

# СВОБОДА SVOBODA

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## Ukrainian Liberation Movement Surging Forward

The power drive of the Ukrainian liberation movement, spearheaded by the heroic UPA (Ukrainian Insurgent Army), has broken through the notorious Soviet "iron curtain" into wide public notice through some detachments of fighting UPA units which finding their positions untenable in the face of the combined Soviet-Russian-Polish-Czech forces out to destroy them, escaped into the American zone of occupation in Germany and there revealed to American authorities and press what is happening in Ukraine.

The events there have, with some exceptions, gone unmentioned. Battles have been raging in Ukraine between Ukrainian liberators and the Soviet forces, but the world has little been aware of them. But now, within the past few weeks, the story is coming out. Conservative news agencies such as the Associated Press, or newspapers such as the New York Times and the New York Sun are featuring lengthy reports about the Ukrainian struggle for national independence. Even leading American military figures, such as General Lucius D. Clay, United States commander in Germany, have taken notice of this struggle.

In the light of Secretary of State Marshall's blunt, show-down speech at the United Nations Assembly meeting now, and the violent typically Red propagandistic rejoinder from Soviet Foreign Minister Vishinsky, the amount recently devoted in American, Soviet-controlled and other world press to the Ukrainian national movement takes on added significance.

In the latter connection, and by way of illustration, the New York Times and other papers served by the Associated press reported the following last Friday, September 19, from Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany:

"United States Army report said today the Ukrainian resistance army [UPA] fighting for Ukrainian independence was so large that units estimated between 15,000 to 20,000 had engaged Polish and Soviet troops in pitched battles.

### Groups of 15,000 Ukrainians Reported Fighting Against Soviet Forces

"The anti-Communist partisans are armed with mortars, light artillery and machine guns as well as rifles and hand grenades, said the report, based partly on the interrogation of forty Ukrainian guerrillas who recently fled from Poland into the United States zone in Germany [in whose behalf the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America sent a cable

to General Clay in Germany asking him to give them and other defenders of Ukrainian liberties the traditional —American right of asylum—Editor.]

"In early June," the report said, "an estimated 15,000 to 20,000 partisans engaged a large force of Soviet-directed Polish and Soviet troops in the Nowy Sacz, Zakopane, Babia Góra, Biala areas in south Poland. A force of partisans estimated at 10,000 was surrounded and cut off. One group of 4,000 headed south through Czechoslovakia to the United States zone of Germany."

"The leader of the forty guerrillas now interned by United States forces in Deggendorf said the members of his group had come to the United States zone hoping to help the United States in what they viewed as the 'coming' war with the Soviet Union.

"The border patrol has been increased and, the report said, Czechoslovak Army and police units had been alerted to intercept the guerrillas.

"Gen. Lucius D. Clay, United States commander in Germany, said at a news conference that no decision had been reached concerning the disposition of the forty guerrillas held in Deggendorf.

"Explaining that the reasons for the guerrillas' journey from Poland were being carefully checked, General Clay said:

"The investigation probably will take some time. We cannot attempt to determine our future course with them until the full facts are arrived at."

"Asked if any who proved to be Russian citizens would be returned in the event of a request by Russia, General Clay said: 'If they are Russian citizens it does not necessarily mean they will be returned to Russia—it depends upon applicable rules of war.' He declared the guerrillas 'will not be considered as displaced persons.'"

In an earlier (September 16) AP dispatch from Deggendorf, Germany, a bullet-scarred Ukrainian guerrilla leader, Walko Jurij, was reported as having declared that the Communist political police were exhorting the Polish people to prepare for a Russian war against the United States.

The twenty-five years old Jurij, is reported to be one of the forty armed Ukrainians mentioned above having entered the U.S. zone in Germany.

"We want to continue our fight against Communism," Walko Jurij said in an interview arranged through official permission in the guarded prison barracks in which the Ukrainians have been confined pending further disposition of their cases. "We

## Relief Committee Delegate Sent To Europe

Roman Smook, Chicago attorney, left for Europe by air last Wednesday, September 17, as a representative of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee to take charge of its field operations in the aiding of Ukrainian displaced persons in the American, British and French zones of occupation in Central Europe. His destination is Frankfort-on-the-Main.

A former member of the Auditing Committee of the Ukrainian National Association, the Relief Committee delegate has been for many years active in Ukrainian American life. Some months ago he was chairman of the huge Ukrainian relief rally at the Chicago Opera House which featured as its chief attraction John Hodiak, screen star of Ukrainian descent.

