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Sands in Town Hall Debut

Myron Szandrowsky, young Ukrainian American baritone, professionally known as Myron Sands, made his song recital bow at New York's Town Hall on February 28 last, before a goodly sized audience, and received favorable reviews from the metropolitan music critics.

Sands is chiefly known among Ukrainian Americans for his appearance at the concert held during the course of the Third Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent in Washington, in May, 1946. Also, together with Mrs. Mary Polynaek Lesawyer (who also appeared at that concert), he has made an album of six Ukrainians songs recorded by Sonart Record Corporation of 251 West 42 street, New York City.

Concerning Sand's Town Hall debut, the New York Times critic, Howard Taubman, wrote that—

“Myron Sands, who was a curtain boy at the Metropolitan Opera House ten years ago, held the center of the stage himself at Town Hall last night, where he gave his first New York recital. The young baritone, who lives in Forest Hills, is a product of the Julliard School. He has sung with touring opera companies and is soloist at St. Bartholomew's.

“He has a light baritone of pleasing texture, and he knows how to manage it with good taste. It is evident that he has been well schooled and well coached; his singing bears the stamp of lessons soundly learned. Everything that he does as a singer gives the impression that he has followed good models. There is no forcing; a song is projected as a musical entity, not as a holiday for a vocalist.

“It was pleasant singing—the kind of singing that would give one an agreeable glow in a salon after a good meal and a fine brandy. There was nothing powerful or individual enough in it to make one sit up and take notice. There was nothing to proclaim the arrival of a vital new artist.

“That does not mean that Mr. Sands cannot and will not grow in artistic stature. He is young and he has good musical instincts. His task now is to find his own artistic voice, to search more deeply for the heart of the music he undertakes, to make the audience feel, if he can, that his interpretations are compellingly his own.

“With Sergius Kagen at the piano, Mr. Sands last night sang an opening group by Handel and Gluck, Lieder by Schubert, Brahms and Wolf, and a final group in English by Vaughan Williams, Charles Naginski.

The Littlest Refugee

NEW YORK CITY.—Eight-month-old Vladimir Halezka, youngest passenger aboard the S. S. Ernie Pyle, was bewildered by the hustle



and bustle as the ship docked in New York on February 18th. One of the youngest orphans brought to the United States by the U. S. Committee for the Care of European Children, Vladimir was taken under the Committee's wing shortly after the death of his Ukrainian mother in a D.P. camp in Germany.

An Unusual Woman

Mrs. Natalie Morey, daughter of General and Mrs. Volodimir Sikevich of Toronto, Canada, well known in Ukrainian Canadian and American circles was characterized as an unusual woman in the January, 1946 number of the Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal. The reference to Mrs. Morley is in connection with her recent graduation from the Ontario College of Pharmacy.

She was the linguist of the class, speaking Ukrainian, Russian, French and English fluently. Born in Kiev, Ukraine, Mrs. Morley emigrated to Canada with her people and settled in Winnipeg.

While attending the University of Manitoba for her Bachelor of Arts degree, she received a silver medal for general proficiency and won a scholarship in French Literature at the Sorbonne University in Paris.

Romance, too, came her way when she met and married her husband, later returning with him to Canada. The illness of her husband and financial difficulties made it necessary for Mrs. Morey to seek employment. Having a keen analytical mind and a love for chemistry, Mrs. Morey applied at Starkman Chemists for a position. She accepted the position of clerk which she has retained for the past six years, and it was through the inducement of Mr. Starkman that she decided to enroll for the pharmacy course. Even though the death of her husband only a year ago left her financially destitute and two children to raise, she has, with a quiet determination, overcome all

UCCA Cables Marshall in Moscow Urging Freedom for Ukraine

The following cablegram was sent last Saturday, March 15, by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America to United States Secretary of State George C. Marshall, attending Council of Foreign Ministers meeting in Moscow:

Text of Cable

The Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, representing Americans of Ukrainian extraction throughout the country, wishes you God-speed in your mission of helping to establish lasting world-wide peace founded on the proven American concept of democracy and freedom, and endorses wholeheartedly your soldierly firmness in dealing with those whose expansionist policies threaten such peace.

As part of its contribution to our American peace effort, our nationally representative Congress Committee respectfully calls your attention to the fact that though the over forty million Ukrainian people contributed immeasurably to Nazi defeat and suffered the most as a result, today they are still denied not only national independence but even elementary human rights by their Soviet rulers. Their plight is in violation of principles for which our country fought the recent war. Moreover it creates a tense situation in Ukraine, fraught with danger to European peace. The centuries-old and currently very militant Ukrainian independence movement surging ahead despite severest repressions and purges by past and present Red “iron” commissars, combined with discontent of Uk-

raine populace with the totalitarian Soviet social and economic policies, tends to make Ukraine a veritable tinderbox of Eastern Europe.

A free Ukraine would settle this highly inflammable situation. Likewise a free Ukraine would be a stabilizing factor in international relations by depriving Soviet Russia of much of its potentialities as a ruthless aggressor. Finally a free Ukraine would be a stronger bulwark against the spread of Communism than even Greece or Turkey, to which our Government is now committing itself.

Therefore, in your arduous labors devoted to secure lasting peace, please consider also the Ukrainian question, the just solution of which is the key to enduring peace in Europe.

Likewise we urge you, Sir, to oppose with all possible vigor the Molotov proposal to disband all displaced person camps in American, British and French occupation zones in Germany as such a move is intended by Mr. Molotov to deprive the DPs of their present habitation and force them to return to Soviet rule and to all that is notoriously connotes.

(Signed) Stephen Shumeyko, Pres.
Ukrainian Congress Committee
of America

Free Ukraine a Curb For Russia

Russia without Ukraine would no longer be a threat to world peace because it would thereby be deprived of its war potential, the Detroit News reported Stephen Shumeyko, national president of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, as having declared in the course of his speech on Sunday, March 9, at a rally at the Ukrainian National Temple in Detroit, Mich.

More than one thousand dollars were raised at the rally for the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America which espouses the cause of a free and independent Ukraine.

The rally was held under the auspices of the local branch of the Congress Committee. Attorney Michael Shayka was chairman. Among the other speakers was Miss Helen Zekan, a former displaced person.

“If the Ukrainian people are not obstacles on her way to her pharmacy degree and her decision to make pharmacy her career,

made free and independent there can be no lasting peace in Europe,” the speaker warned, the Detroit News reports. “Oppressed and denationalized at every step, the Ukrainians are bound to conduct a militant underground struggle against their Soviet rulers.

The rather extensive Detroit News report on the talk of the UCCA president, quoted him as stressing that—

“The second peace-disturbing factor here is that in its present enslaved state Ukraine remains a pawn of international intrigues between those who possess it and those who would possess it, sowing the seeds of a third world war, just as was the case in the previous two, when the Ukrainian problem was one of the principal causes.

“Justice and right demand that the 45,000,000 Ukrainian people be allowed to re-assert their centuries-old liberty-loving traditions and establish their own free, independent and democratic state.”

ON RECORDS

By TED VICTOR

THE collector of records is indeed a strange creature. Once he has taken the fatal step, that of buying a record, he is lost. For just as in the thirst for knowledge, the more you get the more you want. At first, it will seem like a perfectly innocent, harmless little hobby. But before long you are presenting false arguments unto yourself and others in an attempt to justify your purchase of the last two records you took a liking to. Which by the way you probably has to smuggle into the house lest your mother or wife catch you. And then you would just love to play your new possession for the world; but alas you must glibly say, "Oh that's an old record of mine that I seldom play." Though you may never spend much time reading books because they are usually dull, you still manage to read religiously and with a great deal of pleasure the latest cut and dried edition of the record catalog. Certainly anyone who is so devoted to his or her hobby deserves some understanding and attention from some source.

This column On Records will have but one main task, that being to let you know about records. Hard to find records, novelties, choral works, Ukrainian music and any other interesting items in the field of recorded music. Also if any of the readers are trying to locate certain favorites, this column will be more than glad to aid them. Music will be judged for music's sake, be it Irish, Ukrainian, German, Italian, or Russian.

SHEVCHENKO: Roars and Murmurs the Wide Dnieper. USSR record No. 11686.

This is one of the finest renditions of this famous folk song. It is introduced by haunting strings with a basso taking the lead, followed by a large male chorus which knows how to sing and not to yell. The diction of the soloist and chorus is excellent and the surface noise on the record is at a minimum. If you know the song from singing it in various groups, give yourself a treat and listen to this version of it. It's a bit terrific.

La Boheme, Che Celida Manina (Your Tiny Hand is Frozen) **Jusi Bjorling Aida, Celeste Aida** No. 12039.

Here is a treat for everyone. Believe me, once Bjorling begins to sing everything else is forgotten. My hand isn't tiny and I know he wasn't singing it to me but I certainly had chills running up and down my back. His voice is as clear as a bell and his entire rendition of the famous aria is something to write home about. The Celeste Aida is a treat in itself, and certainly if you have lost faith in tenors listen to this recording. There are a few good ones living, after all.

KORJUS, Miliza. V-12136.

