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READ IT THIS SUMMER

THE summer doldrums are in the offing, and with them plenty of time to catch up with things—that is those which have been neglected. It occurs to us that a little reading of books and periodicals on Ukraine and Ukrainian culture and literature has been one of the chief neglects of many of our readers. This summer should offer them a good opportunity to make up that neglect.

The books are advertised regularly on these pages. It is impossible that they have escaped the eyes of those who read this weekly. Unfortunately, the reader more than often merely glances at them and that is all.

For a change, why not do something more this time. Read the advertisement, see what it is really about, and then send in the purchase price of the book to the Svoboda bookstore. But don't stop there. Once you get the book, don't merely put it in some prominent place for your friends to see how interested you are in your Ukrainian heritage, but open it up and start reading it. You'll find it far more interesting than you think.

When you go on your vacation, take the book along. In the process of getting that "must" tan—or sunburn, break up the ennui by reading that book.

We suggest one which is very readable, not in the least boring. It's Prof. Clarence A. Manning's "The Story of the Ukraine."

This volume tells that story eloquently. As its publishers (Philosophical Library) write, it is a tragic story of a great people who have

been doomed to suffer for nearly a thousand years every form of oppression and denationalization that the mind of man can think up. With it all, the Ukrainians have clung to their land, traditions and national aspirations. Every time there has been an upheaval in Europe, every time there has been a swing in the pendulum of fate, they have responded to it and have sought to secure the right of being masters of their destiny. World War II was merely another devastating example, exactly as the Kozak wars of the seventeenth century and World War I, the latter which was followed by a brief period of their national independence.

Prof. Manning's Story of Ukraine makes even the casual reader realize something of the problems of Eastern Europe. It is rich in figures of the first rank in every field of human endeavor. It shows clearly that the way to world peace, even in the atomic age, cannot be cleared by unjust and hypothetical compromises but that man, if he is to continue and develop, must remain loyal to principles of the moral law and work at whatever cost for the triumph of justice and right.

Take our advice. Get the book and read it this summer. (Price \$3.75).

"For A Positive Refugee Policy"

Under above heading, America, leading national Catholic weekly review, features as its chief article, in its current June 21 number, a study of the problems of displaced persons written by two members of its staff, Walter Dushnyck, young Ukrainian American, and Father William J. Gibbons.

The article expresses fear that the Soviet Union's march on Western Europe, dramatically exemplified by recent events in Hungary and Bulgaria, places European unrepatriable refugees in a position of added peril. Should communist coups d'etat take place in Austria, Italy or France, Mr. Dushnyck and Rev. Gibbons point out, nothing would stand, between many of them and surrender to the Soviet power which they dread.

Stressing that some UNRRA and other officials charged with the task of caring for the DPs do not realize the gravity of their situation, the authors of the America article urge that everyone engaged in work with the DPs make an effort to understand the crisis that faces them.

"Field workers must be instructed and checked upon to see that abuses resulting from pro-Soviet orientation

do not endanger refugees' rights. Those in policy-making positions in our government should weigh carefully the significance of recent events in central Europe."

Above all an immediate resettlement of the persecuted DPs is vitally needed, the authors conclude.

What Price Repatriation

Exactly what repatriation means, is recounted in the America article in form of an excerpt of a document privately circulated about a Ukrainian girl. She was but fifteen years old when the Germans took her for forced labor in 1942. After the war she voluntarily went back to Dnepropetrovsk to join her family. She writes:

"When I arrived at my native Dnepropetrovsk, I was assigned to kolhosp (collective farm) under strict supervision of a communist foreman... I was treated as if I were a criminal because I had been taken by the Germans... One day, at the instigation of my communist patron, I was taken by a group of eight Soviet soldiers... For two days I was maltreated, molested, raped... I knew then I could no longer live

Behind the Festival Poles Doom Seventeen Ukrainians

Pictured below are two self-effacing young ladies who actually were the "spark-plugs" of the great Ukrainian Music and Dance Festival presented entirely by American-born young people of Ukrainian extraction on Sunday,



Olya Dmytriw

June 1, in conjunction with the UYLANA Rally sponsored by the New York Metropolitan Area Committee.

Miss Dmytriw was the Chairman of the Festival Committee, while Miss Milanowicz was her assistant. The



Millie Milanowicz

former, pianist, concentrated more on the organizational set-up and musical side of the festival, whereas the latter concentrated on script and research work involved in it.

Miss Dmytriw is employed as junior executive at Macy's Department Store in New York, while Miss Milanowicz holds a responsible position at the Ukrainian National Association offices.

Pittsburgh Club Revived

Following a lull in its activities during the war, the University Ukrainian Club of Pittsburgh, Pa. was recently revived and at present has about one hundred members, according to a report submitted to the Weekly by Albert Florian Paslow,

in my native country... The new repatriates met even worse fates than myself. Most of them never saw their families or native villages, but

The Associated Press reported from Warsaw last Friday, June 20, that a Polish military tribunal sentenced on that day seventeen members of the Ukrainian nationalist forces accused of attempting to overthrow the Polish Communist-dominated government.

The Ukrainian patriots, members of UPA (Ukrainian Insurgent Army) were charged also with having made armed attacks on military outposts in southeastern Poland.

UPA was created during the war. A formidable body of patriotic Ukrainians, at first it fought against German forces and then against them and the Soviet forces as well. Its exploits then and since then have been reported extensively in European and American press.

Its ultimate aim is the liberation of Ukraine and the establishment of a free and democratic Ukrainian state.

Thanks UNRRA For Ukraine Aid

An AP report from Moscow last Tuesday, June 17, reported that a Tass dispatch from Kiev quoted V. V. Khomiak, "Russian chief" of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration's supplies department, as having expressed gratitude to the UNRRA mission in Ukraine ending its job on June 30 to its chief, Paul White, for deliveries to Ukraine.

Khomiak complained, however, that much of the aid dispensed to Ukraine "did not come up to the established standard because of the unfair attitude of some American firms."

UNRRA delivered Ukraine 400,000 tons of goods, worth \$170,000,000.

chairman of the club's publicity committee.

The club is of a fraternal nature and composed of graduates as well as undergraduates of the local universities. Among its aims is the cultivation of Ukrainian cultural and social life. Meetings are held on the third Friday of each month, 8:30 P. M., at the YWCA, 405 S. Dithridge street, Oakland, Pittsburgh. Ukrainian visitors are always welcome.

President of the club is Louise Misako. Vice-presidents, Albert F. Paslow and Chester Manasterski. Secretaries, Rosalia Procyk and Alice Kosan Hale. Treasurer, Metro Kulik.

were sent directly to Kazakstan and Siberia... I decided that my fatherland was a living hell in comparison with liberated France."

Our Participation in the Established Ukrainian American Organizations

By JOSEPH LESAWYER

(Talk given at UYL-NA Rally in New York City, Saturday May 31, 1947)

MY subject this morning is concerned with youth participation in the established Ukrainian American organizations. To me this topic, on the surface, presents no problem because I have no doubt whatever that if a survey were made of Ukrainian American life throughout this country it would reveal that our youth are active in all our institutions, and in many instances, from the point of numbers, even dominate them. I would even go a step further and state that the youth as a whole have surpassed their elders in enthusiasm and energy for improving and expanding our organizational life. My answer to the question, "Is our youth participating in the established Ukrainian American organizations?", would be an emphatic "yes". This is as it should be. Our Ukrainian American life would soon cease to exist if this were not so. Youth participation and interest is a must in order to insure a continuity of life for our organizations and institutions.

Situation Unsatisfactory

However, is the situation today a satisfactory one. I think not. While it is true that our youth are interested and are active in our Ukrainian American establishments, it is also true that the youth are conspicuous by their absence from the controlling bodies of these institutions. An analysis of the officers rosters and the board of directors lists only confirms the fact that a very very small percentage of our youth is on them. Such a condition should immediately want to wake one yell "Foul," "we've been robbed," "You can't do that to us," etc. but I am sorry to say that up to the present there has not been nor is there any evident general attempt by the youth to protest: Our youth either individually or collectively do not seem to have the desire at the moment to fight for and assume the role in Ukrainian American organizational life that their numbers entitle them to. This is an astounding state of affairs but it is one that has been brought with some malice aforethought.

Let us for a moment look into the situation. To begin with, the youth have reasons and explanations for the failure to take over more command. They can and do plead that the past war disrupted their lives, separated them from home, and kept them more than busy fighting or working in war plants. During the past year and a half their personal problems were so complicated and adjustment was so different that it was impossible to devote much time to Ukrainian American organizational activities. I believe we all recognize

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that this is a fact and therefore a valid argument.

