

# СВОБОДА SVOBODA

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## AN INSPIRING EVENT

### Youth Rally a Great Success

It has not been a habit with the Ukrainian Weekly to get over-enthusiastic over any particular phase of younger generation Ukrainian American life and activities. It has proceeded on the assumption that under-praise is better than over-praise.

This time, however, the Weekly must cast discretion to the winds and unequivocally declare that the Memorial Day weekend Ukrainian American youth rally held in New York constituted one of the brightest chapters in the saga of our younger generation life.

Consisting of rally forum sessions with fine addresses and provoking discussions, of a well conducted banquet and dance, and finally of the grand and beautifully staged festival of the Ukrainian musical and dance heritage, the rally proved that Ukrainian American younger generation development, interrupted by the war, is once more forging ahead.

The prodigious amount of work, energy, self-sacrifice and spirit which the N.Y.-N.J. young people behind the rally put into it, is something which others of their kind throughout the country would do well to emulate.

To put it conservatively, and in the words of the Svoboda editorial, we say to the rally sponsors and participants—Well done!

This is not only the opinion of the Svoboda and the Weekly, but also of those who attended the sessions, particularly the festival part of it. Among the latter were Prof. Paul Pecheniha-Ouglitsky, Mrs. Koshetz, Mrs. Hayvoronsky, Prof. Tuchapsky, Prof. Manning and Dr. Coleman of Columbia University, editors of our Ukrainian-language newspapers—all of whom were unanimous in their praise of the affair.

The effect left upon the younger generation participants in the rally, drawn from various parts of the country and from Canada as well—despite the fact that the rally was but a regional one—the effect was definitely of an inspirational quality. For example, one of the rally's participants from Pittsburgh, a person of considerable discrimination and reserve in matters Ukrainian, wrote to a friend: "And now we are back home, with ever so many impressions of the Rally. Without a doubt, it was most worthwhile. I am most certainly proud of being a Ukrainian, and of being associated—even in a small way—with so many fine people."

Now, some sketchy details about the whole rally program.

#### The Forum

Here the rally definitely compared

with the best of them held up to this time. The topics were well chosen the key speakers presenting them did it ably, and the ensuing discussions were constructive, with just the dash of humor to leaven them. They will appear on these pages in the coming issues.

The Forum sessions as well as the banquet and dance were held at the Hotel New Yorker.

Former Army Captain, wounded in action, Dan Slobodian of Elizabeth, N. J. presented some viewpoints of veterans on various problems and issues confronting the ex-GI, in the field of American national life and Ukrainian interests.

Ukrainian Congress Committee President Stephen Shumeyko of Maplewood, N. J. dwelt on America's peace effort, with particular emphasis on the necessity of supporting the Ukrainian independence movement as part of that effort, "for a free Ukraine would be a strongest possible bulwark against Soviet expansionism which is a distinct threat to the security and peace of our country," as he declared.

Law attorney Helen Kupchin (Kupchinsky) of New York City had as her topic "Why women are more active than men" in Ukrainian American life, and approached the matter from both the serious as well as humorous side.

Former Army Captain Joseph Lesawyer of New York attacked the problem of the relations of the younger and older generation in the field of youth in the established organizational life. He urged greater participation of youth in the established organizations but at the same time urged the elders to give the younger folks better opportunity for such participation and also for advancement in office.

The concluding speaker was Miss Sophie Demydchuk, who was chairman of the rally forum sessions program. Miss Demydchuk spoke from the viewpoint of the "third chapter," i.e. the younger element of the American born generation. She declared that the young people of her generation are determined to take definite constructive measures to perpetuate their Ukrainian heritage within the framework of American life.

Following the general discussion on these key topics, in which many

of the over three hundred persons attending the sessions took part, talks on ways of increasing the activities of the Ukrainian Youth League of North America, were delivered by Joseph Gurski and John Evanchuk, league president and financial secretary, both of Detroit. Reports of local activities, showing that the younger generation is once more resuming its pre-war progress, were given by some of the delegates present, including Miss Jean Harasym of Toronto, president of the Canadian Ukrainian Youth Association, which will hold its 10th annual convention in Toronto beginning June 28.

The entire rally session proceedings were ably conducted by Miss Genevieve Zepko, of Akron, Ohio, a supreme advisor of the Ukrainian National Association and active in UYL-NA affairs.

She was presented at the very outset of the Forum by Mr. Walter Bacad of New York City, chairman of the New York Metropolitan Area Committee of the UYL-NA. In his opening address Mr. Bacad welcomed the delegates from near and distant parts of this country and Canada and outlined the purposes of the rally.

Rally sessions secretaries were Miss Anne Dudiak, who recently saw foreign service as a government worker, and Michael Prylucki, a former UYL-NA officer.

A noteworthy feature of the rally session was the moving invocation in both Ukrainian and English by Rev. Peter Hevko of the Basilian Fathers in New York. He paid homage to the war dead.

#### The Banquet and Dance

The social side of the Rally was taken care of by the banquet and dance held at the New Yorker Hotel Saturday evening. About 400 guests attended it. The affair was run off with clockwork precision, much enjoyment, and fine deportment. Naturally, the girls were in their glory with their new gowns, hair-do's, etc.

Rev. Hevko opened the banquet with a prayer. Chairman of the banquet and dance committee, Michael Hynda of Union, N. J., a Newark attorney, presented as toastmaster the already mentioned Mr. Lesawyer. Speakers in the order of their appearance were Mrs. Joanna Bencal of the New York Women's Chapter of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee; Dmytro Halychyn, supreme secretary of the Ukrainian National Association; Michael Lucyk, representing the Ukrainian Canadian Servicemen's Association; Dr. Luke Myshuha, editor of Svoboda; and

Stephen Shumeyko. Among those presented by the toastmaster were Nicholas Muraszko, president of the U.N.A., and Mrs. Helen Lototsky, president of the Soyuz Ukrainok. The banquet also featured presentation of UYL-NA sport trophies, including the Mickey Hamalak award.

Throughout the banquet the guests were entertained by Ukrainian choral and instrumental recordings played over the Muzak system. The dance that followed the banquet featured, of course, the conventional American and spirited Ukrainian dances.

#### Music and Dance Festival

This feature of the entire rally was undoubtedly not only its chief attraction but one of the most ambitious cultural projects young Ukrainian Americans have ever attempted—and with most strikingly successful results. Photographs of it will appear on these pages in due time.

It was presented at the modern School of Fashion Design auditorium before some fourteen hundred persons. Their unanimous opinion was that by this affair alone, the younger generation has more than vindicated the faith its parents have in it and in its interest in its Ukrainian heritage. Shevchenko's "Our Story, our Song. Will not die nor perish!" — the keynote of the entire festival program—truly found eloquent expression at this festival.

It is not our purpose to expend our report and comments on this festival in this number. It deserves and requires several of them. We shall limit ourselves at present to a few facts about.

The festival consisted of three parts. The first was a tableau dissolving into action of Repin's famous painting of the equally famous "Kozaks' Reply to the Sultan.

The second part consisted of the Vechernitsi part of Nischinsky's "Nazar Stodolia" operetta.

The third was a formal concert by the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of New York and New Jersey.

The featured artists in the latter part were Donna Grescoe, violinist, and Mary Polynack-Lesawyer, soprano.

Taking part in the entire affair was a cast composed entirely of our American born younger generation, soloists, singers, dancers, actors, musicians—about eighty in all. The entire affair was also directed and managed by young people. It was vivid with colorful costumes, fine staging and make-up, choral singing of high quality, fine acting, spirited and ex-

(Concluded on page 7)



## On Records

By TED VICTOR

### UKRAINIAN MUSIC AND DANCE FESTIVAL

Performed by Young Ukrainian Americans from the N. Y. Metropolitan Area. Starring Donna Grescoe and Mary Polynack Lesawyer. Record No. ???D.

There is no need for me to go into detail concerning the various individual participants of the Festival. That has been ably accomplished by the press and radio. Although this program is not yet on records this column is taking the liberty of looking into the future when perhaps some year, somehow, some way, it will be recorded. Before that day arrives, however, I'm certain that anyone who took part in the Festival will verify and perhaps learn from these few comments I am taking the liberty of making.

Since I was on the stage I had to be told. I was told that it was a magnificent production. I was told that it was the first really good Ukrainian concert in years. I was told that it was one of the most ambitious programs ever undertaken by the young people. I was told that it was the first large Ukrainian concert that had no speeches. All of this I do not wish to challenge, nor do I wish to pass any judgement. I do wish, however, to go beyond these comments and opinions and state a few facts of which I am positive.

I know for a fact, that it was far from what we, the original planners, of the Festival hoped it would be. I know for a fact, that if all the people had cooperated before the performance as well as they did after, it would have amazed even the most severe of critics. I know for a fact, that if the participants had paid attention during the rehearsals as well well as they did during the performance that the directors would now have more pounds on them and fewer grey hairs. I know for a fact, that each and every person that was in the Festival must realize now that the possibilities of doing something really good are not as remote as they once seemed. I am also positive that the people who originally planned this production will think twice before they attempt another one. And if they do feel in the mood someday to give up their private life, home, and most pleasures, they will insist on having bigger and better working committees to help with the muscle work at least.

And lastly I know that even though they sweated, worked, became nervous wrecks, quarreled over nothing, couldn't stand each others company after a while, and all in all gave people reason to wonder about their sanity, they loved it. And I'm certain that once they come out of this come they will attempt something that will really make each and every one justly proud.