Miss Korjus sings the Bell Song and Oriental Prayer from Delibes'

Trivia

THE most interesting of subway passengers are the night riders. Perhaps I should specify here that "night" means the dark period, ending somewhere around 6 A.M. Rush-hour subway crowds are usually a homogeneous crew—the early morning travelers being half-awake after having just rolled out of bed, and the same crowd, between 5 and 7 o'clock in the evening, is even more tired after a day's work. It is only after dark descends that individual characteristics of these same people appear.

There is one distinguishable group among these individuals. This is the traditional Saturday night crowd; the young folks who are out on dates, and even some of the older ones, who have found the teen-ager next door a satisfactory baby-sitter. This Saturday night mob is invariably heading for Times Square, the mecca of extraverts, and the movie theaters, after which a bite to eat or a few drinks are in order before departing for home and thus ending a unique, exciting and sensational evening. Oh, yes! I forgot to mention the Here-you-take-the-rotogravure-while-I-read-the-funnies routine while en route home through New York's subterranean passages. To some, reading Dick Tracy or Superman is the best part of the evening, for how could one relax and sleep at night if the next day's funny papers hadn't been read the night before?

The most interesting passengers, however, are not the week-end journeymen, but those who ride the near-deserted trains during the week. Take, for example, the man who works the 4 P. M. to midnight shift. He wearily trudges home through the black of night, his empty lunch box under his arm, and upon arriving at his domicile finds it deserted as usual,

Lakme. Although the former is much more famous you will be more than thrilled by the Prayer. Her voice is very unusual and difficult to record. That is why many people do not like her singing. Once you listen to this record you will admit that she is the possessor of a very fine and beautiful voice.

August, Jan Diamond Record. 2029A.

Jan August plays a piano. In fact that is a gross understatement for he practically makes it talk. His style is something quite new and interesting. He plays Dark Eyes and Besame Mucho like they've never been played before. Right smack in the middle of the Dark Eyes number he has inserted a Ukrainian Hopak which is reason enough to buy the record. There is a bit of surface noise and the recording isn't perfect, but you won't notice it.

(If anyone can pick up a copy of "Childhood of Christ" by Berlioz Columbia No. 69693 D. Strassbourg Cathedral Choir please drop a card to ON RECORDS 81-83 Grand St., Jersey City.

with the wife and children asleep; so after downing a bottle of beer from the ice box, he also decides to hit the hay. Alas, the poor man, upon awaking the following afternoon, walks into the kitchen expecting his nostrils to detect the aroma of coffee and sizzling bacon, and instead finds a note on table from the better half: "Have gone to the movies. Find a few eggs in the ice box. Sorry dear, but I didn't have time to buy bread. Lulu." But let's leave the domestic trials and tribulations of the 4 to 12 o'clock worker and get back to the subway.

Here we find the sleepy, lipstick-besmeared young man who has just taken the girlfriend home to the Bronx. He sits with his elbow on the window casing, chin propped in his hand. Every once in a while his head tumbles down on his chest, and utilizing every ounce of his strength, he manages again to pick up his head and try to look alive. But he's only human, and when he finds himself being shaken by the conductor, he opens his eyes and says unbelievably, "Huh? Brooklyn??" and wonders how he's going to get back home to Jamaica. The only infallible method, he finds, is to stand up and be a straphanger in a totally empty subway car in order to keep the heavy lids from closing. This may look like a ridiculous waste of good, unoccupied seats, but it works!

Anytime there's a formal affair, people like to arrive in automobiles or in taxi cabs. There's a custom, though, for college-prom goers to use the subway when slumming. Thus, around 5 or 6 ayem some tranquil morn you find the silent, barren subway car invaded by a horde of merrymakers in long gowns and tuxedos. They're usually a raucous crowd, but they're young and gay, and the quips and wisecracks that pervade the "silence" of the moving subway wake up the two or three other people on the train.

During recent years, subways have attracted an out-of-town clientele, namely those who arrive in the Big Town from Twin Hemlocks, Montana (or some other outlandish place) and find hotel accommodations nil. So Joe, the stranded cowboy from Montana, is seen catching 40 winks on the subway, with spurs sparkling and the ten-gallon hat drawing attention to him as he snores away. After three consecutive nights spent on the subway (each night on a different line,) Joe decides one is as noisy as the others, and resolves that he'll never visit New York again. Next time he'll wait till the rodeo comes to Twin Hemlocks.

And so on it goes, with one more interesting than the next, and each one a little different. Lots of character riding our subways at night. Take a trip and see.

One of our friends has steam shovel ears. She pick up all the dirt... How easy it is the night before to get up early the next morning... Beware if she starts stroking your hair. She may be after your scalp... Any time you feel indispensable take a walk through a cemetery and read the headstones. Those guys were pretty hot stuff, too.

Anyway, a man can still take a chew without feeling that he should first offer one to a lady... The newest thing in men's clothing—women!... Conservative: One who bets on the rabbit at the dog race.

By Sophia

CHORUS DEBUT

By MILLIE

Prof. George Kirichenko, directing his newly-formed Ukrainian Folk Chorus at a concert of "Folk Songs of the Ukraine," on Sunday, March 9, at Washington Irving High School in New York, won for himself and his choristers a generous measure of acclaim and with it an appreciative audience's gratitude for his efforts towards the reestablishment of the fine traditions of our Ukrainian choirs.

A warmly-receptive audience numbering close to 1,500 and including many notables and celebrities, seemed to enjoy thoroughly the generous program of 18 folk songs, greeting their favorites with prolonged applause.

The chorus, numbering almost 40, appeared in Ukrainian costume, affording the audience another ever-thrilling picture of brilliance and color. Ushers and usherettes in like costume added to the festive spirit in the audience.

The 3-part program began with a group of five religious-character songs, Stetsenko's "The Lord Sendeth the Saviour," Lysenko's "Christmas Psalm," Leontovich's "Our Lady of Pochaive" and his "Schedryk," and Stupnitsky's "A Falcon Alighted on the Sill." The second half presented four military songs, Koshetz-Kirichenko's "The Crane," Koshetz's "Kozak Marching Song," Hayvonsky's "Her Beloved Slain in Battle" and Kirichenko's "The Sich on the March."

A special addition to the program consisted of three Ukrainian Partisan Songs, arranged by Kirichenko and sung by the male chorus. They were "Joy has come to Carpathia," "We Have No Fear of Death" and "We are the Ukrainian Partisans."

The concluding part of the program contained 6 favorite folk songs and included Lysenko's "The Carpathian Mountaineers" (Verkhovino), Koshetz's "In the Fields of Barishpol," Stupnitsky's "Ulianka," Stepany-Kirichenko's "Sing not the Songs of Joy," Kirichenko's "The Well in the Field" and lastly Yaroslavenko's "The Village is in Sight" (Oy Vidno Selo).

Performance Very Good

The typically Koshetz-type of program showed the high standards this new chorus has set for itself and made comparison with Koshetz performances inevitable. On the whole, the performance was very good. Many of the late Master's exactitudes were evident in Prof. Kirichenko's interpretations of the deceptively simple songs of the program, notable precision, fine dynamics, rigid discipline, and memorizing. A surprising number of young people of the audience recognized and were heard to comment excitedly on these fine points. They expressed desire to join this chorus, to fill in the obvious need for tonal balance. All were certain that some lamentable defects of the chorus could be ironed out in due time, to produce proper coordination between chorus and director. They referred to muddy diction, remembering sharply the monotonous diction-drills of their Koshetz-chorus days. Lamentable too was the lack of sparkle and lightness noticeable in such numbers as "Ulianka" and "Schedryk." The younger element heartily welcomed the modern arrangement of "Sing not the Songs of Joy" (Oy ne Spivay), arranged by George Kirichenko junior, and hoped it indicated a

(Continued on page 7)

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Ivan Mazepa, Hetman of Ukraine

By MYKOLA ANDRUSIAK

Translated by Stephen Shumeyko

IN comparison with other Ukrainian historical figures, Ivan Mazepa (1632-1709) is quite well known in other countries. The British Byron, the Russian Pushkin and the Pole Slowacki are among those who wrote about him. The Russian composer Tschaikovsky based an opera on his life. Yet outside of this appearance in literature little is known about him by the general public, even though historical studies and research are far more advanced than they were during the first half of the 18th century, when he was better known. Writers and composers have made of him a romantic figure, with the consequence that it is not generally realized that he was the father of the modern Ukrainian independence movement, the leader of a revolt of Ukraine against Moscow, and the ally of the heroic Charles XII of Sweden.

Authoritative works on the Swedish monarch by such historians as Voltaire or Adlerfeld, have been translated into English, and these represent Mazepa in a true light, but for some reason these books are not widely read and Mazepa is generally remembered only as a hero of romantic episodes.

Products of Baroque Period

Mazepa was a typical statesman of the Baroque Period. He was descended from an old noble Kozak family, Mazepa-Kolodynsky. The ancestral seat was Mazepintsi near Bila Tserkva in Ukraine. The Mazepa family had always been closely attached to the knightly Kozak Host, even during those times when the Ukrainian nobility was allowing itself to become Polonized and was accepting Roman Catholicism in great numbers.