Next the youth state that while they have been encouraged to take part in all activities, and they have responded willingly, they have not been given the opportunity to share the responsibilities at the council tables. The old folks refuse to give up their power and while paying lip service to the theory of pushing youth to the forefront, in actual practice they fight tooth and nail to maintain and strengthen their own positions and prestige. Our youth sensing this run-around, lose confidence in their elders and therefore shy away from closer contact with them.

Thirdly, the youth take the position, that the assumption of responsibility in our organizations means becoming involved in old feuds. We are all familiar with the type of bickering and petty quarrelling that has stunted Ukrainian American organizational life. We know that it creates nothing but discord and hamstrings progress. Certainly, it is not strange that the youth refuse to become part of such unpleasantness.

Finally there is the undeniable feeling that the old folks are old fashioned, way behind the times, used to doing things in the old country manner and are satisfied with remaining that way.

The Elders' Side

Now let us look at the other side of the picture. What are the arguments of the older folks? Do they have a defense? They most certainly do. They contend that they worked long and hard to build up what they have and they do not intend to see their efforts go to waste through inexperienced and immature management. The youth have not shown the proper interest in the established organizations and they refuse to go through the essential training and serve the required apprenticeship which would make them fit for important positions. The older generation goes on to say that the youth take our institutions lightly and therefore cannot be entrusted with the serious responsibilities that go with control. In addition, a great deal of our organizational work is carried on in the Ukrainian language and the youth as a whole cannot read, write, or even speak the language any too well. And, of course, we are constantly reminded by our elders in a vehement manner that the youth are too strong headed and generally refuse to follow good advice or pay heed to the words of wisdom that are based on hard experience.

That in brief is the case of "The Youth vs. Their Elders" in the battle for control of our established organizations. My using the term "battle" is definitely an exaggeration because in reality the youth have not made a fight of it. However, whether or not there is any fighting, the stakes are and will remain high. The importance and the tremendous value of our Ukrainian American organizations and institutions cannot be underestimated. For instance, we have hundreds and hundreds of churches and church homes representing a fabulous investment in money, sweat, and almost inhuman toil. Our mothers and fathers love their religion and their churches and

have spared nothing and permitted nothing to stand in their way in developing and building these institutions the best way they have known how.

Our fraternal organizations, which were originally incorporated along very modest and simple lines, have grown up to a point where they are the envy of private concerns. They are well founded, well managed, and operated on the soundest financial principles. These institutions, have served our people well and are a credit to our fathers and to our country. They were important purchasers of war bonds during the past war and served as spearheads for encouraging individual purchases by all the members. These organizations fostered local fraternal groups which in turn have grown into vital elements of their respective communities. Money of these local clubs has been invested heavily in national homes and recreational facilities and they have become the center of local Ukrainian American life. Their importance is recognized in the political life of such localities and they are given due consideration.

You all can readily see that our organizations cannot be passed off lightly. Yet it is also true that under the glare of modernism and comparison with big business our institutions seem puny, very old fashioned, and unimportant. Our churches too often are poorly located, inadequately equipped and inefficiently operated. Our fraternal organizations are limping along under the burden of outlived practices and definitely are not going ahead as fast as they should. Some of our national homes are neglected, dirty, and unpleasant.

A Challenge

All in all, there unquestionably is much room for improvement and sufficient cause for discouragement on the part of our youth. However, I take the stand that this condition is and should be recognized as only a challenge to youth. What we see today is the result of burning sweat and ceaseless labor. Personally, I am amazed that so much has been accomplished from such a humble beginning.

Our fathers came to this country some 35 to 45 years ago with nothing but their bare hands and unbowed heads to start with. In a foreign friendless land they nevertheless faced it boldly and asked for no favor. No job was too tough and no risk too great for them to undertake. They drove their powerful and sturdy bodies beyond normal endurance and racked their hopeful brains day in and day out for ways and means to better the lives of their children and to set up a community life that they and their children could enjoy.



Joseph Lesawyer

We have already covered their accomplishments and their shortcomings. If they have failed in any sense, it was only because the goal was beyond their limits. The youth today is not handicapped by such limitations and, in my opinion, if we are to accomplish in proportion only half of what our folks have done, we have a long way to go.

Ladies and Gentlemen, in summarizing, permit me to say this. Our Ukrainian American organizations, their shortcomings notwithstanding, are well-founded, well-established, and play an important part in the life of the average Ukrainian American and the community in which he lives. These institutions are a credit to our American way of life. They will continue to be. More important, they can be improved and enlarged so that they will be of more service to both ourselves and our neighbors. Ukrainian American youth has within itself the power to take up the tools and equipment that have been fashioned by and are still under the control of our elders and go ahead to greater heights. Our only obstacle is our own inertia.

May I at this time say a word to our fathers and mothers. All your fine work and your wonderful institutions are in jeopardy and will disintegrate unless the youth becomes vitally interested in taking them over. Your responsibility for passing these institutions on into competent hands so that they may survive is as great if not greater than was your task in founding them. Young men and women must be put into positions where they can be trained to eventually take over control. This is an absolute policy that must be inaugurated without delay. Unless this step is taken, I fear that the youths' accession to control will be a handing down rather than a stepping up process. If this happens it would indeed be a sad commentary upon both our youth and our elders for it would clearly indicate a lack of ambition on the part of the former and a lack of planning on the part of the latter. It is not yet too late to avoid this. Let us all act accordingly.

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On Records - - by Ted Victor

BRAHMS, JOHANNES

FOR some reason many people insist that the music of Johannes Brahms can only be appreciated by the music lover after he has reached a certain peak of listening ability. Perhaps it is so, but the more I listen to the music of Brahms the more I find myself disagreeing with that particular theory. True, it would be next to impossible for any person without any idea of music whatsoever to fall under the spell of some of Brahms' more difficult chamber works, songs, and other compositions. But I do contend that with a certain amount of proper guidance any one that likes good music will in a very short time become a Brahms' fan. Of course it is not going to occur in one spinning of the platter. On the contrary you may have to listen to it quite a few times before you begin to appreciate all of the beauty found in the music of Brahms.

You may wonder just why the music of Brahms is so distinctive from the music of other composers. First, it must be noted that Brahms was a perfectionist when it came to composing. Each composition was the result of hours, of days, of nights and even months of toil. It is indeed difficult to believe that a living man, with a heart and soul composed this music. And yet we know that even near perfection can only be attained by passing beyond these earthly bounds. Secondly, Brahms knew his tools and could use them to their best advantage. Without a doubt he remains to this day one of the greatest masters of the orchestra. Along with the above mentioned abilities there is his remarkable talent for composing melodies. When you realize all of these talents of Brahms and his music I know you will admit that it is worth listening to. And once you do settle down to listen to Brahms you too will admit that it isn't half as difficult as some people would have you believe it is.

There is a great amount of recorded Brahms' music. I shall not attempt to cover any of the really well known compositions such as his symphonies, concertos, or his famous Hungarian dances. Rather I shall limit myself to a few works that are not as well known.

Variations On A Theme. By Haydn for Orchestra. Victor No. DM-355. Toscanini conducting the New York Philharmonic.

Song of Destiny. Bruno Walter conducting the New York Philharmonic and the Westminster Choir. Columbia No. XMX-223.

I chose the above two compositions to begin with because they are not too lengthy and because they give the listener an example of Brahms at his usual best. Also the price of either album is quite reasonable. It should be about two fifty each. Both recordings are excellent in all respects.

The Brahms Son Society Album (Vol. 2). Victor No. M-751. Sung by Alexander Kipnis with E. V. Wolff at the piano.

This album is a collection of the famous lieder songs as composed by Brahms to text written by a number of German writers. It was difficult to choose between the album made by Lotte Lehmann for Columbia and this one by Kipnis for Victor. However after listening to both a few times Kipnis' magnificent bass voice won me over. The songs concern a variety of sub-

jects. For example: "In Silent Night, My Lassie Has Rosy Lips, On the Way My Sweetheart, In Lonely Forest, The Deserter, My Love Is Green, The Wanderer." Since most of us enjoy our own type folksongs, I know that these songs will be a source of listening pleasure for you.

Die Mainacht (The May Night)
Die Nussbaum (The Nut Tree) Sung by Marian Anderson. Victor No. 14610.

UKRAINIAN RECORD OF THE WEEK

Cossack Dance from Mazeppa. By Tchaikovsky. Performed by Hamilton Harty and Halle Symphony Orchestra. Columbia No. 9076M.