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## A Soliloquy

By a Jalopy

### After the Festival

LISTEN to that applause. That has been going on all afternoon. Two solid hours now and only the end of the second act. Applause, music, applause, singing, dancing, applause and now I hear some lusty "bravos". Must be the big-wigs taking their bows now. A lot they did to earn them. Stage director, choral conductor, orchestra leader indeed! Why, where would any of them be, had it not been for me? If not for me, this Music and Dance Festival going on inside that school today would have been a total loss, financially and yes, artistically. Oh don't scoff. It is quite true.

Well no, I am not sulking, I merely look that way. With 6x21 tires on my back wheels and 4x21's on the front ones, I do look as if I were slouched forward in a peevish huff. And I do admit that since my front fenders have broken away from my running boards, I seem to wear a perpetual, down-in-the-mouth pout. As I said, I am not sulking. Although I could be, well enough.

The indignities that have been heaped upon one of my venerable age by these Ukrainians! And all for their Displaced Persons relief fund! After twenty years, I should be enjoying a well-earned rest in some quiet junk-yard. But no, with my last effort, I must work myself to my last nut and bolt for a 'smarkatch' of an owner who calls me his "Jaliapin." Me, a dignified Studebaker (1927). Well, better that name, perhaps, than that "kara bozha" that his parents, the Shumeykos, call me.

#### What a Sight!

Why shouldn't I look tired. You should have seen me yesterday. It is bad enough that people stare and point at me because of my old age, but last Friday I really was a sight. There I was, parked down in Greenwich Village, where unusual sights are common, being ogled by all passersby. And no wonder. I had six nine-foot spears sticking out through my windshield. There were pearl-inlaid rifles five feet long sticking out a side window, and all sorts of 17th century swords, pistols and other weapons leaning against the rear window. My back seat and floor were piled high with a couple of dusty stage back-drops, each 35x18 feet and weighing tons, it seems with all the dust on them. Atop that I carried some queer-looking musical instruments that kept sliding out of sight, causing Ted, my owner, to keep asking, "Hey, where's the kobza and the bandura?" That's not all. He could see I was stuffed to the doors already, but no, in came more stuff. A couple of cannon. Well, card-board ones, but they took up space. Then I began to groan. No hope. More came. Costumes, glassware, half-dozen wooden bowls, bottles, furs. Then as a crowning glory, three six foot benches were tied on my roof.

Ted settled his grimy passengers on my crowded seats—Olya (Dmytriw) atop the scenery on the back seat, a cannon on her lap, a sword sticking in her ribs and her legs entwined with palm trees—the ones painted on the back-drop. 'Mala'—that's the small one they sometimes call Melania (Milanowicz), squeezed into the front seat, the spears jutting from the back seat, over the front seat, under her chin and out the

right hand corner of the windshield. This was one time Ted did not have to prop open the windshield with that stuffed sock you see there now.

"O.K. Put the Kozaks on the running-board. I'll hold them through this back widow and Milly will grab them from her window." Ted rested a big 6x5 foot framed oil painting of the 'Kozaks Reply to the Sultan' on my running-board. Passersby craned to catch a glimpse of the picture but Ted had enough of stares and turned his face toward the car. Milly promptly began to tickle the bare back of the Kozak at her window. Olya threw her spine out of joint, thrust her right arm through the window and clutched the frame. Milly twisted under the spears till she could get her fingers through the slit left at the window and grasped the hook in the frame. Ted climbed in and slowly I bore burdens uptown.

#### Of all things—a barrel!

Uptown? Ta de! We had to stop at Stasiuk's—the butcher's. Adding insult to injury, Ted tied a huge, red sauer-kraut barrel on my front bumper, end up. It wasn't the smell I minded, but passersby kept throwing gum wrappers and cigarette stubs into it as I passed them.

We started uptown to the school again. Olya and Milly kept raving about the paintings and the great collection of ancient arms that Lazarev had just shown them. He is the artist who loaned them all the authentic arms used in the 'Kozak's Reply' Tableau.

"Isn't he marvelous? Wasn't he wonderful to loan us this painting? Maybe we're dopes to exhibit it to show up all the flaws of our Tableau? How did you like Lazarev's latest painting—the lilacs? Couldn't you almost smell them?"

"I liked the painting of the slave market"—that from Ted.

"You would. I think the girls in those days were too fat."

Ted just grinned from ear to ear and tried to impale a pretty pedestrian on the point of the longest spear as he turned me around a corner. Turned? We positively sailed! The huge canvas painting filled with wind and almost tore the girls' arms out of their sockets. Screams—and Ted just grins and bursts into song. "A mi koliadi ne damo, ne damo!"

I slid to a stop here at the school. The girls weren't saying anything now. They couldn't move. They looked like dirty, disjointed puppets, just staring and clutching at the painting. Kids began to gather and make New Yorkese comments about gypsy caravans in the big city. Ted kept grinning and unloading the stuff. "Cheer up girls, only one more week and it will be all over."

The props were finally locked in a store-room for safe-keeping and the three climbed back onto my seats.

"Now where?"

"We have to go to Brooklyn for the stove." Groans.

"Let's eat first. It's six o'clock now and we've been at it since nine this morning. I'm starved." "Me too. And dirty. Look at me. Look at you. But you should have seen the expression on your face this morning in Newark when Olya dropped that dirty bundle of a back-drop at your feet. The dust just rose in clouds around you. All you could see of

you was a hand feebly trying to wave the clouds away. I'll never forget that dust. But at least we have a back drop. That's one worry less. Even if we did have to unpack trunks of stage stuff and unfold all those 50-foot ones out on William Street. Ted, what would we do without your brawny strength to tote those heavy curtains? Speaking of brawn. Aren't you glad Mike was there to help? I mean to help us drink our coca-colas. A strapping man like that watching us girls carry heavy stuff around! Perhaps a lawyer wouldn't look well in dusty tweeds. Honestly, I'm starved. Here's a nice restaurant. Ah, all right, we'll go to Brooklyn first, before we eat, but we'll make better time if we left 'Jaliapin' here in New York and went by subway."

So they parked me at 14th Street and Seventh Ave., and went off to Brooklyn. I dozed for an hour and a half and woke suddenly at the sound of my car 'keys' jingling. I looked up and thought I detected a look of affection for me, as they waited for Ted to open my door. You know, some day my car 'keys' are going to fall right through the bottom of my owner's pocket. Well, they weigh about a pound. You see, the only way Ted can lock my door is to remove my left front door handle with a screw driver and carry both the handle and the screwdriver around with him, in his pocket.

#### What a holova!

The three silently crowded in. They weren't saying anything for a while. Then—"Let's just sit a while. Hey, Ted, what a 'holova' you've got. Wrong train, wrong station, taxis, rain. And did you hear him tell Mr. Wrubel in Brooklyn that we came to look at the stove? The poor man looked at his big black gas range where a huge pot of frankfurters were cooking—looked at us and in a daze assured us that there was nothing the matter with his stove. Good thing Olya said the stage stove—the cardboard prop one. Too big to carry in the subway. We'll have to go back with the car after the concert tonight and pick it up. Aren't we lucky to find it? Saves us the money to build our own, but we'll have to paint it and decorate it with Ukie flowers. Slavka Surmach will do it—I hope. Let's eat, I'm starved!"

The door of the restaurant closed on them. I settled down once more to gather strength. "Hm," I thought to myself. "Now we'll go up to Hunter's College to catch Donna's concert and bring her home. Then over to the Manhattan School of Music to persuade some of the students at Larry's party to come to tomorrow's dress rehearsal and play in our orchestra, free for nothing, (It's for D.P.'s, you know!). Then over to Brooklyn for the stove—the man said he'd be there till 2 A.M. All in one day. Good gosh! Don't those kids realize I've covered some good territory? Hillside, Union, Maplewood, Newark, Harrison, Kearny, Jersey City, New York, now Brooklyn and back by ferry to Jersey City. But it's for the Ukrainian D.P.'s—so I may as well resign myself."

That was last Saturday. Now do you see why I look tired? And after this is over inside that school, I have to cart all those things back! But you know something? I love it! See that sign on my window? Slavka Surmach painted it for me: "Don't laugh, lady, your daughter may be in here!" Well, some pretty nice daughters are my friends—Donna, Olya, Slavka, Melania, you can keep your applause.

MILDRED MILANOWICZ.



## Lesya Ukrainka's Youthful Years

Freely translated and adapted from Hlib Lazarevsky

By PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

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### VI

#### A Pilgrimage of Suffering

UNFORTUNATELY, Lesya's health showed no improvement; on the contrary, it grew steadily worse. Now she began a series of journeys to Warsaw, Kiev, Kharkiv, Odessa, and finally Vienna in search of effective help. First, accompanied by her mother, Lesya travelled to Warsaw to consult physicians there. The result was that orthopedic brace made of steel and leather was prescribed for her to wear so that she might be able to walk alone without dependence on another person's arm.

While waiting for this to be made and adjusted, mother and daughter rode about the ancient Polish capital visiting points of historic interest. However, what captured their interest more than all the sights of the city was the accidental discovery of a library and school of industrial arts for women. Olha Petrivna and Lesya were delighted to find the institution in such a flourishing condition. This, being so much in line with their own humanitarian efforts on behalf of the underprivileged in Ukraine, was a source of great inspiration to both and it helped Lesya in some measure to rise above her own personal problems.

