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# СВОБОДА SVOBODA

## УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ЩОДЕННИК UKRAINIAN DAILY



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# The Ukrainian Weekly

## Supplement

ТРИ ЦЕНТИ в Злучених Державах Америки.  
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### U.N.A. Urges Admittance Here of DPs SUPPORT OF H. R. 2910 GAINING GROUND

In a letter dispatched late last week to the House Subcommittee on Immigration, the Ukrainian National Association urged the admission of Ukrainian and other DPs into this country.

Addressed to Rep. Frank Fellows (Maine), committee chairman, and signed by U.N.A. president Nicholas Muraszko and Secretary Dmytro Halychyn, the letter specifically urged the passage by Congress of H. R. 2910, otherwise known as the Stratton Emergency Displaced Persons Admission Act. Essentially it is an emergency act by Congress which would permit the United States to admit its fair share of Europe's displaced persons.

We urge that messages similar to that of the U.N.A. supporting the Act be sent to Rep. Frank, and copies of it to: (1) Congressmen from your district, (2) Rep. Earl C. Michener (Mich.) Chairman, House Judiciary Committee, (3) Rep. Charles A. Halleck (Indiana) Majority House Floor Leader, (4) Rep. Sam Rayburn (Texas), Minority House Floor Leader.

During the coming weeks, the House Sub-Committee on Immigration will hold hearings on H. R. 2910. Representatives of business, farm, labor, veterans, and civic, religious and women's groups will present testimony favoring admission of DPs before the committee.

Spearhead of the action to pass the proposed Act is the Citizens Committee on Displaced Persons (39 East 36 Street, New York City), headed by Earl Harrison.

Various organizations throughout the nation are behind the move. Among them are farm organizations, which originally and shortsightedly were against allowing DPs to enter this country.

Thus, the American Farm Bureau Federation, representing 1,200,000 farmers, has swung its entire support behind the bill to admit displaced persons. Edward A. O'Neal, president of the federation, will serve as a vice-chairman of the Citizens Committee. He declares: "While the federation is motivated principally by broad humanitarian arguments, it is not unmindful of practical consideration such as the current shortage of farm labor."

Veterans also are swinging into line.

Louisville, Ky. American Legion Post No. 266 has passed a resolution urging admission of DPs as "we... did just complete a war against those who tried to bring religious persecution and other tyrannies upon the world..."

"These Thy Brethren," an original radio drama depicting the plight of DPs and produced by the Committee, will be broadcast over 120 independent radio stations throughout the U.S.A.

Speakers will be furnished by the Citizens Committee to all local groups, conventions, and organizations needing information about DPs. Mass meetings on the DP problem are already planned for Bangor, Maine; Lexington, Ky.; Kansas City, Mo.; New Haven, Conn. and Rochester, N. Y.

Fifteen new local citizens committees on displaced persons have organized in nine states within the last two weeks, bringing the total committees to 38 located over 19 states. In addition, 39 new local DP Committees are now in progress of formation, to bring the number of local committees being organized up to 52 committees throughout 16 states.

Matthew Woll, AFL Vice President, is urging immediate entry of displaced persons "considering the horrible plight of victims of totalitarianism in many countries of Europe and the fact that during the war immigration quotas were not filled."

Unions currently asking emergency entrance for DPs include: Brotherhood of Railway Clerks (AFL), United Hatters Cap and Millinery Workers International Union (AFL), United Cement, Lime and Gypsum Workers International Union (AFL), Kentucky State Federation of Labor, Alabama State Federation of Labor, Port Washington, Wisc., Missoula (Montana) Country Central Trades and Labor Council.

Additional national organizations express concern for plight of DPs. The American Friends Service Committee reports it is ready to receive DPs for temporary shelter at hostels in Nyack, N. Y.; Pasadena, Calif.; Des Moines, Ia; Penn Yan, N. Y.; Greensboro, N. C.; and a 2,500-acre farm outside of Chicago. At the hostels DPs will be given "some training in English language, American customs and some knowledge of the community to which they are resettled." \* \* \* \* \* The Needlework Guild of America, which distributes clothing throughout U. S. to persons in need, reports "all Branches of the Guild will be very glad to help clothe any displaced persons... brought into U. S." \* \* \* \* \* The Catholic Rural Life Conference is conducting an intensive survey of rural areas to find vacant farm housing for DP families. \* \* \* \* \* The president of the Eastern District of the American Lutheran Church declares he is "personally interested in getting a young man from among

### Chicago Benefit Concert Featuring John Hodiak Meets with Tremendous Success

By JULIE HALASA

THE Benefit Concert for Ukrainian War Refugees and Orphans held in Chicago Civic Opera House on Saturday evening, May 10th, featuring John Hodiak, star of screen and radio and supported by Donna Grescoe, violinist, Mary Polynack Lesawyer, New York soprano, Alexander Kulpak, Chicago basso, and the combined Ukrainian choruses of Chicago and surrounding area, under the direction of Samuel Czuba, met with overwhelming success.

The Opera House, with a seating capacity for 3500 people, was well occupied. In the audience were visitors from various cities of Canada and United States.

John Hodiak acted as master of ceremonies during the appeal for funds part of the program. Envelopes were distributed to the audience for contributions. The collection netted approximately \$4,500.

Prestige and dignity was lent to the Benefit Concert by the presence on the stage during the appeal for funds on such dignitaries of Ukrainian affairs in America as John Panchuk of Detroit, President, United Ukrainian American Relief Committee; Dr. Walter Galan of Philadelphia, Executive Director of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee; Stephen Shumeyko of Maplewood, N. J. President of Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, delegate to the San Francisco UN Conference, Paris Peace Conference, Lake Success UN Conference, also editor of Ukrainian Weekly; Dmytro Halychyn of New York, Supreme Secretary of Ukrainian National Association and Treasurer of the Ukrainian Congress Committee.

Following the concert, a reception was held in the Florentine Room of the Congress Hotel. Refreshing drinks and dainty or d'oeuvres featured it, and later in the evening a buffet supper was served.

To further the campaign for relief funds, a fifteen-minute recording of the concert was made which will be sold in various cities in the United

States through the United Ukrainian American Relief organization and in Canada through the Ukrainian-Canadian Relief Fund. Cost of the recordings is not yet determined.

States through the United Ukrainian American Relief organization and in Canada through the Ukrainian-Canadian Relief Fund. Cost of the recordings is not yet determined.

A supply of souvenir programs of the concert are still available and may be purchased by mailing fifty cents to Roman Smook, Benefit Fund, 2006 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago 22, Illinois. The program, elaborately and expertly designed and organized, contains interesting data on the Ukrainian artist who participated in the concert; history of Ukraine; information on the Ukrainian relief situation; and a complete list of the various committees who worked for the success of this project. The full amount of fifty cents is to be added to the relief fund.

It is estimated that approximately \$12,000 was grossed for the relief funds, which, roughly, consists of \$6,000 ticket sales; \$1,500 advertisements; \$4,500 collection.

### HOLD-UP

Naturally, all of us are very much in favor of labor unions. Of course, we recognize their faults,—and who hasn't them—yet we likewise recognize their great value in protecting the rights of the workers.

All the more so, therefore, why we are taken aback when we read that labor union representatives—of mere locals, mind you—are so non-labor in character, so affluent that they and their families can afford to live in the swankiest of apartments or hotel suites and, what is more, be able to surrender to robbers or burglars cash or its value in trinkets with the best of the rich capitalists.

What prompts this burst of indignation?

Merely a news item in last week's New York press.

Last Wednesday three young and well dressed gunmen entered a twenty-fifth apartment of the exclusive (i.e. very expensive) Essex House (hotel) in New York City and took more than \$19,000 in money and jewelry.

Who was the victim? Some millionaire, his wife, etc? Neither. Just—Mrs. Hannah Kaplan, 43-year-old wife Jerome Kaplan, president of Local 1102, Hotel Dry Goods Dealers Union, C.I.O.

Further comment would be superfluous.



## Overcoming Group Prejudice - By G. H.

ACCORDING to the Ukrainian Weekly of May 5th, a contest for the best editorial on the above subject was announced by the Common Council For American Unity.

After reading the announcement, my first reaction was to scoff at the idea. Why write about group prejudice when it only serves to aggravate the situation? Are we not aware of the element in this country, which makes it a business of crying "race prejudice" in order to stir up racial hatred? Are there not enough people walking around with a chip on their shoulder because they are sensitive to any reference to their race, no matter how innocent the reference? Even a harmless joke, reflecting a race attribute, is becoming tabu on the radio because some people have been conditioned to that kind of allergy.

