

# СВОБОДА SVOBODA

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#### IT'S WORTH A TRY

On a number of occasions on these pages, we have reported, commented and editorialized on the aptly-named "third chapter," that is the younger set of our first American born generation—the "kid" brothers and sisters of those who had founded the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America and had constituted the Ukrainian American youth movement.

We have good reason to believe that certain idealistic and ambitious elements of this younger set will play a constructive as well as original part in the development of our Ukrainian American life. Our reasoning is based on observation of and experience with them. From New York through Akron over to Chicago and then up to Minneapolis, to mention but a few localities by way of example, they are engaged in supplementing their Americanism with activities which tend to enrich their Ukrainian cultural heritage, and be of service to the centuries-old and increasingly militant Ukrainian movement for national independence. At the same time they are engaged in gradually taking over the responsibilities coupled with the benefits of their parents and their older brothers and sisters in the conduct of Ukrainian American organizational life, as in the case of the Ukrainian National Association, also of our churches as well as various national and local societies of various types.

All of this constitutes the brighter side of the picture.

Naturally, although regrettably, there is a darker side of the picture. This side consists of those elements of the "third chapter," or, if you please of the "youngest set," whose only contact with Ukrainian American life are the dances they attend

without fail at every possible opportunity.

We have observed them purposely on more than once occasion. Generally speaking most of them are a wholesome lot. And yet what is definitely lacking in them is the sense of awareness of several things. Firstly, that though dances and the "good times" are a part of our social life, there is far more to life than the "pursuit of happiness" via those those "good times." Secondly, although the job of making a living and something of oneself in this world is of necessity an important one for every individual, there is also the personal duty of everyone of us to contribute, free of charge, at least some of our energy, talent and ability to the development of Ukrainian American life and all that it stands for.

We strongly recommend that these young people make at least an attempt to get into our younger or older Ukrainian American organizational life, local or national, preferably both. Their life will become fuller as a result.

Likewise we suggest that they attend the coming 10th annual convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. It will be held over this coming Labor Day's weekend in Philadelphia, and will feature important forum discussions, social events, and also cultural events—"Parade of Talent."

Perhaps if they attend this conventions, either as delegates of clubs or as guests, they will see how our more active young people are making their personal lives more useful and purposeful of benefit to themselves and others as well.

It's worth a try.

#### "Pravda" Scores Ukrainians For Crop Lag

Further evidence of widespread disaffection of Soviet rule and policies in Ukraine can be gleaned from the recent attack upon Ukrainians, including Communists themselves, for "lagging" in their crop output, by "Pravda," the Moscow Communist party newspaper in a front page editorial, dated July 26.

As reported in the July 27 New York Herald Tribune, Pravda said that Ukraine, the chief source of the wheat of Soviet "Union" had fallen behind in harvesting its 1947 wheat crop. Pravda blamed the Communist party and the "Ukrainian organizations" for the lag.

The Communist party newspaper editorial declared: "The Ukrainian

Republic (sic!), so far, has delivered less grain per hectare threshed than any other district which has commenced its harvest." It said: "This has serious consequences for timely fulfillment of the state grain quota."

"During the forth five-day period of July," Pravda said, "the republic mowed less wheat than during the third five-day period."

"This falling behind by the republic [elsewhere referred to by Pravda as 'district'] in threshing and delivery," Pravda said, "is explainable primarily because of grave deficiencies in the work of party and Soviet organs for organizing the harvest and first of all threshing."

#### Ukrainian Situation Requires Better Press Coverage

THE American and European press coverage of the Jewish underground movement events in Palestine on the one hand, and of the Ukrainian underground movement events in Ukrainian territories on the other, demonstrates how ill-balanced that coverage is.

To be sure, in comparison with the press of other countries the American press is par excellence.

To be sure, too, our American press within recent years has been reporting Ukrainian underground activities, or the representations made in its behalf by the Ukrainian Congress Committee memorandums or delegates, to an unprecedented extent.

Yet, with all due respect to the Palestine situation and to the idealism of those who are struggling to establish a free Jewish state, the fact remains that the heroic Ukrainian struggle for national freedom is of immeasurably greater importance to the problem of establishing lasting world peace than is the Palestine problem.

We are not discussing here the inalienable right of the Jewish or Ukrainian or other people to national freedom and independence. Nor is it our intention to dwell on the heroism and self-sacrifice of the Ukrainians or Jews or those of other nationalities who are struggling to gain or regain that right. We merely limit ourselves to the fact that in international affairs, particularly in reference to the problem of securing world peace, the Ukrainian situation requires infinitely far better press coverage than it has been receiving up to now.

In the first place, it involves a Ukrainian population of some forty five million within Ukrainian ethnographic territories (world Jewish population—around 15 million; Palestine Jews total over half million). Secondly, Ukraine with its centuries-old movement for national independence, together with other factors of a strategic nature, constitutes what might aptly be termed as the "soft-underbelly" of the totalitarian USSR which together with its political ideology is bent on world conquest.

It is self-evident that the emergence of an independent Ukrainian state, ruled from Kiev and not from Moscow, would deprive Soviet Russia of a great deal of its war potential, and thereby automatically lessen its threat to world peace.

This latter fact alone has on more than one occasion engaged the interest of the American press. Statements of Ukrainian American spokesmen stressing the fact have been reported in the newspapers on a number of occasions, even in the very conservative New York Times.

Nonetheless, reportorially and editorially our American press has shown

itself deficient in evaluating the strength and in foreseeing the possibilities of the Ukrainian liberation movement.

From the viewpoint of news value itself, for example, the exploits of the powerful underground Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA) fighting for Ukrainian liberties against the Reds, deserve front page headlines, at least like those of the Palestine Jewish forces. What is more, the Ukrainian insurgents are fighting against overwhelming armed forces directed by a regime which is even more brutal and totalitarian in its policies and methods than Nazi Germany was in its heyday. Certainly the latter can hardly be said of the British. And yet our American press on the whole pays scant attention to the UPA-ites or other Ukrainian underground forces. What dispatches do appear in it about them are colored by their points of origin, such as Warsaw, with the result that Ukrainian patriots are termed "bandits" and the like.

The last-named factor brings to mind, of course, the fact that where there is the notorious "Iron Curtain" in Soviet-dominated territories, there is none in Palestine, with the result that press correspondents in the Palestine area are free to report things as they actually occur and as they seem them. Still enough reports filter through the "Iron Curtain" to make possible better newspaper coverage of the Ukrainian situation than it has been up to now.

To help rectify this situation is the duty of all young Americans of Ukrainian descent, notably by writing letters to the editor. Some progress has been made in certain quarters, but a great deal remains to be done.

#### APPOINTED TO VET POST

Mayor Henry J. Gwiazda of New Britain, Connecticut, recently announced the selection of a young Ukrainian American veteran, Michael Kerelejza, for the city's new seven member Veteran Commission authorized at the last session of the General Assembly, the New Britain Daily Herald reports (clipping forwarded to Weekly by Andrew Melnyk).

Kerelejza, member of family active in local Ukrainian American affairs, served as a first class private in the army and participated in major engagements in the European theatre, including the Battle of the Bulge and the Rhine battle.

# Gather Ye Roses - By G. H. Trivia - - - - By Sophia

**T**HERE is something refreshing about a Youth Convention as you stroll through the hotel lobby to the convention room, meeting at every moment with another and another smiling face from far and near. Pretty girls and handsome men, who seem to know that such they are, assemble here from every part of the country, at first with an assumed air of serene dignity which gradually grows mellow under the influence of fellowship.

To a newcomer it is a thrilling experience to meet at one time a host of carefree youth, brought together in the name of Ukraine, radiating confidence and strength from their numbers, opening new vistas to imagination into the vast expanse of the country from which they hail. For this is an assembly of the best that American Ukrainians have, the flower of American Ukrainian Youth.

The time of the convention will fly indeed, for much has been packed into a space of three days. Nevertheless there will be time for constructive ideas to make the convention worth-while and fulfill the expectations of all concerned. It is not a vain boast when we refer to this youthful aggregation as the "builders" of future Ukrainian institutions in America. For builders they are, each in his or her community, in their local organizations, and some have attained prominence in national organizations too.

Just what is expected from the convention in the way of tangible accomplishments, depends very much on the whim of the one expecting. But it seems that the laying of groundwork for the following year and the election of officers should be the minimum requirement on the business end. Anything above that will be credited to the superior quality of leadership as well as of membership of the convention.

There is, however, one accomplishment that does not at present lend itself to definite evaluation. The information, given and acquired, concerning the other fellows' community is of practical importance to those who are actually or potentially builders of our future institutions in America. To know how the Ukrainians in other communities live, to know the positive and negative influences in our communities, is an education and experience.