Another thing that helped was that while in Warsaw they received news that Lesya's cousin Lyda had become a bride and was leaving Geneva. She had married a young Bulgarian professor of the University of Sofia, Ivan Shyshmanov. Lesya immediately set to work embroidering a scarf for the bride with the inscription on it: "Fain would I fly to thee." Olha Petrivna, doubtless remembering her own wedding day, sent Lyda a complete Ukrainian costume. Of course, it was needful not only to send congratulations to the young pair, but also to write letters to cheer up the "old" Draho-manivs who were parting from their firstborn, the daughter who had shared with them the many trials and the very few joys of an exile's life. Moreover, Uncle Mykhaylo complained that his sight was failing him and that he had been compelled to resort to wearing powerful glasses.

Shortly after returning home, the apparatus made in Warsaw began to prove ineffective, and Lesya found herself unable to work on her beloved tasks of translation and original composition. This was a bitter and painful disappointment. Consequently in March, 1889, Lesya was once more gazing at the woods surrounding Kiev and the swiftly-flowing, muddied waters of the Dnieper. The trees were still bare and leafless, and blackening drifts of snow lay here and there; but during the day the timid March sun shed a little warmth and when evening came the tender young shoots of the poplars exhaled a vague perfume as the bright, pure crescent moon climbed up the translucent vault of the night skies.

For two months Lesya underwent a special course of treatment in Kiev. This, however, produced no appreciable results. It was doubtless to this disappointment coupled with the impressions made upon her by the season that Lesya was moved to write the lines:

I dreamed a marvelous dream, ineffable and bright,  
Embracing all my being as I slept  
I dreamed about a future of pure happiness,  
I dreamed that unknown raptures o'er me swept.

The dream was brief, so brief! So swiftly had it passed,  
It sped away almost as soon as born;

It took its flight to where golden-crimson haze

Gave token of the fast approaching morn...

Let others look in dreams for future happiness;

I do not wish to sleep, but live and burn.

Let those who wake from sleep their blissful dreams forget,

For to such happiness there's no return!

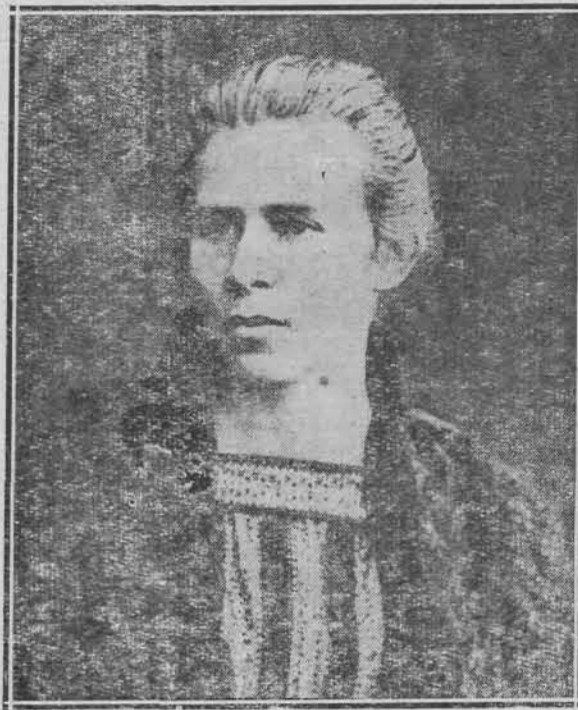
In such a downcast frame of mind Lesya had to return home, but felt no better there. It was then decided to take her to Kharkiv to consult the then famous surgeon, Wilhelm Grube. While on the way there, however, Olha Petrivna did a surprising thing. She stopped off for a visit to Sum to see the celebrated peasant faith healer, Dame Paraska, who was reputed to be able to work marvellous cures by casting spells and muttering secret charms. What could have possessed Olha Petrivna to do this, no one knows. It may have been an act of desperation, a snatching at any possibility, however remote, that might bring even a little relief to the sufferings of her child. On the other hand, it may have been done intelligently and purposely. In the intensely Ukrainian mother's heart there may have flickered a spark of hope that these native magical arts, rooted as they are in prehistoric traditions, might exercise some psychological influence on her daughter's mentality and help to deliver her from the moral sufferings which the mother, so close to her daughter in everything, could not help but share most acutely. Needless to say, all Dame Paraska's spells, sprinklings, fumigations, and conjurations, remained of none effect.

In Kharkiv the best that Doctor Grube could do was to recommend taking the patient to the Black Coast shore for natural therapy. So in June Lesya and her mother went to Odessa, living in a summer villa belonging to a Greek merchant. Her mother left her there, while Lesya took her treatment, studied modern Greek with her hosts, and wrote home in a short time that she was feeling much better—perhaps by September would be fully recovered. Indeed, in August she was able to make a trip to Kolodyazhne, very much improved, and then returned to stay with some old friends of her father's, the fervently Ukrainian Komars. She wrote:

And kindly people welcomed me  
On a distant strand;  
A sympathetic friend I found  
To take me by the hand...

The friend was the Komars' daughter, Margaret Komarivna, whom Lesya, recalling Goethe's "Faust," called her dear "Gretchen," and with whom she struck up a lifelong friendship.

It was expected that Lesya would stay several months with the Komars, continuing treatment and study-



LESYA UKRAINKA

ing English under an English governess living there, while of course working on her translations and original writing. But once more misfortune overtook the poor girl. She had a relapse and the terrified Komars were compelled to summon Olha Petrivna by telegraph. Lesya wrote thus, commenting on the event: But I will utter no reproachful word

Against thee, O thou beauteous strand, for this.

'Tis not thy fault that I am doomed by fate;

Thou hast no blame for my unhappiness...

Back again in Kolodyazhne, in the cheerful, cozy home, surrounded by a loving family, Lesya began to improve again. She heard frequently from Shura Sudovshchikova who was studying in Kiev, where also Mysha was a student in the University. The latter had lost a good deal of his former exclusive enthusiasm for mathematics. He was now trying his hand at writing in Ukrainian; translations, short stories, even verse. He sought his sister's advice on almost every piece he wrote. He also told her about a growing interest in Ukrainianism among the students of Ukrainian origin attending the university, due to the long continued propaganda of Uncle Mykhaylo which was now bearing fruit. These nationally-conscious students were studying Western literature and democratic ideas and had even formed a small society for publishing translations of the best works of European authors in Ukrainian.

We have a picture of the home at Kolodyazhne at this period. When Petro Antonovych was away on official business, the family would gather in the long evenings around the large circular table made of Karelian birch, with the light from the old-fashioned lamp shining on the group. There is Olha Petrivna with her handsome face showing nervous energy in every feature. She is writing hastily in her untidy, sprawling script, working on her educational manuals for the peasantry. Beside her, an unhappy look on her little face, every once in a while tossing back the unruly hair which persists in falling down over her brows, is Lila, chewing her pencil over school-books. A little farther around, the light falls on thin, pinched, worn features of Lesya. She is working on her translation of Heine's "Atta Troll." On the carpet in the shadow, pretty Oksana and awkward Mikos are playing together, while tiny Isydora is continually trying to climb into her mother's lap.

And now with nipping December frost the holiday season draws near. It was time to send greetings to the uncle in Geneva and in addition congratulations on two happy events. The first was that a grandson had been born to him (Olha Petrivna laughed: "Just fancy, my brother Mysha a grandfather, and my niece Dyda a mother! Is it possible?") The second was that he had been invited to become professor of history at the University of Sofia.

To her cousin Lesya wrote: "I sincerely congratulate you on your little boy. May he grow up to be an ornament to his country and a joy

to his parents." And thinking about Bulgaria, the idea popped into her mind that she would dearly love to pay a visit there. It was so much nearer than Geneva, but what was the use? She was aware that such a trip was utterly out of the question on account of her health. In order somehow to forget her infirmity, she spent all her time in writing, reading and playing the piano. But then the local doctors advised her to give up the latter because of the harmful effect it might have on her health.

"What am I to do then," the poor girl asked herself as her patient endurance broke down for a moment. Was she doomed to nothing but an existence of folded hands and weeping? There seemed to be nothing else in store for her! And before her was the prospect of another trip to Kiev, another period of enforced immobility in bed when she wanted so much to work, to create!... "Will it always be so? Is there no end in sight?" the dreadful thought flashed through her mind. She recalled that the doctors at Luts'k had once told her parents frankly that in their opinion Lesya's malady was incurable. Her own sufferings, the grief and sympathy of her parents, all combined to make Lesya feel that any further struggle was hopeless, it would be better to yield and pray for death's kind release.

So once again we see Lesya and her mother together in a railway car on their way to Kiev, peering through the frosted window as familiar scenes floated by. Again the nervous glancing through old magazines in uninviting reception rooms waiting for interviews with specialists; the agonizing pain when the sore member was examined; the same sympathetic questions put by the surgeons (for some reason, generally in a forced jocular tone); the conventional expression of gravity on their faces and the professional solemnity with which they conversed almost in whispers in a corner with Olha Petrivna...

This time it appeared that the best thing to be done was to try the stretching process once more, and for a mercy, this could be done at home. So they returned, happy at least, that Lesya would not have to be left in hospital away from home. Once again, therefore, Lesya was fettered to her bed, a month with heavy weights attached to her ankle another two months with it in plaster cast. However, she did manage to do some reading, principally in French, and among other things she

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# The Dumy

## Lyrical Chronicle of Ukraine

By PROF. C. H. ANDRUSYSHEN, M. A., Ph. D.

IN their collective whole the Ukrainian historical songs and dumy (the plural of *duma*) comprise an epic and lyrical chronicle that vividly depicts (rather than describes) the period roughly between 1500-1800. They constitute a historical document of the age, with the historical spirit rather than factual data predominating. The chief source of interest in them is not their fictional or realistic matter, but the general types and heroes that the genius of the race created, because it is precisely in these types that soul of the nation is revealed.