The decision to send Mr. Smook to Europe was reached Saturday, September 13, at a Relief Committee

## Bodnar Recital

Miss Mary Bodnar, popular young Ukrainian American soprano of New York metropolitan area, is planning to give a vocal recital in the Carnegie Recital Hall, 154 West 57th street, New York City, on Sunday, October 19, at 3 p.m. The recital will be her initial one.

Miss Bodnar, daughter of Rev. Joseph Bodnar of Unica, N. Y., has been closely identified with younger generation Ukrainian American activities for many years, particularly in the field of Ukrainian music. She is a member of the Ukrainian Youth's Chorus of New York and New Jersey, for which she has sung solo parts.

Miss Mary and her sister Miss Stephania Bodnar are well known for their concert and radio duets in New York.

The coming recital is expected to attract a capacity audience.

meeting of its executive board, at which Mr. John Panchuk of Detroit, president of the committee, presided.

## Directs UN Week Programs

Michael Herman, former Ukrainian folk dance director, now engaged professionally in the teaching of the folk dances of various lands, was the director of the United Nations Week celebration program presented during the past week at the Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. Each late afternoon and evening various groups of folk dancers performed under his direction. He was assisted by his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Bodnar

Herman. Both are of the younger generation.

On Sunday, September 14, the New York Times carried a story on Mr. Herman in connection with the U.N. celebration program, accompanied by a picture of him.

A book on folk dances by Mr. Herman published by a prominent publishing firm is coming off the presses, and will be soon reviewed on these pages.

## Folk Dancers Star

The Ukrainian Dancing Society of New York under the direction of John Flis scored another success at the United Nations Dance Festival held in the Rockefeller Plaza on September 17, 1947. The entire program was under the direction of the well known Ukrainian and teacher of folk dances, Michael Herman. The program was one of a number held during the celebration of United Nations Week in New York City ending last weekend.

There was a representation of people from almost every one of the United Nations. The Ukrainian group was the only one present that lacked a free nation that it could represent.

However, this did not phase our boys and girls in the least. After the Scotch and Mexican dances they came sweeping out into the cen-

ter of the plaza, dancing with fire, grace and beauty the very captivating folk dance "Bourlak." Comments went through the general crowd, concerning the beauty of the costumes, the vivaciousness of the female dancers and the spirited dancing of the young men. Even during the communal folk dances such as the "Kokhanotchka" a group of the Ukrainians could be seen executing with precision and grace the steps of this popular dance. In fact my attention was drawn to them by a number of people about me. While all the other couples were attempting to show themselves off, our winsome lassies danced together as though they were in the line of the nearly Radio City Rockets.

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know that America is going to fight Russia sooner or later and we want to help."

He said that hundreds and perhaps

thousands of other Ukrainian underground members would flow into the American zone.

# The Ukrainian Theatre As Political Factor

By C. H. ANDRUSYSHEN

(Continued)

(2)

IN the first half of the nineteenth century professional actors were gradually bringing their influence to bear on the drama. The two greatest of these were M. Schepkin and K. Solenik. Although the latter was a better actor, the former exerted greater influence; and it was chiefly through his efforts that the Ukrainian theater eventually became free of the sing-song recitative manner, of the hyperbolic historicism and artificiality of movements and actions, which all made the actor and his art appear baroque indeed. And yet, this style of interpretation was so ingrained that it was only in Kropivnitsky's time that the lingering vestiges of excessive historicism, artificiality and sentimentalism were attacked finally sent to oblivion.

The life of an actor in those times was quite unenviable. In order to gain a tolerable livelihood, he was forced to take to the road, move from town to town under most adverse conditions, and to depend wholly on the good will of the rural communities, and especially the peasants who gathered at town fairs. Many a time the auditorium was a large stable, in which the people were divided from the beasts by a cloth partition through which the mooing, neighing, bleating, and animal sounds unhappily mingled with the declamations of the actors, and even amid most tragic moments created a regrettable comic interlude. On such a basis therefore the actor's security was almost negligible. There was a keenly felt lack of native repertory, and the actors had to depend on Russian plays and on translations into Russian of other foreign plays. If one considers that Ukrainian audiences were indifferent to plays in a language not their own, and that the actors were practically forced to present Russian plays, one cannot but well imagine their plight. An analogous condition prevailed in Western Ukraine (Galicia) where Polish and German were the languages which all but stifled the drama in Ukrainian, whose beginnings were dependent on the halting fortunes of the thespians of the Dnieper region.