This education is obtained in an informal way, in conversations here and there at the convention. It might do a lot of good to all concerned to broach this field on the convention floor. A kind of symposium on life of Ukrainians in America, on life in a large city and in a small town, analyzing the good and bad influences, these would be suitable for Youth conventions acting as a clearing house.

Much of the business time is usually wasted on listening to the greetings from persons and organizations, many of whom use that opportunity for the purpose of imposing their views on the listeners, even to the point of abuse. From our recent European arrivals we may get much valuable information about other Ukrainians. But as to their advice—they could be told to trim their own mustache, because the American Ukrainian youth is accustomed to take advice from people who are acquainted with the American way of life.

A Bronx cheer, if not a bum's rush, should greet the clowns who insist that Ukraine is already an independent state, while its government is imposed upon the Ukrainian population and takes orders from an external power.

The U.Y.L.-N.A. Convention is held at an opportune time of the year, preceding what others call a "social" season, and which for us is a season of organization activities. It acts as stimulant to those attending, to perpetuate the spirit, ideals and morale of the convention after they return to their communities. Three days is hardly enough time to form the bounds of friendship that will keep the convention unforgettable in the course of the year, but this is Youth, and Youth is unpredictable. It makes its opportunities to "gather roses" while it may.

## Destined For Fame

Bohdan Donald Wolchek, 17, son of Mr. Onuphrey Wolchek, member of U.N.A. Branch 105 of Philadelphia, Pa., graduated from the Germantown High School last June with a scholarship for University of Pennsylvania Medical School.



Bohdan Donald Wolchek

In handing the diploma to young Bohdan, whose mother died some years ago, the high school principal declared publicly that Bohdan "is an asset to every classroom because of his ambition. He is admired by all for his brains and is destined for great fame in his medical career."

Young Bohdan's father is president of his U.N.A. Branch.

## What They Say

Harold E. Stassen, former governor of Minnesota, in speech broadcast over the network of the National Broadcasting Company:

"The peoples of Finland and Poland and Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia and Hungary and Bulgaria and Rumania and Albania do not want to turn away from us, do not want to turn farther and farther away from individual freedom. But is it not equally clear that these small nations, located as they are, cannot defy Russia? It would be a major world tragedy if, because of request for a joint European program and the declining of invitations by these powers, it would be interpreted now that we have abandoned them."

## "The trials of traveling Trivia" (Continued)

**W**INNIPEG is a small city, population about 250,000. However, it was not small enough for us, so when we received an invitation to spend a few days in Gardenton, Manitoba (which is strictly farm country), we quickly accepted it. The invitation extended was for the July 12th weekend, to a three-day celebration of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Theodosy Wachna, whose name has been popularized in Ukrainian youth circles in Canada and the U. S. by their fifteen offspring. The weekend was planned far in advance, and since a big "do" was promised, we were not the kind who had to be invited twice.

Gardenton is about 90 miles southeast of Winnipeg, along the highway, and our means of getting there was by truck. Not an ordinary truck, mind you, but a delivery truck belonging to a dry cleaning company. An old automobile provided a removable back seat, which was dumped into the empty truck for us to sit on. Five of us piled into the truck, and we were off.

If we had any energy at all when we started the trip, we certainly rid ourselves of it en route. One look at the seat which had to accommodate three of us made our low spirits drop, (!) and, as if that weren't enough, as soon as we climbed into the truck the whole sky opened up and gave out with a deluge. Such was our sendoff.

As we gradually got accustomed to sitting like contortionists, the rain stopped, but I guess the heavens were merciful and gave us no more than two hardships at this point, we hit the Winnipeg city limits, and that was when the fun really began. The "highway" we were to drive on turned out to be a dirt road, and each of the four wheels would hit a bump at different times. The back of the truck was drafty and dusty with the window open, and full of carbon monoxide and cigar smoke when the window was closed. It was an ordeal to decide which was the lesser of the two evils. At long last, and only half alive, we were informed that we had arrived in the village of Gardenton.

We couldn't see much of Gardenton when the truck pulled up before the hotel, as the back of the truck had no windows, but once we alighted from our "chariot," we realized that all we had heard about Gardenton was true. We were in the center of town, yet there were not more than five people around. Our trip to the hotel took only a few seconds as we had parked right in front of it.

Senator Brien McMahon, member of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy:

"Various estimates have been made of the length of time before atomic power can be used industrially, ranging from two to twenty years. Undoubtedly such power first will be used in isolated areas where other sources of power are not easily available. Much will depend on the international negotiations for the control of atomic energy. Were such control in effect, we could progress rapidly in many peacetime possibilities. Without such control, our prime interest remains in the development of atomic energy militarily."

Ah, Gardenton Hotel! What memories we shall carry of it. We started out on the wrong foot immediately upon entering the "lobby," because our laughs had insulted the hotelkeeper. But tell me, wouldn't you laugh too, if upon entering a hotel, you were shown up the stairs and to your room by kerosene lamp? We received a lesson in the operation of kerosene lamps, namely, how to turn them up and how to extinguish them. The hotel keeper then left us alone to admire the room, whose furnishings consisted of: one bed, complete with the lumpiest mattress this side of the Rockies; one dresser, complete with drawers; one chair; two calendars (each with a picture exactly the same as the other); and one miniature dresser about two feet high, whose purpose we were debating when a knock on the door interrupted our informal debate. Permitting our caller entry, we stood back in awe while a young girl deposited a basin and a pitcher of water on our miniature dresser. Although silence reigned, none of us got wet, until finally we regained a few ounces of composure and uttered a squeaky "Thank you" to the girl as she took leave of us. The mystery had been solved at last! Our debatable object of furniture turned out to be a wash stand. Gardenton was becoming more interesting by the minute!

Having the Wachna family as hosts, we didn't have time to further scrutinize our room as we were soon whisked off to the local dance. The orchestra (three pieces) provided dance music, and we were amazed to find that one of their number was an old timer who played the "tsymbaly," an old Ukrainian instrument. Seeing him, we expected to hear a kolomeyka, but he fooled us by swinging out with the latest jive tunes.

Lack of space forbids me to elaborate on each event of the weekend, so I'll just enumerate a few of the pleasant happenings of the three days. It was at Gardenton that we saw the lovely northern lights which are written about in our geography books, along with a sky so full of stars that it was a strain on the eyes to see the dark background. We also witnessed the remarriage ceremony of Mr. and Mrs. Wachna, who first went through the ritual fifty years ago. We swam in the lively Roseau River, which runs through the territory there; we heard the Bohanus Choir, a Ukrainian men's chorus par excellence. We visited an old Ukrainian house built of whitewashed clay, with a real thatched roof, which has been standing almost forty years and looks like something out of a picture book. We attended picnics, banquets, still more country dances, and even saw a magnificent Canadian sunrise.

Having all these good times, we forgot hardships like lighting kerosene lamps, sleeping on a lumpy mattress with a pillow that bends (no kidding, it remains in any shape you bend it into, ) and now that our mosquito bites no longer look like chicken pox, we can look back and say, "A good time was had by all." Canadian hospitality is truly wonderful; everyone is so warm and friendly that I wonder how we in New York can live such cold, unfriendly lives, so packed with anonymity. Somebody should give lectures on, "Canadian Hospitality, and How it Operates."

## MARKO VOVCHOK

By PERCIVAL CUNDY\*

(2)

### Motives Unfathomable

HOWEVER, the "fatal fact" remained for some that after the death of her husband in 1867, Mariya "died" as far as Ukrainian literature was concerned. The battle over the "enigmatic pseudonym" raged for years. For some, Mariya was indisputably "chevchenko's literary successor," for others, she was "the impudent Muscovite who tried to steal the crown from Ukraine's finest writer, her own husband, Opanas Markovych." Only since 1908, thanks to the research of V. Domanytsky, who chivalrously defended Mariya and demonstrated her sole authorship of the *Tales*, has all doubt and suspicion been dissipated. However, much in her personality still remains "mysteriously Sphinxlike," to use Turgenev's phrase concerning her. Judging from the published correspondence of men such as Shevchenko, Kulish, Turgenev, Herzen, Bakunin and others, men who knew her well and were in close relations with her, she somewhat mystified them, while at the same time they bear witness to her great charm, intelligence, and sympathy. She was frank and open-hearted, but her dignified reserve left many of her motives unfathomable. Hence, in some part, arises the aura of mystery which surrounded more or less all her life.

Mariya Oleksandrivna Vylinska (there are three variants in the spelling of her surname) was born in 1834. Where, it is not exactly clear, but in all probability on her grandfather's estate in Orel. Her ancestry, according to some notes she scribbled on the pages of a magazine, correcting mistatements of an article wherein purporting to give her biography, was mixed Great Russian, Polish, and Ukrainian. She was educated in a private boarding school at Kharkiv, Ukraine. This, together with some statements in her letters, testifies to the fact that the Ukrainian language was familiar to her from her early years. Although it was not the language of ordinary intercourse at home, we do know that Ukrainian proverbs, sayings, and songs were often heard there.