Members of the family took part in many of the bold sea forays by the Kozaks on the Crimean Tartar or Turkish seaports. At various times they joined the revolts against Poland. The father of Ivan, Stephen Mazepa, participated in the great uprising of Bohdan Khmelnytsky against Poland. Yet this did not prevent his son from seeking a royal career at the court of the Polish king, and then, subsequently, entering the Kozak order and rising to the post of Adjutant to Hetman Ivan Samiylovich, whom he eventually succeeded.

The mother of Ivan Mazepa was descended from the Ukrainian noble-Kozak family of Mokievsky. When she became a widow, she entered a monastery in Kiev. In time she became Mother Superior but that did not prevent her from taking an active interest in the political affairs of her native land or from counseling her son, who was an unusually skilled diplomat. When during the critical periods of his hetmanship, Mazepa needed any moral support and spiritual consolation, he never hesitated to hurry to his mother at the monastery.

Mazepa received his education at the Jesuit college, where he excelled in Latin and acquired the mannerisms of the Baroque style of Jesuit upbringing. This cleared for him the road to the king's court and aided him in his future life. After passing through the diplomatic routine of the Polish court, Mazepa joined the Kozaks and became a supporter of Hetman Peter Doroshenko, who was

aspiring to rid Ukraine of both the Muscovian and Polish protectorate and to ally himself with Turkey as the ruler of an independent state.

Joins Zaporozhians

Under Doroshenko's influence, Mazepa became fired with the same ideal and consequently he joined the opposition to Doroshenko's opponent, Hetman Ivan Samiylovich, who collaborated with Muscovy although he cultivated the interests of Ukraine.

While journeying in 1674 to the Crimea on a mission for Doroshenko, young Mazepa fell into the hands of the Zaporozhian Kozaks, who were then supporters of Samiylovich. The Zaporozhians thereupon sent Mazepa under guard as a gift to Samiylovich, and in this manner the young diplomat found himself in the latter's circle.

Yet despite his general policy Samiylovich, like other patriotic Ukrainians, was finding the Muscovite protectorate over Ukraine intolerable. So it was not long before the former prisoner became a boon companion of Samiylovich, especially since his former protector, Doroshenko, had voluntarily recognized the authority of Samiylovich and together with his followers entered his service.

The peace treaty of 1686 between Poland and Muscovy was a blow to Ukrainian aspirations for independence, as it legalized the partition by these two powers of Ukraine, which had been freed for awhile during Hetman Khmelnytsky's war with both of them. The Kozaks deeply resented this Muscovite perfidy, which in violation of the Pereyaslav Treaty of 1654 now gave to Poland half of Ukraine. Mazepa resented it also, and from this stemmed his eventual tragic end.

In the troubled waters in Ukraine at the time the Muscovite Prince Golytsin fished with good success for himself. He had recently concluded an ill-advised and ill-fated expedition against the Crimean Tartars. To deflect the Kremlin's wrath he, upon learning of Samiylovich's open dissatisfaction with the treaty, had the hetman arrested, and exiled, where eventually the captive Kozak leader died, while his son was executed by the Muscovites.

Elected Hetman

The Kozak General Council thereupon elected as Samiylovich's successor his former adjutant Mazepa. Moscow agreed to the election but only with the understanding that Ukrainian rights would continue to be curtailed. Mazepa saw that the absorption of all power in Ukraine by Moscow required him to show outward loyalty to Moscow and at the same time make secret preparations for a war of liberation.

Accordingly it was full two years before Mazepa journeyed to Moscow to make the formal declaration of loyalty to its ruler. The moment he picked, however, was extremely inopportune. It coincided with the time Peter forced his sister Sophia to step down from the throne, and leave him as monarch. Those who had been associated with the former regime, including Golitsin, who was friendly to Mazepa, now fell into disfavor, and new persons came to the helm.

It was a critical period for Mazepa. Nevertheless through his personal charm and magnetism Mazepa managed to win the favor of the new Tsar. As a result Peter brushed aside all charges that Mazepa was at heart an advocate of Ukrainian independence. In fact he even referred these charges to Mazepa himself, so that the latter had the opportunity to settle accounts with his accusers, who were traitors to their country and to strengthen the discipline and loyalty of his followers.

Remembering the unsuccessful efforts of his former commander Doroshenko, Mazepa decided on a different policy and planned to strengthen Ukraine internally, economically and culturally, before coming to grips with Muscovy. Mazepa's overt loyalty to Muscovy, however, awakened opposition to him among the masses in Ukraine, as very few grasped the import of his diplomacy.

In the economic-social sphere, Mazepa endeavored to improve the conditions of the lesser Kozaks so that they would be strong enough to defend themselves against exploitation by the rich Kozak officials of high rank. That his efforts along this line were appreciated can be gleaned from the fact that an attempted revolt by a young Kozak adventurer, Petryk, failed.

Taking advantage of a period of peace, Mazepa initiated valuable advances in the field of culture, art, education, and in the building of churches and institutions of various sorts. He became a patron of the church not only in Ukraine but in the Near East as well. To him there came for aid and counsel Orthodox ecclesiastics from such Balkan countries as Serbia and Bulgaria and also from Palestine and Syria.

Upon his death, it was revealed that during the twenty-two years period of his hetmanship, Mazepa had expended for religious purposes the sum of 2,340,000 ducats, of which 106,000 went to the Christians of Syria and Palestine. His capital, Baturin, was the mecca for many distinguished visitors from foreign lands who sought his counsel and aid.

In the field of education, Mazepa gave the Ukraine its first university. In 1631 the Kievan metropolitan Petter Mohyla had founded in the capital of Ukraine a Collegium which became the country's educational center. Mazepa expanded it into a real academy, known as the Mohyla-Mazepa Academy. He began the academic buildings with his own funds, but they were not completed during his lifetime until 1740, on account of his revolution against Muscovy. He did manage, however, to enrich the academy library and build its Epiphany Church.

Among those Ukrainian writers and scholars of his time who regarded Mazepa as their patron were Antin Radivylivsky, Athanasiy Zavrutsky, Dmytro Tuptalenko-Rostovsky, Stephen Yavorsky, and Theofan Prokopovich. The last three, unfortunately, went to Moscow to help build the Russian empire and spread educational work there.

The Northern War

Ukraine was already well along the road of economic, social and cultural progress, when a new storm broke over Eastern Europe in the form of the Northern War. It was

set off by the young eagle of the north, Charles XII of Sweden. Mazepa decided to seize the moment to strike out for Ukrainian national freedom.

The war raged between Russia and Sweden along the shores of the Baltic Sea. To the aid of Russia came Denmark, Saxony, and Poland. With lightning speed Charles attacked Denmark and Saxony and forced them to sue a separate peace. At Narva he defeated the Russian forces. Then turning his attention toward Poland he also defeated it, forced its king August II to abdicate, and ordered the Polish nobles to elect a new king in his place. Stanislaus Leszczynski was thus elected. This divided Poland into two camps, one favoring the Swedish side, and other the Russian side. The Polish internal conflict left its impact on Ukraine too, for here pro-Swedish elements began to suggest to Mazepa that it was a golden opportunity to free Ukraine of Russian domination.

The Zaporozhian Kozaks, a stronghold of Ukrainian democracy declared war on Russia, for they realized that the defeat of the Russians would be in line with their interests now. The anti-Russian coalition was joined also by the Kozaks of Polish occupied Ukraine, whose leader, Semen Paliy, called upon Mazepa to unite his section of Ukraine with his.

All these urgings Mazepa accepted with seeming indifference, although he had already decided to join with the Swedes but he feared to disclose his plans prematurely lest they be betrayed. Despite all his precautions, this did take place, through the Advocate Judge General, V. Kotchubey, and Col. S. Iskra, both members of his staff. But the accusations they made against Mazepa were as usually ignored by Tsar Peter, for he still had great faith in the hetman, even at the time when Mazepa was already secretly negotiating with the Swedish king for an alliance and for a clarification of the post-war status of Ukraine as an independent state.

The heads of the Ukrainian traitors rolled to the ground at the very time when Mazepa was openly going over to the Swedish side. One can imagine the feelings of Peter when he finally realized the actual situation.

Charles' Mistake

Undeclared in the North, Charles now made two cardinal blunders, probably from overconfidence. First he delayed too long in entering Ukraine. Secondly he left the main body of his forces under General Loewenhaupt in Byelorussia. Peter seized advantage of this situation immediately. By forced marches into Ukraine he captured the important city of Poltava, created confusion and dissension among the Ukrainians, and neutralized part of the Kozak forces.

The ensuing savage Russian destruction of Baturin, a veritable Lidice of that time, swept the country with fear. Its defense was under the command of Colonel Chechil, a Scotchman in Ukrainian service. The fate of Charles was sealed when his second army, the one he had left under Loewenhaupt, met Peter's forces and was soundly defeated.

In the spring of 1709 the Ukrainians and the Swedes attempted to recapture Poltava. To relieve the beleaguered Russian garrison, Peter rushed down with an army twice the size of the combined Ukrainian-Swedish forces. The good fortune which had attended Charles in Northern

(Concluded on page 6)

For The Common Good

By MYKHAYLO KOTSIUBYNSKY
Translated by PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

CONVERSATION ceased; nothing more was heard but the clinking of youthful jaws and the tinkle of glasses as the wine was poured into them.

After satisfying his hunger, Savchenko filled up the glasses, lit a cigar and turned to Tykhovych.