## Dawn of Golden Age

Here, in spite of these negative omens, the golden age of the Ukrainian theater was already in the bud. In Kiev, the well-to-do Mikhaylo Staritsky was expending his time, energy, fortune, literary and dramatic talent towards furthering the development of the native theater. This Maecenas can hardly be considered original, however. As a director and actor he belonged to the old declamatory school, and was enamoured of the melodramatic, ornate, and sentimental. Almost every play, which he remodelled from older dra-

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matic texts, he intertwined with popular songs, choral interludes and folk dances. For that purpose he formed in Kiev a permanent dramatic and choral company for which he engaged the services of the foremost Ukrainian composer Mikola Lysenko with whom he formed a friendship similar to that of Gilbert and Sullivan. Their common products proved both impressive and popular, especially *Rizdvyana Nich* ("Christmas Eve") and *Chornomortsi* ("Black Sea Rovers"). Later, however, Staritsky, as did Kropivnitsky throughout his career, allowed the musical side of the drama only a secondary role. That change is evident in his drama *Ne Sudyloś* ("It Was Not Fated") in which the social import predominates over the musical and the histrionic.

In 1876 a tsarist ukaz prohibited the publication of all books in the Ukrainian language. Ukrainian literature became a martyr, but it did not cease to exist: it was nurtured and supported by its own offspring—the drama, which had by that time become such a sturdy and well-rooted growth that no ukaz, however tsarist, could destroy it. The printed word was obliterated, but the uttered word resounded from one end of the country to the other. The entire Ukraine became a stage from which the artists bore witness to the deathless spirit of the Ukrainian genius. It was precisely at that time of persecution and stress that the Ukrainian stage became a mighty fortress of culture, a vital means of national existence. And its coryphaei were Staritsky, Kropivnitsky, the three Tobilevich brothers (who worked under the pseudonyms Karpenko-Kary, Sadovsky, and Saksahansky), such actors as Maria Zankovetska, and a host of others whom the Ukrainian public considered as the torch-bearers of freedom and general enlightenment. It was, in fact, the dramatists and actors who, in the second half of the nineteenth century, became the leaders of the Ukrainian nation.

## Russian Restrictions

To realize what these leaders had to contend with, even in times of relatively normal conditions of censorship, one has but to remember that even translations of the ancient Greek dramatists, of Moliere, Shakespeare, Schiller, as well as each new play had to pass through a severe Russian censorship, the process of which in many instances was protracted to several years' duration. Even the most innocent plays of a thoroughly ethnographic character were subjected, comparatively speaking, to excruciating Star Chamber methods. At times when the Ukrainian repertory suffered for lack of normal expansion, this determined effort on the part of the enemies of the Ukrainian theater proved well-nigh annihilating. There were even efforts to do bodily injury to the actors, attempts to dispose of them altogether, as happened when the background decoration fell on Kropivnitsky, not at all accidentally, and knocked him unconscious. So great was the martyrdom of the Ukrainian theater that Sadovsky in later years selected a crown of long spiked thorns as an emblem of his troupe.

Even under fairly tolerable conditions the Ukrainian theater was restricted to the ethnographic category, and portrayed, with but rare excep-

tions, the life of the village folk. It is true that on many occasions that life assumed tragic proportions; yet it remained on a lowly level, with hardly an opportunity to evolve out of its sheer provincialism into a higher social sphere. The repressive measures caused it further to lag in the backwoods of humanity. The language itself, as was the case in Ukrainian literature in general, was likewise restricted to commonplace matters, and in plays of the period was spoken only by those characters who represented the peasants and menials, because the language was thought fit to express only mean sentiments, coarse feelings and low merriment. Characters of higher categories, expressing "noble" and serious sentiments, spoke Russian. This, in a way, was somewhat realistic, because the Ukrainian intelligentsia of the nineteenth century bore the stamp of the Russian influence so deeply that a Ukrainian landowner or a city dweller could rarely be found who knew Ukrainian. Even among the leaders of the Ukrainian national movement there were many who spoke Ukrainian only with the common people, especially when jesting, and Russian with their equals or superiors, even when the latter were their countrymen.