The dumy were usually sung by blind musicians called *banduristy* or *kobzari*, so called from the names of the instruments—*bandura*, *kobza*, with which they accompanied their recitative chantings. The recital of the *duma*, which was their specialty, as love themes were that of the troubadours of the Middle Ages, was rendered in a rapid rhythmic manner, one syllable to each note, except for occasional grace notes and special flourishes.

### Word of Bulgarian Origin

The term "*duma*" is of Bulgarian origin and means "word" or "account" of some historical song not so much by its contents as by its form. The latter is strict in its strophic measure, rhythm and rhyme, and its contents are fixed by popular usage; the former, on the other hand, is quite free in all those artistic devices. Both are noted for their method of positive and negative parallelism, by which a poetic comparison is effected between event on the one hand and natural phenomena on the other. It is rarely that a "fixed" *duma* can be found. There are many variants of each known *duma*, chiefly because they were for the most part the property of the *kobzari* who, in reciting them, often improvised, adding to them smaller or greater amounts of lyrics, which enhanced or reduced the value of the account according to the inspiration and the power of feeling of the chanting poet.

The *duma* is generally solemn in tone and its theme somewhat complicated. For that reason it required an expert to perform it properly. The historical song, on other hand, although occasionally dealing with like themes, is frequently of a festive and even humorous vein, with the melody and not the recitative predominating, and is quite within the range of any person possessing a tolerable voice. The *duma* is a poetically exalted chronicle; the historical song is a ballad relating a simple sentimental or heroic story. The former derives in part from the old popular lamentations and wails so common among the peasant folk. Just as professional mourners once raised a stormy dirge over dead bodies, so did the *kobzari*, in their *dumy*, lament over the cruel lot of the people.

For some time it was thought that these blind *kobzari* were the creators of the *dumy*. Recent research however has established that their authors were those poetically gifted persons who took part in, or witnessed, the events recorded in those accounts. Their product, passing through the mill of popular enthusiasm, at times lost some of its pristine

freshness, but it invariably gained in lyrical scope. Thus processed by the popular muse, these songs assumed the aspect of a collective authorship. Later, there rose among the Kozaks professional singers whose duty and cult it was to extol the exploits of those Slavic knights for the moral and practical edification of all the Zaporozhians as well as the people in whose defence they had risen. Still later, until recent times, their place was taken by the wandering *kobzari* and *banduristy* who, vaunting their artistic talents, made the *duma* sound dramatic, thus making it appear more important than the historical popular song, which, none the less, takes precedence over the *duma* by its more artistic form.

The *dumy* are so full of religious and moral elements that one cannot help but think of them as historical "psalms," as it were. Their prayerful mood often rises to a degree of fervor noted only in books of devotion, and that in spite of the imprecations that frequently rise out of their very excess or religiosity. They are drenched with tears, clamorous with lamentations which vie with the wails of Jeremiah, inspired by strict moral ardor, and glorified by the heroic deeds they recount.

### The Common Man's Outlet

The popular historical song of that period, says Serhiy Yefremiv, was the only "defender of the spiritual interests of the people." Not only that; it was likewise their defender in matters material. These songs, as well as the *dumy*, were the only medium, outside his religion, by which the common man could vent his joys and sorrows, smiles and tears, despair, hopes and aspirations. The written literature of the day was too bookish and scholastic, and so quite alien to the needs of the peasantry, and of little avail in the struggle of the masses against their harsh destiny.

In Kozak times the people as a whole were united into a solid human monolith against the common oppressor. Nowhere is the idea of this unity seen more clearly than in the *dumy* relating to that heroic period in which there was but "a single freedom and a single song of liberty." As long as there is unity, there is strength. Once it begins to relax and a differentiation in the social status to set in, then the songs and *dumy* immediately begin to reflect that new disintegrating trend and to point out in realistic terms the cleavage that exists. All in all, they mirror faithfully the signs of the times.

The more keenly a people feel the pangs of life, the more profound are the songs in which their experience is mirrored. Thus it was in the sixteenth century when the Tatar hordes were rampant in southern Ukraine, making the life of the peasant altogether insecure. One was never certain when an attack would occur, and who would be next to fall a prey to the barbarians bent on booty and captives, riding rough-shod over the entire region. The workers in the fields were continually on the alert for the "black cloud" from the south, because the onslaughts multiplied and no one knew the day or the hour when the stealthy Tatars would strike and submerge entire communi-

ties in blood and grief.

Out of this misfortune rise songs whose predecessors are ancient funereal lamentations. In them is vented the ineffable grief of the captives, mainly young women, for whom the Turks and Tatars had a special eye because of their beauty and mercantile value. The sorrow expressed in the nostalgic wails of these female captives is heart-rending indeed.

No less keenly is felt the lamentation of the males who (in the cycle of the Kozak epos) weep and groan in chains as they lie rotting in underground prisons or perish gradually as rowers of Turkish galleys. Tearfully they raise their eyes and enchain arms heavenward, imploring God to grant them respite from their cruel sufferings, and crying out in anguish:

"Free us, O Lord, from this grievous bondage,  
And let us sail onto the peaceful waters,  
Under the bright stars,  
To reach our happy land,  
And join the baptized folk  
In Christian habitations."

And as their prayers remain unanswered, the wretched captives lapse into vocal despair and curse the "busurman" (a corruption of "Muslim") to the clanging accompaniment of their chains which are rusted by their never-ceasing tears. That lachrymose feeling is no doubt exaggerated; but only by this means can the intensity of their sorrow be made the more telling. Destitute and defenseless, the captives implore the doves, hawks, clouds, wind to bear their sorrow to their dear ones in the "land of Christendom" in order to rouse them to action on behalf of the unfortunate ones in the land of Islam.

### Laments Not Maudlin

These lamentations are by no means of a maudlin nature. They are like a thick ponderous cloud surcharged with thunderous elements amid which righteous curses and defiance rage like lightnings—a defiance of a Christian against the Muslim world. For the Christians, as they appear in the *dumy*, remain captives of their own choosing. It lies within their power to become free. All they need in order to emerge from their subterranean caves into the light of liberty, and even emoluments and luxury, is to renounce Christianity and follow the prophet; but Orthodoxy is so firmly rooted in them that they become voluntary martyrs for the true faith.

There were, however, exceptions. One such was Marusia of Bohuslav. Having espoused Islam and a wealthy Turkish lord, she is surrounded by luxury; and yet the consciousness of her guilt is like a thorn in her heart. So painful is it that it finally goads her to visit her countrymen in prison in order to cheer them with the news that it will be Easter on the morrow. This news unleashes a volley of curses upon her for reminding them of that festive season. What qualms of conscience failed to do was accomplished by these vituperations; Marusia, who had become an infidel "for the sake of Turkish luxury and miserable greed," returns and, while her husband is in the mosque, opens the door for them into freedom.

A character similar to Marusia appears in the *duma* about "Samiylo Kishka" who not only turned Turk but became a fierce janissary, cruelly persecuting the Christians entrusted to his care. He goes so far

as to seek to convert "hetman" Kishka (an historical Kozak leader) to the faith of his master, promising him wealth and freedom if the Zaporozhian will "trample upon his Christian creed." The latter's reply is as decisive as it is scathing: he will suffer life-long servitude but will not prove false to the faith of the Kozaks; whereat Buturlak, in his inordinate zeal, strikes him on the mouth. But even this hardened apostate feels the thorn of his conscience, especially in his drunken moments which bring back to his memory the happy times when he was a Christian. Such a reflection drives him, during his master's wedding, to seek the company of Kishka in order to carouse with him and at the same time "discourse upon the Christian faith." While Buturlak is sleeping off his drunkenness, Kishka, who all that time was only pretending to be drinking, takes the key from his boon companion and by a stratagem takes possession of a Turkish galley in which he and his fellow-captives sail homeward. In these and other *dumy* the driving, sustaining and converting to force of Christianity is revealed in all its redeeming power.

### Their Didactic Elements

The didactic elements in the *dumy* and his historical songs are everywhere in evidence. This trend is especially keen in the account of the "Death of Three Brothers on the Banks of the Samara," where they lie cut "to pieces" by the Turks. Worried about being deprived of a Christian burial this theme is very common in the *dumy*, the brothers ask the youngest to sound the *surma* in order that wandering Kozaks might be drawn to the spot and inter them as befits the Christian dead. Instead of fulfilling their request, he exposes to them the reason for their mortal plight:

"'Tis not the Turkish sword that cut us up,  
Nor the janissary's bullets that pierced us;  
It is our mother's tears that punished us,"

because before leaving home to join the Kozaks, they did not seek their parents' consent and blessing; whenever they passed the church they neglected to bare their heads; and never thought of asking God to come to their assistance. It is precisely these transgressions that brought this misfortune upon them.

The fate of the "Homeless Fedir" is much more envious, for he, although slashed by the infidels, is at least heartened by the appearance of the Kozaks who, he is certain, will with their swords dig him an honorable grave, bury him in it with all the knightly honors and, after raising a mound over it, will sit around it and hold a festive memorial celebration. Such an end was indeed devoutly to be wished by a Kozak whose fate it was to die far from his native home and loved ones.