"And now that the 'belly question,' as the Galicians put it, is settled, I must share with you my gloomy observations that our landlady is breathing fire and brimstone at us. You know, I had to have a wash to clean off the dust of the journey. I applied to the mistress: 'Where shall I find water?' I asked her politely. 'In the Prut,' the dame replied. 'We know that,' I said, 'but couldn't I have a little of this?' and I went towards the tub. Wow! how the vixen jumped at me, snatched the ladle right from under my nose, how she yelled! 'Fie, madam!' I said, 'What are you getting so excited about? That's harmful for your nerves and may also spoil your complexion, although yours does remind me of last year's corncake.' And how do you think she replied to my dictum? Well, she didn't speak a word but simply spat—yes, she spat; to the eternal shame of the fairer sex of the human race..."

Rudyk burst out laughing.

"Well, this is one item you won't put down in the memoirs of your love life. But is it the case only with our landlady?" he added. "All of them, all these Moldavians, look upon us as their enemies, they hate us most implacably."

"And no wonder," replied Tykhovych. "Here certain individuals arrive in their village who, because they don't know the people's language, cannot come to an understanding with them and, without asking permission, go into their vineyards and hack, hew, and burn... For what? Why? By what right? They don't know. But try to explain to an ignorant Moldavian that phylloxera, the fearful ravager of the vine, may in time ruin every vineyard, although the destructive power of that tiny but devastating enemy may not now be visible! He won't believe you. Explain to the owner whose vineyard has been razed that it has been done for the common good, for the protection of his neighbors' vineyards from the pest! Will he be consoled by such an explanation? Or promise others that we will not allow their vineyards to be infected by phylloxera, when from the very beginning of the commission's existence up to now, there is not one example of our ability completely to eradicate phylloxera from all the vineyards in any given locality..."

"Amen," broke in Savchenko. "I've been telling you all along that our labors, our fat-headed labors, are of no use to anyone... For this pseudo-battle against phylloxera we are throwing money, strength, and time away into a bottomless pit."

"Excuse me," interjected Tykhovych heatedly. "You didn't give me a chance to say that it is this same Moldavian ignorance that mars our way to the best results, for instead of helping in the struggle, they hinder us and contribute to the spread of phylloxera. I do not disparage this fight against phylloxera. I am simply expounding the reasons for the hostility of the Moldavians. I be-

lieve that it is not yet too late to grapple with the vine's destroyer, we might still be able to localize it, smother, and eradicate it, and in such a way save the Bessarabian viticulture. All we need is strength and funds—large funds—in order to be able to inspect at one time all of Bessarabia, and by such a method get a clear picture of the extent of the evil against which we are fighting."

"Blessed is he who can believe it! But my opinion is that we are simply beating the air..."

"If I were of the same mind as you, I'd quit the job at once," rejoined Rudyk.

"Pooh, pooh!" roared Savchenko. "Do you think I'm fool enough to throw up a job when they pay me good money for it? You know the proverb: the fool gives, the wise man takes."

"I could answer your proverbs with some others, but you're in luck; I want to sleep," said Rudyk.

He rose from the table and lay down on the bench, stretching his long legs as far as the opposite wall.

Following his example, both Tykhovych and Savchenko also lay down.

By evening, when the Moldavians returned home from work, the news of the arrival of the 'doctors' had flown all over the village. They gathered in groups on the streets. Exasperation was everywhere observable, curses and maledictions were heard. The old men muttered about sin and the end of the world, the younger ones blustered about not permitting the enemies to enter the vineyards and about using guns; the more sensible men strove to check their ardor. There was a seething in the streets like boiling water in a pot. Zamphir reviled the mayor, calling him a bribe-taker because he had permitted the commission to come into village. But matters were not at all improved by all this, the issue was none the clearer; the Moldavians did not know for a certainty what would happen to their vineyards, how large was the fateful stone hanging over their heads. In the midst of a welter of the most fantastic reports, rumors, and fictions, with which the excited womenfolk were most unsparing, it was impossible to get one's true bearings.

"Let's go, let's go, that's sensible advice!" the crowd agreed and started off for Tykhovych's quarters.

A group of the Moldavians entered his room.

"What do you wish, good people?" said Tykhovych, addressing them in Russian.

"We don't understand Russian! As you have come into our country, then talk Moldavian!" someone shouted from amongst the crowd.

The blood rose and flushed Tykhovych's face. He felt ashamed.

"All right, I'll talk to you in Moldavian, only I don't know whether you'll understand me very well, for I don't know much of your speech."

"We'll understand, all right."

"Then tell me first of all what it is you want with me?" Tykhovych asked for the second time.

"We want to know why you have come into our village," said Zamphir, stepping forward.

"I have been sent to inspect your vineyards to see if there is phylloxera here."

"Phylloxera! What's phylloxera? What sort of a tale is this?" the crowd roared back.

"Phylloxera is a sort of insect like those which appear on corn, cucumbers, and other plants, only much smaller. It lives on the roots of vines, sucks the sap out of them, and consequently the vines wither away."

"Nobody here has ever seen it! We haven't got any here! There are some very old people living who've never seen it, Don't believe him, he's trying to make fools of us! It's a lie! They're trying to squeeze us for new taxes, that's what! We know 'em!" the crowd roared excitedly, exasperated by the rumors they had already heard.

"I don't say that there is phylloxera in your vineyards, for I haven't yet examined them. But the reason those old people haven't seen it is because the infection has only just recently been brought into Bessarabia from foreign part on slips of vine and consequently has not yet had time to multiply to a great extent. But phylloxera is dangerous for your vines because it multiplies with dreadful rapidity; it passes from root to root, from vineyard to vineyard. It may cling to the spade with the soil you heap over your vinestocks, to the feet of animals and human beings who walk over the infested spot, and in such a way it is easily spread over all the vineyards. Besides this, at the end of the summer, the phylloxera insect grows wings, it becomes a flying insect, it flies from vineyard to vineyard and deposits its eggs on the vines. Therefore, if the evil is not arrested, there will soon come a time when all the vineyards will wither and die."

"And what do you do as soon as you find it," asked Zamphir solemnly.

"The same as you do with a scabby sheep in your flocks. Even more so; we chop down the vines, burn them, and then we inject poison into the roots so that the phylloxera together with the roots is killed off, and in such a way we prevent its spread into other healthy vineyards."

A movement stirred through the crowd.

"You hear! They chop down our vineyards!"

"They burn them! They poison the sacred soil! By what right? Did they give us the vineyards, did they work on them, toil and moil as we have done? They are worried, these uninvited gentry, lest our vines

should be withered away! If they wither, they wither—it's the will of God; and you can't quarrel with Him... Oho! We know you educated gentlemen, who don't know how to earn a living with the labor of your hands, and so you invent instead this phylloxera or something to our affliction! They hunt for what nobody's ever seen, what nobody ever heard of. Nay! Who's going to come into our vineyards, cut them down, burn and destroy God's holy food—Ah-ah! We'll sooner chop their heads off than let them chop our vines! No, we won't let our enemies into our vineyards! Let them do to us what they well know how to do! Come on, let's go! To home! To home!"

The incensed crowd, inflamed by its own boastings, was not to be assuaged. The fiery faces, the enraged looks, the passionate gestures, exasperation and stubbornness—all were clearly manifest.

"I do not recommend you," said Tykhovych, pale, profoundly stirred. "I do not recommend you to attempt this, for you won't listen to my good advice, you will listen to the law, which will not spare you."

"The law, the law! There, like a turtle crawls under its shell, they hide behind the law, but Moldavian fists will know how to get the better of this shell, too!"

Suddenly, with swift steps, Zamphir approached the table. His features were distorted, his eyes glittered with fiery rage. He put one hand on the papers lying on the table and bent over towards Tykhovych so that the latter felt the heat from his face.

"Mister Doctor," he said, "if you are a good man, take yourself and your laws off and drive away as fast as you can, so that we never hear of you again!" and with this he began to roll up the papers on the table into a bundle.

Tykhovych no longer knew how to put an end to this painful scene, when suddenly he felt aware that the crowd was calming down, and through the curses and exclamations of the Moldavians, the sing-song voice of the clerk was heard getting the upper hand over the diminishing storm.

"What are you doing? What are you after, you senseless block-heads? Hey, you foolish set of hotheads!" exhorted the clerk. "It's the government itself that sends these men here and they'll make trouble for you, which is just what these Muscovites want!"

Zamphir retreated from the table and in the doorway encountered the clerk who this time was wearing his bright, new trousers. Coming forward, the clerk was making movements with his hands as though begging pardon by these gestures for the lack of courtesy on the part of the ignorant peasantry.

Tykhovych heartily thanked his deliverer.

After a few moments the Moldavians dispersed while the clerk in choice phrases told Tykhovych that he had recently noticed a something in the wine which must undoubtedly be phylloxera. The clerk, fearful for his life, was ready to abandon the use of this harmful beverage infected with disease as soon as the 'doctors' should discover it to be injurious...

But when Tykhovych reassured him, the delighted clerk took his leave, leaving Tykhovych with depressing thoughts occasioned by the recent event.