Trivia - - - By Sophia

NOW that the summer solstice has once again rolled around, a person's fancy turns to thoughts of vacation and such; thoughts of getting away from the monotonous, humdrum existence of everyday life and its boring routine. Everybody and his uncle plans for his vacation, weeks, and even months in advance, though it may be only a trip to the old home town. The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence, and vacations work both ways, the rural dweller counting on a trip to big city, and the city slicker depending on a rest cure in the country. Because the large majority of the country's inhabitants are urban dwellers, we'll consider them first.

Everybody talks about the frustrated business girl, who spends fifty weeks a year bent over a typewriter, waiting for the two summer weeks in which she may release the energy she saves on her grueling job. The only thing that keeps her going through the year is the expectation of good times at a resort, and perhaps—who knows?—she may even acquire an elusive male at the same time. And so she slaves on, nine to five every day, socking away two-fifty every payday towards the Happy Day when she leaves for her vacation. Poor girl. Will she never learn? Each year she goes through the same ritual of working and saving all year long, and then the only thing she gets out of her two weeks' stay at the resort is a sunburn. She returns home none the wiser for the experience, figuring to herself, "Oh, well... Maybe next year!"

But she's only fooling herself, 'cause even though she may count on "next year," the eligible and elusive men have other plans. Why, which hard working bachelor goes away to resort with the intention of finding himself a poor working girl? Our slick loud-shirt-and-slacks set of men is out hunting for bigger game, usually rich widows, or better yet, young heiresses. Never stopping to think that the wealthy should have no trouble in finding company for themselves, the young and eager hunters are readily snared by a shrewd woman who's led to believe that the young man owns a bank or two, or maybe more. In the end, when each discovers that the other is a pauper, the fun really begins. But let's just talk about vacations, nothing else.

Another kind of vacation is the bargain type, where, for the paltry sum of two thousand dollars, you can rent a bungalow to accommodate

TEN of our Ukrainian American boys and girls graduated the other day from the local high school! Ten potential lawyers, doctors, priests, teachers, nurses, and other professionals, not counting technicians and engineers!

This is not sarcasm at all. This is serious, because the Ukrainians must furnish the brains as well as the brawn if they expect to keep abreast of other nationality groups in their community. The significance of the number graduating is further emphasized when we consider that there were more than seven hundred graduates in the whole city.

The cheerful side of this situation

lies in the fact that ten years ago there were less than half of the present number graduating from high school. And going farther back, say twenty years ago, there were none at all. There was, then, an occasional graduate over a number of years, so that we would need to resort to averages, giving a fraction of a graduate to each year. Having now reached an all time high of ten, there is hope that the number of graduates will increase in the future, and that is something to be cheerful about.

Someone will now probably ask, which town is being put on the spot. The name of the town does not matter. What matters is the fact that Ukrainians have settled in this town fifty years ago, and that after half of a century they have so little of progress to show. In fifty years they produced a lawyer, a physician, and a dentist,—and all three would starve to death if they had to depend on Ukrainians for their income. If the reader's home town stands on higher level—well and good, and no harm is done. If not, then some good may come out of bringing our shortcomings to light.

In the early days of Ukrainian settlements in America there were few families and few children. Some of the ambitious single men, who were excluded from the old country universities by quota rules, managed to squeeze in a college education in America while working for living. We recognize them now as self-made men. But the children of most immigrants were sent to work at the age of 14, because the money value was high and the child's pittance came in very handy.

The results of this parsimony are now apparent. There are no Ukrainians holding public offices in the city hall or the courthouse. There are none holding hiring positions in factories or plants, and there is not a Ukrainian foreman in the mines where most of the old-timers had their start. Let a Ukrainian search for a job or get tangled up in any kind of trouble, and he will have to run a gauntlet of officials that belong to other nationalities.

The sentiment to send children to work at 14 ended more than a decade ago. Not only did the state move up the working age of children, but the parents too had a change of heart, and the parents who compel their children to go to work instead of to school are now an exception rather than a rule. Along with this there were more scholarships offered as an inducement to higher education. But the Ukrainian American youth was not affected by these changes. The prospects of immediate enjoyment of low wages seem to have greater appeal than the remote rewards of college education. Only when the years have passed and it is too late to mend do many of them realize the error they have made.

Then let us not blame the parents entirely for children's lack of ambition. Let us rather be thankful to them for bring us to life in the land of freedom instead of in their native land of terror and of persecution. Let us appreciate America, which offers opportunities for education and a chance for self-improvement. And—couldn't we pound ambition into our own children, since we ought to know better than they what is good for them?

THE STORY of the UKRAINE

By

CLARENCE A. MANNING

Assistant professor of Eastern European Languages
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

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PRICE \$3.75

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Lesya Ukrainka's Youthful Years

Freely translated and adapted from Hlib Lazarevsky

By PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

VIII

"On Wings of Song"

LESYA returned to Kolodyazhne to spend the winter there. She found that her own little room had been completely redecorated in pink. Olha Petrivna had done this purposely, thinking it might help to maintain her daughter in an optimistic frame of mind. The pain in Lesya's ankle was considerably less, but considering that she could walk only in a brace and with the help of a cane she was really in good spirits, bright, cheerful, and undaunted.

She eagerly engaged in transcribing words and tunes of the local ritual folk songs. Peasant girls of her acquaintance came to see her and she, sitting at the piano, noted down the words and melodies they sang for her. In later years she used some of these in her masterpiece, the fairy drama "Forest Song." In four months' time Lesya managed to write down on paper more than a hundred and fifty such songs which had never before been transcribed. These she sent to her uncle, but meanwhile she did not neglect her other literary work.

One incident occurred soon after her home-coming. Olha Petrivna had a group picture of the family taken by a travelling photographer. Naturally, she sent a copy of the photograph to Sofia right away, but without Lesya's knowledge. For once, Lesya became really angry when she learned of it. She declared she didn't wish her uncle to see her as she appeared in the picture, with her hair still short and ragged—"like stubble," she said. Her hair had not as yet grown out after having been cropped close during her recent attack of typhoid fever. She told her mother that a picture like that belonged in a collection of monstrosities. "It makes me look like Robespierre," she complained. Her mother, however, managed to appease her by saying that the figure in the group picture really bore little resemblance to Lesya herself and none at all to Robespierre.

While sitting home and working, Lesya never ceased weaving plans for a future, but for the time being, very improbable visit to Sofia. She wrote to her uncle, "I vow I really don't know just now whether I am in the body at Kolodyazhne or absent in the spirit at Sofia. Both you and yours, Uncle, are not mythical or fabulous persons to me. I have a sharp recollection of you and Auntie and Lyda although I was only six years old when I last saw you. I have a very good memory for faces and places I saw when a little child. I am very glad to know that you are improving, Uncle, but in this connection I often think of those legends where one person takes over the troubles and sicknesses of another. I'm sorry it only happens in fairy tales."

From here letters to her uncle and her brother, as well as from recorded conversations with her mother, it is evident that Lesya took a lively interest in the contemporary state of Ukrainian poetry. In her opinion the poets of the time were too little concerned with the technical side of the poetic art. The majority, she thought, seemed to think that provided the content of their work was patriotic, form was a matter of comparative indifference. She considered

that Ukrainian poets should be forbidden to write on such themes until they had studied the technique of versification in line with Western models. Lesya agreed that her own poetry contained perhaps too little of outspoken nationalistic propaganda, but she was following her own line of inspiration. She didn't mind being criticized, she said; that was better than being overpraised, otherwise she might become confused in her aims. The years that have passed demonstrate that Lesya's instincts were sound and that her critics were hopelessly wrong in their estimates.

As the days grew longer, the sun warmer and the skies bluer, Lesya felt an imperious desire to travel somewhere, to change location. She often remarked that had it not been for the state of her health, she would have made an ideal explorer. By degrees the woods and orchards clothed themselves in splendid green garments and through their foliage could be heard the chirping and twittering and full-throated singing of the birds. The young rye was already swaying and billowing in the breeze. Lesya wrote:

The nightingale's song in the spring!
Through groves, o'er lovely flowers
it swells.

Yet I cannot endure to hear
The song; and all the lovely flowers
Of charming spring are not for me.
I do not see spring's paradise.
The only songs and flowers for me
Are those I hear and see in dreams,
Like some strange fairy tale of old.

The heat of the Polysian summer did Lesya good; it strengthened her so much that she could even walk alone to the brook—about 300 yards from the house—without help and that even twice a day. She spent the whole day playing in the woods or the orchard with the children, returning home only at nightfall. Sometimes she would then sit down at the piano and the house at Kolodyazhne would be filled with the strains of Chopin and Tchaikovsky—Lesya's favorite composers.