### Conversations With Turgenev

In 1848 a young student, Opanas Vasylovych Markovych, came to reside at Orel under government supervision for complicity in the affair of the Brotherhood of Sts. Cyril and Methodious. He was an attractive and interesting personality. Here he met Mariya, who, besides the promise of great intellectual and spiritual gifts, also possessed a handsome face and figure. She is described as a splendid blonde, tall and with beautiful grey eyes, a quiet and assured composure, and with an easy flowing grace in all her movements. She must have exercised a great fascina-

tion by her intellectual qualities also, for Turgenev, who came to know her intimately and greatly befriended her, speaks in one of his letters to her of his desire to continue "those long, long conversations while travelling together." (He meant the journey to Paris in 1859.) "Particularly do I recall one conversation we had between Cologne and the border in warm and tranquil evening. I do not remember what exactly we talked about, but the poetical sentiments aroused by it remain in my soul since that night." In 1850 or 1851, the year uncertain, but at Orel certainly, Opanas and Mariya were married. Under his influence Mariya came fully to share the views of the Brotherhood in regard to the emancipation and uplift of the the common people, and with him as mentor, took up ethnographic study as a means of coming to know them better. As a result we have her literary productions in Ukrainian. Yefremov remarks with justice that "the works of Marko Vovchok with their protest against serfdom are the only immediate result in Ukrainian literature of the broad and far-reaching plans which were discussed in the meetings of the Brotherhood in Kiev during 1846-7."

Shortly after their marriage the young couple moved to Ukraine where they resided in various places, including Chernihiv and Kiev. In 1855 Opanas got a position as teacher of teacher of geography in the local gymnasium at Nemyriv, Podolia. It was from here that the first of the *Tales* were dispatched to Kulish with the resulting enthusiasm which followed.

### A Mysterious Something

In 1859 came a visit to St. Petersburg where Mariya and her husband made personal acquaintance with many leading personalities, such as Shevchenko, Turgenev, and others. Kulish she had already met. While there a mysterious "something" took place, which caused a crisis of a sort in the marital relations of Mariya and Opanas. Taking her young son Bohdan, Mariya went abroad, first to Berlin, then to Dresden. Opanas followed her to Germany but soon returned, "finding his position somewhat embarrassing." From then on husband and wife lived apart, and the latter returned to Russia only after Opanas' death in 1867. To add to the mystery, the two kept up a correspondence in cordial terms all time, and Opanas, although frequently in straitened circumstances, sent his wife money from time to time. There was plenty of "talk" among their friends, though no one really knew what was at the bottom of the whole affair. "Why they lived apart," wrote Opanas' nephew later, "I do not know; but this I do know for certain that my uncle grieved terribly, and his favored topic of conversation with me, a second-year student in gymnasium in 1860, was his son Bohdan, his studies and his letters." It appears now that Kulish was the one responsible for the original separation. What the reason was on his part is open to speculation, but later on he took an ignoble revenge. In 1886, in answer to a question by Prof. Ohonowsky, then engaged in writing a history of Ukrainian literature, as to who should be regarded as the real author of the *Tales*, Kulish replied: "These stories were written by Opanas and Mariya Markovych in cooperation, so

that in the history of Ukrainian literature the two must be regarded as constituting one author." This was utterly untrue, but the testimony of Kulish was looked upon then as conclusive evidence until the matter was finally cleared up by the researches of Domanytsky, and Mariya received her just due.

### "Without a Cent"

In company with Turgenev, Mariya travelled to Paris, and after visiting Rome and several other places, settled there until her return to Russia after her husband's death. Here the stories included in the second and third volumes of the *Tales* were written and sent to Russia for publication. During these years she seems to have been constantly making preparations to return home, but something always arose to prevent it, either a lack of funds or some other causes unknown. In any case, as we learn from Turgenev's letters, she spent money like water and was often entirely without ready cash. He says in one place, "Mariya Alexandrovna is again in her normal condition—without a cent." Again, "She is a very fine woman, but she eats up money." Turgenev greatly assisted her as a sort of literary agent for her with Russian publishers, arranging for the publication of her work and terms of payment. During her residence abroad, besides the *Tales* in Ukrainian, she began to do a good deal of translation work into Russian. One of her productions in this field was a translation of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. After a time she ceased writing in Ukrainian altogether.

The stories in Marko Vovchok's *Tales of the Common People* may be grouped under three heads. First there are those dealing with peasant life under conditions of serfdom. Second, those treating of social and family relations among free peasants. Of the remainder, some may be classed as social-psychological studies, while others are based on popular historical traditions, fairy tales, and legends. All we shall speak of here are those in the first and second classes, because they are intimately related and constitute the substance of Marko Vovchok's "messages."

### "Free or a Drunkard?"

The strongest and most characteristic of the *Tales* are two, written shortly after her settlement in Paris.

**The Good-for-Nothing** (Ledashchytsya) is the story of the daughter of a free Kozak woman. The mother has been made a household serf by fraudulent means and can find no way of escape. The mother's longing for freedom has been transmitted to her daughter, Nastya, who asks her mother's help in winning freedom. The mother tells her that it is no use trying. In desperation Nastya takes to drink and has a child by a man who, she hopes, will make her a free woman. The man fails her, the child dies, and Nastya becomes a hopeless drunkard. When freedom is finally proclaimed, all Nastya can say is: "Good people, am I free, or am I drunk?" At the cost of her virgin honor and broken health Nastya had vainly sought to purchase freedom, and when it does come it releases her only to die a drunkard's death. The point of the story is that here is a woman of free birth, unjustly made a serf, who longs and struggles for freedom.

In **The Aristocrat** (Institutka) we have a masterly summarization of all that Marko Vovchok wrote on the subject of serfdom. Ustyia is a household serf in the home of an old

## UYL-NA Convention Parade of Talent"

Great enthusiasm has developed throughout the United States and Canada over the 10th Annual Convention of the Ukrainian Youth League of North America; to be held in Philadelphia on Labor Day Weekend, August 30th, 31st and September 1st. The Philadelphia Convention Committee has been devoting much time and effort to make this the most successful of all previous conventions and to assure everyone an enjoyable time.

One of the outstanding features of the day program will be the "Parade of Talent" which will be held on Sunday afternoon August 31st, at 2:00 P.M. Outstanding chorus and dance groups throughout U. S. and Canada are invited to compete. Beautiful prizes will be awarded to the best choral groups and equally valuable prizes to the winning Ukrainian folk dancers.

Expertly qualified music critics are being invited to serve as judges and painstaking efforts will be taken to provide unbiased decision.

Each group will be granted approximately ten minutes performance time.

Due to the many groups which will participate we are unable to defray any expenses incurred but we feel sure that members of your choral groups will be repaid a hundred fold in the way of pleasure and self satisfaction.

The choruses are urged to write to us as soon as possible and furnish their repertoire of songs they intend to sing at the affair.

Cordially yours,

BOHDAN CHAWLUK,  
Chairman "Parade of Talent"  
764 Myrth 23rd Street,  
Philadelphia 30, Pa.

## A HISTORY OF UKRAINE

by  
MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY  
Published for  
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ASSOCIATION

by  
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aristocrat who treats her maids fairly well. However, when the old lady's granddaughter comes home after having finished her education at an "Institute," (a private school under Imperial patronage for daughters of the nobility and gentry) Ustyia finds that she now has a hard, unfeeling mistress who makes her life a misery. But by taking advantage of a certain situation she manages to get permission to marry Prokip, also a serf, with whom she has fallen in love. The couple plan to win their freedom somehow. This they achieve after great tribulations. Although the story ends with Prokip being sent away to serve a term as a soldier, while Ustyia must remain behind in Kiev to gain her living as a household drudge, yet it ends on a note of indomitable hopefulness. At the end, Ustyia says, "Somehow the thought that I am free, that my hands are not bound, will help me. This is an evil that will pass—the other was lifelong." In this story, serfs by birth are actively struggling to attain freedom.

(To be concluded)

## "SVOBODA" (UKRAINIAN DAILY)

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## IN QUEST OF HIS SISTER

(ZA SESTROYU)

(A Story of old Kozak times for Young Folks)

By ANDREW CHAIKIVSKY

(Freely translated by S. S.)

(Continued)

## The Reunion of the Brothers

PAVLUSH awoke with a start. For a moment he did not know where he was. Not far from him were the Kozaks breakfasting, laughing and joking amongst themselves. Then slowly the realization of his plight came to him. He remembered that terrible night of the Tartar attack, the headlong flight through the night, and finally the meeting with the brawny, kind-faced Kozak by the stream—Semen the Helpless. Yes, there he was, seated among the others, the Kozak who had picked him off the ground and revived him after he had been knocked unconscious by a fall off the horse. Pavlush sat up slowly, his body aching from the long ride and from the bruises resulting from the fall. His shoulder where the Tartar arrow had struck him felt rather numb, with a suggestion of pain. He coughed slightly, to attract the attention of the Kozaks, for they seemed so big and fierce, even though jolly just now, that he hesitated to call them.