On second thought, the sponsors of the contest must know what they are doing. The list of judges commands respect, and their reputation is a guarantee that the purpose of the contest is not to foment racial trouble but to alleviate it. No one denies the existence of group prejudice, and it will take more than talking to prevent it. We can, however, minimize its effect by recognizing it as a social disease that feeds on ignorance. Perhaps if every nationality group gave the problem serious thought, and looked for the causes within itself, instead of pointing an accusing finger on another group, America would be a much better place to live in.

This is neither an editorial nor a contest entry, but merely a few observations on the problem of group prejudice as it concerns Ukrainians. Of all nationality groups the Ukrainians may have the best claim that unjustly they have been on the receiving end of group prejudice.

The calumnies heaped upon them during the war by an irresponsible element, aligning them on the side of the enemy, is fresh in their memory. Nevertheless a conviction on the part of most Ukrainians, that they are suffering from race prejudice, would do them more harm than good. That is the attitude that breeds a complex in the group, causing its members to see persecution even when none is intended.

Unbelievable as it may appear, the Ukrainians need no whitewashing of any guilt in the bearing of prejudice toward any race. To the despair of some leaders they intermarry with other nationality groups, even more so with the nationalities that have been their ancient-foes in the old world. They also patronize the merchants and professions of other nationalities, leaving their own to sink or swim. Their largest insurance fraternal is dwarfed in comparison with those of other nationalities. To the apostle of national unity this may seem a desirable trait in a foreign group. But to Ukrainians it is a shortcoming and a handicap in their

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development. It is responsible for the quite small number of business and professional men among them, and for their representation in public offices, which is negligible. Under these conditions it would be a gross misstatement to say that Ukrainians indulge in group prejudice.

One need not be a learned sociologist to recognize in every race the presence of some peculiar innate characteristic, which is obnoxious to another race. When races intermingle and dwell in congested areas, the offensive trait is repressed by the group. It is only when the individual members break loose, that the whole group is blamed for the acts of the few.

Francis Parkman, in *The Oregon Trail*, described the American Indians as maliciously cunning, cruel and suspicious race, with whom a white man could not live in sympathy. In the next breath he told of a friendly Indian who spent much time in teaching him the Indian language. That was a century ago. Today we may find among our neighbors a true friend who belongs to a race that we tacitly dislike. And we may also find an enemy belonging to the race we like. In our dealings with these people, we surely would not be guided by our opinions of their respective races.

"My first real job was given to me after an intercession of an Irishman and a Jew to whom I was a total stranger," said a Ukrainian ex-GL. "It was another Irishman and another Jew who tried to deprive me of the job," he continued, "but that does not give me cause to condemn both races."

Of course there are people who

## Trivia - - - By Sophia

THE world is full of dog lovers, all of whom have one thing in common. That is their love of dogs. This is where the similarity ends, however, for the varieties of dog lovers are enough to write a book on. Single people go in for the canine variety of household pet, as witness the young working girl who finds home ("home" being a one room apartment) a lone-

ly place. She acquires a dog somehow, and sets up housekeeping with him, but she never dreams that the pup may have the same feelings as a human. True, she feeds him regularly, takes him for walks, shows him the beauties of nature found in the city's parks, but forgets that he may not like the solitude he's left with after she goes off to work. Away she goes, spends her day at the office, and when she arrives home, the pup leaps at her. She promptly reprimands him for this, thinking he is wild when he's merely trying to show how much he's missed her. On she goes about her business of preparing dinner, and doesn't forget to feed him either, but once the meal is over and the dishes back where they belong, she's off again on a date of some sort, leaving the dog alone to enjoy the four walls. Is this a dog lover?

Another kind of pet peeper of the single variety is the bachelor, who usually has a large dog. A Great Dane will do. He spends more time at home than the business girl, and talks to his hound as if he were a mature human. All but pours him a drink. He has his fun with the dog, but likes to read during the evening, so the dog repairs to the oval rug, wishing there were a fireplace beside it. To many people, a huge dog like this is a nuisance to take care of, but not to the bachelor. After finding the Great Dane a protection from designing women, he wants to keep him on as a pet forever.

Old maids also like canine pets, but prefer poodles, dachshunds, or other small dogs. Perhaps they feel that the small ones are more manageable, or perhaps big dogs remind them of wolves they encountered in their youth. (Ah, youth! What has become of you?) At any rate, the old maid spends plenty of time with the dog, feeds him well, lavishes affection on him, and even knits him sweaters. What more could a dog ask for, besides a coat, hat, shoes and the rest of the outfit? If the spinster should have any neighbors who are fond of cats, she quickly renounces their friendship, and for years they go on being neighbors "not on speakin' terms."

But don't be misled. Single people aren't the only ones who indulge in caring for dogs, for the married folks constitute quite a number. Take, for instance, the couple who have a child who needs a playmate, and prevails upon its mother for one. The head of the house calls his wife in conference, and it is decided that a puppy be purchased to romp with the youngster. The young one beats the dog, pulls his hair, and all but pokes his fingers in the pup's eyes. The parents sit on and observe the "play," and even if the dog does take a beating, so what? What's he here for?

The childless couple goes still farther and has a pet in the family instead of a child. This couple is usually very businesslike with the dog, trying to teach him manners, respect and logic, but get nowhere with the obstinate animal. But he's companionate, so they decide to keep him on, but never let him forget what a great favor they're doing him.

Once in a great while, you find a really wholesome family with ten or twelve children and a respect for dogs. You may have to look for this family down on the farm, and once you find them, you discover they have

make themselves obnoxious by their conduct, but they are found in every group. Shall we then condemn the entire group, or shall we take each individual for what he is? When a fellow deliberately steps on your toes without provocation he deserves to be put in his place regardless of his race. This is the type that needs education in overcoming of group prejudice.

Race solidarity, where members mutually help one another, arouses prejudice among the people who are slothful in cultivating co-operation in their own groups. It is nothing but envy directed against an industrious and well-to-do group. Instead of emulating them, we often yield to jealousy. We are blinded by envy and find consolation in hate, instead of helping one another for our mutual welfare.

Let us have more Ukrainian children in colleges and let us patronize them when they attain a profession. Let us patronize our businessmen and have more of them. Let us take interest in our communities and feel that we are a part of them. Then shall we be immune to any prejudice against us, and we shall find no need of looking with envy at another race.

## UKRAINIAN RECORD OF THE WEEK

**Open To me the Gates of Repentance** (Pokayaniye) by Wedel, sung by Chaliapin. Victor No. 7716-B.

This composition is quite famous in our chorally informed Ukrainian circles. It is a very difficult piece of music and should be done by a large capable chorus. In this recording Chaliapin has the support of the Paris Cathedral Choir. The music has been shortened in order to fit it on one side of the record. It's worthwhile having as a collector's item, for, after all, no matter what Chaliapin did he did it well.

## On Records - - By Ted Victor

BACH, J. S.

FOR some reason or other the average music lover seems to shy away from the music of Johann Sebastian Bach. I realize there are many factors responsible for this. Today there is so much music available for the listener that he is content to remain faithful to his Tchaikovsky, Strauss, and Rimsky-Korsakoff. Too often he has heard only certain compositions by Bach which only the skilled musician can appreciate. Or perhaps, more than anything else, the very name of the composer and the titles of his compositions seem to frighten the listener away. This is indeed a pity for he is denying himself the highest type of musical enjoyment. The music of Bach is not merely to satisfy the superficial senses. On the contrary it is music for the mind, the heart and soul. Do not worry about not understanding it; listen, and it will explain itself to you.

Naturally, it is difficult for anyone to know exactly just what to begin with from the music of Bach. Therefore in order to help a bit I offer the following selections, which will appeal to anyone who likes music.

**Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor.** The Philadelphia Orchestra; conductor Stokowsky; also E. Power Biggs playing the organ at Harvard University. Victor No. 8697 and 19058.

In the first record we have Stokowsky's freely transcribed version of this famous composition. In the sec-

ond we have a performance by an organ as it was originally composed by Bach. In order to gain the full amount of enjoyment from this remarkable composition, I suggest that you buy both records. Of the following records little need be said. They are excellent musically and technically.

**Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring; Prelude in E Major.** The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Ormandy. Victor No. 14973.

**Sarabande** (From the 3rd English Suite); **Come, Sweet Death.** Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Stokowsky. Victor No. 8496.

**Air For G String** (from Suite No. 3 in D Major).

**Sinfonia in B Flat Major** (third movement) New York Philharmonic conducted by Mengelberg. Victor No. 7484.

(Concluded on page 6)



## Lesya Ukrainka's Youthful Years

Freely translated and adapted from Hlib Lazarevsky  
By PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

### III

#### Lesya's First Impressions

THE coming of a new member into the family enhanced the happiness of the Kosach household even more than before. And it was with a deep sense of this happiness that the young mother and her newborn infant, in accordance with custom, lay together in bed in a semi-darkened room for the prescribed period.

