,  
Скорбі забувати?  
Смирилася душа наша,  
Жить тяжко в окопах!  
Встань же, Боже, поможи нам  
Встать на ката знову.

Н. Т.

Великомученеце кумо!  
Дурна еси та нерозумна!  
В раю веселому зросла,  
Рожевим цвітом процвіла.  
І раю красного не зрела,  
Не бачила, бо не хотіла  
Поглянути на Божий день,  
На ясний світ животворящий!  
Сліпа була еси, незряща,  
Недвіга серцем; спала день,  
І спала ніч. А кругом тебе  
Творилося, росло, цвіло,  
І процвітало, і небо  
Хвалу Творителю несло.  
А ти, кумасю, спала, спала,  
Пишлася, та дівувала,  
Та ждала, ждала жениха,  
Та ціломудріє хранила,  
Та страх боялася гріха  
Прелюбодійного. А сила  
Сатурнова іде та йде,  
І гріх той праведний плете,  
У сиві коси заплітає.  
А ти ніби не добачаєш:  
Дівуєш, молишся, та спиш,  
Та Матер Божію гнівиш  
Своїм смиренням лукавим.  
Прокинься, кумо, пробудись!  
Та кругом себе подивись,  
Начхай на ту дівочу славу,  
Та щирим серцем, не лукаво,  
Хоть раз, сердего, соблуди!

(С. Петербург 1860).

\* \* \*

Учіться, брати мої!  
Думайте, читайте,  
І чужому научайтесь,  
Свого не цурайтесь:  
Бо хто матір забуває,  
Того Бог карає,  
Чужі люди цураються,  
В хату не пускають,  
Свої діти, як чужії,  
І немає злomu  
На всій землі безконечній  
Веселого дому.

(З „Посланія”).

## СОН.

(Уривок).

У всякого своя доля  
І свій шлях широкий:  
Той мурує, той руйнує,  
Той несить оком —  
За край світа зазирає,  
Чи нема країни,  
Щоб загарбать і з собою  
Взять у домовину.  
Той тузами обирає  
Свата в його хаті,  
А той нишком у куточку  
Гострить ніж на брата.  
А той, тихий та тверезий,  
Богобоязливий,  
Як кішечка підкрадеться,  
Вижде нещасливий  
У тебе час та й запустить  
Пазурі в печінки, —  
І не благай: не вимольять  
Ні діти, ні жінка.  
А той, щедрий та розкішний,  
Все храми мурує;  
А отечество так любить,  
Так за ним бідкує,  
Так і з його сердешного,  
Кров, як воду, точить!...  
А братія мовчить собі,  
Витріщивши очі!...

\* \* \*

Не смійтеся чужі люди:  
Церков-домовина  
Розвалиться... і спід неї  
Встане Україна.  
І розвіє тьму неволі,  
Світ правди засвітить,  
І помоляться на волі  
Невольничі діти!...

(Маріїнське, 1845).

КУПУЙТЕ БОНДИ ПЕРЕМОГИ!