(To be continued)

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The Story of Shevchenko

(Concluded)

(2)

THE Russian police authorities reported to Czar Nicholas I that Shevchenko was a dangerous rebel, because he wrote poetry in the Ukrainian language no less! and that in this poetry he not only dared to criticize the Czar but he also condemned Russian rule of Ukraine, and at the same time extolled the ancient Ukrainian Kozak glories. For these political sins Shevchenko was sentenced to serve time in a penal battalion in the distant steppes of Asia, far away from his home land. The Tsar himself signed the sentence, adding the infamous postscript that Shevchenko "was to be kept under strict guard, and not allowed to write or draw."

A Political Prisoner

Thus, for having raised a righteous voice of protest against oppression of the Ukrainian people by Moscow, Taras Shevchenko was banished from his native land. Yet this banishment was just the beginning of the persecution of Shevchenko by the Russian authorities, a persecution that kept him imprisoned for ten years, a persecution that robbed him of his health and hastened his death.

Naturally, Shevchenko's Ukrainian and Russian friends did not forget him while he was imprisoned. They constantly interceded with the authorities, even with the Czar himself, to free Shevchenko. Finally, in 1857 Shevchenko received his freedom, and in the spring of the following year he returned to St. Petersburg.

Where ten years ago, at the age of 33, he was taken away a strong young man, now he returned a wreck, graybearded, bald, bowed with suffering, and his body wracked with pain. Yet his spirit remained unbroken.

Shevchenko longed to visit his beloved Ukraine once more, especially since he had a premonition that he was going to die soon. He wanted to see once more the beautiful Ukrainian countryside, the wide wind-swept steppes, and the mighty, rushing, surging Dnieper River. And so, in April, 1859, he returned to it, visiting his family, friends; and then returned once more to St. Petersburg in order to settle his affairs there. He intended to return to Ukraine and there spend the rest of his life. But this wish was denied to him. The Grim Reaper caught up with him. On March 10, 1861 he died. He died at the age of 47. Of these 47 years of his life, 24 were spent in serfdom, 10 years as a political prisoner, 3½ years under police surveillance, with but 9 precious years of comparative freedom.

He was buried temporarily in St. Petersburg. A month later, in April, his body was taken from its temporary resting place, and borne ceremoniously in its coffin back to his native land—Ukraine. He was buried on a hill near Kanev, overlooking his beloved Dnieper. And thus his last wish came true:

Як умру то поховайте мене на могилі
Серед степу широкого на Україні мій.
Щоб лани широковілі
І Дніпро і кручі
Були видні — було чути
Як реве ревучий.

A Prometheus

And thus, by his beloved Dnieper-side, was buried Taras Shevchenko, this great man who can aptly be called the Ukrainian Prometheus. For just as the original Prometheus

(the central figure in Shevchenko's poem "Caucasus") was punished by Zeus for seeking to benefit mankind by giving it fire, so the Ukrainian Prometheus, Taras Shevchenko, was punished by the Czar for having infused into his people the spirit of freedom, and for having taught them to regard it as their most priceless heritage. And just as the original Prometheus has gone down in tradition as the symbol of revolutionary spirit that ever seeks to improve this world for mankind, so Shevchenko has gone down in history as one who dedicated his whole life to the cause of those who are sorely oppressed and enslaved—chief among them being the Ukrainian people.

And yet, why is it that the Ukrainian people just now have begun to fully appreciate Shevchenko?

The answer lies largely in the fact that all that Shevchenko had prophesied, has come to pass. Right now the Ukrainian people in their native land are suffering all the trials and tribulations that Shevchenko foresaw and predicted. Is it any wonder, then, that they now go to Shevchenko for counsel and inspiration? Is it anything strange that his teaching have become more real to us?

Teachings

And what are these teachings?

Perhaps heading them all is the love Shevchenko taught his people to bear for their native land. He also taught them not to complain of their national misfortune but to take arms against it. Shevchenko flays those who compromise with this misfortune, with their national enslavement, who have lost faith in themselves and their future. He commands them to emerge from their lethargy and fight!—fight for their freedom!

In this struggle for Ukraine's freedom, Shevchenko placed the youth in the very forefront. He had very little hope for the older generation in this respect. It was youth, unfettered by conventions or prejudices, that he looked upon as the real savior of Ukraine. And had he lived today, he looked upon as the real savior of Ukraine. And had he lived today, he would have been thrilled by what Ukrainian youth is doing in the cause of a free Ukraine, how many of them are suffering untold hardships, cruelty, and even death for this cause, and how today throughout Ukraine, at this very instant, Ukrainian youth are still fighting and sacrificing their lives and fortunes in order that their country may free itself of the foreign invader and become the beginning of a great independent Ukrainian state, by, and for the Ukrainian people.

All this faith and confidence of Shevchenko in Ukrainian youth, all these teachings and predictions, Shevchenko arrayed in some of the world's finest poetry. And what is still more important—he gave force to these teachings by living his life strictly in accordance with them.

STEPHEN SHUMEYKO

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INVITATION TO ADVENTURE

London

"It's ten o'clock," exclaimed the Sergeant as the metal tongue of London's faithful Big Ben spoke the hour. "We'll just have time to visit Westminster Abbey," he continued, as the group of enthusiastic soldier-tourists strolled along the banks of the historic Thames.

"Then after we have lunch at one of those little tea shops, we'll visit the tower."

"The Tower of London?" asked the Corporal.

"Yes," replied the Sergeant, "that's where the red-coated Beefeaters were reading about guard the Tower grounds."

England is one of numerous countries open to the soldier who has sightseeing ambitions. The Theater Special Services is offering low-cost travel and recreational facilities to Army Regulars stationed in the occupied areas.

Paris

Ever-colorful Paris is second to none in providing a multitude of enjoyable diversions for sightseeing soldiers. While in the city, one may visit the famous Louvre, treasure-house of art, or climb to the top of the Eiffel Tower and scribble a card to the folks back home while viewing Paris from its dizzy height.

Perhaps you'd prefer a trip to the lazy, sun-splashed blue of the Mediterranean on the Riviera, the prewar playground of the wealthy. The warm, sunny beaches beckon you to stretch out on their dazzling white sands. Walk, drive or cycle along the cliffs and look down on red-tiled roofs, lying sprawled in the Mediterranean sunshine.

Bavaria

The competitive spirit and teamwork which characterize the Regular Army soldier are enjoyed at their fullest in Bavaria's winter-sports-wonderland. Here the soldier-tourist and soldier-sportsman are invited to participate in friendly competition with their fellows.

Garmisch-Patenkirchen is the cradle of winter sports in Bavaria. It is best known for its variety of skiing areas. However, you will find that skiing alone is not the sport that makes this site an ideal sports center. A five-minute walk from any hotel brings you to the huge oval Olympic Stadium, which includes two artificial ice rinks. Here on one rink you can skate at morning, afternoon and evening sessions. The other rink is used for colorful ice reviews which are staged for all soldiers each week. At night, the stadium is illuminated.

Ice hockey, too, is a popular attraction at this spacious ice palace. Ski-jumping exhibitions are held each week at the nearby Olympic ski jump, 140 feet high.

If you choose to visit Berchtesgaden, you will find the new ski school. Here soldiers interested in learning how to ski are taught by experts. Over and above the major winter sports, many minor recreations are available, such as tobogganing, sleighing, curling, boating and snowshoeing.

Amsterdam

In Holland, the land of tulips and wooden shoes, you can swim at Schevening in the summer, and in winter skim on shining skates from village to village on frozen canals. You can take a boat through the canals of Amsterdam and see the magical purple windows of the house along Heerengsachte; and at Volen-

dam, watch the eel fishermen in baggy, black trousers and silver-buttoned jackets, or perhaps you might sail the Zuider Zee to Marken, home of wooden shoes and stiff-lace caps.

You may vacation in the tiny country of Switzerland. Here you are surrounded by magnificent scenery. Skiing, boating and just relaxing are yours for the asking.

In Denmark, you may tour Copenhagen, a beautiful city of museums and palaces. For soldiers who enjoy good food and lots of it, Denmark is overflowing with the choicest kinds.

Through the Theater Special Services you may now tour Czechoslovakia. Tours in this country are available for members of the United States Armed Forces and their dependents.

Sports

The Theater sports program is one of the most comprehensive ever designed for American troops overseas. It completely fulfills the needs of the permanent occupation forces. The athletic program is one of the largest of its kind ever attempted. All participation is on a voluntary basis and spectator interest runs high.

Football offers the most true-to-life "American" season in the European Theater. Teams from the various organizations compete for the theater championship and the stands are always jammed for every game. Well-equipped teams clash in hard fought, closely contested matches. Each command has its own league schedules as well as inter-sectional tilts, with post-season and bowl attractions climaxing the series.

Basketball in the European Theater is the major sport in all units of the major commands, during winter months. During this season there are many upsets, overtime games, and one-point victories—all the thrills that make basketball one of the most exciting games in the field of sports.

Just as important are the many other sports, offered to every soldier who is interested in competitive athletics. Boxing, wrestling, skiing, ice skating, ice hockey, soccer, cross country runs, golf, tennis, badminton swimming, polo and mountain climbing are available.