Yelysaveta Ivanivna, conscious of her responsibility, took full charge of all the details of housekeeping. Even Petro Antonovych forgot for a time his favorite sport, hunting, and hastened home every day from his official duties as quickly as possible. He would stand and warm himself before the log fire, and finally say to Mysha, who watched him the while with eager, impatient eyes, "All right then. Come on, let's take a look at little sister, but remember—not a sound!"

Then Mysha, gripping his father's hand would walk on tiptoe into the darkened chamber. There his eyes had got accustomed to the gloom, he would gaze spellbound, in silence, at this new but living doll. But when the doll with its tiny voice began to whimper and wail, Mysha, carried away by excitement, would squeeze his father's hand with all his might and, looking first at him, then at mother and child in the bed, would literally hop up and down in ecstasy—but all in silence.

The only thing that slightly clouded Olha's bright and blissful mood was the fact that the features of the little one were more reminiscent of her husband's family than of the Drahomanivs. For although she dearly loved him, yet in her heart Olha always considered the Drahomanivs superior to the Kosaches of Mhlin. At her desire the child was christened Larisa, but it wasn't very long before everybody was calling her Losya.

The first cradle songs that penetrated the baby's consciousness were the Ukrainian ones her mother sang. And the very first words she heard from those nearest to her, Father, Mother, and Mysha, were exclusively Ukrainian.

Under her mother's unremitting care, the little one learned to stand on her feet, and began to toddle after Mysha, and so inseparable did the two become that they were often called by the combined name "Mysholosya."

And the stories they began to hear! Of an evening, when the porcelain lamp on the round table cast deep shadows into corners of the cosy room and the massive clock kept up its rhythmical ticking, they would sit and listen, listen. Mysha, his head resting on his arms folded on the table, never taking his eyes off his mother, and the little blond-headed mite cuddled in the mother's arms—the three would forget the flight of time and the beds already prepared and waiting for the children...

Then from the dark corners of the room, swift-footed Achilles would appear, challenging bold Hector to single combat; the prudent and resourceful Aeneas would pass by on his dangerous travels; Roland would be heard sounding his horn in the desperate pass of Roncevalles; Richard the Lionheart would be seen leading his Crusaders against the in-

fidel Saracens; or they would catch an echo of the roaring life of the Zaporozhian Kozaks, and see old Taras Bulba slaying his traitorous son, Andriy, afterwards perishing himself at the stake to save his devoted followers and people...

Many a time Petro Antonovych would have to call them to order, reminding them of the lateness of the hour...

And sometimes after dinner, when the father, in accordance with his custom, had gone to lie down on the sofa in his study for a rest, the children would come and sit down beside him, and the zealous hunter, although apparently reluctant, would tell them stories about the dense, murmuring, roaring Volhynian forests, so still and quiet, however, in winter. He would talk about early mornings in the Polysian swamps, how hares and foxes live, how wolves howl, how the blackcock bells, how bears go to sleep for the winter, and how the elk, the king of the Polysian thickets, bellows when infuriated...

And how pleasantly scared they felt when old Hanna in the kitchen, or Karol grooming the horses, or Vladék lighting the log fire, or a maid digging in the garden would tell them about other creatures who dwell in the forest: lovely woodland fairies, green, dripping water nixies, shaggy forest elves, about "the-one-who-bursts-the-dikes" (the spirit who stirs up the freshets in spring), and "the-one-who-dwells-in-the-rock" (the fairies, green, dripping water nixies, spirit of death and oblivion).<sup>1</sup>

And the songs the mother sang to her children—native Ukrainian folk songs, songs of Hadyache, of Volhynia!

Nature, too, exercised her influence on the children's impressionable minds—Polysian nature, wild, mysterious, full of the tender, meditative beauty of its mighty forests during the white fluffy winter, the impetuous flowery spring, the verdant sultry summer, and the red and golden autumn...

There were also the guests who came to stay in the Kosach home. Joyously the children would put on their best, waiting for the arrival from Kiev of Uncle Mykhaylo with Aunt Lyudmyla and their favorite cousin Lyda. They always brought, such lovely gifts with them!... No sooner were the bells of the post horses heard in the distance than Father, Mother, and Mysha were out on the porch waiting. But Losya was too impatient for that. Without staying for the dust-cover coach to roll up to the gate, she could run out into the garden, climb up her favorite apple tree, and sit there with her little heart pounding in her breast.

Then when the coach finally stopped at the gate, the arriving visitors would hear a childish treble piping from overhead:

"Here I am—up in the tree!"

And now came the most interesting point, for neither Father nor Mother were tall enough to reach to get her down. Only Uncle Mykhaylo could manage it. Then Lyda and Mysha, taking Losya by the hand, would dash into the house and begin the game they loved the most,

<sup>1</sup>All these appear as characters in L. U's masterpiece, the fairy drama, "Forest Song."

hopping from chair to chair until they were called to order for ruining the furniture...

But then came the time when, with the lamp shining as always and the clock ticking as ever, Mother seated Losya beside her at table began to teach her to read. This came very easily to the child and in a short time she was able to read by herself. The very first book she read was one of the little booklets for the people issued by the Ukrainian Association at Kiev. It was called "Nature and her Forces," written by Mykhaylo Komar.

Meanwhile, however, a presentiment of impending trouble pervaded the atmosphere of the home. Frequently the parents would shut themselves up in the study for a private talk and always after such talks Olha Petrivna would emerge with eyes reddened by weeping. Matters came to a head when in June, 1876, on the parents' return from a trip to Kiev, the children were told that, in addition to Uncle Mykhaylo, who had already gone abroad the previous winter, both Aunt Lyudmyla and their favorite Cousin Lyda had also gone far, far away, and that it would be a long time before they could come again on a visit... When Losya heard the news and saw the tears trembling in her mother's eyes, she ran out of the room, and hiding herself in a corner behind her bed, she wept bitterly, broken-heartedly—the first deep grief she had experienced as a little child.

Afterwards, at her mother's suggestion that she learn to write in order to be able to send a letter in her own hand to the faraway uncle, aunt, and cousin, Lesya eagerly assented. So we see her now, seated at table, and perched on a chair piled with several thick volumes to make it high enough, her tongue sticking out from the strain, setting down her first work on paper, a letter to the Drahomanivs in Geneva. She wrote in large sprawling capitals and, on her own initiative, signed the letter "Lesya" instead of "Losya." Thus she herself assumed the first part of the pen name under which she was to become famous later on.

Together with one written by Mysha, this first letter of hers was dignified by being sent off in a separate envelope unaccompanied by any note from the parents. Mysha, with an air of concentrated pride and dignity, sat for a long time in his father's chair, while Lesya with sparkling eyes sprawled on the carpet, laughing and repeating: "What will they say when they open the envelope and only find our letters?"

After the first book she read came a second and a third, and Lesya became increasingly enthralled by reading. She loved to read aloud and was particularly susceptible to the rhythm and rhyme of verse. Once after dinner, when her father, as usual, was lying down on the sofa for a rest, she suggested that she recite something to him. With a dramatically lowered voice and in melancholy tones she began:

"Ha, you Kozak half-caste,  
Bold, yet treacherous!  
My heart bids me beware of you..."

She was particularly pleased with the word "half-caste," the meaning of which was totally unintelligible to her at the time. She was quoting Kulish's "Rusalka," and this was the first poem Lesya learned by heart.

In the spring, grandmother Yelysaveta Ivanivna came on a visit to the family and took it upon herself to teach her granddaughter to sew. The child was eager to learn and

began to handle the needle as well as the pen.

At last, the beginning of April that same year, one of the long and impatiently awaited letters arrived from Switzerland. As the parents were away at the time, Yelysaveta Ivanivna opened the letter. The first words she could make out and read aloud were an announcement from Mykhaylo that a new Drahomaniv had arrived. She read no further, grandmother and the children all rejoicing at such good news. Yelysaveta Ivanivna was particularly pleased that at last a son had been born to Mykhaylo. But how great was her disillusionment when, on the return of father and mother Kosach, the latter, without waiting to take off bonnet or clock, read the rest of the letter, from which it appeared that the new Drahomaniv in question was a girl, not a boy, as the grandmother had hastily assumed.

After dinner, when grandmother and granddaughter were seated side by side on the sofa, busy with their sewing, Yelysaveta Ivanivna could contain herself no longer and burst out:

"Poor Mysha and Lyudmyla—another girl! Well, I hope she'll be strong and healthy. But it would have been so much nicer if it had been a boy."

Immediately the six-year-old Lesya stopped sewing:

"Grandmother, isn't a girl as good as a boy? A girl grows up into a person, too. They don't grow up just to be pretty. They can't all be pretty, but some have brains as well as boys."