However imperative the importance of these crusading expeditions, they are only second in comparison to the duty one must feel towards one's progenitors. The love of God and of one's parents, and an honest, sedate life take precedence over the zeal one might feel towards the crusade. This precept is made only too plain in the *duma* which relates the "Storm and the Black Sea." While the raging elements appear to doom the entire expeditionary force of the Kozaks, their leader steps forward and asks the one who feels guilty of some in-

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## SOLUTION OF DISPLACED PERSONS' PROBLEMS

By DR. WALTER GALLAN

Executive Director of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee

Before the Michigan Committee for Displaced Persons, Rackham Auditorium, Detroit, Michigan, Monday Evening, 8:30 o'clock, April 28, 1947.

IT is indeed a great pleasure and honor to address such a distinguished audience on the subject that is so close to my heart—namely, Displaced Persons!

I shall follow very closely my written report, so as not to permit any erroneous interpretation of my remarks.

### Who Are the Displaced Persons and What is Their Number?

Before my visit to Austria and Germany I was convinced I was well informed on this subject, as I had all official reports and statistics telling that there were 5,000 Ukrainians in Austria, and none in Germany. At the United States Army Headquarters at Frankfort, I received an official report stating that, as of December 26, 1946, there were 51,000 Polish Ukrainians in Camps in the American Zone, and about that many outside the Camps, all of them recognized as Displaced Persons.

A few days ago General Rooks of UNRRA increased that amount to 125,000 Ukrainians. Seeing such a discrepancy in Statistics... and statistics as you know is a science... I started my own checking and found that there are a total of 177,630 Ukrainians in the American, British and French zones of occupation in Germany.

Total of Ukrainian refugees in Austria 29,241; in Italy 19,000; a grand total of 225,871. Of this total, 136,063 were in Camps.

In addition to that number, we have in France over 80,000 Ukrainian refugees who are already employed; in Belgium over 7,000; in Africa and Asia 20,000; in other European countries 10,000. Grand total of 342,000 of all Ukrainian refugees in Western Europe and Asia.

I also found out that Ukrainian Displaced Persons are well organized; they have their own School system such as, for instance, Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences with over 100 scholars within its membership, which publishes a number of scientific journals; the well known Free Ukrainian University, which existed in Prague before the War, and has now been revived in Munich. Its Department of Philosophy has now 40 professors, instructors and lecturers, while its Law Department has 19 of them. The equally well-known Ukrainian Technical Agricultural Institute of Podedbrady in Czechoslovakia has been revived in Regensburg. Its Engineering faculty consists of 33 members; Economic faculty of 660 members, and Agricultural faculty of 25 members. In Munich, the Ukrainian Economical High School has 28 lecturers, while the Greek-Catholic Theological Academy has 68 students attending its classes.

The Orthodox Theological Institute in Munich appears to be in its early stage of organization. In Innsbruck, there now exists an Institute of Ukrainian Studies. Add to all this 28 Ukrainian High Schools, the numerous Grammar Schools, Nurseries and Kindergartens, and numberless Ukrainian courses given in D.P. Camps in Agriculture, Mechanics, English language, etc., and you will get some idea of the widespread extent of Ukrainian D.P. educational and cultural activities being conducted under seem-

ingly impossible conditions, such as the not infrequent curtailing by the authorities of some of these activities.

Numerous periodicals and books are published under conditions which the Central Representative body of the Ukrainian immigrants in Germany has characterized as follows:

"Worth stressing is the fact that technical difficulties involved in issuing these publications appear to have no precedent in the Ukrainian publishing business. The entire Ukrainian immigration in Germany has, at its disposal, but one linotype and two print shops, where type is set by hand."

Why, then, the fact of such a number of Ukrainian D.P.s was not admitted and the public so grossly misinformed? The reason was, and still is, that UNRRA personnel did not grasp the responsibility.

Why are we debating today the Displaced Persons problem? We do so because we have on our hands over one million people without work, physically emaciated, a heritage that our Army will have to take over from UNRRA.

I am sure that all displaced persons will be very glad and happy when our Army will take over the management of D.P. Camps,—because—

1. U. S. Army at the present time has most efficient officers in charge of D.P. Operations in Frankfort;
2. The Officers have most sincere and human understanding of D.P. problems.
3. The U. S. Army already has started to rehabilitate the D.P.'s by providing camps with workshops, and trying to make all displaced persons self-supporting.

Had the U. S. Army taken the Camps a year ago, 90 percent of the D.P. problems would have been solved. How can the D.P. problem be solved? There are three ways possible:

1. By repatriation of Displaced Persons to their homeland;
2. By making the Displaced Persons self-supporting in the places where they are now located; and
3. By re-settlement of displaced persons to other lands.

### No. 1. Repatriation

UNRRA's handling of repatriation was a complete fiasco which created only unrest, nervousness, and fear in all D.P. Camps. While in Vienna in January 1947, Deputy Director of UNRRA for Austria, Colonel Miller, asked me a pointblank question—"Is your organization for repatriation, or not?" My answer was—"Yes, but voluntary repatriation."

In turn, I told Col. Miller the following:

"I had a talk with a medical doctor in Displaced Persons Camp Kufstein. The Doctor told me that he is willing and ready to return to his homeland at once, even though he should be sent by the Soviet Government to a concentration camp, or Siberia, if he could only have the assurance that his wife and his child would not be taken away from him. What shall I tell the Doctor?" I asked Col. Miller. "Can I give him such assurance?" His reply was "No."

What then is the use of talking of repatriation when a civilized government cannot guarantee a man at least one of the Four Freedoms of the Atlantic Charter?

### No. 2. Self-Support

We can settle the problem of Displaced Persons by making them self-supporting, even in Germany. While in London in August, 1946, I had a conference with Sir Hitchcock Smith, Secretary of the Lord Beveridge's Committee for Defense of Refugees. Sir Hitchcock stated that the re-settlement of refugees—under most favorable circumstances—will continue from one to five years. In the meantime, the refugees should be made self-supporting in Camps where they now are located by granting them some agricultural land, and some German factories. While they will be made self-supporting, they will, at the same time, prepare themselves for re-settlement in new lands. How easily that plan could be worked out will be understood by the fact that most of the D.P. Camps are actually well organized communities. Take, for instance, the Ukrainian Camp in Regensburg, with 5,900 camp inhabitants as of January 1, 1947, its population was divided, as follows:

Men: from 14 to 17 years 106, from 18 to 44 years 2,116, over 45 years 647; Women: from 14 to 17 years 92, from 18 to 44 years 1,548, over 45 years 425; Children: under 1 year 214, from 1 to 5 years 396, from 6 to 13 years 366.

Out of the total of 5,910,—2,164 persons were employed, but not one of them earned enough money to be self-supporting. That Camp has various branches of schooling beginning with nursery, kindergarten, and ending with the university. They have engineers, technical experts, factory managers, churches, theatre, hospital; in fact, everything that is needed in the community, and they can make themselves self-supporting without one penny of expense to the American tax-payer, provided they would be permitted to do so. UNRRA Officers were of the opinion that their duty was to feed the people, whether they worked or not. U. S. Army, on the other hand, encourages them to work, and any worthwhile workshops I have seen in the Camps were those supported by the Army.

### No. 3. Re-Settlement

Eventually all of the Displaced Persons from Italy, Austria and Germany must be resettled in other lands. In case of resettlement of Ukrainians Poles, Lithuanians, and others—except Jewish displaced persons—it is not only a question of finding a new territory for resettlement, but, primarily, it is a case of legal documents, identification papers, and of military exit permits. As you know, the Exit Permit for Austria and Germany must be given by all four Allies and, naturally, you always will find one ally who disagrees. In such a case, a man who has a visa, let us say to Venezuela, or France, cannot move. So we are in a dilemma. We are "hollering" about feeding our displaced persons with our tax-payers' money and, on the other hand, we are holding the displaced persons back. I am sure if President Truman's latest policy will be strictly followed and adhered to by the United States Army of Occupation, if the displaced persons are assured by all the civilized world of political asylum, the Displaced Persons Problem can and will be solved in one year.

I'm heartily support the Stratton Bill, H.R. 2910, which will be fully explained by Honorable Jacob J.

## Letters to the Editor

### CONGRATULATIONS

The music festival sponsored by the Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee of New York of the Ukrainian Youth League of North America during Memorial Day Weekend, for Ukrainian relief purposes, has elicited much favorable comment from various sources.

When the general public, as well as music devotees, is pleased, then the Ukrainian American youth should be commended for finding its place in the field of music. Such is the opinion of a layman and unofficial spokesman for the visiting delegation from the city of Philadelphia.

The music festival was something apart from the usual run of concerts to which the Ukrainians have been accustomed. An ambitious undertaking of this nature is worthy of recognition from music lovers the world over.

A music or drama critic could undoubtedly find technical flaws in the presentation, but the spirit and enthusiasm of the cast carried the performance to heights of excellency.

Congratulations to the Ukrainian American youth of the metropolitan area of New York City for their contribution in helping to perpetuate Ukrainian culture for the enjoyment of all.

DAVID CHMELYK

### Rally Session

I enjoyed the UYL-NA Rally Forum Sessions in New York over the Memorial Day weekend very much. The talks were unusually good, and covered a wide range of subjects. Miss Sophie Demydchuk—the "Sophia" of the Weekly column—as chairman of the Rally Forum Sessions Committee deserves orchids for arranging such a fine program. Likewise, Miss Genevieve Zepko as chairman of the rally sessions also deserves orchids for her efficient handling of the sessions.

I do hope the Weekly will publish the addresses by Dan Slobodian, Stephen Shumeyko, Helen Kupchynsky, Joseph Lesawyer, and Sophie Demydchuk. Paging Weekly editor! Will you?

(Editor: Natch!)