Yet, this drama, wrapped, so to say, in ordinary workaday apparel, proved a powerful means of instilling into that high society the sense of belonging to the Ukrainian race. In the ethnographic beauty of a simple life, in the vivid manners and customs, in the melody of the language, in comic, the aristocrats and the landed gentry felt something innate, something very close to their hearts. The living work uttered from the Ukrainian stage gradually melted the crust of their indifference to their racial origin, or fanned the spark of any warmth that yet remained in them towards their native land into an ever increasing flame of enthusiasm. If one bears in mind that in spite of oppression and persecution, there were towards the close of the last century some seventy-five traveling theatrical groups in Ukraine, their collective influence on the minds of the general public may well be imagined.

## Staritsky

Following the Kotlyarevsky period, a new impetus to Ukrainian drama was given by Mikhaylo Staritsky (1840-1904) who, as director of the first theatrical organization in Ukraine, enriched its repertory by about thirty plays, which he, in the main, borrowed from other sources and rewrote to suit his melodramatic and romantic mood. Staritsky was especially fond of historical drama, of which his two outstanding pieces are *Oborona Bushi* ("The Defence of Busha") and *Marusia Bohuslavka*. A play which became a perennial with Ukrainian audiences is *Oy ne khody Hrytsyu* ("Beware of Deception, Hritz"). Its plot is as simple as it is tragic: Hritz loves Marusya, but later falls in love with another; after vain attempts to win him back, the thwarted maiden poisons him. In spite of its triteness it has two qualities that make it one of the most popular plays: its intense love element and its vivid local color.

Staritsky was not a first rate dramatist. In his plays one monotonously finds the same traditional decor and milieu with detailed manners and customs predominating over the artistry of composition and dialogue. In the main, however, it was he who, by expending goodly sums of money

from his own funds, and by whatever talent he possessed in playwriting or in the capacity of a regisseur, maintained in Kiev a choral-dramatic group which was an example for other centers to follow and use as a model. Later on, better groups were formed, but none equalled Staritsky's in that influence that was so much needed when Ukrainian drama was in its infancy subjected to all manner of malevolence and abuse from the seats of the inimical mighty.

## Kropivnitsky

Marko Kropivnitsky (1841-1910) was both an excellent playwright and an outstanding actor. His dramas, like Staritsky's, are noted chiefly for their ethnographic content for they depict contemporary manners and customs as well as those in the period of serfdom. In the plays relating to both these periods he vividly presents the life of peasants and serfs in the songs and dances presented by the Ukrainian drama, both serious and the clutches of greedy and cruel lords, the license and immorality of the upper classes, their abuse of the less fortunate ones, and especially their violation of a peasant girl's honor. In his *Hlitay abozh Pavuk* ("The Bloodsucking Spider") he presents a new slave driver in the type of a peasant who had grown rich after the abolition of serfdom had freed the serf from the cruel lord and exposed him to the tender mercies of the greedy, grasping and unscrupulous parvenu. This type was simultaneously developed by Karpenko-Kary (Ivan Tobilevich).

In most of Kropivnitsky's plays one notes that his greatest characteristic is the knack of observing and seizing the smallest detail of a given episode and making it stand out to artistic advantage in the expansion of his scenes. In spite of this asset his dramas lack continuity and wholeness, because he devotes more attention to the individual scenes, which he develops almost to perfection. But while individual episodes are well fashioned, they are in many instances hardly related to each other, so that the linking texture of the whole appears loose indeed. To use a comparison, his scenes are like roses rising individually out of the ground instead of growing on a rose bush.

## Tobilevich

Of this trinity Ivan Tobilevich (Karpenko-Kary) (1845-1907) surpasses the other two by the power of his literary talent and by the originality of his subjects. The drama of manners and customs has but an insignificant or, at most, a secondary place in his repertory. Instead, he is interested in the social problems which arise out of the new post-serfdom conditions, which Tobilevich seeks to analyze, and the problems of which he seeks to solve. Being to a large degree tendentious, his plays may well be placed in the category of drama *a these*. Tobilevich is likewise more realistic than any of his contemporaries, especially in presenting the new conditions of existence created by the appearance of the bloodsucking peasant capitalist who is bent on exploiting his former fellow-beings, now his hirelings, on whose misery he grows in wealth and luxury. By means of lies, embezzlement, and exploitation, the "bloodsucking spider" continues mercilessly and egotistically on his way to self-aggrandisement; and in the pursuit of personal happiness he un-

(Concluded on page 6)

## PANTELEYMON KULISH AND THE UKRAINIAN BIBLE

By PERCIVAL CUNDY

TO the average American the mention of "Ukrainian" probably will merely call up an impression of colorful costumes, Kozak dances and songs. Yet they are a people richly endowed in culture, and possessing definite historical traditions.