Wishing to express on the spot her sympathy with her unjustly condemned new cousin, Lesya ran into her mother's room and demanded a sheet of paper to write a letter to Geneva. The letter was short but concise: "How is your new Drahomaniv? In good health, I hope. I don't suppose your Drahomaniv can talk yet. Yours, Lesya."

When Olha Petrivna, who had attentively followed her daughter's strenuous effort, asked: "Lesya, why do you write Drahomaniv when you know it's a girl and should be Drahomanova?" Lesya smilingly replied: "And why not? I just wrote what they put in their letter themselves."

In 1877 another daughter was born into Kosach family. Mysha, who had staked his hopes on a brother was disappointed but Lesya was enchanted. There were interminable family discussions as to how the new arrival should be named. Petro Antonovych and Mysha banded together for "Lyudmyla," but the feminine members of the family rejected it. Finally the mother succumbed to the flattery of having a second edition of the name Olha, and so it was settled. However, everybody persisted in calling the child "Lila."

As a nurse had to be secured for Lila, a young married woman named Motrya was engaged. Lesya struck up a close friendship with her, principally because Motrya had an inexhaustible repertory of Ukrainian folk songs of every kind and willingly sang them on the slightest invitation. Lesya would sometimes shut herself up in a room with Motrya and sing the songs after her in order to learn them by ear. However, because neither her voice nor sense of harmony were as yet sufficiently developed, Lesya did not achieve very much success in the undertaking, but at least she tried hard.

Slowly, as always in childhood, the days and the weeks passed by  
(Continued on page 6)



## "DETAILS OF REVENGE"

By JOSEPH SHARY

A BROILING mass of thick, gray clouds swirled over the heads of reapers harvesting the golden wheat. Ominous gusts of heavy air swept the village of Hvist, locked inland of the west bank of the Dnieper, and not very far from the Zaporozhian fortress "Sitch." Flashes of jagged white light illuminated the fading horizon and the rumbling thunder rolled in from the south.

The tired young widow lifted her face streaked with perspiration, straightened up from her task in the fields and wiped her deeply tanned brow with a corner of her coarsely woven apron.

"Roman! Mihash!" the mother sternly called to her two young sons who were tugging at a mare's tail. "Stop that! Little boys should not be pulling horses' tails. Now hurry home before the storm comes and drenches you."

As the two rosy cheeked youngsters gleefully pranced away a feeling of pride filled the mother's loving heart. For a moment her eyes sparkled and then filled with the tearful happiness of having reared two God fearing sons. Then the peal of thunder in the distance aroused her from her day dreaming.

But the widow was unaware of impending danger, for muffled within the echoing boom of thunder were the steady, drumming hoofbeats of oncoming horsemen. Rapidly they approached the rim of the peaceful village.

As flashes of lightning whipped across the heavens the silhouettes of some forty horsemen raced savagely upon the village. The Moskals! They had come, come to pillage another Ukrainian town. Drunkenly they gloated, "Khlopi! Make ready for us! Hi ya! Hi ya! Yi! Yi! Ukraintsi! We have come!" Their presence electrified the air. They stampeded through the fields of wheat crushing underfoot the only bread of the entire village. Madly the Moskals rushed, drunkenly, boisterously, spurring on their ferocious beasts closer to the cluster of thatched roofed cottages.

A tipsy Moskal, catching sight of Roman and Mihash, charged at the two startled boys with his fiery steed. Terrified, Roman turned in mad haste to escape from the thumping hoofs and in doing so twisted the soft bone of his right ankle. He toppled to the ground whining in pain. Mihash stopped to help his brother as the rider brought his raging stallion to a halt. Explosively the Moskal belated to his hellish companions, "Tovarishi come here! I have come upon two likely valets."

Through the clangor of merciless plunder several heard him and wheeled away from their ravaging sport, and spurred their horses to the side of their partner. In churlish derision they pointed at the two huddled children. Mihash, kneeling beside his brother and pressing him close to his heart tried to console him from the venomous remarks that belched forth from the mouths of the brutal horsemen. The pitiless Moskals commanded the two helpless boys to stand up. Mihash took his brother under the arms and laboriously lifted him to his feet. One of the ruthless riders dismounted, pushed Roman brutally to the ground and lifted Mihash into

his saddle. The rest approved of his action, remarking jeeringly. We can't have cripples and weaklings riding with us."

Mihash resisted feebly. He screamed frantically for his mother. At the sight of the boy's forced abduction the astonished mother was torn from sanity and in uncontrolled terror cried out, "No, No! Please don't take my son away. Please! Please!" The Moskals turned in their saddles. They pulled hard at the reins, turned the beasts rearing wildly in the direction of the hysterical woman. Nor did they heed her pleas. Their sharp spurs dug deep into the sides of the horses and the piston-like hoofs smashed down fatally upon the widow, sending her exhausted soul to a haven of peace.

Away the Moskals dashed, leaving behind a rubble of ruin, burning cottages, crying children and the warm body of a murdered widow.

Little Roman, his ankle burning with sharp pains, crawled to the still form of his mother. He shook her. She did not move. Again and again he tried to awaken her. She was sleeping the sleep of the dead. He could not understand all this turmoil. Who were these bestial men? Whence did they come? His undeveloped mind was confused. His foot, it ached oh so much, but his mother could no more soothe the pain with loving caresses. He cried long over her motionless body.

Lightning snapped across the sky. The heavens opened up. A cold drenching rain poured down.

A score of years later: It was now 1709 and the truculent Moskals were still ravaging the Ukraine with incessant pillages. Dolorous pangs stabbed the very soul of the once contented "land-of-the-steppes." The peasants desperately craved to revolt against the oppressor, Czar Peter, who had brutally crushed them for twenty years under the heavy heel of his tyrannical reign. But their leader, the indomitable Mazeppa, Hetman of the Kozaks, cautioned them to bide their time. Mazeppa had been molding a plan for the liberation of the Ukraine from its heavy shackles. His well tempered mind had devised a daring solution to the problem of bitter persecution. Secretly he had prepared for war with Muscovy. The armies of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden were to act as a buffer against Peter. This would divert a greater part of the Russian forces from Ukrainian soil and the remaining security garrisons in the Ukraine could easily be forced to capitulate. In addition, Mazeppa planned to summon his scattered Kozak units, forge them into a fighting army and march to the assistance of the Swedes. Victory seemed inevitable.

He quietly began to purge his ranks of Muscophiles. To avoid suspicion of his plans Mazeppa played up to the Czar and remained in his favor. With every passing day the tension and strain mounted for the Hetman and his few trusted lieutenants. The intricate machinery of the audacious plan was humming silently, when like a bolt of lightning from the sky, an unfavorable report paralyzed the bold project. Mazeppa's heart nearly stopped beating. Charles of Sweden had begun his march prematurely and was moving southward to the Ukrainian border. What had

happened? Who had betrayed?

So many years of careful planning seemed to be crumbling. The Hetman did not know his next move. A wasted lifetime! His people... the Kozaks... all Ukraine... dishonored. Mazeppa was despondent. What should he do?

The Kozaks pinned him to reality. They pleaded with him to lead them into battle.

The staunch leader, weary of heart, took the small army at his disposal and set out to join the Swedes. "Possibly," he soliloquized, uncertainly, "the plan for independence will yet succeed."

Heading grimly into battle with the Kozaks was a determined young man. It was Roman! His chin was squared; his dark eyes were as cold as steel. He had joined the Kozaks only a short time before. The Zaporozhians had taught him to wield the sword with uncanny skill. With this protective art in his possession he burned with the spirit of cold hard revenge against the Moskals. As Roman rode with his compatriots he became engrossed in retrospective thoughts. He saw again clearly events of that tragic day twenty years before. Anger gripped his stout heart. But one thing still puzzled him, left void in his very being. His brother... what had befallen him? To what persecution had he been subjected by the Moskals?

Approaching Poltava the Hetman called his men to a halt. Advance scouts had informed him that a tattered, ragged Swedish army was quartering at Poltava and had been there already two days and nights. No doubt; thought the brave Mazeppa, "the Moskals have discovered our plans. They will be waiting at the outskirts of the city!" Then he turned his Kozaks and addressed them in a few well chosen words. "My brave warriors... gird yourselves for battle... fight as you have never fought before... we will struggle against tremendous odds, but the cause is not in vain nor is it hopeless." All of the Kozaks fired with the flaming passion of their leader shouted in unison, "Let us engage the Russian devils."

At Poltava they met a fragment of Swedes who had been torn to shreds by the Moskals in unorganized skirmishes along the way. Hardly had the Kozaks time to refresh themselves after the long journey on horseback when Czar Peter attacked them with a force four times as large as theirs. The small band of Kozaks with feeble assistance from the Swedes, plunged gallantly into the conflict.