"I do absolutely nothing," she complained to her uncle, immediately adding, however, "I am not naturally lazy. I am idle only when this abominable physique of mine demands it." Then Lesya dwelt on the thought, whether her parents had done well by not sending her to school. She came to the conclusion that they had done right in not spoiling the receptiveness of her formative years by subjecting it to the typical girls' boarding-school education; it might not have entirely crippled her special aptitudes, but in any case it would have handicapped her. There was one good thing, however, she thought, about such a type of education: it educates a child in meeting and getting along in company and provides companionship... And Lesya recalled that she had always missed the regular company of those of her own age while growing up.

On one occasion she was greatly delighted to receive a large package of her uncle's latest works. She wrote "It seems to me, that of all those who are writing in Ukrainian, you, dear Uncle, are the only one who knows how to write in a simple, popular style without any obscurity of ideas or language." This is worth noting to show her interest in the use of Ukrainian as a literary medi-

um, for this was one of her great aims as a patriotic worker.

The hot summer swiftly passed and the gold and crimson autumn came on. Lesya made no preparations for going anywhere, for she had decided to spend the winter at Kolodyazhne. She had plenty to do. It was high time for her sister Lila's education to be taken seriously in hand and Lesya was the one to do it. The twenty-one-year old girl, with the advice of her uncle, composed by herself the necessary manuals of history and geography for her sister's use. Lesya also taught Oksana, who had good hands and an ear for music, how to play the piano and to sing. And, as if this were not enough, Lesya began to study drawing and painting by herself, an art in which she made considerable progress.

By now the trees in the Volhynian forest were leafless and bare; the skies were continually overcast and the air was always filled with drizzling rain—the damp Polysian winter had arrived. But it was warm and cosy in the Kolodyazhne house where the old grandfather's clock steadily kept up its rhythmical ticking. Thinking over what her uncle had said about her poetry, Lesya wrote to him: "I realize that I am still a young stupid, for I am very often fascinated by ideas which have nothing to do with social conditions or patriotic themes. But I have to work on them and find expression for them on paper, for they are my very own ideas, and struggle to come to birth and see the light of this world." But was she really "a young stupid" as she said? She realized it better later when she said, "The Muse must never do what it should, but only what it yearns to do."

Christmas time was rather gloomy, for Olha Petrivna and Mysha had gone to visit the Sudovshchikovas who were living in their country home on the steppe west of the Dnieper. Therefore at Kolodyazhne Lesya trimmed two Christmas trees, one for the holiday itself in the home, the other for her mother to see when she returned.

However, imperceptibly spring rolled round again—the twenty-second spring of Lesya's life. The snow had long since disappeared, the air was balmy, the doors already stood wide open, and in the garden Lila was grubbing about like a chicken, planting and transplanting... Already one could stay in the open air without a cloak on. Leaning against the veranda, her face uplifted toward the sky, Lesya followed the movement of the isolated white clouds as they drifted in the fathomless abyss of blue overhead. It seemed to the girl that while all here brothers and sisters were eagerly busied with the earth beneath their feet, she alone, somehow preferred to seek the heights above, to mingle with the clouds as they drifted, and her enterprising maiden imagination soared still higher than that... "Someone ought to clip the wings of my imagination, for it is often so chimerical, so fantastic, it almost addles my brain, so that I don't seem to be very sensible after all. I'm afraid that some time or other they will singe themselves, these fantastical pinions of mine."

But the year 1893 was signalized by the fact that Lesya's first volume of original poems was published, with the title so characteristic of the author, "On Wings of Song." The first poem in the book was dedicated to Uncle Mykhalyo. However, there was quite a little delay after the date of publication before she was destined to enjoy what for every author is the most marvellous fragrance in the

world—the smell of printer's ink on the pages of one's first published work. The book in its grey-blue cover came from Lviv, where it was published, into Lesya's hands two months after it first saw the light, and it took still a little longer before Uncle Mykhalyo in Sofia received a copy also.

He wrote to his niece. "I just received a package of books from Galicia and among them I found your translation of Heine. Meanwhile I have learned that a volume of your original poems has been published in Lviv. I positively must see it. Your versions of Heine read very well. There have been a good many translations of him, but the one thing I miss in all them is a reproduction of Heine's peculiar savage, biting irony—but then I suppose the reason is that the translators were all good, kindly people... I fancy I can see you now, sitting up in the apple tree and crying: 'Here I am—up in the tree!' and now, lo and behold! you are already up on Pegasus."

In May, 1893, Lesya and Lila went to Hadyache to visit their grandmother, Yelysaveta Ivanivna, where they were soon joined by their mother and the children. Yelysaveta Ivanivna, notwithstanding her seventy-five years was still in good health and able to manage her household affairs very capably. She had a faithful helper in sixty-year-old Lysaveta, who had been with her as cook for over forty years. Neither of the old women could imagine life without the other, yet each always maintained a somewhat critical attitude towards the other's doings. Just then Yelysaveta Ivanivna had read in a newspaper that it was harmful to the health of the human inmates to keep cats in a house. She was so impressed by the information that she immediately called Lysaveta and solemnly instructed her that from now on there were to be no cats in her house, giving a detailed exposition of the reasons why.

Lysaveta, standing in her usual position in the doorway leading into the dining room, dryly observed that they had kept cats in the house all their lives, that both of them couldn't be in better health, and that there was no sickness to be caught from cats. Then, with a sarcastic smile, she turned round and went back into her kitchen.

However, a sleek tortoise-shell cat not only continued to live in Lysaveta's kitchen, but almost every day it showed up in the dining room or parlour and even took naps on the furniture there. Yelysaveta Ivanivna, of course, could not help but notice it, but all she did was to make contemptuous references to "Lysaveta's cat," emphasizing thereby Lysaveta's supposed exclusive ownership of the cat together with the cook's insubordination, and her own complete disavowal from the animal in question. The feud was going on when the Kosaches arrived. The next morning after Olha Petrivna and the children had come and while Lysaveta was present, Yelysaveta Ivanivna cried out: "Don't let Isydora drink milk out of that cup! Lysaveta's cat has been near it." In the evening when all the family was gathering in the parlor, with its old-fashioned furniture, a roomy, solid sofa with maplewood back, very heavy padded armchairs, a circular table on which stood a fine old porcelain tea service, and a tall clock with roses painted on its dial, Yelysaveta Ivanivna began to call; "Lysaveta, Lysaveta!"

(To be continued)

Text of Brief Submitted by Ukrainian Canadian Committee to Canadian Senate's Standing Committee on Immigration and Labour, June, 1947

ON the 29th day of May, 1946, the Ukrainian Canadian Committee presented to the Standing Committee of the Senate of Canada on Immigration and Labour a brief, which though of a general character, was nevertheless fairly exhaustive and all-embracing. (See Hansard No. 2 of Wednesday, 29th May, 1946).

Considering that the question of immigration to Canada still is and shall remain for many years to come to be of paramount importance to all Canadians; and that your Committee is continuing its labours in gathering facts and deliberating on such facts in regard to this all-important question of immigration, our Committee takes this further opportunity of supplementing its former brief by additional facts, based mostly on statistics taken from the 1941 census for the whole Dominion of Canada, and is inviting your Committee and those who are charged with the duty of formulating the immigration policy for Canada to draw their own conclusions from such facts and statistics.

(1) There is no need to elaborate the fact that

- (a) Canada is possessed of of great spaces and wealth in natural resources;
- (b) that we are occupying a favourable position in the world markets;
- (c) that we are enjoying a comparatively high standard of civilization, a sound form of government, stable institutions and traditions, in common with the Anglo-Saxon world; and lastly, but not of the least importance;
- (d) that we have unity of our peoples.

In this regard it is interesting to have a complete picture of Canada's population according to racial origin.

The 1941 census places the population of Canada at 11,506,655.