Arts and craft shops, manual arts shops and handicraft shops provide the soldier with every opportunity to work with his hands. If there is something you want to make, occupation soldiers and their families can always be sure of finding the hobby they like at one of these shops which are located throughout the European Theater. The best facilities available are to be found in these shops. Painting in oils or water colors, sketching, leatherwork, woodworking, photography and metalworking all combine to help fill the soldier's leisure moments. Many times these shops provide the necessary material and ideas when there is something to be made for an all-soldier show.

Nowhere else is the ambitious young man of today offered such marvelous opportunities for travel and recreation as the United States Army provides for him as an important part of his Army career. Soldiers on occupation duty in the European Theater may take advantage of many exciting and colorful trips to many of the places they have read about in Europe, offered to them through the facilities of the Theater Special Services. They may enjoy their favorite hobby in a well-

(Concluded on page 6)

Ivan Mazepa, Hetman of Ukraine

(Concluded from page 3)

and Central Europe now completely deserted him. Peter won the battle of Poltava and the defeated forces had to flee for protection to Moldavia, then under Turkish rule. All Russian efforts to have these Kozaks repatriated were met with a flat refusal by Turkey. In this manner a Ukrainian army found itself outside the borders of Ukraine, and thus became the first group of Ukrainian political emigres.

The aging Mazepa found himself in exile also. His end was near. The elements themselves seemed to sorrow with the old Hetman, for as he lay dying a storm broke out. He stared at a chest containing state documents of his reign in Ukraine, and his last words were: "Guard well this chest." Thus he died in a foreign land although he had hoped to die in a liberated free Ukraine.

Mazepa was placed in a temporary resting place near Bender, a village of Vartnytsia; subsequently his body was transported to St. George's Cathedral in Galatz. Thus the world lost an unusual man, who has left his mark in the history not only of Eastern Europe but of world culture as well. This was the real Mazepa, whose true worth and character is so hard to discern in literature or operas.

Hetman Mazepa was a typical representative of the Baroque epoch. He was a man of unusual erudition, with a strong leaning toward literature and arts. With his command of Latin, his engaging ways, and his keen mind he continued to impress people, like his Swedish allies, up to the very eve of his death.

George Andrew Nordberg, a confidant of Charles, Gustav Adlerfeld, Charles' court historian, and M. Zederhelm, secretary of Charles' field headquarters, are among those who praise Mazepa in their writings as a man of a cosmopolitan outlook and a superior authority on Eastern European affairs.

A Skilled Diplomat

Mazepa was an unusually gifted and skilled diplomat. The fact that he was able to hide his real aims from Peter until the last possible moment, is some criterion of this. The rage that Peter felt toward Mazepa, when the denouncement finally came, was no doubt due to the deeply injured pride of the Tsar when he realized that he who was sure that he was the greatest living monarch had been so completely deceived.

With the defeat of Mazepa, a wave of terrible persecution was inaugurated by the Russians against his followers. The Tsar's wrath fell on the Mazepa family too. By Tsarist decree the very memory of Mazepa was anathematized in all churches in the Russian Empire, even in the very churches of Ukraine which Mazepa had helped to build.

At a General Assembly the Kozaks elected as a successor to Mazepa, his former trusted chancellor, Philip Orlyk. In exile, Orlyk now became the leader of the party of Ukrainian independence, the so-called Mazepinists. The first step of the young Hetman was to draft and proclaim the First Ukrainian Constitution (in 1711), written in the freedom-loving spirit of the earlier *Magna Charta*.

The primary aim of the vengeful Russians was forcibly to repatriate the Mazepinists, but to no avail. Despite all their diplomatic representa-

tions through their embassy in Istanbul, the Russians were unable to prevail upon the Sultan to rescind the right of political asylum he had given to these champions of the Ukrainian cause.

Once a flash of hope appeared before the Mazepinists. Charles XII managed to persuade the Sultan to declare war upon Russia. Victory rode with the Swedish-Turkish alliance, for the Russian Tsar found himself and his army surrounded in an ambush near the Prut river. Only a last minute bribery of the Grand Zizier saved the Russians from the ignominy of defeat and the Tsar from being captured.

Original Emigres

The Mazepinists now became the first Ukrainian political emigres. They gradually scattered throughout Turkey and all of Europe, everywhere propagating the justice of the Ukrainian cause.

At every step of the way they were hounded by Tsarist Russian agents, and those who were caught eventually found a lingering death in the Siberian wastes. Those who returned to the Russian enslaved Ukraine soon wished they had not done so, for they were punished for the "betrayal" of Mazepa.

The personality of Mazepa was indeed unusual and dynamic. It is no wonder that he became the subject of works of literature and music. In writing about this particular period in Ukrainian history, Voltaire characterized the people of Ukraine as men who have always striven for national freedom and Mazepa was the finest representative of Ukraine's aspirations and ideals.

The term "Mazepinist" was intended by the Russians, in their application of it to Ukrainian patriots, as one of derogation. The Ukrainians, however, never have considered it thus but have made it one of honor, just as once "beggar" was the symbol of the Dutch patriots revolting against the tyranny of Spain.

This, then, is a true picture of Mazepa as he really was over two hundred years ago. He was a character of compelling power, not because of any romantic incidents, but because of his resolute will to win for his people liberation and freedom.

(Courtesy: "Ukrainian Quarterly," published by Ukrainian Congress Committee of America)



WEEKLY BANTER

"Two days without food and water," announced the World War II veteran to an admiring audience.

"Pretty bad," agreed a middle-aged man; "but how would you like to have fought in the trenches in Flanders? Sometimes we were up to the waist in icy water and mud for a week or more."

"Call yourself soldiers?" snorted a very old man, who had hobbled up. "Pah! When I was in the Zulu war a spear knocked me down and pinned me to the ground. I couldn't move, and I lay there for a week without food and drink."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the World War II veteran. "It must have been very painful."

"Not very," answered the old man; "only when I laughed."

Washingtonians Hold Annual Meeting

At the annual meeting of the American Ukrainian Society of Washington, D. C., held at the Y.W.C.A., 17th and K Streets, N. W., the following members were elected to serve on the Executive Board for 1947:

Marven Gretchen, President; Helen Yarus, Vice President; Suzanne Machupa, Secretary; Wesley Capar, Treasurer; Mary Saftchal, Publicity Chairman; Michael Kosciw, Auditor; Andrew Petruska, Auditor.

There is no doubt that this is the beginning of a new and promising year for the Society. Under the leadership of its congenial and hard-working president, Mr. Gretchen, so ably demonstrated at the first few meetings, a movement of progressiveness has already been discerned. This is a great step forward when we consider the many months' activities lie ahead.

Plans for a cultural and social program are already in existence and shortly members, with their friends, will be enjoying many entertaining features, e.g., special dances, anniversary affair, folk dancing classes, chorus, bowling, outings, and a newspaper.

The Membership Drive, now under way, is expected to boost the number of members considerably, thus assuring a greater participation and enjoyment in the Society's activities.

The Society welcomes visitors to the Nation's Capitol, especially those of Ukrainian descent. Upon arrival in Washington, it is suggested that those interested in the Society telephone Miss Catherine Greb at District 0805, or inquire at the Y.W.C.A. 17th and K Streets, N. W., for further information. M. S.

Ex-GI Questions

I am a veteran who returned to high school after my discharge. Am I eligible for the readjustment allowance of \$20 per week while I am attending school? J. M., Trenton.

No. To be eligible for readjustment allowance, a veteran must be available for a job.

Do the premiums increase as the insured grows older under the provisions of National Service Life Insurance? A. A. W., New Brunswick.

No. The premiums to be paid on any form of the insurance are established according to the age of the person insured at the effective date of the insurance; that is, a person 30 years old will pay a higher premium than a person 25 years old for the same plan of insurance.

Are there any restrictions in government insurance on the type of work I do? H. E., Bloomfield.

No. The insured may engage in any occupation, no matter how hazardous, live where he likes and travel any way he chooses, without affecting the value or cost of his insurance policy.

My first husband was killed in World War II and I remarried. I divorced my second husband and now would like to know if my widow's pension can be reinstated? Mrs. J. H., Atlantic City.

Existing legislation provides that compensation or pension shall not be

INVITATION TO ADVENTURE

(Concluded from page 5)

equipped handicraft shop, or they may be entertained by one of the

Welcome to Philadelphia

Philadelphia has been selected as the site for the 1947 Labor Day—10th—Convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

The three-day convention will be held on August 30, 31 and September 1, 1947 at Philadelphia's outstanding hotel, the Benjamin Franklin, famous for its Crystal Ballroom with a dinner capacity of over one thousand capacity.

Mr. Michael Elko, Chairman of the Convention Committee, extends a cordial invitation to all Ukrainian American youth to attend the committee meetings presented being held at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel on Monday evenings. These committee meetings are open to all the youth of Ukrainian extraction, without any obligation or expense.

If you, or your friends, wish to have your name placed on the mailing list in order to be informed of future meeting dates, send your name and address to the Chairman of the UYL-NA Convention Committee, 847 N. Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa. A penny card will be sufficient.

To date, the following officers have been elected to guide the activities of the Convention Committee: Michael Elko, Chairman; David Chmelyk, Vice-Chairman; Anne Harris, Corresponding Secretary; Horace A. Kulyk, Recording Secretary; John Konchak, Treasurer. The advisors are Joseph Gurski, UYL-NA president of Detroit, Joseph LeSawyer UYL-NA Treasurer of New York, and Peter Zaharchuk, former UYL-NA officer.