Clouds of thick dust arose from the thrumming hoof-beats of the horses. The opponents met. Steel clashed against steel. The clear staccato rings echoed to the far corners of the battlefield. Horses snorted ferociously and snarlingly showed their teeth and neighed as the riders pulled harshly at the reins. Swords whistled as they cut through the air. Then came the dull thuds of sharp steel against flesh and bone, followed by the shrieks and moans of mortally wounded men. The earth trembled under the impact of the death struggle. The soft sweet wind blowing from the south became polluted by the pungent odor of blood.

The Kozaks fought with audacity, in defiance of danger. Roman charged boldly into combat. In a few seconds he was confronted by three burly Moskals. His horse reared and fell limply to the ground as a sharply honed sword plunged violently into its neck. Agilely Roman recoiled from

the ground. Gripping his sword tightly he dashed for cover. The three soldiers dismounted and ominously stalked towards him to continue the uneven duel of death. Roman backed against a stout willow tree. The Moskals pressed menacingly towards him, step by step their eyes fixed on their prey. Then Roman sprang. A snap of his wrist slew one; a tremendous two handed swing felled another. Only one remained. The odds were even.

By this time Roman was exhausted, but he fought on gamely. His uniform was torn and stained with blood. Then a handicap befell him. The twisted ankle he had never carefully nursed knotted up on him again. He began to limp noticeably. Only with difficulty could he avert the slashes of the Moskal's keen blade. His ankle seemed burning now with sharp pangs and his big sinewy arms began to feel limp and powerless. In that brief time the Moskal stood transfixed for a moment threatening Roman with his weapon. He looked deeply into Roman's eyes. Slowly, deliberately he asked—"Who are you?"

In a rage Roman replied, "It is none of your business, you cursed madman." After a few panting breaths he continued, "If I weren't hampered by this weak ankle you too would have gone to roast in 'Satan's oven' as those two had and he waved his hand to the two men he had slain, sprawling grotesquely in the dust.

The Moskal was not perturbed by the challenging words. He could not kill this man. There was something strange, yet familiar about him. Some psychic or magnetic current drew his intellect, his whole imagination, his entire being to this Ukrainian lying beneath the tip of his sword. A mysterious bond spontaneously joined the Moskal to the Ukrainian. In a kind, strangely modulated tone he asked Roman again, "What... What happened to your ankle?"

"Where does this sudden interest in me spring from... brotherly love?" "Why don't you just kill me as you did my mother and even... no doubt my brother."

"Your brother?" asked the Moskal quizzically, at the same time relaxing his dominant position over Roman. Quickly he added, "Your brother's name, was it... was it Mihash?"

Roman looked at him. He was startled. His mind worked rapidly. The man towering above him seemed familiar. The eyes... the hair... that face. Roman felt himself being drawn towards him. Swiftly his brain pieced things together. His heart began beating faster. His throat was dry. Slowly, words came to his quivering lips. "Are you... Are you Mihash?"

The other nodded assent, "And you are my brother?" He knelt beside his brother who had forgotten the pain in his foot. They burst into tears. Mihash felt his senses become numb. The thought of how he had almost killed his own brother gnawed at his soul. He felt an ignominious shame come over him when he reflected that he was fighting his countrymen, the Ukrainians.

That evening as the final red shafts of the blazing sun cast long shadows over the battlefield two bodies lay side by side in a common pool of blood.

(Courtesy—"The Keryx,"  
St. Basil's College)

JOIN THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL  
ASS'N. DO IT NOW!

\* Moskals—Original name of Russians.



## Youth and the U.N.A.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

In almost every mail delivery to the Main Office of the Ukrainian National Association there are communications from members and non-members wherein numerous questions are asked regarding the fraternal order and its 470 branches. As the answers to many of these questions are of general interest, we offer some of them in this week's column.

**Question:** It has been stated in the Ukrainian Weekly that U.N.A. membership dues are as low as 83 cents per month. Is this for adult membership?

**Answer:** A person 16 years of age may take a whole life certificate in the amount of \$500 for which he pays 83 cents per month of \$9.40 per year (in the latter case the actual monthly payment is about 78 cents). This entitles the certificate holder to adult privileges of membership. Applicants for membership under 16 years of age may take out a certificate in the Juvenile Department where the dues are as low as 25 cents monthly.

**Question:** Does the U.N.A. still subsidize athletic teams consisting of U.N.A. members?

**Answer:** Although the recent war had greatly reduced the number of teams participating in the U.N.A. sports program, the organization has not discontinued helping those of its teams which are still functioning. Registration blanks are available at the U.N.A. Main Office.

**Question:** Can a member belong to two U.N.A. branches at the same time?

**Answer:** It is quite possible for a member to belong to two branches if he has two certificates (policies); he could pay dues on both in separate branches, provided, of course, he is listed on the records of the two branches. If a member desiring additional insurance, for instance, obtains same through branch 1, though already insured in branch 2, that makes him a member of both branches. On the other hand, he may transfer to any particular branch by requesting a transfer letter for one of his certificates, and so be a member of two branches.

**Question:** If a member's certificate is lost or destroyed, can he get another one?

**Answer:** A member who loses his certificate should report the fact to the secretary of his branch; the secretary then fills out an "application for duplicate" which the member signs. This application is sent to the U.N.A., and the duplicate is sent promptly to the member via the secretary.

**Question:** Do members who have changed their names due to marriage have to report their new names?

**Answer:** Yes. By doing so they eliminate any possible misunderstanding when benefits become payable. The same could be said for changing the beneficiary. Application forms for change of name and change of beneficiaries are supplied by the secretaries of the branches.

**Question:** Should a change of address be reported?

**Answer:** Yes. It should be reported to the branch secretary who needs it to keep his records up to date. If the member happens to receive the Svoboda or the Ukrainian Weekly he should report his address to the U. N. A. so that may continue to receive the paper.

**Question:** What is the subscription

## YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN

Do you remember those melodious folk songs that you enjoyed singing at various youth gatherings? Do you recall how happy everyone was when the orchestra struck up with that rhythmic Kolomeyka and how you could hardly wait to get into the dance because you just couldn't keep your feet still? But how silly! How could anyone forget those happy moments that I'm sure everyone has at one time or another experienced. Yet, did you ever realize that those songs you sang and the Kolomeyka you so merrily danced are all a part of the rich Ukrainian folklore?

Every individual when born into the world immediately becomes a part of this great universe. But what is more important is that every individual also becomes the inheritor of the vast beauties and wonders of this great universe. We soon learn to appreciate these treasures, and try to enrich and develop this sense of appreciation, so that we may be able to pass it on to those about us and world at large.

I'm sure that you and all your friends enjoy singing Ukrainian songs and I know I couldn't find one person who doesn't enjoy dancing the many exhilarating folk dances. Yes, we all are proud of our cultural heritage, and who wouldn't be when we realize how much our Ukrainian cultural heritage can contribute to the American culture.

However, the deep question is—just what are we, the Ukrainian American youth, going to do with our vast cultural heritage? We certainly can't just sit and watch some enjoying it, while others just forget about it.

Just think how much you don't know about the many folk songs and dances. Wouldn't you like to know how folk songs originated, and learn not only the Kolomeyka, but such dances as Zhentsi, Hutsul, Scissors, the new Zaporozhetz, and not to mention all the other knowledge that one obtains at the Summer Courses offered by the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre every July and August in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

As every year since 1940, the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre is once again this year sponsoring the Eighth Ukrainian Summer Courses. These courses are open to all students in the United States and Canada, who are endeavoring to learn something about the Ukrainian culture. Because the need for cultural leaders in our organizational life has aroused much attention, the Ukrainian Summer School offers such courses as public speaking, reading and writing Ukrainian, philosophy, theory of conducting, history of Ukraine, geography, folk costumes, theory of music, community work,

rate for the Weekly for a U.N.A. member?

**Answer:** One dollar a year. This is a special rate for members only.

**Question:** I read that the U.N.A. is now issuing double indemnity insurance. Is this expensive?

**Answer:** No, the cost is very small... only a few cents more monthly in most cases. Double indemnity is available to all qualifying adult members. Applications may be obtained from the branch secretaries. Upon receipt of the application, the Main Office attaches double an indemnity clause to the member's certificate, and returns the certificate to the member.

physical education and folk dancing. I really am not able to stress too how much one can benefit from attending these Summer Courses. We certainly all realize how much we are in need of cultural leaders everywhere. Well, here is an opportunity open to everyone who desires to increase his knowledge of Ukrainian in any field at all. After completion of these courses, there is a possibility of obtaining diplomas in various fields.