One of the Kozaks turned around to him. It was the one who had been so curious about Pavlush. Seeing the boy awake and sitting up he got up and walked over to the boy, still holding his pan with the "kasha" in it. Neither spoke a word for a few seconds, regarding each other closely, as if at some time or other they had seen each other in some place. The Kozak was the first to break the silence.

"You are from Spasivka, yes?" he asked, sitting down beside him.

"Yes," replied Pavlush briefly, wondering where had he seen this Kozak before.

"Did you know a family known as the Sudaky there?" the Kozak asked, this time with a trace of eagerness in his voice.

"Why of course I know the family," replied Pavlush, surprised to hear the name of his family mentioned by this stranger. "Why that's my family... I am Pavlo Sudak."

A cry of surprise and joy broke from the Kozak.

"You are Pavlo Sudak?!... Then don't you recognize me?! I am your brother Petro!" In his excitement the Kozak gripped Pavlush by his arms until they hurt.

"Petro! Petro!" cried Pavlush overjoyed. Now he remembered him. Why of course this was his brother Petro who had often played with him when he was barely able to walk, and who had gone away to the Zaporozhian Sitch and not heard from since.

Both embraced. Pavlo felt so happy upon finding himself with his big brother. Now there was nothing to fear. Petro felt similarly happy in having found his little brother.

"Tell me, Pavlo," Petro at length asked, "how is father and mother, sister Hannah, and the others? Are they all right?"

At these words Pavlush suddenly felt all his new found joy at finding his brother desert him. The horrible memory returned to him. Tartars appeared before his eyes.

"Why, what's happened?" asked Petro, frightened. "Tell me, do you hear me, what's happened," shaking Pavlush.

"The Tartars took father and sister with them, and killed mother

and "dyid" Andriy right before my eyes," Pavlush sobbed brokenly.

Petro gripped his forehead with his hands suddenly. He remained thus for awhile. Only the clenching and unclenching of his jaw muscles betrayed his emotion. Finally he removed his hands. For a moment he gazed fixedly into space. A tear appeared on his cheek. With a swift furtive movement he wiped it off.

"How did you escape," he asked at length. "Tell me all about."

Pavlush managed to get his grief under control, and started to recount the whole story, from the Tartar attack up to the present time. The other Kozaks, attracted by the scene between the two, had come around them and now listened intently to Pavlush.

"No wonder Petro felt so sad last night," one of the Kozaks interrupted. "For it was just during that time that the village was being attacked."

After Pavlush had finished the Kozaks remained silent for awhile, preoccupied with their thoughts. Ostap Triska was the first to speak.

"Listen boys, the Tartars cannot be very far away," he said. "What's to prevent us following their trail and making a surprise attack upon them. We could kill them all off and recover the captives and booty before they will know what's it all about."

"A good idea," several voices spoke up. "Now that the enemy is laden with spoils he is like a hobbled horse or a pig that has gorged itself. He can't move very fast. A lightning like attack..."

"Just a minute, you impetuous youngsters, and give an old man a chance to say something," broke in "dyid" Panas. "And if my advice is no good, why then follow your own."

"Go ahead! Go ahead!" was the unanimous response.

"Well then, all that you say would be very nice and easy—to swoop down upon the Tartars and shatter them to bits. But remember this, we don't know how many Tartars there are. In my opinion I think that there are many more that there are of us here. For, if there were less they would not have dared to attack, particularly since Spasivka always had a reputation of containing good fighters and former Kozaks. And if only 51 Tartars had fallen upon Spasivka, for there 51 of us here, I doubt whether one of them would have got out alive. Therefore there must have been many more times that many."

"True, 'dyidu,' true."

"I think it would be best to investigate first, and find out definitely how many there are of the Tartars. If the odds are entirely too great for us, then it would be foolish to attack, for not one of us would come out alive. We would need reinforcements. But the best thing to do now, I repeat, is to investigate the Tartars' strength first."

"Good. Very good. Let us send out several as scouts."

"And another thing," added "dyid" Panas, "we must give our horses a rest. They have been going all night. The Tartar filled with booty is probably crawling like a lizard. We can easily catch up with him."

All agreed that the plan advanced by "dyid" Panas was best—to send out a scouting patrol while the others rested for awhile.

The Kozaks led their horses to the water and let them drink their fill. Then they tethered them, and lay down to get a few winks of sleep...

In the meanwhile "dyid" Panas had rebandaged Pavlush's wounded shoulder and lay down to sleep near him. Pavlush after having eaten some "kasha" also fell asleep...

Only Semen the Helpless remained awake. He was the sentry. Climbing up on top of the "mohela" he lay down on the grass, put his musket by his side, and lit his pipe.

The sun had risen high by this time. Its scorching heat beat upon the vast, silent steppe. Not a cloud appeared in the sky, and those tiny ones which had been formed by the early morning dew had been carried far away by this time on the wings of gentle breeze.

## Semen the Helpless Captures a Tartar

Semen the Helpless sat propped up against a slab of rock on top of the "mohela," on sentry duty. The tall grass around him made it practically impossible for anyone to see him; whereas he had a clear unobstructed view of the surrounding steppe. All was quiet, save for the ticking of insects. The hot sun beat down upon his unprotected head, as well as upon the recumbent Kozaks sleeping below.

Suddenly, in the direction of Spasivka, Semen detected a slight movement of the grass. Straining his eyes he perceived the figure of a man mounted on a horse. It was impossible as yet to see if it was friend or foe. As the figure approached closer Semen saw that the rider was a Tartar warrior. Evidently he was trailing somebody, for his horse proceeded very slowly while he kept his eyes glued on the ground in front of him.

The Tartar drew nearer and nearer. He was a tall, broadshouldered fellow, with a longish face and a black stubby beard. Reaching the bank of the stream he dismounted and paced up and down, seeking the trail he was following. Peering across the stream towards the few trees growing on the other side he suddenly started. He had discovered the presence of the Kozaks, sleeping under the trees. Like a flash he dropped to the ground. For a few moments he lay as one dead, and then apparently satisfied that no one had perceived him he cautiously rose to his feet. With even still greater caution he crossed the stream at a shallow spot and lay down on the bank for a moment. Evidently he was trying to make up his mind what to do.

All this while Semen was watching the Tartar like a hawk. He had his musket ready in his hand. From his elevated position he could make out every movement of the Tartar, while the latter could not see him unless he looked directly at him.

Finally it seemed as if the Tartar had come to some sort of decision, for he rolled up his wide sleeves and drew out a long knife from his belt. Like a snake he slowly began to hitch himself along the ground in the direction of the Kozaks.

Semen was astonished at the Tartar's nerve. He evidently was going to take advantage of the deep slumber of the Kozaks, made all sounder by the heat of the noonday sun, and try to kill the Kozaks in their sleep one by one. Semen quickly drew the musket to his shoulder, took a careful aim...

But no—thought he to himself—that would be child's play to kill the Tartar from an ambush. Better to capture him alive.

No sooner thought than done. Placing his musket on the ground he quickly and quietly slid off the top of the "mohela" and then stoiled over to his tethered horse. The "mohela" stood between him and the Tartar. He quickly took off the horn of the saddle his lariat and then swiftly and silently made his way around the "mohela." Now the Tartar was in front of him, with his back towards him, crawling on his knees towards the sleeping Kozaks, the knife in his teeth. Soon he was but a few yards away from the nearest Kozak. He rose to his feet, still crouching, and took the knife in his hand. It glinted sharply in the sunlight.

This was the opportunity Semen was waiting. He was an expert lassoer. Turning sideways towards the Tartar and spreading his feet wide he cast the lasso through the air.

Like a snake the noose fell over the startled Tartar's shoulders. Semen gave a mighty yank to take in the slack and to tighten the noose. The Tartar, unprepared, fell heavily to the ground, his knife flying out of his hand.

Trying to keep the lariat taut Semen ran over to the Tartar and threw himself upon him. His right hand found the Tartar's throat, while his left tried to keep the Tartar's arms within the noose. A terrible struggle ensued.

Neither of the combatants uttered a sound, the Tartar for fear of awakening the other Kozaks, and Semen fearing the ridicule of his companions for not being able to capture the Tartar himself.

Both rolled over the ground. The Tartar's arms slipped loose of the noose. Now Semen found he had a very powerful foe to contend with.