NUMERICAL IMPORTANCE

The breakdown of this population in the standing order of numerical importance with percentages to the total population is as follows:

Racial Origin	Population	Percentage
French	3,483,038	30.27
English	2,968,402	25.80
Scottish	1,403,974	12.20
Irish	1,267,702	11.02
German	464,682	4.04
Ukrainian	305,929	2.66
Scandinavian	244,603	2.13
Netherland	212,863	1.85
Jewish	170,241	1.48
Polish	167,485	1.45
Indian and Eskimo	125,521	1.09
Italian	112,625	0.98
Russian	83,708	0.73
Hungarian	54,598	0.47
Czech and Slovak	42,912	0.37
Finnish	41,683	0.36
Austrian	37,715	0.33
Chinese	34,627	0.30
Belgian	29,711	0.26
Roumanian	24,689	0.21
Japanese	23,149	0.20
Other British Isles Races	75,826	0.66
Other European Races	50,482	0.44
Other Asiatic Races	16,288	0.14
All others	58,927	0.51
Not stated	5,275	0.05
Total	11,506,655	100.00

It is evident that the French come first in numerical importance, the English second, the Scottish third, the Irish fourth, the Germans fifth, and the Ukrainians come sixth with a population of 305,929 which represents 2.66% of the total Canadian population. When all the British Isles races are taken together, they have the greatest population, the French come second, German third, and the Ukrainians rank fourth.

Of all the Slavic races in Canada the Ukrainians are numerically the greatest. Their population is also greater than the combined populations of the Austrians, Belgians, Bulgarians, Czechs, Slovaks, Finns, Greeks, Hungarians, Icelanders, Lithuanians, Roumanians and Yugoslavs. It is also greater than that of the Russians, Poles and the Danes put together.

We have gone through two World Wars within the last twenty-five years and during the last war Canada's strength and unity withstood an unusually severe test.

Our men and women, the descendants of warring nations, lived to-

gether in Canadian cities, settlements and hamlets without any untoward incident while their sons and daughters fought side by side in the Canadian armed forces.

We can safely plan the future of Canada on the solid fact that though her citizens are descended from very many racial origins, we are united because of the very fact that our citizens came here from various lands in search of liberty and equal opportunities and sought refuge from oppression, discrimination, fear and uncertainty.

Considering the question of immigration for Canada, it would be advisable first of all to take stock of our past experience and experiment in giving refuge in Canada to immigrants of various racial origins.

A thorough analysis of the figures of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics was intended to, and will serve the very purpose. In our submission we are chiefly concerned with the Canadian citizens of Ukrainian origin, and we wish to give a true picture of the value and importance of this

Youth and the U.N.A.

GOOD INSURANCE AT LOW COST

The Ukrainian National Association, Inc., a fraternal benefit society, has 47,000 members. The organization has set its goal at 50,000 members and is launching a membership campaign on a national scale to achieve this result.

One of the main reasons why the U.N.A. has grown to be the largest Ukrainian institution of its kind in the United States is because it offers many privileges and benefits with the insurance. It has proven itself to be an organization with the interests of its members foremost in mind at all times.

We stressed the point that the U. N. A. offers good insurance at low cost. The reader can prove this to himself by comparing U.N.A. rates with the rates of ordinary commercial life insurance companies. All adult U.N.A. insurance certificates (policies) provide for cash surrender, paid up insurance, and extended insurance after three years. Males may apply for insurance in amounts ranging from \$500 to \$3,000, females from \$500 to \$1,500.

The U.N.A. issues four types of adult insurance, which will be described. All rates pertain to \$500 certificates; to get rates for \$1,000 certificates, simply double the figures given; for \$1,500 triple the figures, and so on. The figures in parenthesis are annual rates. Compare the rates with the rates of other companies.

Class W: Whole Life.

Dues are payable throughout the member's life; his beneficiaries receive the benefit upon his death. For a \$500 certificate the dues are \$.68 monthly at age 16 (\$7.60 annually); \$.79 at age 23 (\$8.88); \$.97 at age 31 (\$10.97); \$1.26 at age 39 (\$14.18); \$1.71 at age 47 (\$19.34.); \$2.47 at age 55 (\$27.85).

Class O: Whole Life, Premiums Ceasing at Age 70.

Dues are payable until the member becomes 70 years old, after which he remains insured; the benefit is payable on death. The monthly dues are \$.74 at age 16 (\$8.34); \$.87 at age 23 (\$9.75); \$1.08 at age 31 (\$12.17); \$1.42 at age 39 (\$16.06); \$2.03 at age 47 (\$22.89); \$2.38 at age 50 (\$26.86).

Class P: Twenty-Payment Life.

Dues are payable for twenty years, after which the member remains insured. The monthly dues are \$1.10 at age 16 (\$12.47); \$1.24 at age 23

(\$13.93); \$1.44 at age 31 (\$16.19); \$1.72 at age 39 (\$19.36); \$2.14 at age 47 (\$24.11); \$2.82 at age 55 (\$31.81).

Class E: Twenty-Year Endowment.

Dues are payable for twenty years, after which the face value is paid to the member. The benefit is payable should death occur prior to the maturity of the certificate. The monthly dues are \$2.05 at age 16 (\$23.08); \$2.07 at age 23 (\$23.37); \$2.11 at age 31 (\$23.86); \$2.20 at age 39 (\$24.88); \$2.41 at age 47 (\$27.22); \$2.88 at age 55 (\$32.55).

In addition to monthly and annual rates, the U.N.A. has quarterly and semi-annual rates. Further information regarding the adult forms of life insurance issued by the Ukrainian National Association will be given on request by the Main Office, 83 Grand St., Jersey City 3, N. J.

U.N.A. members have the privilege of subscribing to the Svoboda for only \$.30 a month of \$3.60 a year, less than one cent a day. Male members pay the small fee when they pay their insurance dues, while female members make arrangements directly with the offices of the Svoboda. American-born and illiterate members need not subscribe to the Svoboda unless they desire to do so. The Ukrainian Weekly is available to members for only \$1 a year.

Every adult member of the Ukrainian National Association pays fifteen cents monthly in addition to his insurance dues. The rates given above cover the assessment for the insurance alone. Of this monthly contribution of fifteen cents, eight cents goes toward the Indigent Fund, which entitles the member to the right to receive benefits in the event of permanent disability or chronic incurable illness. Five cents goes toward the Convention Fund, with which the U.N.A. meets the expenses incurred in holding its quadrennial conventions; the member is entitled to represent his branch at a convention if the members of the branch elect him as their delegate; a delegate may try for a U.N.A. office at the convention. Two cents goes toward the National Fund, which is used for the cultural, moral, and civic development of U.N.A. members, and also to aid suffering Ukrainians wherever they may be.

U.N.A. members receive dividends after two years of membership. Double indemnity insurance is available with only a slight increase in

(Concluded on page 6)

group as a component part of this great Dominion.

We intend to deal exclusively with figures taken from the 1941 cen-

sus for the Dominion of Canada. These statisticals follow.

The Ukrainian population, according to provinces, as compared with the total population, is as follows:

	Total Canadian Population	Ukrainian Population		Total
		Male	Female	
Prince Edward Island	95,047	—	2	2
Nova Scotia	577,962	403	308	711
New Brunswick	457,401	14	8	22
Quebec	3,331,882	4,438	3,568	8,006
Ontario	3,767,655	26,766	21,392	48,158
Manitoba	729,744	46,862	42,900	89,762
Saskatchewan	895,992	42,159	37,618	79,777
Alberta	796,169	37,849	34,019	71,868
British Columbia	817,861	4,058	3,505	7,563
Yukon and N.W.T.	16,942	51	9	60
CANADA	11,506,655	162,600	143,329	305,929

Of the total Ukrainian population in Canada 78.9% inhabit the three Prairie Provinces, where most of

those reported gainfully occupied are found in agriculture.

(To be continued)

IN QUEST OF HIS SISTER

(ZA SESTROYU)
(A Story for Young Folks)
By ANDREW CHAIKIVSKY
(Freely translated by S. S.)

SITUATED on the right bank of the Samara River, about ten miles from the Dnieper, there once lay a Ukrainian village known as Spasivka. It would be useless to search for it today, for it has long disappeared. Nothing remains on its site now except grass, weeds and wildflowers.

Then, however, it was a typical Ukrainian village of that period: small wooden or clay houses thatched with straw.

They stood in an even row, with their windows facing south, surrounded by gardens and orchards. In the center of the village was a great square, the "maydan," in the middle of which stood a small wooden church and besides it a humble rectory.

There was not the least sign of wealth about the village. Everyone built himself a hut merely as a protection against the icy cold of the winter and the burning, dry heat of the summer. That was all. No one even dreamed of making his home a trifle more pretentious, for no one knew what tomorrow would bring. These were the times of the terrible Tartar invasions.

In those dangerous days the people in Ukraine picked out those sites for their settlements which seemed most likely to give the best protection against the enemy, and which offered the best means of gaining a livelihood: usually by some river or stream, or near a forest or reeds, where one could hide himself and his family during the attack and thus escape Tartar captivity, or death itself.

The site of Spasivka had been picked out with that very object in view, near thorny thickets, and not far from the Dnieper, where great forests grew, from which could be obtained the necessary lumber for building.