To date, the United States have sent eleven students who have completed these Summer Courses. I'm sure that everyone of these students has benefitted in one way or another, and upon returning home has contributed to the organizational life of the Ukrainians in their specific communities.

Let's uphold this good record which these few students have already begun. Here's your opportunity to acquaint yourself with the Ukrainian cultural heritage. Learn to speak Ukrainian fluently. If you don't know how to read or write Ukrainian, but desire to learn, here's your chance. Do you want to instruct Ukrainian folk dancing or lead your local choral group? Attend the Eighth Ukrainian Summer Courses in Winnipeg. Remember, you're never too old to learn, or too old to teach others to learn. And the more we, the Ukrainian American Youth, know about our Ukrainian culture, the better equipped we are to contribute to our American culture and make it the richest culture in the world. Our duties are to increase our knowledge of the Ukrainian cultural heritage, and keep passing it out to others.

So far Ohio is in the lead with a total of five students, representing Cleveland and Youngstown (Niles). Chicago and New York have also been represented at the Summer Courses. What about Minnesota, Michigan, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Pennsylvania? Let's go, Ukrainian youth. I'm sure that Cleveland will probably take the lead again this summer. Have I any challenges? The time is short. All Ukrainian youth out to the Eighth Ukrainian Summer Courses in Winnipeg, Manitoba!

Write to the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Entry, P. O. Box 3093, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, immediately, and secure full information concerning the Eighth Ukrainian Summer Courses, which open July 2, 1947. The fee for the courses is only \$15.00. Any inquiries directed to yours truly will also be gladly answered.

MARUSIA POPOVICH  
3332 West 100 Street  
Cleveland 11, Ohio.

## THE STORY of the UKRAINE

By  
CLARENCE A. MANNING

Assistant professor of Eastern  
European Languages  
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

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## Youth Takes The Initiative

The little snowball rolling downhill that grows magically to great proportions as it gathers momentum is comparable to the current surge of Ukrainian youth activity in North America! It is worth noting that their activity is not limited to socials but extends to include the expression of the inherent love of Ukrainian music in the form of concerts.

The large-scale production planned for the New York rally on May 30th is indicative of a maturing attitude of the youth toward assuming the entire responsibility of planning and providing talent for a Ukrainian cultural program.

This "attitude" has not been confined to the geographical boundaries of the Eastern States, as was proven by the Mother's Day concert and buffet luncheon presented by the Ukrainian Girls' Acapella Chorus of Detroit, which is directed by the exceptionally talented Stephanie Andrusiewicz. The program was dignified and well-balanced with choral numbers, vocal and piano solos, dedicatory poems and an eloquent declamation. For the finale, the deep-red velvet stage curtains formed a frame for a stirring tableau. Girls in bouffant pastel gowns and veils knelt at the foot of a pedestal banked with flowers where stood a live image of the Blessed Virgin. A blue spotlight gave a dramatic radiance to the Madonna and the tribute to the Holy Mother began with the prayer, "Hail Mary," followed by a choral and contralto solo of Bach-Gounod's "Ave Maria."

Following the "Ave Maria," was a prayer in Ukrainian to the Holy Mother entreating Her intercession to ask the Lord to have mercy on the Ukrainian children—victims of the war. The prayer concluded with an impassioned plea to protect and aid our ruined and long-suffering Ukraine and the audience then rose and joined the chorus in "Bozhe Veleki Yedeni." The effective musical background for the entire finale was provided by a piano, organ, and four violins in the orchestra pit.

At the conclusion of the concert a dozen roses were presented to the eldest mother in the audience and also to the mother of the director of the chorus. A box of candy was presented to the mother having the largest family. A buffet luncheon, held following the presentations, was served by the members of the Amvet of the Ukrainian National Temple who also assisted in the ushering and back-stage work during the concert.

From the numerous Mother's Day presentations held in Detroit, the News chose to feature a large photograph of the tableau finale of the concert presented by the Ukrainian Girls' Acapella Chorus, which is indeed an honor.

Congratulations to all our youth who... come, see, and conquer!

O. K.  
Detroit

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## 1947 LABOR DAY MESSAGE TO AMERICAN AND CANADIAN VETERANS

The forthcoming convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, which will be held this Labor Day Weekend at the famous Benjamin Franklin Hotel in Philadelphia, Pa., will give our veterans, who served with the American and Canadian forces, an opportunity to make new friends and renew old acquaintances.

Since our veterans have common problems, this convention will afford them an opportunity to discuss it at our next national gathering. Plans should be formulated now to determine what could and should be done about the present unorganized status of the veterans of Ukrainian extraction. This simply means that the League is anxious to cooperate with the various recognized veteran organizations.

We understand that there are committees in the United States and Canada which are making every effort to bring together and unite

the veterans in their respective countries.

Getting together this Labor Day Weekend will give the American and Canadian young men and women of Ukrainian descent a splendid opportunity to discuss their mutual problems. Veterans, as well as all other interested in keeping alive the Ukrainian cultural and social heritage, should make preparations now to be in Philadelphia over August 30, 31 and September 1, 1947.

For further information write to Michael Elko, Chairman, Philadelphia Convention Committee UYL-NA, 847 North Franklin Street, Philadelphia 23, Pa.

MARIE Z. MARCO,  
Public Relations, Philadelphia  
Convention Committee  
UYL-NA  
745 East Penn Street  
Germantown,  
Philadelphia 44, Pa.

## Youthful Years

(Continued from page 3)

without bringing out any particular traits in Lesya's character. She remained quiet and impressionable, yet grew increasingly concentrated, meditative and thoughtful beyond her years. She loved to dress up at times but always stuck to the rule she had laid down for herself that her best clothes were for certain occasions only. Consequently, when her mother suggested that she put on her best things for expected guests or for a walk into the town, Lesya invariably declined, giving as a reason: "Today is not a great day." However when the really great days came, saints' days or the like, she spent a good deal of time with great satisfaction in the adornment of her small person. Similarly, when occasions came such as Christmas, Easter, or her birthday, which would be signaled by the receipt of a gift, Lesya absolutely refused to accept the present before it was properly due, and then only after she had washed and arrayed herself in her very best.

But however slowly the days and the weeks might pass, the children kept on growing, and the time came

for them to begin on a regular course of education. Olha Petrivna stubbornly refused to send them away to the usual schools where the medium of instruction was Russian, and formed the resolution to educate them herself at home.

There were practically no school-books in Ukrainian available then. Therefore Olha Petrivna composed the necessary manuals herself in the Ukrainian language and used them for the instruction of her children. She also taught them French, using for this purpose the version from which she had translated Andersen's "Fairy Tales" into Ukrainian. The book, in its red leather binding, darkened by time, had been a gift from Mykhaylo Starytsky. It seemed but a short time ago since the young poet had given it to her as a school-girl in Kiev, yet ten years had already elapsed, according to the date on the flyleaf.

(To be continued)

"I prescribe absolute quiet for your husband," said the doctor.

"Here's a sleeping powder."

"When do I give it to him?" asked the wife.

"You don't give it to him," said the doctor, "You take it yourself."

## ATTENTION! AKRON, OHIO and LOCALITY!

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P. S. We consider New York and New Jersey part of the locality of Akron. Would like to see some of our New Jersey Ukrainians in Akron over the June 15th week-end.

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## Mourn Not

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie

Dust unto dust.

The calm, sweet earth that mothers all that die.

As all men must;

Mourn not your captive comrades

Who must dwell

Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell.

Buried alive;

But rather mourn the apathetic throng—

The cowed and meek.

Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong

And dare not speak!

RALPH CHAPLIN

## TRIVIA

(Concluded from page 2)

three or four dogs, all looking nourished and contented. They realize that the world is big enough for humans and animals, and even treat strangers like friends. Before you go out into the world in search of this family, let me warn you beforehand: there aren't many of them.

Some day the dogs of the world are going to unite, and we'll find ourselves with a revolution on our hands. The organization of the dogs will not be overt, and will take quite a few years to come about, but eventually it must come. Can they go on like this, being treated like dogs? Underground activities will come first, and a small clique of dogs will appoint a leader and coin a password. The word will spread throughout the canine kingdom, and leaflets urging the revolt will be distributed at the A.S.P.C.A. shelters to educate the poor downtrodden masses. The news will spread like wildfire, and dogs with rich masters will provide arsenals and supply depots. Meetings will be held at the corner hydrant, and everybody who is anybody in the dog world will attend. Looks like the end of human supremacy, along with the end of capitalism, communism, socialism, and every other system started by humans. What a life we'll have, chewing our dog food and making no bones about it. I'm telling you, it shouldn't happen to a dog!