Wrestling himself free of Semen's grip the Tartar rose to his feet, in search of his knife. Semen pulled him down violently and again grabbed him by the throat. The latter pressed down with his bearded chin upon Semen's arm so hard that an acute pain shot through it. Semen felt the Tartar's arm fumbling around his left side. He was still on top. Suddenly he felt his knife slide out of its sheath. A wild swing, and Semen barely stopped the knife from being plunged into his throat. With a superhuman effort he wrenched his right arm from beneath the Tartar's chin and dealt him a stunning blow between the eyes. Blood gushed out of the Tartar's nostrils and Semen felt him relax. Quickly seizing the opportunity Semen put the noose once more around the stunned Tartar and deftly tied him up.

Semen rose to his feet, breathing hard. The Tartar lay at his feet. Apparently he was coming back to consciousness for he was breathing heavily.

Now that he had captured the Tartar Semen did not hesitate to call the others.

"Hey comrades! Get up!" he roared out in a hoarse voice. "Look at the guest we have among us!"

The Kozaks began to stir. Some of them sat up, rubbing their eyes in bewilderment. The long ride during the previous night and the hot enervating rays of the sun had made them all so sleepy that for awhile, following Semen's call, they hardly knew whether they were awake or still sleeping. Some of them got up on their feet, walked about aimlessly, and then lay down again. Others sat up gazed around blankly. It was indeed a comical sight.

"What's the matter with you?" the

(Continued on page 5)

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

(Continued)

(6)

### CITIZENSHIP:

Of the foreign born Ukrainian population 78,061 were naturalized in the following periods:

	Male	Female	Total
Before 1931	28,860	23,924	52,784
1931-1941	15,457	9,381	24,838
Not stated	222	217	439
<b>Total</b>	<b>44,539</b>	<b>33,522</b>	<b>78,061</b>

72.85% of the Ukrainians that immigrated to Canada up to 1941 were naturalized.

Of the foreign born not naturalized Ukrainian population 28,069 give the following countries as their country of allegiance:

	Male	Female	Total
United States	143	119	262
Austria	2,493	1,443	3,936
Czecho-Slovakia	238	230	468
Finland	5	9	14
Germany	22	23	45
Hungary	130	54	184
Italy	2	9	11
Poland	9,683	6,793	16,476
Russia	3,095	1,486	4,581
Scandinavian Countries	2	21	23
China		7	7
Others and not stated	1,325	737	2,062
<b>Total</b>	<b>17,138</b>	<b>10,931</b>	<b>28,069</b>

27.15% of the Ukrainians that immigrated up to 1941 remained un-naturalized, of which 75% named Poland as their country of allegiance, 4,581 named Russia and 3,936 named Austria. Apparently most of these were comparatively recent arrivals before the 1941 census taking.

The citizenship of the population of Ukrainian origin is as follows:

British subjects	277,832
Aliens	28,069
Not stated	28

**Total** 305,929

Of the Ukrainian total population 90.81% are British subjects and 9.19% are aliens or others who did not state their citizenship.

### OFFICIAL LANGUAGE AND MOTHER TONGUE:

Official languages are not to be confused with mother tongues. By mother tongue is meant the first language learned in childhood if still understood by the person. Mother tongue, being used in the home, is natural to a person even if he is unable to speak it on account of youth, infirmity or for some other reason, whereas the official language or languages are those recognized by statute for general use. Thus the immigrants to a new country bring with them their mother tongues and continue to use them in their homes, but these have no relation to the official languages in the country of their adoption.

The population of Ukrainian origin speaking one, both, or neither of the official languages of Canada, is as follows:

Language spoken	Male	Female	Total
English only	152,418	127,792	280,210
French only	95	94	189
English and French	2,432	1,725	4,157
Neither English nor French	7,655	13,718	21,373
<b>Total</b>	<b>162,600</b>	<b>142,329</b>	<b>305,929</b>

Of the total Ukrainian population 91.27% use English as their official language. 6.98% could not speak English or French in 1941 as compared to 22.02% in 1931.

### AGE:

The population of Ukrainian origin divided into five-year age groups, is as follows:

	Male	Female	Total
0-4	14,366	14,082	28,448
5-9	15,750	15,659	31,409
10-14	16,964	16,648	33,612
15-19	17,396	17,835	35,231
20-24	15,672	16,327	31,999
25-29	14,396	13,986	28,382
30-34	10,876	10,712	21,588
35-39	12,123	10,045	22,168
40-44	9,989	6,764	16,753
45-49	10,364	6,428	16,792
50-54	8,476	4,922	13,398
55-59	6,459	3,387	9,846
60-64	4,038	2,264	6,302
65-69	2,782	1,907	4,689
70-74	1,478	1,194	2,672
75-79	863	685	1,548
80-84	409	327	736
85-89	152	127	279
90-94	32	26	58
95 and up	15	4	19
<b>Total</b>	<b>162,600</b>	<b>143,329</b>	<b>305,929</b>

## In Quest

(Continued from page 4)

exasperated Semen. "Have you drunk something that you cannot wake up? Wake up!"

"Dyid" Panas, although the oldest among them all, was the first to come to his senses. He walked over to Semen, waking up the other Kozaks.

"Come, come children. This is no joke," he cried. "We have a Tartar, and there may be many more in the vicinity."

Semen went over to the captive's horse. The Kozaks realizing at last what this was all about, quickly crowded around the Tartar. The latter, having come to his senses, began to strive to break his bonds.

"The knife for him!" one of the Kozaks cried, pulling out his dagger and waving it in the air. "Why make any ceremonies about him?"

"Aren't you ashamed to kill a bound person?" rebuked "dyid" Panas. "A live Tartar is worth more to us than a dead one. Let him alone."

The other, abashed, and realizing the wisdom of the advice, sheathed his knife.

"Dyid" Panas approached the Tartar, from whose nose blood was still pouring and nearly choking him.

"We had better save him if we are going to make any use of him," said Triska. "Come on boys, get some water. And you, 'dyidu,' do all that you can keep the Tartar alive."

Somebody brought water. "Dyid" Panas knelt down by the captive and using the water began to try to stem the flow of blood... The Tartar cursed savagely and ground his teeth in rage...

After the blood had been stemmed, "dyid" Panas, who knew the Tartar tongue, began to question him. But the Tartar remained dumb to all questions. Perceiving that he would never get any information by gentle "dyid" Panas nodded his head significantly to one of the Kozaks who was standing near the campfire. The latter drew out of the fire a red hot poker and with it approached the Tartar. A few others grabbed hold of his legs and raised them upwards.

"Let go my legs! I'll talk!" exclaimed the frightened Tartar, realizing that the Kozaks meant business.

(To be continued)

When fate hands you a lemon squeeze it—and start a lemonade stand... A man who is married to a beautiful girl and a good cook is probably a bigamist... It seems the the problem right now is to find a home and then to find a car—so you can get away from home.

## Subscribe to

### THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

You can get a subscription to the Ukrainian Weekly for one dollar if you are a member of the Ukrainian National Association.

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30.55% of the Ukrainians are 14 years of age or less, 12.93% are 50 years of age or more, and 56.52% are between the ages of 15 and 49. The 15-19 age group is the largest including 11.51% of the population. There are more males than females in all age groups except between the ages of 15 and 24. Saskatchewan has more children up to 14 years of age than any other province. Manitoba has more of the other age groups than any other province. 42.12% of those that are 80 years old or more are in Manitoba.

### EDUCATION:

The number of children under 15 years of age divided into five year age groups, is as follows:

	Male	Female	Total
0-4	14,366	14,082	28,448
5-9	15,750	15,659	31,409
10-14	16,964	16,648	33,612
<b>Total</b>	<b>47,080</b>	<b>46,389</b>	<b>93,469</b>

The population, divided between those at school and those not at school, is as follows:

	Male	Female	Total
At School	33,150	32,407	65,557
Not at School	129,450	110,922	240,372
<b>Total</b>	<b>162,600</b>	<b>143,329</b>	<b>305,929</b>

Most children reporting school attendance are between 5 and 14 years of age. There are 65,021 children in this age group as compared with 65,557 of the population reported at school.

The population classified according to the number of years of schooling is as follows:

Years of Schooling	Male	Female	Total
0-4	74,771	70,949	145,720
5-8	66,644	54,200	120,844
9-12	18,229	16,667	34,896
13 or more	2,543	1,268	3,811
Not stated	413	245	658
<b>Total</b>	<b>162,600</b>	<b>143,329</b>	<b>305,929</b>

41.06% of those that have less than 5 years of schooling are children under 10 years of age. 39.5% of the population has 5-8 years of schooling and 12.65% have a high school education or better.

## "PASSPORT TO NOWHERE"

Passport To Nowhere, the first film to show life in a DP camp, is now being shown at first-run motion picture theaters throughout the country. The picture, part of RKO-Pathé's This Is America series, was produced at a cost of \$78,000 by a special camera crew sent to the DP camps in Germany to film the actual barracks-type existence there. The picture graphically shows the wasted skills of these people that could be utilized in a new country. Persons interested in seeing the film should ask their local motion picture theater to obtain it from their nearest RKO-Pathé film exchange. Handbills to tell motion picture audiences that they can help the DPs they have seen by writing their Congressmen to pass the Stratton Bill, may be obtained for distribution in theater lobbies from the Citizens Committee On Displaced Persons (39 East 36th St., New York 36, N. Y.)