J. M.

Javits, but I do believe, however, the quota of 100,000 refugees to be admitted to the United States under this bill should be divided among different nationality groups comprising the total displaced persons' population of Europe.

In conclusion, may I say that the solution of the Displaced Persons Problem is not merely the admission of new immigrants to the United States. The solution lies in bringing humanitarian, ethical and democratic principles into the lives of dispossessed, down-trodden people who were, and are, fighting all along totalitarian regimes of all isms; stop all continued screenings, and make them self-supporting. Almost all of the Ukrainian, Jewish, Polish, Russian, and other displaced persons fled before before tyranny, and have indomitable courage to continue that fight until the true democratic spirit is supreme in World affairs. A former UNRRA Director, Walter Lee Sheppard, stated in a letter to his mother that the people in his Camp were the finest people he ever met  
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*Trivia - - - By Sophia*

**S**HE'S engaged! She's lovely! She eats peas off a knife! Is that why men marry women? Certainly the pleasure of watching the cute young thing eat her peas doesn't last forever. It could be recurrent, but men are usually gourmands and don't concentrate on anybody's eating but their own, so I suppose there must be something more to it than just the old peas-and-knife trick.

Looking through some ten-cent magazines offers several clues to the curious. For instance, you see on page 31 that it may be "that haunting fragrance" about her that made him pop the question. Think of it, gals, for only ten cents and a trip to the five-and-dime you can purchase some "haunting fragrance" and bag a man! Maybe more than this is necessary to do the trick, as witness page 67, where you're urged to "be lovely to love," along with a picture of a very handsome couple. Makes a gal wonder in which direction to expend her energies, consequently she tries both ads. Sometimes the first one works, but it may happen that neither of them achieves the desired results, and so we must again peruse through the magazine. Perhaps the "one-minute-mask" will serve the purpose, and since there's only the matter of one minute at stake, well...what have we to lose? After all, it's practically guaranteed. But it's only "guaranteed or your money refunded," so after the clerk grudgingly refunds your money, you return once more to thumb through the pages of advice.

After all this, you start developing an inferiority complex. Perhaps there's something radically wrong, instead of just something minor. Could it be that you're only "half-safe?" This possibility must be at once remedied if you are to hold popular appeal, but this time you're not taking any chances. You're going to read the entire magazine before making further purchases. Might as well run through the gamut of possibilities and then go down to clean out the drugstore shelves.

Through the pages you go, reading ad upon ad, and taking in illustration upon illustration. You might hit the solution before the back cover

is reached. Aha! Here's a hint that "you owe it to your audience," but what if you're not a chorus girl? What if your main goal is to get yourself an audience? Sounds like good counsel, but unfortunately the time is not yet ripe for it. Let's start at the bottom. Turning the page, you immediately drop the magazine and make a mad dash for the mirror. It must be true! The thing that's been spoiling your chances all these years is "dulling soap film." Horrors! How could you have overlooked it? If this fault has been overlooked, how many others are there in the same category? And all this while you've been wondering why men marry women and they forget you. Do they consider you "one of the guys?"

At this point, you are practically frantic. What are the other faults you forgot to consider? Are you the possessor of "Provocative hands?" How about "pink tooth brush," or maybe "your shoes are showing!" And if you're not suffering from "borderline anemia," you can expect the worst: your best friends won't tell you. Alas and alack, you're a complete failure. You run through the list again, and your ego tells you that it can't be as bad as all that. Why, millions of people get married, and half of them are women. Why is it, then, that men marry women? Is it because they have the secret of glamour, or because they have lily-white hands? Maybe it's because they're better housewives. A debate goes on in your mind, and you consider the various possibilities, weighing the pros and cons. Perhaps men like the comforts of home, with good home cooking and someone around to sew buttons on shirts. Good company always helps, especially good female company. After all, men get tired of seeing only other men, and after long deliberation, they ultimately take the fatal step and find themselves fidgeting at the altar.

Buck up, girls! Things could be worse. Don't scare yourselves by reading the magazines, but console yourselves with the comforting thought that men marry women because women are not men.

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man sin to confess it publicly before God and men in order to placate the Divinity, for it is surely on account of that sin they have come to such a terrible pass. The culprit Oleksey, a priest's son, then comes forth and reveals his transgressions, the

greatest of which is his disrespect towards his parents. As soon as he confesses this, the storm subsides and the Kozak continue merrily on to a "banquet" with the Turks.

(Courtesy, Ukrainian Quarterly)  
(To be concluded)

*Class of '47 - - - By G. H.*

**O**NCE the final exams are over, the Class Day, the Baccalaureate Sermon and the Commencement follow one another in rapid succession. Class Reunions and luncheons help to fill any lull in the activities of that last eventful week in the college. Then, with the last strains of Alma Mater in his ears, the dazed graduate finds himself out in the wide, wide world.

The world becomes wide literally and figuratively, for the young graduate may be compelled to hunt for that first job all over the creation. But this does not scare him, for he is young, and he is ambitious. Do not confuse his ambition with vanity or with a symptom of having a "swell head." His ambition might be inflated by recent oratory, but he is also aware of the wickedness of this world, of nepotism, of "pull," and of competition. He is, therefore, determined to take the world by storm and to work his way courageously, relying on his ability and integrity. That is not vanity, but a sincere conviction.

If our graduate had shown an exceptional technical aptitude in college, he would most likely be snapped up by industry immediately upon graduation, and his worries about job-hunting would be over. But in most instances such is not the case, and so there is in store for him an experience that asks for sympathy. Preparing the first application for a job is fun, for there is present that first hope of obtaining a position easily. Then comes a period of waiting, and more waiting, and some more applications, until the young man's ambition is worn to a frazzle.

Speaking of applications, they seem at first easy to fill out. Soon however they become distasteful when one has to practically bare his soul on the paper. What friends had a hand in making up these questions?! But they must be answered. Questions on education are not so bad, but the hitch comes on experience. What experience do they expect from a young graduate? Then references! Ah, fellow Ukrainians, why don't you have more men in the professions, so that one could use them proudly as references?!

At last a job, and what a job! A white-collar job that pays less than a laborer makes! Is that what I studied for in college? What will my neighbors say? But a college does not owe a nice job to the graduate. One has to sell his skill and ability, and learn to stand on his own feet. So let the people talk, for they will anyway. Start from the bottom if you must, and accumulate the necessary experience that some day will pull you up.

Job-hunting could be made fascinating if one were not pressed for time and the urgent need of income. Make your plans at home, where to go, whom to see, what contacts to make. Then get out of the house, out of town if necessary, because jobs do not come to the house looking for you at this stage of your career.

Above all, keep up your spirit while job-hunting in spite of reverses. The world is in need of myriads of that must be produced, and the class of '47 will have opportunities galore and will be well taken care of, says the N. Y. Times.

**Youthful Years**  
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wrote the following letter in verse to her brother Mysha. It bears eloquent witness to her undaunted spirit in the midst of suffering and tribulation:

The month, I suppose, will be March,  
I know eighteen-ninety's the year,  
But what is the day or the date,  
I'm sure I don't know and don't care.  
Yet anyway, Mysha, my dear,  
At least I'm attempting to write  
A letter to you all in verse  
And hoping 'twill turn out all right.  
I have here my paper and pen,  
But no inspiration will come!  
Alas, over me stands the Muse  
As stiff as a post and as dumb!  
The Muse must be feeling upset—  
In much the same humor as I—  
Tied fast by the leg to a bed,  
How then can her fantasy fly?  
Ah, well, there's no help—after all,  
Not all may their liberty gain...  
By night I don't sleep very well,  
Yet tears I can always restrain.  
By day with each scrap of my strength  
I battle against my diseases...  
One might speak of "laughter through tears"

In mentioning matters like these,  
But such an outmoded old theme  
Is bound to give some folk offence.  
Forgive me for writing such verse  
Without any point or good sense.  
The fact is that what I now write  
Is just like my life—it's a fright!  
Should ever you meet anywhere  
Our friends, the "Girondists," just say:

'Oh, listen, here's something for you:  
A greeting from Charlotte Corday!'

She continued: "I really think I shall not escape the surgeon's knife,

either in Katzap (Russian) or German hands... It's a shame to have to say so, but I'm afraid my two months' lying in plaster of Paris fetters is going too result in practically nothing. I can indeed clump about on two sticks, but my ankle pains me so much I prefer to crawl about like a cat. And besides, my back hurts more than before—I can't sit up straight more than three minutes at a stretch without leaning on something. And that, Mysha, is what your good-for-nothing sister is like."

Yet the lying in bed did help. Lesya began to feel better and in the summer she was taken for nature treatment to Sak in the Crimea. This restored her greatly and in the autumn she returned home able to walk about with the aid of a cane. Unfortunately shortly afterwards the two younger children at home were stricken with diphtheria. For two weeks Olha Petriyana and Lesya never took off their clothes, waiting on the sick children. As was to be expected, all Lesya's improvement went for nothing. Pain and suffering began again, and it was decided to take her to Vienna for an operation. What she had said half jokingly to her brother was about to come true, so it seemed.

**DISPLACED PERSONS**

(Concluded from page 5)

in his life. I am sure that if they are admitted to the U.S., or to any other country, they will make fine, law-abiding, and God-fearing citizens that any country can be proud of. They will be, as some one very ably stated, not Displaced Persons in our country, but **delayed pilgrims to our shores.**

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# Youth and the U.N.A.