## Passaic Wins N. J. Title

The Passaic St. Nick Ukrainian basketball team conquered the old jinx that the Bayonne Ukes held over it by handing the visitors a 59 to 57 setback in an exciting extra-period game at Domyon's Hall Saturday night to win the New Jersey State Ukrainian League Championship.

The game was a thriller in the second half. The Bayonne Ukes took an 18 to 5 lead at the end of the first period and at half time Passaic seemed to find themselves but the visitors held the upper hand to end the half leading—29 to 16.

The Bayonne Ukes battled the winners on even terms in the third stanza and early in the last period Passaic began to operate with their customary fashion to manufacture points. It was a give and take affair, the score being deadlocked five times and the lead changing hands as many times. With thirty seconds to go and the visitors trailing by two points, Lotosky, Bayonne center, sank a long hawk to deadlock the count at 50—all at the end of the regulation game.

In the extra period the Passaic cagers ran wild and scored three baskets from underneath the net, followed by Bornichak's and Bulyn's foul shots to ice the game.

Pacing the winner's attack were Dan Bulyn and Walt Bornichak with 34 points between them. Worschak, Molodowitz, Roepke, Przybylski, and Fisher played a fine floor game for Passaic. Lotosky and Kucinski were outstanding for Bayonne with 29 points between them.

ANDREW PARA

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**What They Say**

Keen Johnson, Under Secretary of Labor, at a meeting of the American Public Relations Association: "There is much agitation for the creation by law of a mediation board

to settle disputes. This ignores recent experience. The War Labor Board was created to meet the emergencies of war. As soon as it became operative, active effort to conciliate labor disputes virtually disappeared. If any sort of mediation board were now to be created, we would have a repetition of that experience. The inclination to settle disagreements where they occur would diminish. Every labor dispute is different in some respect. It should be dealt with by a conciliator of experience, with a knowledge of the industry involved. It is impossible to appoint a board with such a variety of knowledge as to be able to handle variety of labor quarrel."

Warren R. Austin, U. S. delegate to the United Nations Security Council, at a meeting of the American Association of Advertising Agencies in New York!

"Whatever others do, we must always seek to avoid hysteria and re- crimination. We do not need to fear anybody. We must seek by our policies to remove fear in others and replace it by confidence... Let us

talk more about the real things we want to accomplish and spend less time speculating about whether there will be another war."

Entries for UYL-NA Youth Rally, Bowling Tournament in New York on May 30 must be in by Saturday, May 24. Peter Tynetsky, 201 East 10th St., N. Y. C. Director.

**MAY DANCE**

Sponsored by

**Ukrainian Youth League of Woonsocket**  
 at PARISH HALL, 74 HARRIS AVE.

**SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1947**

Music by

**WALLY RUDICKS ORCHESTRA**

DANCING 8-12.

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**ON SATURDAY, MAY 24TH, 1947**

at **HOTEL MARTHA WASHINGTON**

29 EAST 29th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

8:30 P. M.

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**SUNDAY, MAY 25TH, 1947**

MUSIC by OLEY BROTHERS ORCHESTRA

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**American-Ukrainian Veterans**  
 of World War II.

at the **POLISH-AMERICAN HALL**

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**Friday Evening, May 30th, 1947**

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for the **UKRAINIAN YOUTH'S LEAGUE OF NORTH AMERICA**

Decoration Day Week End, May 30 — June 1, 1947

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PRESENTS A

**MUSIC and DANCE FESTIVAL**

School of Fashion Design Auditorium, 225 West 24th St., New York City, Sun., June 1, 1947 2:30 P. M.

FESTIVAL PROGRAM — under direction of OLYA DMYTRIW

1. "Kozak's Reply to Sultan" Tableau aided by Kirichenko Male Chorus, starring James Gaboda as Otaman, Michael Terpak as Kobzar, Ukrainian Sword Dancers under John Flis, Dance Solo by Myroslaw Lechow, Stage Direction Michael Skorr.
2. Operetta "VECHERNITSI" Chorus of selected singers of Metropolitan area. Soloists: Luba Kowalska, Eugene Kruk, Olga Zadoretsky, Mary Bodnar, Olga Onyschuk. — Dance: Oksana Avramenko, Ukrainian Dancing Society of N. Y. — Orchestra: Joseph Snihur.
3. Formal Youth Concert: Donna Grescoe, Violinist, Mary Polynak-Lesawyer, Soprano. — Youth Chorus of N. Y. & N. J. & Philadelphia. — Direction: Stephen Marusevich.

TICKETS: All seats reserved: \$2.40; \$1.80; \$1.20, at: Svoboda, 81-83 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J., Surma 11 East 7th Street, New York City., Nash Bazaar, 151 Avenue A., New York City.

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## ЗА ЗАЛІЗНОЮ ЗАСЛОНОЮ

(Як їх подають советські джерела).

### ПОЛОМАНИЙ БОЛЬШЕВИЦЬКИЙ ХРЕБЕТ В УКРАЇНІ.

„Ізвестія” з 21. березня передають широке звітання про ЦК КП(б)У (Центральний Комітет Комуністичної Партії (большевиків) України), що відбулося „на днях” та обмірковувало насамперед справи дальшої господарської експлуатації країни. Нарядом проводив вже новий намісник Сталіна в Україні, Лазар Каганович, що головну увагу звертає на потребу „поліпшення партійно-політичної роботи” серед українців. „Партія — становить хребет нашої держави, советського народу” — говорив Каганович, стверджуючи, що цей большевицький „хребет” в Україні досить поломаний. Каганович дослівно говорив: „Аналізуючи сьогоднішній стан партійно-політичної роботи, він виказує основні недостачі в роботі по прийманні в партію, в керівництві районними і сільськими низовими партійними організаціями. Особливу увагу треба звернути на поширення і закріплення зв'язку партії з масами, поселення політичної роботи в масах, партійної мобілізації мас та на піднесення рівня цілої партійно-політичної роботи на селі”.

### БАГАТОМОВНІ „ДРІБНИЦІ”.

Большевицька московська преса з 20-го і 21-го березня друкує довгий список осіб, яких указом Президії Верховної Ради СРСР визнано „героями соціалістичної праці”, або нагороджено медаллями (а чим же ж би?). При кожному прізвищі подається теж місце його замешкання. І так, майже 50% „відзначених” осіб в Російській та Далекосхідній і азійських республіках мають рішучо українські прізвища, в роді: Китченко, Коваленко, Кравченко, Марченко, Левченко, Митченко, Акуленко, Буренко, Баглай, Бойко, Лисенко, Гудзенко, Романченко, Плизнак і т. д. Один „герой” Ряпурик Микола Єфимович є навіть председником колгоспу „Українець” в Красноярьському краю, РСФСР. Між відносно малою кількістю відзначених „героїв” в Україні зустрічається насамперед такі прізвища як Другунов Филип Пантелеевич, Фастова, Пармузіна і т. п. У Москві вмер, і там його поховали, маршал Федоренко; на пленумі ЦК ЛКСМ України виступають з „реччю” Мітрохін, Патолічев і т. п.

### СЛАВА, ЧИ ГАНЬБА?

Московсько-большевицька преса від деякого часу постійно друкує повідомлення про підготовку в Україні до святкувань 800-ліття Москви. „Советское Искусство” з 18-го квітня повідомляє, що Академія архітектури УРСР „відмічає” 800-літній ювілей Москви відкриттям „виставки, характеризующої архітектуру, стрітельство, планування і благоустрій столиці советського государства”. Буде випущене теж окреме число „Вісника Академії архітектури УРСР”. „Літературна Газета” з 12. квітня повідомляє, що в Києві навіть створено окремий ювілейний комітет „советських письменників України”, який з цієї нагоди підготує окрему ювілейну збірку творів, в якій будуть надруковані писання Корнійчука, Тичини, Бажана, Рильського, Первомайського, Малишка, Смолича, Ле, Панча, Сосюра та інших. Збірник буде називатися „Слава Москві”.

### КОЛГОСПИ НА ЗАХІДНО-УКРАЇНСЬКИХ ЗЕМЛЯХ.

Київ. — До цієї пори розпарцельовано або переведено в радгоспи та колгоспи 560,000 поміщицької та великотоварницької землі. Зорганізовано 59 радгоспів та 77,750 земельних громад. На ці терени вислано із східних областей 1,000 агрономів та 700 зоотехніків і ветеринарних лікарів. В останньому часі зорганізовано на Волині 6 колгоспів.

Під кінець 1946 р. працювало на західно-українських землях 250 промислових заводів. В 1947 р. будуть збудовані нові водопроводи в Станіславові, Тернополі та Ізмаїлі.

У зв'язку з переводженням плану нової п'ятирічки присвячується багато уваги західним областям УССР, які повинні незабаром „піднятися” до рівня східних областей. У висліді цих старань багато мешканців західних областей голосяться в члени колгоспів, МТС тощо.