The chairmen of various other sub-committees will be elected at a future date.

A Pre-Convention Dance will be held on May 2, 1947, in order to better acquaint the young people and raise a working capital. Two orchestras will be featured on two dance floors at this dance. Mr. Peter Slobodian is chairman of the Dance Committee.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

allowed to a widow of a World War II veteran who has remarried. Her status cannot be changed if she is divorced.

I am a veteran of World War II and since my discharge find that I am suffering from a chronic ailment. Am I entitled to anything in the way of compensation or pension because of my disability? I. M. H., Passaic.

Chronic disease causing 10 per cent or more disability within one year from reparation from active military service is presumed to have been incurred in, or aggravated by military service. Your service must have been for a period of 90 days or more, part of which was war time service. However, a finding of service connection may be rebutted by evidence showing previous existence of presence of a new ailment which affects the chronic disease.

Can I use my terminal leave bonds as security for a GI Loan? T. K., Clifton.

No. Terminal leave bonds are non-negotiable and non-transferable. However, they may be used to pay premiums on National Service Life Insurance.

many soldier shows and guest artists who give their time and talent for the enjoyment of occupation troops. They may indulge in almost every kind of sport, either as a contestant, an official, or as a spectator.

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Youth and the U.N.A.

Duties of Members

The Ukrainian National Association is a fraternal benefit society and, like other fraternal benefit societies, it has its own Constitution and By-Laws. Recently a young U.N.A. member wrote to the Home Office and asked for information pertaining to the duties of members, saying that he wanted to be a good U.N.A. member by doing what is expected of him. As this subject is of general interest to our readers, members and non-members alike, we are taking the liberty to quote from the Constitution and By-Laws of the U.N.A. the section captioned "Duties of Members":

"The first duty of a member shall be to acquaint himself with the By-Laws of the Association and implicitly obey them; he shall be loyal to the Association and endeavor to promote the progress of the Subordinate Assembly (branch); to live an honest and moral life and refrain from acts that reflect upon or disgrace the Subordinate Assembly or the Association; to display a spirit of fraternity toward every other member of

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his Subordinate Assembly and the Association; as often as possible to attend the meetings of his Subordinate Assembly; he shall not disclose the affairs of his Subordinate Assembly or Association to non-members; he shall wear the emblem of the Association and shall attend the funeral of a deceased member if a resolution to that effect is adapted."

Such are the duties of members. A member who performs his duties is helping his organization, for the U.N.A. needs active, serious-minded members. Such members make good branch officers; occasionally a branch is disbanded because of the complete lack of responsible officers, a procedure which would be unnecessary were there but one capable member in the branch. Conscientious members also make excellent delegates to the quadrennial conventions of the U.N.A., at which the supreme officers of the organization are elected. It is quite possible for an active U.N.A. member to win an important position within the executive body.

A member genuinely interested in the welfare of his organization can go much further than simply performing his duties. He can organize new members for the U.N.A. He can help the U.N.A. by publicizing it and its branches in the American press. He can help by telling his non-member friends the facts concerning the U.N.A., and addressing large gatherings at meetings and the like. If he makes special efforts to interest other members in being as active as he is, this would be particularly beneficial to the U.N.A.

The Ukrainian National Association, like any other organization, depends on its constituents for its continued growth and development. Every member should cooperate by doing his part, and the best way to do one's part is to become as active as possible.

CHORUS DEBUT
(Concluded from page 1)

much-hoped-for trend in modernizing our arrangements. Unimpressive were the Partisan songs. Indeed, they failed to convey the proper spirit expected from Partisan songs, although the melodies held much promise and hint of it.

With the Folk Chorus liberally sprinkled with concert singers, it was almost inevitable that a treat was in store at this concert from selections containing solos and in this the audience was not disappointed. Michael Dickey, in singing the now-famous baritone solo in "Our Lady of Pochayiv" disclosed a pleasing, mellow tone that promised great things with further training. Olya Zadoretska's sweetly sung soprano solo in "Priletiw Sokil" was well done, though her small voice could not overcome the bad acoustics of the auditorium.

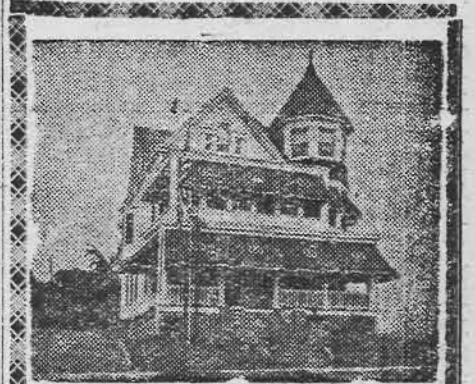
One of the most pleasing and best-performed numbers was "In the fields of Barishpol." Eugene Kruk, lyric tenor, was afforded full play for his romantic style of singing in his solo portion of this song. It has been many years since New York Ukrainian concert goers have heard a fine lyric tenor and Mr. Kruk's singing was a refreshing experience.

A mild sensation of the concert was the solo singing of Mrs. Martha Kirichenko in her young husband's arrangement of "Oy ne Spivay." The young opera student, who possesses a fine soprano voice, is of Italian descent, yet gave a deeply moving rendition of a song dear to Ukrainians.

After several year's lapse since any major concert of Ukrainian songs, this initial appearance of Prof. Kirichenko's Folk Chorus marks a fine beginning to a new decade in Ukrainian Chorus appearances. Prof. Kirichenko deserves every wish for

success. Annual spring and fall concerts by this group, with programs containing major works both Ukrainian and non-Ukrainian would be something pleasant to look forward to.

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В. Б.

ОРИГІНАЛЬНО!

— Я вірю вам, товаришу Крюк-ва. — сказав нарешті слідчий і Крюкву легко зідхнув.

Слідчий нахилився над паперами, довго щось писав, таємничо посміхався і від тих усмішок колело під серцем у Крюкві.

— Я вірю вам, — ще раз повторив слідчий, як скінчив писати. — Вас, мабуть, хотіли оклеветати, але ми суворо покараємо тих, що намагаються очорнювати відданих громадян батьківщини. Можете йти, товаришу Крюкво...

Володимир підвівся зі стільця, відкозирнув слідчому й вийшов. Несподіване завізвання до НКВД дуже схвилювало молодого чоловіка й він, покинувши вже слідчий відділ, не вірив тому, що все так легко обійшлося.

Володимир Крюкво, двадцять-трилітній юнак, українець по національності, прилетар по соціальному походженню, комсомолец із порядним стажем, вже третій рік перебував у летунській школі. Своїми здібностями вибився зпоміж других курсантів і здобув собі авторитет. Викладачі школи, старі летуни, вбачали в ньому очайдушного летуна-випробовувача. І враз... оці відвідини органів безпеки...

В нього допитувались про якісь звязки з контрреволюційними підпольними організаціями, про існування яких він навіть і не підозрівав, про людей, імена яких він вперше почув від слідчого, та про товаришів по школі.

Наклеп! Тільки наклеп! О, якби він знав, хто на таке спромігся!.. Та слідчий запевнив, що наклепників покарають. Отже, нічого... Все скінчилося добре. Йому повірили. Та й як не повірити ж Адже ж не може бути людина без вини — винуватою...

На другий день в будинку особливого відділу перед начальником цього заведення, Кроншвельдом, стояв старший парашутний інструктор летунської школи й вислуховував усного наказу.

— Отже, ви це зрозуміли? — з натиском сказав Кроншвельд і пронизливим поглядом змряв інструктора. Цей, відкривши широко очі від здивування, не знав, що відповідати. Хотів був запитати: „Навіщо це?“, та швидко опам'ятовся, пригадав військовий статут, в якому було ясно сказано про „безоговорочне“ виконання наказу підчиненим, який мав право перепитати тільки тоді, коли не зрозумів наказу. Тепер же наказ був ясний, то ж інструктор, відрубавши: „Есть!“ кланув за каблуками, круто повернувся й опинився за дверима.

Під враженням нового наказу йшов він, немов п'яний, тинявся з боку на бік, розгублено відповідав на поздоровлення стрічних курсантів, щось бурмотів, когось даяв, аж поки не дійшов до окремого будинку, в якому складались парашути до скоків.

А в особливому відділі сидів Кроншвельд і в десятий раз перечитував папери „лічного дела курсанта Крюкві Володимира“.

— І хто міг би подумати?... Крюкво, найлітчий курсант школи — націоналіст... Гм... Але тепер такі часи, що все трапляється — перекопував себе в думках Кроншвельд, втопивши очі в „лічне дело“...

Як завжди, черговий по школі розніс наказ, в якому приписувались скоки з височини 3,000 метрів для деяких курсантів. Серед кількох прізвищ стояло й ім'я Володимира Крюкві.

Старший парашутний інструктор дав останні вказівки, а кількох молодих людей у комбінезонах для скоків уважно його слухало.

— Зрозуміли? — спитав він слухачів і якимось особливо погляди Володимир помітив якийсь жаль і співчуття до себе та глибоко замасковане зацікавлення.

— Курсант Крюкво! — звернувся інструктор до Володимира. — Як почуваете себе?