## WRITE FOR EXPERIENCE

Shortly after The Ukrainian Weekly first appeared (October 6, 1933) its editor published an article ("Journalism as a Profession for Our Youth," November 17, 1933) wherein the reader was urged to take up journalism as a career. Since then the editor has constantly encouraged the readers to submit articles, reports, news items and the like for publication. The request for material from the readers first appeared in the initial issue, and has been repeated from time to time throughout the years. It would appear, therefore, that the editor not only recommends journalism as a career, but offers the Weekly to aspiring writers as the medium through which they can get valuable writing experience.

Furthermore, the Weekly has published editorials and articles designed to help the aspiring writer. For a periodical to go so far as to recommend journalism as a career, offer the facilities at its disposal to give aspiring writers unlimited experience, and help them with special encouraging articles and editorials, let it be said that it is a fine gesture on the part of the publisher. The fact that the Ukrainian National Association is the publisher of The Ukrainian Weekly demonstrates that this fraternal benefit society is keenly interested in Ukrainian-American youth, so much, in fact, that it has gone out of its way to be of assistance to them in as many ways as possible. That the organization's motives are purely unselfish is shown by the fact that non-members are urged to take advantage of the writing experience offered by the Weekly together with U.N.A. members of long standing.

A person cannot become a journalist or newspaperman overnight under normal circumstances. A newspaperman is not a product of a journalistic education, either. Experience is usually the deciding factor in determining whether a person is a newspaperman or not. If a person can write, report, interview, and edit his own work when necessary, he has a good chance of succeeding in the field of journalism. Only experience can prove to the aspiring journalist whether or not he can succeed. If he finds he cannot write qualitatively, or make out an accurate and easily understood report, or is timid, nervous, lost, bewildered or incoherent when interviewing, and cannot rid himself of these drawbacks, he will turn to a different field.

As long as the writer is original, he can write about any subject known to man. The world is his oyster. He can never run out of material as long as he can use his imagination and get new ideas. Newspapermen are always busy reporting happenings. The opportunities offered in the field of journalism are almost without limit whether the writer be a newspaperman, an author of books of fiction, a motion picture or play-writer, radio script writer, author of articles, advertising copy-writer, publicity man, verse-writer, contributor to magazines, or a combination of this and that.

A writer does not have to be a doctor to write about a disease, and he does not have to study a subject for a number of years before he is qualified to write about it. And yet when a serious factual article, about a disease, let us say, appears in print under the name of a person who is not a doctor, some critics may say,

"Now what does he know about this disease? Why, he never got through high school. His article isn't worth much because there are doctors who can write books about the same subject." Factual articles can be written by any person because facts cannot be refuted and, what's more, all the facts on any subject can be culled from a good reference work or encyclopedia; it is not necessary to get an education in the subject of the writer's choice. Some of the best writers have had little education. And, while on the subject, it may be well to add that even the best educated people use reference works when preparing a manuscript. Any writer who believes he "hasn't got a chance" because of a limited education is only making his chances of succeeding more difficult. We must remember the story of the author of numerous books about the West who had never been out West.

A writer should do a considerable amount of reading, as by doing so he improves his mind and gets ideas for material. There is also the benefit gained from studying the work and style of other writers, which will help the writer improve on his own original style.

It is hoped that this brief discussion will result in encouraging aspiring writers to gain experience by writing for The Ukrainian Weekly, as the Ukrainian National Association desires to be helpful where the journalistic inclinations of the readers of the Weekly are concerned.

T. L.

## UYL-NA RALLY (Concluded from page 1)

pert dancing, and good playing by a symphony orchestra which accompanied the first two parts. All in all, it was something that will live long in the memory of those who took part in it and those who witnessed it.

Many names can be mentioned, for this was a genuinely cooperative venture. But space does not permit in this particular issue. Credit must be given here, however, to at least a few, namely pianist Olya Dmytriw, head of the festival committee and truly its "spark-plug"; Mildred Mila-

# UNA Branch Observes Anniversary

On Sunday, June 1st, 1947, Branch 155 of the Ukrainian National Association held its 40th Year Jubilee Celebration at the Church Hall, at 776 State Street, Perth Amboy.

A crowd of 300 people attended the Church ceremonies in honor of the deceased members of the Branch, and thereafter participated in a banquet and dance.

The Church choir commenced the Banquet festivities by singing the Star Spangled Banner and then followed with the Hymn of the Ukrainian National Association.

The dinner was opened by the President of the Branch 155, Mr. John Budnyk. The invocation was delivered by Rev. John Shuchowsky. The toast-master, Mr. P. Shushko, introduced the speakers of the evening, among whom were Supreme President, Nicholas Muraszko; Supreme Advisor

nowicz, its scripts writer; singer Luba Kowalska, who played the leading role in the Vechernitsi; choral and orchestra director Stephen Marusewicz; Michael Terpak, the Kobzar who introduced the scenes; stage director Michael Skorr; dance group director John Flis; costume and make-up man F. Braznick; orchestra leader Joseph Snihur.

Aside from those mentioned above, leading characters, soloists, etc. in the Kozaks' Reply scene were James Gaboda as Otaman Sirko, John Kosbin as the Scribe, and the Kozak High Command consisting of Peter Mikiten, William Chupa, Paul Danyluk, Theodore Shumeyko, Daniel Shumeyko, Anthony Shumeyko, George Koval, and Peter Fedun. Prof. Kirichenko directed the choral number in this scene.

In the Vechernitsi the vocal soloists included Eugene Kruk, Olga Zadorezka, Olya Onyschuk, Mary Bodnar. Dance soloists were Oksana Avramenko, Walter Bacad, and Theodore Shumeyko.

Cover for the fine cover for the program booklet was designed by Walter Russel assisted by Gloria Surmach.

The dances were by the Ukrainian Dancing Society of New York.

John Romanition, and Organizer Anthony Malanchuk. A declamation in Ukrainian was made by Mary Badiak.

Other speakers included H. Micak, M. Zelvak, I. Heleta, H. Babin, D. Fedchishyn, C. Basney and Mrs. A. Kordiak. All of the previous speakers represented various groups in the community and extended their best wishes to Branch 155. J. R.



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1 p. m. Convention dinner...404 Bathurst St.,  
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С. Літос.

## ПО ШЕСТИ РОКАХ

На поляні, між лісами, неначе острів, серед моря, розкинене село...

— Поглянь на карту... Ось тут... Бачиш? Там будемо спочивати по місячних маршах... Це 67 км. звідси. Ти пойдеш туди скоріше, зараз таки. Розглянешся добре в околиці. Намітиш догідні місця до оборони. Це на всякий випадок, тим більше, що червоні нас щораз більше переслідують. А що найважливіше, наладнаеш зв'язок із сотнею „Сірих”, яка повинна ще там таборувати. Ми завтра прибудемо, хіба, що була б перешкода... Розумієш?

— Так е, сотнику!

— Чи маєш ще якісь бажання, або неясності?

— Ні! Все ясне, а бажання моє сповнилось вашим наказом.

— Не розумію тебе, Богдане.

— Це село, до якого мене висилаєте, моє родинне. Там провів я дитячі літа, там живуть мої родичі. Я безмежно вдячний вам і щасливий.

— Це чудесно. Ти знаєш ці околиці. Тим краще. Я тепер вже безпечний за себе. Тоді бувай здоров і з Богом в дорогу, — звернувся сотник, подаючи руку Богданові.

Богдан стиснув її по-воєцьки і в одній хвилині зник за дверми кімнати.

На подвір'ї ждав на нього кінь. Він греб нетерпеливо ногою по зеленій траві. Прочував дорогу. Богдан поклепав його по шиї, підтягнув попруги і скочив у стремена.

Кінь рушив з місця бігом. І хоча темна ніч прислонювала шлях, він ступав сміло і певно, не спотикався. Йому не першина везти вершника в таку ніч.

Довкруги було тихо. Помимо скорости, кінь посувався обережно, не нарушуючи спокою, оминав розкинене шляхом каміння.

А вершник прошивав своїм зором пітьму і думав...

Про що?...

Дві думки переслідували його. Вони взаємно переплітались, чи пак, змінювали. Одна тяглась безконечними маршами, шаліла боями, ясніла осягами перемог. Друга бігла шляхом минувшини, від дитинства до твердого повстанського шляху, і старалася збагнути будуччину, недалеку будуччину, до якої саме спішив.

Ця друга думка брала верх сьогодні над першою настільки, наскільки простір між вершником і його рідним селом зменшувалася.

Рівних шість літ минуло від цієї хвилини, як вирядився в дорогу — снувалася друга думка. Западав сумрак. Попрошав батька й матір і пустився в дорогу. Батько ще задержав:

— Богдане, ти піщом?...

— А як же ж?

— Так не годиться. Коли я жертвую сина, пожертвую ще коня. Зажди, я випроваджу.

Побіг старенький до стайні та вивів молодого.

— Мені вистарчать два старі, а ти візьми цього молодого. Ти ж його виплекав...

Богдан поклепав коня, а цей неначе відгадав його думки, поклав голову.

— Ідь, сину, цей кінь привезе тебе додому...

Це здавалось було таке переконуюче, що він й не відмовлявся.

Від тоді почалась довга мандрівка по цілій Україні.

Волинські ліси вишколювали, Поділля гартувало в боях, Правобережжя доповнило досвід життєвий досвід борця-повстанця. Гоїлась рана. Здалека вже було видно копули св. Софії. Серце

аж рвалося туди. Та прийшов наказ вертатися на західні кордони батьківщини, на Лемківщину. Там виселюють споконвічних мешканців-українців, а заселяють поляками. Вороги України хочуть вирізати кусок тіла матері. Та це їм не вдасться! Сотня за сотнею йдуть повстанці на захист західних кордонів. Не вдалось всюди перешкодити насильству. Та і тут не прийшлося довго сидіти. На зміну прийшли нові сили. Повстанці мусять бути у вічному русі. Вони — кров України. А щоб надати їй життя, кров мусять кружляти.