### НАРАДА СІЛЬСЬКО-ГОСПОДАРСЬКИХ ПЕРЕДОВИКІВ.

Київ. — Тут відбулася нарада сільсько-господарських передовиків УССР, що в ній взяли участь теж представники західних областей. Предметом наради було поліпшення та збільшення збору сільсько-господарських продуктів. Як виходило із звітів, минулорічна посуха заподіяла великі шкоди в сільському господарстві. Хоча в минулому році працювало на ланах УССР вдвоє менше тракторів, як до війни, то все таки осінню 1946 р. засіяно 300,000 гектарів озимини більше, як в 1945 році.

### ВЕСНА В УКРАЇНІ.

Київ. — У полудневих районах УССР вже відшуміли перші весняні води, потепліло і на поля вийшли плугатирі.

### ПРОПАГАНДИВНІ ПОЇЗДКИ.

Київ. — Сюди повернулася з пропагандивної поїздки в Донбас група пропагандистів, серед них: Грозін, Клечніков, Вознесенський та Крижанівський.

До Грузії вихала із УССР делегація фахівців по електрофікації, щоб взяти участь у нарадах в справі електрифікації Грузії.

### ПАНДІТ НЕРУ ДЯКУЄ УРЯДОВІ УССР.

Київ. — Уряд УССР одержав від прем'єра Індії Пандіта Неру письмо, що в ньому він дякує представникові УССР в ООН за те, що цей підтримав індійську скаргу в справі положення індійців у Полудневій Африці.

### МУЗЕЙ ОЛЬГИ КОБИЛЯНСЬКОЇ

Київ. — Вже три роки існує в Чернівцях музей Ольги Кобилянської, в якому зібрано листування письменниці з визначними українськими діячами й письменниками, її архів, рукописи її творів та різні видання. За 3 роки відвідало музей біля 8,000 осіб.

### УКРАЇНЦІ З СЛОВАЧЧИНИ НА ВОЛИНІ.

Київ. — На Волинь приїхала із Словаччини група переселенців, числом 219 осіб. Між переселенцями, що походять із села Лютин, є 16 партизан, які брали участь у словацькому повстанні в 1944 р. та 45 бувших вояків червоної армії. Переселенці привезли із собою 9 коней, кілька корів та свиней. Поселилися вони в селі Малий Боратин під Луцьком, що з нього недавно вийшли чехи.

В. Б.

## ОДИН ВЕЧІР

1940 рік... Осінь... Дніпропетровськ... Останні листопадові листки зриваються з дерев і встелюють жовтими килимами бульварні хідники. Осінь, але місто потопає в променях сонця, а бляшані дахи виблискують золотим сяйвом. Місто живе, спішить, шумить, сперечається, тісниться в „очередях”... (Чергах).

З величезних афіш всміхаються фільмові зірки, циркові очайдухи, різні чемпіони...

Вже стара Клара Юнг посилає з транспарента воздушний поцілунок, а Михайло Піддубний і Борис Браверман показують свої м'язи. Страхає своїм виглядом Франк Гуд, негр і ньюйорський чемпіон боксу.

Ільвський, Орлова, Жаров, Шульженко, Кеннін, Набатов — все це пестрить величезними буквами на парканах, кругляках, на пустих вітринах магазинів... Юрій Петербурзький, Крупа, Рефрен, Георг Варс, Ольга Кульчицька — зірки польської естради, котрі роблять турне по Союзу, запрошують на свої концерти, обіцяючи нові шлягери на зразок „Нам хочеться с вами увідеться в нове, ждєм вас во Львові...” Балети, джази, симфонічні оркестри, концертні групи, циганські ансамблі — все це між собою конкурує і афішами старається здобути для себе найбільше глядачів. І тільки донеде можна вглядіти невеличку афішу, яка оповіщає, що в театрі естради і філармонії виступають три українські письменники: Павло Тичина, Павло Усенко і Аркадій Любченко з читанням власних творів. Тут же і ціни квитків. Дорого.

Я — студент. Мну в кишені кілька рублів і гублюся в морі афіш. Куди ж його йти? Джаз Георга Варса також має за собою славу і польські танга не з гірших, а тут українські письменники. Ні, таки треба послухати Тичину, Усенка й Любченка. Рішив. Іду на вечір української літератури, купую квиток і чекаю означеної години. Нарешті. Цікава публіка заповнює величезний театр і всі погляди скеровуються на сцену, котра покищо прикрита червоним бархатом завіс. Публіка майже одноманітна. Переважно — це студенти вищих шкіл, інститутів та університету, менше студентів технікумів, ще менше вчителів та школярів і вже на пальцях можна порахувати заводських робітників. Та ось світло гасне. Завіса підіймається і в рамні сцени з'являються три чоловіки, вбрані в чорне. Гучні оплески заставляють їх кланятись, потім настає тиша.

Двоє, Усенко й Тичина, йдуть до столу, котрий заставили черво-

### МАШИНИ ДЛЯ ДОЩУВАННЯ.

Київ. — Майже всі будови сільсько-господарських машин випускають масово насоси — апарати для дощування. Харківський завод випустив 3,000 насосів.

### ЗЕЛЕНА ТУГА.

Мое серце — горить,  
Моя думка — біжить  
Ген — далеко, в простори  
Без краю...  
Мандрувати у світ  
І з собою нести  
Свою тугу зелену гадаю...

В душі струни тремтять,  
Ніжні тони летять  
Навздогін тим думкам —  
у незнане —  
Помандрую одна —  
І весела, й сумна, —  
Візьму: тугу та сонце весняне...

Орися Озерянська.

ним полотнищем, а Любчинко підходить до невеличкої трибуни й забирає слово. Говорить про ціль їхнього турне по Україні, робить короткий перегляд сучасної української літератури й надає слово поету Павлу Усенку. Той підходить до трибуни, довше розказує свою біографію і починає читати поему, присвячену московському письменнику М. Островському. Памятаю, як на мене зробили велике враження гарні рими й мова, але зміст був дуже бридкий. Усенко в поемі вихвалював москаля, так би мовити, плазував біля його ніг. І це мало кому подобалося. Рідкі та незвучні аплодисменти винагородили автора за той „труд”, який, мабуть і йому самому не дуже подобався.

Посипались записки. Усенка прохали, щоб він щось прочитав зі своїх ранніх поезій. Тут він здобув більше симпатій, бо його ранні вірші дуже милозвучні, а головне, в них не зустрічаються такі слова, як Сталін, любимі вожді, щаслива батьківщина і т. п.

Після Усенка читав свої оповідання Аркадій Любченко. Біографії своєї він не розказував. Коротенько розповів зміст свого нового роману, який щойно писав і який, мабуть, так і не закінчив. Звався той роман „Катря”, а тема — советське село... Читав своє раннє оповідання „Зямка”. Дуже гарно читав. Жести, вимова й взагалі всі його рухи зраджували непересічні акторські здібності. Як скінчив читати, заля з п'ять хвилин аплодувала.

— Прочитайте „Вертеп”!

— „Образ”!

— „Кров”!

Розуміється, що Любченко нічого більше не став читати, бо те, що його прохали, було заборонене урядом, але він мотивував це тим, що прозу читати важче, як поезію.

— А писати легше? — хтось крикнув.

— А писати ще тяжче, — відповів Любченко.

Багато говорив про молодих, але вже популярних українських письменників, особливо про Вадима Собка. Відповідав на чисельні записки й відповідав дуже цікаво та дотепно і публіка назгала була задоволена з нього.

І нарешті до трибуни підійшов Павло Тичина. Середнього росту, похилений до переду, сиве волосся, на носі пенсне, старий вже, в лівій петлиці орден Леніна.

Читав щось про визволення Галичини, але так тихо, немов би сам соромився тих слів, що читав. Навіть в перших рядах часто вигукували:

— Голосніше!

(Та він не звертає уваги. Читав, наче б для себе. Заля спочатку зашепотіла, потім стала говорити й нарешті Тичину вже ніхто не слухав. А він читав. Ніхто не знав, коли він саме скінчив. На сцену полетіли записки.

„Чи ви жонаті?”, „Чи маєте дітей, а як маєте, то чи отримуєте допомогу на них від держави?” „Чи вас любить ваша дружина?” „Прочитайте щось про кохання!” Отакого змісту були всі записки. Публіка знущала над Тичиною. А він такий дивний. Всі записки перечитував в голос і слухачі ревіли від сміху. Чи був задоволений Тичина з того вечора, не знаю, але публіка ним дуже вдоволена не як поетом, а як старцем-паяцом.

Мені ж, на той час ще затьмареному членові нової советської генерації, той вечір дав багато до зрозуміння...