### Carusi Favors Stratton Bill

Testimony on the Stratton Bill continues before the House Subcommittee on Immigration. Ugo Carusi, U. S. Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization, made a special appearance before the Committee to refute statements of American Legion Commander Paul H. Griffith which he described as "misinformation and gross exaggeration." Carusi, citing official records, described Griffith's statement that America has "ten illegal immigrants for every legal immigrant as being "about 800 percent too high." Actually, less than 2,000 persons from Europe attempt to slip through our seaports each year, Carusi explained.

Other testimony supporting H.R. 2910 was presented by Rabbi Phillip S. Bernstein, Advisor on Jewish Affairs to General Clay in the American Zone, that only about 25 percent of the Jewish DPs, or approximately 60,000, would want to come to the U. S., if given the opportunity.

Endorsement of the Stratton Bill cut directly across party lines when four Republican and four Democratic Congressmen appeared before the Committee hearings or presented statements in favor of the bill. They included: Reps. Glen Davis (R., Wis.); Ellsworth B. Foote (R., Conn.); Mitchell Jenkins (R., Pa.); Jacob Javits (R., N.Y.); Ray J. Madden (D., Ind.); Adolph J. Sabath (D., Ill.); Arthur G. Klein (D., N.Y.); John Lesinski (D., Mich.). Also testifying for the bill was former Senator Guy Gillette.

### Reactionary Opposition

The opposition to H.R. 2910, which has been very quiet to-date, finally appeared at the hearings in the form of an extremely reactionary fringe, personified by Merwin K. Hart, President of the National Economic Council; John B. Trevor, President of the "American Coalition of Patriotic Societies", and C. E. Babcock of the United Order of Junior Mechanics. Hart has been described by the "Friends of Democracy" as one who "fought against the 40-hour week, the Unemployment Insurance Act, the Child-Labor Act, the Lend-Lease Bill and aid to England." He is known as a reactionary propagandist who specializes in attempting to kill all progressive and humanitarian legislation. Trevor and his group is opposed to all immigration. Babcock's organization is an obscure fraternal order with an equally obscure membership.

### Others In Favor

American Legion Posts throughout the country are passing resolutions favoring H.R. 2910 in opposition to the position of the national Legion hierarchy. However, national Legion leaders, purporting to represent all members of the American Legion—which they obviously do not—testified against the Stratton Bill on the basis of a general prejudice against immigration. They were not able to produce any specific opposition to admission of DPs from "grass-roots" Legion membership throughout the country.

Latest Legion resolution asking passage of H.R. 2910 comes from FDR Post No. 493 of Detroit, Mich., which declares that "the American Legion has always been outstanding in its fight for the American way of life, one feature of which has been to provide a haven of refuge for the oppressed and persecuted of the world." Post No. 493's resolution points out that the Stratton Bill "proposes no alterations whatsoever in the regular immigration quota, but only sets up temporary provisions to admit DPs."

Reversing an earlier vote, the General Federation of Women's Club, representing three million women, voted overwhelming support to the Stratton Bill at their annual convention in New York City on June 27. The resolution which supported H.R. 2910 as essential, since "the IRO cannot solve the problem unless immigrant-receiving countries make special provisions to receive a fair share of DPs," was first defeated early in the convention by a narrow margin with only 897 out of the 1806 delegates present to vote.

Immediately protests came from other delegates from many states that they had not had an opportunity to vote and that the vote was taken before delegates had time to become familiar with the provisions of the Stratton Bill and the fact that it retains the customary immigration screening safeguards.

## An Aviation Career Plan For Young Americans

### Army Air Forces Announces New School Program

The Army Air Forces has announced a new plan which, for the first time, definitely helps a qualified young man to chart his own career in aviation.

This plan provides that the young man, who must be a high school graduate or have equivalent education, may choose before enlistment the AAF specialized school in which he wishes to receive training. He then is assured of being assigned to that school following basic training. Former servicemen will be assigned directly to the school of their choice.

More than 200 skills and trades, ranging from radar and meteorology to jet propulsion engine maintenance and photography, are taught in AAF specialized schools.

The new Aviation Career Plan is designed to give promising young men between 17 and 34 their chance—and a fast start—in a progressive and unlimited field. Standards for selection are high, but so are the re-

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

It is gratifying to see that many members and non-members of the Ukrainian National Association are taking an interest in the organization. A considerable number of persons have visited the Main Office in Jersey City in recent months and scores of others have written for information. For the benefit of our readers we will devote this week's column to questions and answers of general interest.

Q. What types of certificates are issued by the U.N.A.?

A. There are six classes of juvenile certificates. Class 1 is a term to age 18 certificate; Class 2, whole life with premiums ceasing at age 70; Class 3, 16-year endowment; Class 4, 20-payment life; Class 5, 20-year endowment; Class 6, endowment at anniversary following 18th birthday. There are four types of certificates for adults... whole life, 20-payment life, 20-year endowment, and whole Class 2, 50¢ monthly, and Class 3, The dues in Class 1 are 25¢ monthly, Class 2, 50¢ monthly, and Class 3, 50¢ monthly for each \$100 of insurance. The monthly dues vary in all other classes, depending on the age of the applicant and the type and amount of insurance desired. Adults are eligible for double indemnity insurance.

Q. Can a member save money by paying his dues in advance?

A. A member may pay monthly, quarterly, semi-annually, or annually. The largest savings (up to 6%) is realized through annual payments.

Q. Can a member pay his dues directly to the Main Office?

A. The By-Laws of the U.N.A. stipulate that members must pay their dues through the branches of which they are members. No payments are accepted directly from members. Members who live in localities where there are no U.N.A. branches, however, may make arrangements to pay their dues by mail to Branch 25 of Jersey City, which is maintained for their convenience and which does all of its business by mail.

Q. Can a member change his certificate for that of a different class and amount?

A. Yes, but is the member desires to retain the original date of insur-

wards for those who can make the grade.

Army Air Forces enlisted men showing ability and leadership also are eligible to apply for Officer Candidate School or for flying training as Aviation Cadets.

The AAF program is part of the Regular Army's long-range plan to provide the best in specialized training for qualified young Americans. Entrance requirements, however, are stiff and only about 60 percent of those who apply can meet the rigid tests.

But for those who pass, Army training prepares them for good careers in the Service, or for well-paying jobs in many lines of business and industry after leaving the Service. Army pay is the highest in military history with 50 percent extra for flying duty and 20 percent additional for oversea duty. The Army also has generous retirement privileges after 20 or 30 years.

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ance, and if the new certificate calls for a higher rate, he must pay the difference plus interest. (The exception to this is in Class T).

Q. Are U.N.A. members obliged to subscribe to the "Svoboda"?

A. Only foreign-born male members who can read and write are required to pay for and receive the official organ. Female, American-born males, and illiterate members need not subscribe if they do not wish to do so. The charge for the papers is only 30¢ monthly for members.

Q. Do members have to subscribe to The Ukrainian Weekly?

A. No. Subscription to the Weekly is voluntary. U.N.A. members receive a special rate of only \$1 annually.

Q. In what States and Canadian provinces does the U. N. A. have branches?

A. Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, North Dakota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming; Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec.

Q. Do all branches send delegates to the quadrennial conventions of the U.N.A.?

A. Only those branches consisting of 45 or more adult members at the time the election of delegates is authorized will be sent the proper credentials for their delegates. Should two small branches combine for the purpose of electing a delegate to represent both branches, that delegate will be entitled to credentials; the membership of both branches, however, must be 45 or more adult members.

Q. In addition to his insurance dues a member must pay 15¢ extra monthly. Why is this so?

A. Each adult member is required to pay (monthly) 8¢ to the Indigent Fund, 5¢ to the Convention Fund, and 2¢ to the National Fund, a total of 15¢. The contribution to the Indigent Fund entitles the member to the privileges set forth in the U.N.A. By-Laws, namely the right to receive aid in the event of serious injury or incurable sickness. With its Convention Fund the U.N.A. meets the expenses incurred in holding its quadrennial conventions. The National Fund is used for the cultural, moral, and civic development of U. N. A. members, and also to aid the Ukrainian cause overseas.

Q. Are rewards given to persons who bring new members into the U.N.A.?

A. Yes. Substantial rewards are given to organizers of new juvenile and adult members. Further information will be supplied to all interested parties on request.

★

Information on any phase of the Ukrainian National Association will be supplied on request. Communications should be addressed to P. O. Box 76, Jersey City, N. J.

T. L.

Any Ukrainian National Association bowling team in the Ohio district interested in forming a Ukrainian National Association bowling league please get in touch with Nicholas Bobeczko, 1504 E. 173rd Street, Cleveland 10, Ohio.