One of the first tasks of the builders of this village was to chop a series of winding pathways through the thorny thickets, and in the most inaccessible places dig holes where in time of emergency their valuables could be quickly and safely buried.

After having laid out the boundaries of their proposed village they then parcelled out the land amongst themselves. The next task was to erect a strong palisade around their settlement, with gates at either end. And only after the completion of the palisade did they first begin building their dwelling places. The entire work lasted several years, before the village was finally set up.

The original settlers of Spasivka had come from the left (eastern) bank of the Dnieper, retreating before the Tartar advance. And because they had reached this spot on "Spas"¹ they had therefore named it Spasivka.

At the time when our story begins, Spasivka was already an old village. This was evident from the old, green-mould encovered straw thatched roofs, the well beaten roads, the old church, and the quite sizable cemetery with its wooden, blackened crosses. Speaking eloquently of the age of the village were the thorny thickets which by now had grown up to the very palisade. They were a particularly gladsome sight for the

villagers, for they formed a splendid defence against attack, equal to that of the palisade itself.

Here in this palisade-enclosed village the Spasivka dwellers lived like in some fortress. Being descendants of the Kozaks they well appreciated the Tartar danger, and took all possible precautions against the same. Every night they mounted guards at each of the two gates to prevent any surprise attack.

In addition they had agreed with neighboring villages to have ready at all times barrels filled with tar, which in event of danger were to be fired immediately, thus giving warning to other villages.

All of these defense measures were the result of the wisdom and experience of a Kozak who had settled here with the original settlers. But although old Okhrym, that was his name, was dead and buried long ago, yet the villagers, realizing the serious necessity, had faithfully followed his policies at all times.

And yet, somehow or other, the inhabitants of Spasivka up to this time had managed to live in peace and quiet. Whether this was because their village did not lie in the path of the Tartar invasions, or because of some other reason, suffice it to say that as yet no Tartar attack had thrown into turmoil their peaceful existence. The villagers lived in security, tilled the soil, grazed their cattle and horses, tended their apiaries (known throughout the breadth of the Dnieper lands for the most delicious honey they produced), and cultivated their beautiful orchards. And here in Spasivka there lived a famous Kozak clan—the Sudaky.

This clan gloried in the fact that throughout the generations there had never been one among them who had not been a member of that famous knightly, warrior organization known as the Zaporozhian Sich, whose center lay below the rapids of the Dnieper river. From this very fact we can easily deduce that the membership of this clan at the present time was not very great; for service in the Sich took its toll, whether it be in the form of death on the battlefield or captivity in the Tartar and Turkish dungeons.

But because of this very fact, the fewness of them, those who managed to survive, waxed richer and richer, more so than any other family in the village.

The Sudak family, at the time of the opening of this story, consisted of the following members: "dyid"² Andriy, 70 years of age, his son Stephen, the latter's wife Parashka, and their three children, Petro, Pavlo and Hannah.

Petro, the oldest, was not home then. He had gone to the Zaporozhe. Pavlo, the younger brother, was 15 years of age, while his greatly beloved sister, Hannah, was 13. Up to this time their parents had to take care of all the household tasks, while "dyid" Andriy kept an eye on the bee hives, and took care of the children. Being a valiant Kozak himself in his younger days, he considered it his sacred duty to teach Pavlo all that he knew of the Kozak occupation, which was a great deal.

He taught Pavlo how to ride the

horse, with or without the saddle, to throw the spear or lance, to lasso with a rope, shoot with a musket or pistol, and to handle that beloved Kozak weapon, the "shablya," sabre. When they were not exercising, he would recount to Pavlo all about the Zaporozhe, Kozak life, and of the many adventures of his own exciting life.

The children hung breathlessly on to these stories, while Pavlo often dreamed of great Kozak expeditions across the Black Sea, furious battles with the Tartars, of the wide limitless steppe, and wished the time would come soon when he too would be able to join the Kozaks, and perhaps become famous himself. Many a time he would go into the fields with his sister Hannah, and indulge with her in sham Kozak battles, raids, and expeditions.

All of this training and storytelling had quite an effect upon Pavlo's character, for there grew within him as a result a wild, turbulent Kozak spirit. Many a time this spirit led him to commit a prank which most certainly deserved punishment. At such times he would run away either to the "dyid" among the apiaries, or even into the thickets, from whence he would not return for anything in the world, even though he became very hungry, until he was assured that he would not be punished.

Usually this assurance was due to the intercessions of his sister Hannah, who would plead with her father so much that finally the latter would relax and promise not to punish him. Hannah would then find Pavlo's hiding place, whistle a signal that all was well, and Pavlo would come sheepishly out to confront his father, beg his forgiveness and promise not to repeat his wrongdoing again.

From acts such as this there arose between Pavlo and Hannah such a feeling of attachment and affection that it seemed that neither would live without the other, and there was nothing that Pavlo would not do for his sister.

(Next week—The Tartar Attack)

Youth and the U.N.A.

(Concluded from page 5)

rates. Members attending colleges and universities may apply for aid from the Student Fund if they need such aid. The U.N.A. encourages and subsidizes athletic teams consisting of young members.

In view of the low rates charged for U.N.A. insurance and the many advantages of U.N.A. membership (most of which are not available in commercial insurance companies), it would profit interested persons to give serious consideration to the Ukrainian National Association where good insurance is concerned. For all the facts about this nine-million-dollar Ukrainian-American fraternal order, with 47,000 members enjoying the benefits of fraternalization in 470 branches located throughout the United States and Canada, write a few lines requesting information on a post card.

Join the Ukrainian National Association for good insurance at low cost.

T. L.

A SMALL POCKET SIZE DICTIONARY

is quite valuable. We have a few on hand in the English-Ukrainian languages.

Price \$1.50.
SVOBODA
81-83 Grand St., Jersey City 3, N.J.

What They Say

President Truman, at the reunion of the Thirty-Fifth Division at Kansas City:

"One of the great lessons of history is that no nation can be stronger than its agriculture. Hungry and ill-nourished people cannot practice the art of democratic government and peaceful commerce. Peace cannot be built on a foundation of human want. We in this country some years ago wisely adopted a national policy which declared that all of us must share with the farmer the responsibility for maintaining our agricultural resources. We said that the farmer must be protected against low prices and low income, against some of the hazards of weather and against the danger of inadequate credit. We decided to keep reserves of basic crops from the fat years for use in the lean years. Because we adopted that policy, American agriculture was able to set new production records during every year of the war... When the fighting ended, there was a world-wide food emergency. Grain was the most needed commodity. During the war the United States had not specialized in grain production. But, as a result of our farm policy, our agriculture was so adaptable that we were able, almost at once, to set new world records in grain exports. We have saved the lives of millions of persons abroad. Our grain shipments have helped us to meet the test as the world proponent of democracy, freedom and peace."

Secretary of State Marshall, calling for European unity in an address made at Harvard University:

"It is already evident that, before the United States Government can proceed much further in its efforts to... help start the European world on its way to recovery, there must be some agreement among the countries of Europe as to the requirements of the situation and the part those countries themselves will take in order to give proper effect to whatever action might be undertaken by this Government. It would be neither fitting nor efficacious for this Government to undertake to draw up unilaterally a program designed to place Europe on its feet economically. This is the business of the Europeans. The initiative, I think, must come from Europe. The role of this country should consist of friendly aid in drafting a European program and of later support of such a program so far as it may be practical for us to do so. The program should be a joint one, agreed to by a number, if not all European nations."

General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, speaking at Kansas City:

"In helping those who seek to live in freedom, we are helping ourselves. We are rich in foodstuffs; one day distant by plane are millions who starve. We are wealthy in finance; nations, sound at the core, are periled by bankruptcy. We are possessed of economic skill and know-how; whole continents await development. Above all, we have proved that men of all races and all philosophies can live together, respecting each other's rights to freedom and peace and a decent life; hundreds of millions need guidance in that way."

CULTURAL, SOCIAL AND SPORT
ACTIVITY OF YOUNG U. N. A.
MEMBERS IS REVIVING. GET IN
THE SWIM. JOIN THE U.N.A. NOW

¹ "Spas"—meaning "преображен-
ня"—Transfiguration.

² "Dyid"—grandfather. Also ap-
plied to a venerable old man.

Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER WM. DANKO

BASEBALL:

Mike Tresh, ace catcher for the Chicago White Sox, has returned to the line-up after having been sidelined for about a month with an ankle injury. Speaking of injuries **Steve Souchock**, leading batsman for the N. Y. Yanks last year and now with their Kansas City farm club, also returned recently to the lineup after sustaining a hip injury in a successful steal of home plate against the Columbus Red Birds. Steve had been burning the base-paths and is quite a speed merchant for a man his size (6'2" and 200 lbs.). Incidentally, Steve's younger brother, 22 year old **Pete Souchock** spun a no-hitter in the Dearborn League at Detroit, May 23, but lost the game by a score of 2 to 0 because of his team-mates' loose fielding.

Pete Kowalchuk, a pitcher from from Watervliet, N. Y., was sent to Sunbury of the Inter-State (B) League by Norfolk of the Piedmont (B) League.

Pete Elko, one-time Chicago Cub infielder, has been released by Nashville of the Southern (AA) Association.

Another former major league infielder, **Al Monchak** of Bayonne, N. J. and one-time Philadelphia Phil was released by Norfolk of the Eastern (A) League because he could not attain tip top condition due to a leg injury.

George Honochick, ex-Temple U. athlete and one-time Baltimore Oriole slugger, is now calling the plays as an umpire in the International (AAA) League.

Mike Stelmach, former N. Y. U. grid great and now athletic coach at Jersey City Vocational H. S., will play this summer in a "fast" semi-pro baseball league in N. J.

Several Ukrainian athletes, who appeared on past "All Uke" college football or basketball teams, were spotted on their respective college baseball teams this season. For ex-

ample, All-America **Chuck Bednarik** of Penn, **Henry Pastuck** of Cornell, **Ted Dostanko** of North Carolina State, **Ray Maladowitz** of Army and **Joe Kindzierski** of Stevens Tech starred on their college teams.

BOXING:

21 year old **George Mazurenko** of Edmonton, Canada sends word that he is of Ukrainian ancestry. George, a tall 135 pound combination boxer-puncher recently won the Alberta lightweight championship when he K.O.'ed Billy Green in 6 rounds. He followed that up with an 8 round decision win over the highly regarded Wilf Desjardins. George had 9 wins in 11 bouts as an amateur and has 3 wins and a "draw" in 5 bouts as a "pro".

Nick Melnick of Winnipeg, Canada fought Art Jones to a draw in Chicago although outweighed by 8 pounds and lost a close verdict to Mike Sopko.

WRESTLING:

John Katan, former Canadian and British Empire Heavyweight Champ, is keeping himself busy. In chronological order, Katan lost to Primo Canera at Buffalo, beat Ben Sharpe at Toronto, drew with Jonathan Heathen at Buffalo, and lost to Mike Sharpe at Toronto and Ben Shaye by disqualification at Buffalo.

Mike Mazurki, former Manhattan College all-around athlete, finds time to engage in wrestling matches between his many movie assignments.

Our suspicion that Herculean sized **George Gordienko** is a "Uke" has been confirmed by Miss Jean Harasym of Toronto, the leading Uke sports authority amongst the Ukrainian-Canadians. Gordienko, 18 years-old and weighing 215 lbs., made quite a name for himself as a high-school football player, swimmer and weight-lifter. Spurning many college offers in order to become a wrestler, he is now learning the rudiments of the grappling game under wrestler **Joe Pazandak** at Minneapolis.

TRACK and FIELD:

Big George Savitsky, All-American football tackle at Penn for the past 3 years, recently lost by about 15 inches in the shot-put event in a dual meet between Penn and Columbia to W. Hasselman, Columbia's great star.

Ted Paliwoda of Bayonne, N. J. recently won his fourth consecutive race at Mohawk College in Utica, N. Y. Ted is used in both the 100 and 200 year sprints.

FOOTBALL:

Al Barbatsky, All America tackle and one of the "blocks of granite" at Fordham about a decade ago, has signed to play for the Chicago Rockets of the A.A.C.

Pete Berezney, 240 lbs. former Notre Dame tackle, has signed to play for the N. Y. Yanks of the A. A. C.

Andy Korba of Bayonne, N. J. and former Temple U. tackle, recently received his M. A. degree from Teachers College, Columbia U. Andy is athletic coach at St. Mary's H. S. in Elizabeth, N. J.

HOCKEY:

Veteran **Joe Cooper**, rugged defenseman, was sold to the Cleveland Barons of A.H.L. by the N. Y. Rangers.

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by
MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY
Published for
THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
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Вчора, в 6 годин ранку, тільки мені закінчувалося снитися, що пиво продаватимуть не по 18 крб. за кухоль, а казково дешевше, — раптом у двері:

— Стук-стук!

Це на мене не дуже вплинуло, бо взагалі „стук-стук” у двері вже ніякої реакції в мене не викликає: до того це часто і до того вже це набридло.

Коли знову в двері і вже не „стук-стук”, а:

Грюк-грюк!

І так нервово, і навіть осата-ніло.

Довелося зскочити з ліжка і бігти босяка до дверей, бо не було біля ліжка нічних шльопанців, що їх ще рік тому обіцяв виробляти Кожпромтред,¹⁾ чи Промшкірспілка,²⁾ чи ще якийсь таке дуже важливе об’єднання із породи „ширпотребу”³⁾, яке примушує радянських громадян стрибати босоніж по холодній підлозі.

— Хто там?

Зза дверей почулося хрипучо-перелякане:

— Я!

— Хто я?

— Агорпина Титовна!

— Що скоїлось?

— Одірвалось!

— Заходьте, прошу вас, — кажу, — тільки даруйте, що гудзика, — там, де йому треба, — нема, — бо гудзика, — кажу, — ще в плані „ширпотребу”, і не могу я потиснути вашу благородну руку моєю рукою, бо моя, — кажу, — рука держиться за те місце, де повинен бути гудзик! Інакше...

— Друстуйте! — влетіла Агорпина Титовна. — Одірвалось! Боже ж мій!

— Що, — питаю, — одірвалось? Звідки одірвалось? І чому саме одірвалось?

— Сонце одірвалось!

— Сонце одірвалось?

— Одірвалось!

— Усе одірвалось? Зуздрум!

— Ні, не все, а тільки клопоть! Тільки не маленький клопоть, а великий клопоть! І летить!

— Куди летить?

— На землю летить!

— Чого летить?

— Всіх ісполелить! Страшний суд! Простіть мені все, що я, може, проти вас согршила!

— Прощаю, — кажу.

— І вдруге?

— І вдруге прощаю!

— І втрете?

— І втрете, — кажу — прощаю!

— Та як станемо на страшнім суді перед Всемогущим, скажіть, що я хороша, бо, записуюсь, тільки раз у вас три поліняки дров узяла та раз посвідчила в прокурора, що ви тут, у цій квартирі, ніколи не жили, хоч і жили ви тут ще до війни дванадцять років. Простіть, блааю вас, бо злякалась я, та управдом⁴⁾ обіцяв теплі рейтузи купити.

Кріпко мене обняла Агорпина Титовна та й поцілувала:

— До побачення, — говорить, — на тім світі! А покищо побіжу на базар, продам шість авосьок,⁵⁾ бо тепер вони вже непотрібні. А треба ж буде Харонові чогось сунути, щоб через річку Стікс не перевозив, а до Петра спрямував. Та й Петрові, щоб у рай якнебудь пропхнув, теж не минеться ткнути! Бувайте!

І побігла.

Вискочив і я з хати.

З криком: „Обірвалось і летить!” — біжу через двір.

Зустрічаю управдома.

— Летить! — кричу.

— А хто, — каже управдом, — йому повірити, що воно долетить, без моєї справки? Хай спробує?

Бачу, що управдома без треляжа не перекопати, — побіг далі.

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А якийсь дідок стоїть і скептично кидая:

— На зяб, мабуть, не виорали, а авансом за трудодні одержали, вирвалися й летять!

— Куди летять? — питає.

— На Київ летять!

— Як же на Київ, коли в Київ без виклику не можна!

— З викликом трудно, — каже діток, — а без виклику, будь ласка! Чекали б вони там на сонці виклику! Одірвались і летять.

— Пр-рилетять і не пропишуться!

— Таке й скажете: „не пропишуться”? З викликом це таки справді не пропишуться, а без виклику — скільки завгодно! Прилетять, скажуть, що прорвали фронт між Марсом і Венерою, що на Чумацькому шляху ансамблем пісню та танцю ворожу групівку знищили і по той бік Сатурна — мобілізують!

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— Повірять. Повірять, бо документи сила: сорок акордіонів, лівтораста ручних годинників і ще якісь там подарунки з Одеси.

— Де Одеса, а де Чумацький шлях?