— Добре, товаришу інструктор. Все в порядку!

— Я б того не сказав. Мені здається... ви виглядаєте гірше, як завжди... — якимось мляво, зовсім не по-військовому замітив інструктор, хоч Володимир почувався цілком добре.

— Може ви хворі, Крюкво, то я міг би звільнити вас...

— Дякую, товаришу інструктор, — відповів Володимир. — Маю велику охоту стрибати.

Інші курсанти з цікавістю прислухувались цій розмові й непомітно здвигали плечима. Ще не було такого, щоб Крюкву навмисне вмовляли симулювати, і то перед скоком.

— Так, товариші курсанти... Прошу підготуватись до скоку — сказав інструктор і відійшов.

Рівно за пів години, припасувавши парашутні паски, серед жартів і дотепів підійшли курсанти до інструктора. Коли підійшов Володимир, інструктор зблід, опустив зір додолу і мовчки подав парашут. Крюкво пристібнув ремень, туго підперезався й попросив запасового парашута. Інструктор важко дихаючи, то бліднучи, то червоніючи, пробував посміхатись, але з того ніщо не виходило. Ще щось хотів сказати Володимирові, вже розкрив уста, та таки... нічого не сказав.

— Що з ним? — подумав Володимир. — Не захворів він часом? Такий дивний... — і Володимир пригадав раціонну розмову, при чому недовірливо похитав головою.

Десь голосно заревли літаки, в кімнаті загув електрогудок і курсанти швидко вибігли на площу аеродрому.

Великий двомоторовий літак відразу котнув десять осіб, набавив газу, якимось несміливо поповз по землі, розігнався і, наче підстрибнувши, опинився над землею. Довго кружляв, поки дібрався до висоти 3000 метрів.

Нарешті летун дав знати, що літак на потрібній висоті. Всі приготувались і скупчились коло люку. По одному стрибали курсанти, а Володимир очікував на свою чергу. Станув на край люку, шагнув у повітря й полетів каменем у безодню. В голові рахував. Дорахувати до десяти, сіпнути за кільце і все: над головою розгорнеться білий шовк, який легко опустить його до землі.

Рахував у такт биття серця. Шість... сім... вісім... дев'ять... десять — і рррраз! — винморгнув кільце, кілька секунд чекав, поки висмикнеться парашут. Але... це не сталося...

Земля наближувався з блискавичною швидкістю. Володимир, затримавшись зразу, вмить заспокоївся, віднайшов кільце запасного парашута і сіпнув... але цей також не відкрився.

Аж тепер ним оволодів страх. Жодної надії на порятунок. Два кільця теліпалися на всі боки, били в груди, в лице і своїми ударами вперто нагадували про початок трагедії, до кінця якої лишалося найбільше 2000 метрів. Високо вгорі залишились інші товариші, які спокійно гойдались, піддержувані лискучими, білими парашутами, а він, Володимир, зо швидкістю свobodнопадаючого тіла, летів назустріч

ЗА ЗАЛІЗНОЮ ЗАСЛОНОЮ

ПОРІВНЮЮТЬ АМЕРИКУ З ГІТЛЕРОМ.

Москва, 14. березня. У відповідь на послання президента Трумана до Конгресу в справі американської допомоги Греції і Туреччині, орган советського уряду „Ізвестія“ надрукував сьогодні велику редакційну статтю, в якій порівнюється теперішня тактика Америки з тактикою Гітлера, який „теж покликався на большевиків, як задумував відкрити шлях своїм завойованням“. Свої коментарі на тему закордонної політики советська преса друкує звичайно на останній, четвертій сторінці. Цим разом коментар на виступ президента Трумана надруковано на першій.

ПРОФЕСОРИ ВОЛОДИМИР КРИПЯКЕВИЧ І МИРОН КОРДУБА ЗАСУДЖЕНІ.

УПС подає, що відомі українські історики проф. Володимир Крипякевич і Мирон Кордуба були поставлені під суд і обидва присуджені по 8 років каторжних робіт в концтраційних таборах. Їх обвинувачувано в „ідеологічних ухилах“. Цей вістки ми, докищо, не маємо можности перевірити.

„СТРИБНУЛИ“ „СТРИБКІВ“.

Українські втікачі, які в останньому часі продерлись зі Східної в Західну Європу, оповідають про такий випадок зі Суховолі біля Львова: В половині грудня м. р. до цієї місцевості приїхала большевицька комісія здирати від селян збіжжя. Комісію охороняв відділ „стрибків“ — місцевої большевицької міліції. Нагло в місцевість заїхав відділ 30 озброєних людей в уніформах советської прикордонної сторожі та „зарештував“ большевицьку комісію разом зі „стрибками“, забіраючи їх в невідомому напрямку. Двох зпоміж схоплених були опісля звільнені та оповіли, що озброєні „прикордонники“ показу-

смерті. В голові зарисувались якісь картини з дитинства, пригадалась мати, що вічно чомусь плакала. Пригадалось місто, дівчата, школа. Він бачив перед собою слідчого, який щось писав і повторяв з усмішкою: „Я вірю вам, товаришу Крюкво...“

Перед очима — постать інструктора, що намагався відмовити його від сьогоднішнього скоку... Ех, якби знав про це наперед, то згодився б... Якби знав... А може інструктор знав? Може? Знав! Він напевно знав! Та розгубленість, непевність, якась боязливість, те обличчя, що дрижало, мов у гарячці — хіба ж це все не говорять про те, що інструктор, знав наперед про цю катастрофу, а може й сам підготував її?

Гарячі сльози, що пекли йому щочки, сльози від свідомости кінця свого життя, відвертали на мить увагу від думок, які, міняючи одна одну, полонили його голову.

„Я вірю вам...“ хтось кричав до вуха й Володимир побачив на землі великий образ слідчого, який йому назустріч розставив рамена, немов хотів би врятувати його...

Ні! Не повірив! Контрреволюційна організація... націоналізм... Йому приписали злочини, які він ніколи не поповнив. Це в такий спосіб його ліквідують, як ворога держави. Значить, НКВД не тільки стріляє, витьає, мордує. НКВД має до розпорядимости ще багато оригінальних способів ліквідування...

лися українськими повстанцями. В лісі вони зробили суд над трьома членами комісії і шістьма „стрибками“. Двох членів комуністичної партії, які належали до комісії та один міліціант, відомий зі своєї жорстокості у відношенні до українських повстанців, були засуджені на смерть і їх на місці повішено. Інші міліціанти прилучилися до повстанців. Двох були звільнені і, вернувши до своєї місцевості, були заарештовані як співники повстанців. Самі повстанці в советських уніформах зникли так само несподівано, як і прийшли.

БІЛОВЕЖСЬКА ПУЩА КИШИТЬ ВІД ПОВСТАНЦІВ.

З Польщі повідомляють, що відомі під назвою Біловезької Пущі ліси на польсько-білоруському кордоні сьогодні „аж кишать“ від повстанців різних національностей та дезертирів зі советської армії. Польська „Армія Крайова“, білоруські партизани, УПА, литовські повстанці розтаборилися в лісах і роблять постійні випадки на „советську владу“ в ближніх і дальших околицях.

„З ІМ'ЯМ СТАЛІНА НА УСТАХ“.

Советська преса першої декади лютого тільки що й пише, це слово Сталін в різних відмінах і з найрізноманітніми прикметниковими додатками, очевидно в суперлативах. Це саме, виходило б, робиться теж по радіо, в промовах, по театрах. Рекорд під цим оглядом є таки в повідомленнях з України. Одеська радіовисільня передає такі радіоавдиції: літературно-музикальні композиції „Слово про Сталіна“, та „Сталінська п'ятирічка в народньому фольклорі“, а далі: „Сталінська конетитуція в творчості народів СРСР“ і т. п. А якийсь Кочовський з Києва пише в московському „Труді“, що „Україна трудиться з іменем Сталіна на устах“. Справді трудиться.

Хотів кричати „не винний“, думав, що це сон, і враз помітив зовсім близько землю. Шкода! того життя, хоч короткого й гіркого, а все ж життя, яке так манило до себе своїми таємницями, а тепер покидає його... Хотів добитись слави, але був нікчемною, егоїстом, що тільки любив вислуговуватись перед начальством. Але НКВД й таких підозривав і тепер він мусить прийняти приготувану смерть.

Може не тим шляхом пішов? А хіба були ще інші шляхи? То чому ж ніхто не показав тих шляхів, не вивів на правдиву дорогу? Пропало, не вернеш...

Отак думаючи, відкрив очі, побачив щось велике, сіре, злегка чорнувате. Вдарився об щось тверде, відчув якийсь сп'яніння і вже в хмелю каламутно вглядів слідчого, який простодушно не казав, а шептав: „Я вірю вам, товаришу Крюкво...“

На мозок напливло щось темне, розлилось по всьому тілі. Смерть...

В той же день зник із летунської школи старший парашутний інструктор, бо товариш Кроншвельд дуже не любив небажаних свідків...

В будинку особливого відділу, в кабінеті начальника сиділо кількох працівників органів безпеки з високими рангами. Кроншвельд оповідав цим достойникам про ліквідування націоналіста Крюкві, голосно сміявся і все повторяв:

— Може, скажете, не оригінально?