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS!  
KEEP ALL THE BONDS YOU BUY!

## Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER WM. DANKO

### BASEBALL:

Mike Tresh, scrappy Chi White Sox catcher, recently moved back into the number 1 receiver's position for the Pale Hose, a job he relinquished when he injured his leg several months ago. Mike last week proved a thorn in the side of the pennant-bound N. Y. Yankees when he sparked the Sox to an even break in 4 games against the Yanks...

Steve Souchock, hustling first-baseman for the K. C. Blues of the American Association, is making plenty of headway in his battle to return to the major leagues by his great playing. Out, due to injuries in approximately a quarter of the games played by his team to date, big Steve is still among the league leaders in the all important RBI column, and has improved his batting average to over the .300 mark of late. His fielding has left nothing to be desired, as manager Mill Meyer rates his present infield combo on a par with the 1939 group of acrobats which included P. Rizzuto, J. Priddy, J. Sturm, etc. ... Incidentally, Sturm, another former N. Y. Yankee (1941-42 editions) recently took over the managerial reins of the Ventura Club of the California (C) League from Mike Gazella, a N. Y. Yank infielder on their great teams in the late twenties and early thirties. However, Mike will remain in the Yankee organization as their scouting representative on the West Coast. Gazella, Pennsylvania product, now resides in his beautiful little home in Los Angeles.

Pete Kowalchuk, a N. Y. Yank farm-hand, was sent to Butler of the Mid-Atlantic (C) League by Sunbury of the Inter-State (B) League. Pete pitched for Butler last year, winning 10 games and losing only 5, also had a fairly low earned-run average.

Young Peter Karpuk of Toronto, has been sent back to Ottawa, the front runners in the Border (C) League by the Toronto Maple Leafs of the International (AAA) League. Pete performed for Kingston of the Border League last year and enjoyed a very successful season as an all-around handyman, serving as a pitcher (won and lost 14 games; set the league record in strikeouts; had most innings pitched and the lowest earned-run average) and batted a neat .329 as an infielder and outfielder when not hurling.

Andy Mathews of Bayonne, N. J. is rapidly approaching his true form as the third-baseman for Trenton of the Inter-State (B) League. Andy was late getting started for he reported late (the early part of June), the reason being that he had to complete his year of engineering studies at Stevens Tech.

By the way, 2 more "Ukes" from the Ukrainian A. C. of Bayonne, N.J. have made All-N.J. State H.S. teams. Johnny Mathews of Bayonne H. S., a brother of the aforementioned Andy was named All-Hudson County second-baseman and also was given

"honorable mention" on the All-State baseball team.

Bill Schneckenberger of Bayonne Tech, (whose grand-dad was a German engineer who married in Ukraine and rest of family is definitely Ukrainian) made the All-Hudson County team as an outfielder and also made the All-State baseball squad. Bill, a most colorful performer on the Tech football, basketball and baseball squads, was rated this past scholastic season as having the best throwing arm of all outfielders in Hudson County. Both have received offers to play "pro" ball, the N. Y. Yanks offering Mathews a minor league contract, and Schneckenberger has been propositioned by the New York Giants. Both Johnny and Bill join big Myron Lotosky, another "Uke" member, who made the All-State basketball team last season."

Other Ukrainian A. C. Members who played on the H. S. baseball team were Ray Chakey, Walt Shostak, John Vasilchyn, and Bill Draganchuk.

### BOXING:

Leo Rodak, cagey Chicago lightweight who held the N.B.A. featherweight crown about a decade ago, is

in training and will shortly be seen in action.

Nick Melnick, Canadian middleweight, continues to remain active in midwest rings.

George Mazurenko, 21 year old boxer-puncher who won the N. W. Canada lightweight title in only his 4th pro bout last march, is rated as a definite "comer" among smart Canadian fistic observers.

Pete Zaduk, 19 year old sensation from Toronto, is coming along in great style. Pete, whom experts call another Depmsey (on a smaller scale) recently KO'ed George Sloan in 3-rounds and decisively beat Eli Hall in 6, both at Buffalo. The young Canadian-Ukrainian has the requisites to go far in the fistic game, including gameness, a dynamic punch, and great strength for one his age. The other Zaduk boy, 20 year old Billy, is also rated as a very promising boxer...

Looking over recent fight-results, I've noticed many typical Ukrainian names. Some include: undefeated Mike Koballa, who boxes out of Allison, Alliquipa, and Pittsburgh, Pa.; Nick Kashuba, rough Brooklyn middleweight; Frankie Gromada, tough East Side N. Y. welter; Mike Sopko, middleweight from Indiana Harbor, Ind. and Chicago; Joe and Tony Kahut from Oregon; Nick Mistovich of Youngstown, Ohio; Mike Birkovich of Cleveland, Ohio; Johnny Melko,

Massachusetts heavyweight and many others.

If any interested readers know of the Ukrainian nationality of any boxers, I'd appreciate it very much if you'd send the "info" to me at 347 Avenue "C", Bayonne, N. J. I would like to continue to publicize any known Ukrainian boxers who are active.



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### Десь упав стріла

Вона, схиливши голову вниз, доплітала косу. Невеликі жмутки волосся перебігали з пальця на палець. Час-до-часу її рухливі голубі очі звертались на Андрія, який оперши голову на руку, глядів на підлогу.

«Що з ним сьогодні?» — думала. «Завсіди говіркий, жартівливий, неначе гора не зазнав ніколи. Часом і нісенітливо заведе. А сьогодні... З підпертою головою, з очима, спущеними вниз, чекає її відповіді... Що ж йому відповіді?»

Знаються ледви пів року. Сходились часто разом. Аж ось він визнав, що любить її.

Чи любить вона? Сама не знає. Він гарний, здоровий, до того працьовитий. Часами здається, що він її вимірний, її ідеал.

Але чому часами? Вона хотіла б бачити його борцем. Таким, як його ровесники, сином революції — партизаном. Чому ж він ще сьогодні їдома.

А він ні словечком про щось подібне й не згадав. Про все говорить, лише не про те, про що вона хотіла б почути з його уст.

Коли б не так, вона знала б, що відповіді. Вона пригорнула б його до себе і чулася б щасливою.

Та все таки, треба щось відповіді.

Доплела косу й кинула позад себе.

Хтось застукав у вікно.

— Андрію, це до тебе, вийди...

Вийшов. Та не минуло й дві хвилини, як увійшов знову. Взяв шапку і, не чекаючи її відповіді, зник у вечірній мряці.

Чому ж так скоро вийшов? Хіба ж не цікава була йому її відповідь? Коли так було б, не питав би.

Чому це все якраз сьогодні? Почула холодний подув. Глянула в сторону дверей — недокриті. Поволі підійшла до порога. Щось біліло біля нього. Підняла, замкнула двері.

Обережно, щоб не подерти, розложила маленький, завинчений в трубку, папірець і читала. Прочитала вже двічі й сама собі не вірила. Це ж неймовірно! Почала від початку вже втретє, цим разом півголосом, щоб почути, коли очам не вірять: „Друже Яремо! Сьогодні в год. 18-тій зголосіться в повному боевому виряді в Дуба. Він вас спрямує даліше. Вас потребує Україна!”

Так, тепер все прояснилось. Ярема це Андрій. Чому цього не догадувалась? Чому не відповіла йому перед хвилиною? Він напевно сподівався піти сьогодні туди, куди пішов. В полісху загубив карточку — свій поклик. Коли б не цей випадок, вона не знала б цього. Тому якраз сьогодні хотів знати, чи вона любила його, чи буде кому згадувати його, чи буде кому вижидати. А може він ще вдома? Треба побігти й сказати, що буде ждати...

Ця нагла думка привеволити її бігти до нього. Він недалеко мешкає. Мерщій...

Добігла... Відкрила хату... Старий Семен, Андрія батько, сидів біля дубового стола. Повторити ще раз поздоровлення, бо старень, мабуть, попереднього не чув. Підвів голову і глянув зроненими очима на Олену. Він знає, що Андрій залицявся до неї.

Не питала вона старого, його очі сказали все — Андрій вже в лісі. Очі кинулась, плачучи, до Семена. Плакала не тому, що Андрій пішов, вона того сама хотіла. Плакала тому, що не ска-

зала йому сьогодні цього короткого слова — люблю.

Семен посадив її на лаві і глядів розвіяне вітром волосся. Потішав, як міг, хоча сам потребував потіхи і розради.

— Не журись, Оленко, він вернеться. Це вже довго не буде тривати. З весною, маю надію, розгориться революція, а тоді він вернеться і будете щасливі. Я сам не журився б, бо на це й виховав сина, щоб віддати Україні, та жалко, що він пішов і не оставив мені невістки. Я старий, з кожним днем занепадаю. Не буде кому і страви зварити.