— Якраз по дорозі! Біля Марса ліворуч звернути і прямий шлях на Одесу. Понад стернею, нікуди не звертаючи, прямо до Лондонського готелю.

— Та слухайте, — кричу, — катастрофа! Космічна катастрофа! Що ви собі думаєте?

А один завбазою¹²⁾ мені каже:

— А що мені думати, коли воно аж три роки летітиме! Хай летить!

Бачу, що нікого, крім Агорпини Титовни, це не дуже непокоїть, я тоді на базар. На наш, на київський базар, на Галицький. Прибіг.

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Якась така тьотя, з дуже кричавими губами на лиці і з дуже закордонними трусами в руках, так на мене подивилася, що я схопив себе на думці, що в мене син 23 років... і каже та тьотя:

— Начміліці¹³⁾, — каже, — всі свистки висвистів уже, а нас звідси ніколи не висюрчить!

Я подивився на ту тьотю та й подумав:

— Де ж той клопоть од сонця... І чому він три роки летітиме... І чому тільки клопоть, чому падає не все сонце, щоб таких справді сполелить... І щоб не через три роки, а щоб сьогодні.

З цими думками побіг я до професора Всехсвятського, директора Київської обсерваторії.

— Професоре! Що таке? Що за катастрофа?

Професор Всехсвятський навіть телескоп і запрошує мене глянути власними очима. Припав я, дивлюсь, як учений... І нічого не бачу. Одні тіні і плями. Все миготить. Я моргаю. А сонця нема. Тоді я як закричу:

— Хай, — каже управдом, — летить! Аж через три роки долетить, а за три роки ще й виселимо, кого не треба, ще й переселимо, кого не треба. ТЕЦ, — каже, — ближче, — все нахваляється, що „долетить”, а ніяк не долітає.

— Та, — кричу, — може ж швидше долетить, ніж нахваляється! Воно таке!

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— Як же на Київ, коли в Київ без виклику не можна!

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УКРАЇНСЬКІ СКИТАЛЬЦІ В АНГЛІЇ

Набір українських скитальців на працю до Англії в англійській зоні Німеччини йде повною ходою. Кожного тижня відходять до Англії нові транспорті.

Щоби мати повний образ можливостей життя-буття з Англії, треба, в доповнення, дати ще деякі інформації, за повідомленнями представника ЦУДБ на Німеччину дир. Яремовича. Ці інформації стосуються особливо релігійного та культурного життя українських імigrantів до Англії.

В ділянці релігійного життя Англії дає найбільшу свободу. Якщо певна група українських імigrantів хотіла створити свою парафію, — цьому ніщо не перешкоджатиме. Але вірні змушені будуть втримувати свого священника самі. Означе, священникам може ще допомогати і „Союз Християнських Церков в Англії”!

Існування в Англії українських шкіл, очевидно, з запровадженням англійської мови, як обов’язкового предмету, неможливе. Діти мусять учитися в англійській школі; до якої без труднощів приймається.

Правне становище українських скитальників, які виїжджають на роботи до Англії, нічим не змінюється. Вони й на далі залишаються ДП, аж доки за кілька років не одержать громадянських прав.

„Інформаційний Листок”, який виходить у таборі Корінген (англійська зона Німеччини), в ч. 52 з 6. травня містить лист одного з своїх таборян, який одним з перших транспортів переїхав до Англії. Цитуємо деякі цікавіші місця з цього листа. „В неділю 20.4. 47 р. ми виїхали з Гамбургу поїздом до Альтона пердмістя Гамбургу”, а звідти до Вендорфу (місцевість коло Гамбургу). Вендорф — це польський табір... Там поділили нас на групи, (мужчин і жінок окремо). Всім на видали ярлики, з номером групи і порядковим номером, і ці ярлики почіпили ми на груди. Незнання англійської мови під час подорожі дуже давалося в знаки. Поляки нас лякали, що все будуть відбирати і взагалі оповідали байки...”

Далі в листі описується подорож з табору до табору на території Німеччини доки, врешті, опинились у останньому в Німеччині таборі — Зеedorфі.

„Тут ми проходили лікарський огляд (очі, вуха, горло, шкіра). Заповнювали картки, отримали свої речі, що йшли багажем. Не забудьте взяти із собою при від’їзді по два коци. Тут обов’язково потрібно здавати по два свої коци, інакше з табору не відпускають”.

Врешті, наші скитальці опинились на землі британського острова.

„В місті Гулі розмістили нас у таборі по 20 осіб в дуже гарно влаштованих „бочках”. Годували нас чотири рази денно. У місті можна недорого купити все, навіть хліб.

— Сонце де поділи?

— А ви не туди настроїлись, — відповідає спокійно професор. Зирк я ще раз, але вже не в трубу, а поза телескоп, потім у впукле скло упався і бачу як на долоні Галицький базар...

Професор засміявся.

Лише тоді я второпав, що таке астрономи і гастрономи (базарні). Оце вони іспланували космічну катастрофу. Я тепер переконано втверджую:

— Впаде, неодмінно впаде клопоть сонця і вгатить з усього розмаху прямісінько на Галицький базар. Ей-ей, правду кажу.

„Приїхали ми без морської хвороби. Зустріч була врочиста. Нам усім заявили, щоб ми забули слова — бездомні бродяги, що ми вільні громадяни з вільній країні, на однакових з англійцями правах, та що ми не на чужині, не в гостях, а у себе вдома. У вівторок або в середу виїжджаємо з цього транзитного табору до середньої або південної Англії до праці.

„Постійні табори будуть організовуватись по національних ознаках. Моя рада Вам: в багажі не обмежуйтеся, морської хвороби не бійтеся. На переїзд німецькими територіями беріть харчі. Німецьких грошей до Англії не беріть. Нагрудні ярлики нехай Вас не лякають. Це тільки для точної організації та порядку. В Англії їх носити непотрібно.

„Зараз же після одержання праці, одержуєте й нові документи. Фотіграфіями раджу заправитись на місці, по три штуки. Тепер у нас іде набір для праці в адміністрації нових таборів.

„У вівторок 29. 4. в 10-тій годині ранку поїхали ми поїздом до іншого табору. На кожних 6 осіб мали ми окреме купе з мякими канапами. Іхали 5 годин. Приїхали в Маркт Гарбург і тут сидимо. Знову прийшла поліційна комісія, забрала наші ДП-картки і по дві фотокартки та будуть видавати нам англійські документи. Сьогодні ждемо приїзду представників Міністерства Праці. Годують нас так, що хліб, який ми купили в Гулі, сохне, але їсти його не хочемо...”

„Всіх литовців, лотишів, естонців зустрічали представники їх організації, а нас ніхто. Видно сплять”.

У поясненні референта праці українського табору в Корінгені, яке вміщено в „Інформаційному Листку” ч. 53 з 8. травня ц. р. звертається увага на те, що жінки, які бажають працювати в англійських шпиталях повинні про це заявити англійській комісії, яка переводить записи на віїзд. Також ті, що бажають працювати в адміністрації та обслузі таборів, мусять теж заявити про це комісії.

В тому самому виясненні кажеється, що англійська влада буде повертати до Німеччини всіх, за ким буде помічено пияцтво, жебрацтво, хуліганство, спекуляція, крадіжки та інші порушення правил громадського життя.

(У. Т.)

ЗБОРИ САНИТАРНО - ХАРИТАТИВНОЇ СЛУЖБИ В АВСБУРЗІ

3. 5. ц. р. відбулися в Сомме Касерне загальні збори авсбурзької станиці Санитарно-Харитативної Служби при участі 130 членів і під проводом голови проф. Д. Дорошенка. СХС опікувалася полоненими, хворими та інвалідами, бо всю допомогову акцію для інших, згідно угодовою, веде відділ Суспільної Опіки ЦПМЕ. У звіттовому часі станиця провела велику допомогову працю для цих трьох категорій осіб — і вела (д-р С. Парфанович) однорічну школу медичних сестер (19 слухачок). Постійної амбулаторії для позатаборових українців вона не могла урочинити через брак приміщення. СХС має тепер 1,263 члени.

Збори уділили абсолюторію уступаючій управі і вибрали нову з головою лікарем д-р Р. Гурую. Головою Ради обрано відданого станиці д-ра А. Жуковського з Ділангену. Ухвалено також запропонувати центральній признати почесне членство проф. Дмитрові Дошенкові за заслуги в праці цієї станиці СХС.

С. К.

1. -) Ядпрдметства, що виробляють шкідливі товари.

2) Широкого запотребування.

3) Управитель дому.

12) Завідуючий базою.

13) Начальник міліції.