Так минали хвилини... Їх числили копита коня і серце вершника. Минали поля, гаї, села і більша частина лісу була вже позаду.

Світало...

Ліс шептав вітром свої молитви.

Чи пізнають родичі? А може вже не живуть... Якщо живуть то й так не пізнають. Дві близни змінили дещо обличчя. Одна розтяла брову на дві частини. Друга тяглась прямою лінією від кутка уст по вухо.

Шість літ... Багато часу. Супроти вічності це ніщо, але в житті людини...

Вони напевно думають, що загинув. Інші писали до дому, брали відпустки. Він не хотів. Час відтягає думки розлуки і каже догодитись з долею. А показатись хоч на хвилину — значить пощити нові надії, сподівання, а зараз новий жаль і розлуку.

Сьогодні зовсім щось інше. Не від нього це залежало. І хоч-не-хоч, він мусять відвідати їх.

Ліс рідшав і на невеликій поляні, обабіч потічка, показалося село. Рідне, дороге село. Хатки, кишені недбало поміж деревами, чорніти. Колись їх було більше, але жорстока війна розкинула їх попелом по лісі.

Здержав коня. Хотів здалека любоватись селом. Очі шукали скоро хати, в якій вперше побачили світло дня. Знайшов її. Та сама, лише більше моху крило її кришу. І, мабуть, трохи запахла в землю.

Село не спало. Напроти церкви гуртувались люди. Це повстанці. Є й підводи. Напевно сотня „Сірих” відходить. Кольона виструнчилась і селом понісся спів:

Там горами мандрують „сіроманці”. На плечах кріс, гранати у руках. Батьківщини це вірні повстанці. Виконують провідників наказ.

Богдан шарпнув коня і цей пустився бігом до села. Треба було наладнати зв'язок із сотнею.

— Знаю про це, що ви приходите тут на відпочинок. Зв'язок куреня мене повідомив, — говорив сотенний „Сірих”.

Богдан звернув коня, поволі обїхав кругом села. Намітив гнізда на скорострілі й аж тоді спрямував коня до рідної хати. Коня не треба було спрямовувати, він ще не забув дороги. Відкритими ворітьми зайшов на подвір'я.

Заки що буде, завів коня до стайні. В стайні було пусто. „Кони напевно в роботі, а корови пасуться” — подумав. Скинув сідло, узду. Закинув сина. Всюди нелад, а на подвір'ї найбільший. Соломи повно, неначе під стіжком. Нічого, Старенький батько недомагає. Завтра вже буде порядок. Сам зробить.

На порозі хати стояла молода дівчина та гляділа на нього здивовано.

Богдан просив переходу. Уступилася. Увійшов у хату, а вона за ним. Хатня обстановка май-

## ЗА ЗАЛІЗНОЮ ЗАСЛОНОЮ

(На підставі советських повідомлень).

## ПЛАН РОЗБУДОВИ ГОСПОДАРСТВА В УССР.

Уряд УССР проголосив „державний план побудови та розбудови господарства УССР на 1947 р.” При тій нагоді стверджено, що загальна господарська продукція УССР в 1946 р. збільшилася в порівнянні з 1945 р. на 42%. Посівна площа в 1946 р. збільшилася на 1,600,000 гектарів проти 1945 р. План передбачує дальші завдання в такій черзі: 1. піднесення паливної промисловости (видобуток камяного вугілля й брунатного вугілля має бути подвоєний та потроєний), — 2. збільшення продукції будівельних матеріалів, 3. піднесення продукції товарів текстильної та легкої промисловости та поліпшення їхньої якости, — 4. збільшення збору сільсько-господарських культур та поголівя худоби, а теж збільшення продуктивности худоби, — 5. відбудова 200,000 кв. метрів житлової площі, — 6. збільшення числа шкіл, розбудова театрів, клубів, санітарних заведень тощо.

## КОЛГОСПИ НА БУКОВИНІ.

Київ. — Посилена пропаганда за колгоспами ведеться теж на Буковині, де впродовж січня зорганізовано 10 колгоспів. Уряд приділив їм 4,000 пудів збіжжя на насіння.

Для піднесення в і д а й н о сті праці колгоспників — організують постійні театри, окремі бригади, що мають обслуговувати колгоспи. І так, у Ворошиловоградщині зорганізовано 8 таких концертних бригад, що їздять та співають українські та російські пісні.

## НОВІ ПОКЛАДИ ВУГІЛЛЯ НА ЗАКАРПАТТІ.

Київ. — У районах Іршави та Мукачева викрито нові поклади бурого вугілля.

## ОДЕСА — ТРЕТЄ ПО ВЕЛИЧИНІ МІСТО УКРАЇНИ.

Київ. — По числу населення є Одеса третім щодо величини містом України.

же не змінилася. Але де ж батьки...?

— Де ж господарі хати? — звернувся до дівчини.

— Я тут господарюю.

— Ти...?

Щоки задрижали йому. Капли поту виступили на чоло. Сів на лаву.

— Ви давно тут?

— Вже добігає рік. Я з Лемківщини. Мене переселили тут.

— А де ж поділися попередні господарі?

— Їх вивезли в Сибір. За сина. Він у повстанцях. Коли я довідалася про це, не хотіла тут поселитись. Зовсім щось іншого, коли б вони вже не жили. Але інша думка казала мені таки залишитись тут, щоб зберегти цю хатину до часу, який принесе волю нашій батьківщині. Тоді напевно повернуться вони з Сибіру, а син з армії. Я передам їм хату, а сама повернусь в рідне село, звільнене від поляків.

Коли б я тут не мешкала, цю хатину розтягнули б. Зо мною була ще старенька мати, але, як кажуть: пересаді молоду квітку, то прийметься, а стара — зів'яне. Таке було і з матір'ю, не видержала і місяця.

— Через мене вивезли, — півголосом сказав Богдан. — Та це ніщо. Без жертв не приходиться воля...

— Ви певно син... Це ваша хата...

Так, вгадали. Та моя хата тепер — ліс.

(„Життя в Таборі”).

## ЗБИРАЮТЬ СТАРЕ ЗАЛІЗО.

Київ. — Згідно з пляном нової п'ятирічки, має бути в УССР в 1947 р. збільшена сільсько-господарська продукція на 27%. Партія та уряд роблять усі можливі старання, щоб виконати цього річний плян посіву.

Крім акції за збіркою, чи пак позикою збіжжя на засів, ведеться акція за збиранням запасних частин та знаряддя для МТС і колгоспів, що в них трактори та сільсько-господарські машини не придатні до праці, через брак запасних частин і знадіб'я. Цю акцію доручено перевести — комсомольській молоді. Рівночасно з цим ведеться акція за приєднання селян до колгоспів, або т. зв. земельних громад — (трохи інша форма колгоспу — прим. Ред.). І так, наприклад, у Луцькій області на Волині вислано на села 250 комуністів, що мають переконувати селян про блага колгоспу та про „щасливе життя”. Міністерство сільського господарства дає допомогу у збіжжі на засів, в першу чергу колгоспам.

## РОЗБУДОВУЮТЬ СТАВКИ.

Київ. — 11 мільйонів карбованців видають колгоспи УССР на розбудову ставків. Уряд дав від себе на ту ціль 1 мільон карбованців, — 1,000 кубометрів лісу та 45 тони заліза. Під цю пору є в УССР 10,000 ставків, що займають простір 30,000 гектарів та 95 ріборозплідників з поверхнею 560 гектарів.

## З КУЛЬТУРНОГО ЖИТТЯ.

Київ. — Київський дитячий театр прийняв до постановки нову пєсу „Одинадцять невідомих”. — До річниці жовтневої революції має театр підготувати ще три нові пєси.

У Львівському театрі опери та балету відбулася прем'єра „Лебединого озера”, а в театрі музичної комедії — прем'єра „Майської ночі”.

У Дніпропетровському розпочала весняний сезон нова симфонічна оркестра.

На терені УССР працює під цю пору 156 ВУЗ-ів, що в них навчається 118,000 студентів. ВУЗ-и випускають щороку — 30,000 різних фахівців.

Київська кіностудія працює над виготовленням фільму „Третій удар”, що представляє розгром німців у полудневих областях УССР. В накрученні фільму візьме участь багато частин советської армії. Кручення фільму доручено Савченкові, — що накручував теж фільм „Богдан Хмельницький”.

Хорова капеля „Думка” приготує нову програму, що до неї увійдуть твори советських композиторів, в тому й частина нової опери „За батьківщину” та кантата Штогаренка „Україно моя”.

Інститут української літератури дістав нові автографи Шевченка. Під цю пору в музеї є біля 800 автографів Шевченка.

## ВИВЧАЮТЬ ЖИТТЄПИСИ ЛЕНІНА Й СТАЛІНА.

Київ. — У цілому УССР ведеться пропаганда за вивчення широкими масами — життєписів Леніна й Сталіна. З тією метою потворено гуртки по селах, колгоспах, заводах та школах. Для кращого переведення цього завдання приділено тисячі агітаторів, пропагандистів та багато літератури.

## ЗЕЛЕНЯТЬ ХАРКІВ.

Київ. — Трудящі Харкова мають у вільних від праці хвилинах працювати над озелененням Харкова, тобто садженням дерев та порядкуванням місцевих парків.