— Про це ви, батеньку, не журіться. У мене є молодша сестра. Вона мене вдома заступить. Я останусь у вас і хоча цим віддячусь Андрієві за його любов. Добре?

— На мене не дивись, Оленко, де ж тобі зід сьогодні працювати на старого.

Не дала йому дальше говорити. Побігла скоро додому і за годину вернулася з малим клуночком.

Осталася... \* \* \*

Метелиця складала з білих зірок снігу все нові поверхи. Здавалось, засипле село, яке, опершись об ліс, курило димарями. Старий Семен кінчив вечірню молитву, Олена вишивала сорочку. Ще лише кілька хрестиків, і буде готова.

Для Андрійка...

Вправно пробігала голка з одної на другу сторону полотна. Час-до-часу гляділа Олена крізь мальоване морозом вікно і глибоко зідхала. Вона хотіла добачити крізь заверюху його. Візії від самого сумерку змінювали одна одну. Олена бачить його, бачить, як він, обсираний снігом прямує засніженою дорогою до хати. Ось стоїть під вікном і усміхається до неї. То знову бачить його в холодній земляці, відтак в лісі на стійці... Така сніговина... О, Боже, де ж він сьогодні? Напевно холод докучає йому... Коли це все вже раз скінчиться? Чого ж доля наша така сувора?

Покінчила шиття. Ще раз оглянула сорочку, чи все в порядку, чи часом не опустила чогось. Думала намочити її зараз, щоби чиста й зложена чекала на Андрія.

Десь упав стріла... Напевно в лісі. І знову стріла... а дальше і не почислиш...

Оленка здригнулася. Здригнувся і Семен, який щойно проснувся.

Може Андрій тут близько... Стрільниця змагалась. Роєм літали смертоносні сталі пчілки, шукаючи квіток, а коли знайшли одну, всисались в її тіло і ссали червоний нектар, аж ця квітка зівяла, згинула.

Бій перенісся з ліса в село. Відділи НКВД відступали під охороною кулеметів перед наступаючими повстанцями. Ще хвилини і повстанці захопили село. Большевики готувались до протинаступу.

На хвилину втихли скоростріли й кріси. Здавалось, що це все лише візія, привид.

Та це лише хвилину. Бій розгорівся наново. Перед хатою Семена повстанський скоростріл гавкав безперервно.

Оленка гляділа напружено в вікно. Вона хотіла в нічній пільмі доглянути його.

Раптом відкривсь двері. Вбіг до хати.

— Андрійко, їй любий Андрійко... — рвадись слова потоками з її уст.

Б. Бараник

### НАТАЛКА

Зима 1941 року.

Доля кинула мною над Збруч, до невеличкого села П. Тут я скоро заакліматизувався так, що в короткому часі знало мене майже все населення села. Не було такого дня, щоб я не відвідав декого з знайомих. Однак, найчастіше бував я у Василя П., старого воюка-петлюривця. Він надзвичайно цікаво розказував свої переживання з Визвольних Змагань, про Зимовий Похід, і ми не раз просиділи вдвох до пізньої ночі.

У Василя була дочка, Наталка. Своєю щирістю та отвертістю звернула вона на себе мою увагу. Але не тільки це, мене вражала її надзвичайна краса. Струнка, з гарним волоссям, темними очима, в яких блимали дивні вогники. Контрастом до цього було її обличчя, біле мов мрамур.

Вечорами ми проводили гуртки на різні теми. Спільно читали книжки та дискутували над прочитаним. Вкортці між нами запанувала тісна дружба. Однак, від якогось часу почала непокоїти мене її поведінка. Наталка часто десь їхала, часом навіть на декілька днів. Якщо була дома, тоді з'являлися незнайомі мені люди та в окремі кімнати, про щось шепотом говорили. Зразу я нічого сенько не второнав, не знав, у чому тут річ. Запитував домашніх, та вони тільки здвигали плечима. Питав і саму Наталку, але вона зо сміхом переходила на іншу тему, мовляв, хай тебе це не цікавить.

Минали дні. В околиці шораз більше саботажів. Підпілля працювало. Вороги рівнож не спали. Почались масові арештування та вивози. Я надалі був гостем у Наталки, помагав як міг і в думках потерпав, щоб Наталка щось не трапилось.

Аж сталося. Прийшов морозний лютий день. Всюди було тихо. Тільки хвилями зривався вітер, розкидав сніг із дерев і пропадав у близькому лісі.

Я доходив до забудівель Василя П. і вже здалека побачив на подвір'ї чужі санки й кілька верхових коней. Страшна думка

Глянули собі у вічі... Зрозуміли себе... Простили собі...

Кинулись в обійми...

Бій змагався. Замок і кулемет коло хати.

Андрій вирвався з її обіймів, обняв і поцілував батька і кинувся на двір.

— Андрійку...

— Я мушу там, там друзі, там боротьба... Не можу... Пізніше... — вбігали слова за словами крізь недокриті двері.

Вибігла за ним.

На білому пухкому снігу чорніла постать. Припала до неї. Він, Андрій, ще всміхався, ще дрижали його уста, руки ще стискали кріс. А сніг красився на червоно...

Метелиця устала... Несміло зза хмарки визирнув місяць.

Андрій лежав неповоротно, а Олена вмивала своїми сльозами його обличчя й обтирала розпушеними косами, якими бавився холодний вітер...

### НАЙДУТЬ ЗАНЯТТЯ

ПОТРІБНО  
СТАРШОГО ЧОЛОВІКА

до чищення коло бари й подвіря. Платня згідно з увою, помешкання й харчі. Голоситись:

PETER BERKITA,  
10 Riverside Ave., Lyndhurst, N. J.

заморозила кров у жилах. Однак, я не затримався, вступив у хату. Перше, що завважив, це сині шапки НКВД-истів, а дальше, за столом хтось сидів і писав. Я пізнав його, це був товариш Р., пропагандист, приділений на село. Прочуття не завело мене, Наталку хтось зрадив. Вона сама стояла в куті. Мої очі зустрілися з її, вони мали тепер дивний колір. Обличчя було бліде, як завжди, тільки куточки уст легко дрижали.

Так стояв я якийсь час і щойно голос якогось з НКВД-истів, який домагався пашпорту, збудив мене з задуми. Енкаведист переглянув пашпорт й остеріг, щоб я не виходив з кімнати.

Нараз почувся голос Наталки, та я нічого сенько не розумів. Стояв мов вкопаний, через тіло проходила дрож. Всією силою волі старався бути спокійним. Товариш Р. встав, витягнув із кобури пістоль, різким голосом кинув декілька слів та показав на двері. Двох енкаведистів із крісами вийшли перші, за ними Наталка, а дальше всі інші. Я залишився в кімнаті. Надворі почулись дзвінки саней, а по хвилі якась метушня. Владо кілька стрілів, хтось кричав. Мов під впливом невидимої сили, скочив я до вікна. Під тилом лежала якась постать. Це була Наталка. Біля саней стояв товариш Р., лице в нього було викривлене болем, ліва рука безвладно звисала. Енкаведисти держали кріси в руках та щось кричали. Я вийшов на поріг. Над Наталкою клячала мати, сльози текли струмком по старому обличчі. Батько держався руками за сиву голову. Мій погляд спрямувався на Наталку. З лівої сторони грудей та знад висків спливала кров. Підійшов ближче, ніхто не здержував мене. Я нахилився над Наталкою. Її очі за-тягалися імлюю. Лице стало ще біліше. Спостерегла мене, пізнала. Підтримувана матір'ю рештками сил підвелася. Тихесенько прошепотіла: „Так мусіло скінчитися. Богдан Г. дасть нові вказівки. Прощай!”

Я з трудом здержав сльози, що напливали до очей. Не всилі був і слова промовити, а тільки хитнув головою. Тіло Наталки декілька разів здригнулося та впало на рамена матері.

Енкаведисти зо сміхом сідали на коні. Пропагандист Р., сідаючи на сани, зо злістю видусив зо себе прокляін та крикнув: „Менш одної контрреволюціонерки!” Відіхали.

Я встав і безвладно поплився домів. Перед очима стояв образ Наталки. Чарівні очі, мраморнобіле обличчя ще й сьогодні тривожать мій сон.

ЯР СЛАВУТИЧ

\* \* \*

Відгомонила спрагла рівновага,  
І тільки — спомин, як пуста мета,  
І тільки — будня розбуяла брата  
Мені допалоє сухі уста.

Прощай навів, блаженний супокою!  
Мою рахмань і втрачені стегі  
В дочасну пору заступили мною  
Чужинних міст брунатні черепи.

І я не хочу — чи мені ж не дано? —  
Я не бажаю проклясти шляхи.  
Така приємна і така жадана  
Яксь покута за якісь гріхи.

Що вже й коштує, потом перемона,  
Дорожнім піном починає сніг  
І далеч простору, як меч Дамокла,  
Прозить і надить надить і прозить.