In America there are at least a million people of Ukrainian descent, with another four hundred thousand in Canada. Although they were the first of the Slavonic peoples to develop a culture of their own after receiving Christianity in 988 at Kiev, their growing state fell before the onslaughts of the Tatar hordes in the thirteenth century. By the time the Ukrainians began to recover from their prostration Poland and Muscovite Russia had grown strong and from then on Ukraine was torn between these two rapacious powers. First Poland took over and then Tsarist Russia dominated the land and the people. Only twice during the last five centuries did Ukraine seem to be on the point of realizing its dreams of independence from foreign domination. The first was during the period of the Kozak Republic under Bohdan Khmelnytsky in the seventeenth century. As the head of one republic to another, Khmelnytsky wrote several letters to Oliver Cromwell. As the letters were in Latin they were replied to in the same language. John Milton was at that time Cromwell's Latin secretary so it is a fair assumption that the great poet wrote the replies to the Ukrainian Kozak chieftain. The second time was at the end of World War I when liberal elements declared the independence of Ukraine from the Russian Empire which was falling to pieces. They established a democratic National Republic, but its government was swept away after a short existence by Bolshevik revolutionary troops sent by Moscow. Today the Ukrainian people are under the Soviet Russian yoke, and struggling to free themselves of it. They have always been noted among the Slavs for their democratic, freedom-loving spirit.

### The Legacy

During the past century especially, Ukrainian thinkers and intellectual leaders waged a strenuous struggle in Russia against heavy odds to keep alive the national language and consciousness by literary work, inasmuch as they were helpless in the political field. Among these was Panteleymon Kulish (1819-1897), poet, novelist, and critic, who left a great legacy to Ukrainian literary and spiritual life by his almost unaided translation of the Bible into the Ukrainian language. This version, which is universally used by Ukrainians, Orthodox, Catholic, and Protestant, was first issued as late as 1903, six years after the translator's death, by the British and Foreign Bible Society in Vienna, Austria. Kulish had to make his living by his pen under very difficult historical circumstances, yet he spent the last thirty years of his life, more or less, in working at his self-appointed task. During his lifetime the literary use of the Ukrainian language was forbidden by the Tsarist regime in the Russian Empire. In 1863, Valuyev, Minister of Education, declared that "there never was, is not now, and never will be a Ukrainian language. It is merely a peasant dialect." In 1876, an Im-

perial ukaz decreed that nothing should be allowed to be printed in the Ukrainian language except a few primary school books and these should be printed in Russian spelling only. All this was done with a view to crushing out the national consciousness of the Ukrainian population, the people's sense of having a distinct and separate national life, history, and culture from that of the dominant Russians.

### Better Conditions in Western Ukraine

However, outside the bounds of the Russian Empire, across the border in Austria, there was a segment of the Ukrainian people living in the province of Galicia, former Poland. Here they enjoyed a certain amount of freedom of speech and the use of their native language in the press. Kulish's idea at first was that a translation of certain portions of the Bible for these Galician Ukrainians would strengthen their national consciousness and solidarity with their kinsmen in Russian Ukraine when it was seen that the language of the people was capable of expressing the noblest and loftiest thoughts of world literature. Hitherto all they knew of the Bible was in the Old Slavonic version used in the services of the church. This, without study, was no more intelligible to the people than Chaucer's English would be to us today if we were compelled to hear the Bible read only in the speech of his time. Kulish began with specimen translations which appeared in the Galician press. These were versified portions of the Old Testament, such as the Psalms, Job, and the Song of Solomon. Rightly considering the originals to be in poetic form, he followed the pattern by turning them into modern Ukrainian verse. Realizing, however, the need of an exact prose version for church and personal use, he produced a translation on the five books of Moses in 1870. By the summer of 1872 Kulish had completed a translation of the whole Bible, all ready for the printer. For some unknown reason he delayed sending it to press, probably owing to the difficulty of finding anyone to undertake the cost of publication. In the meantime he had retired to a small farm near Chernihiv, Russian Ukraine, where he continued his literary work. Here he was overtaken by tragedy—a fire which completely destroyed his house, his books and his manuscripts, including the one of the Bible on which he had spent so much labor. Undaunted by this tragic loss, Kulish undertook the task anew of translating the Bible. In preparation for this second attempt he secured the best texts of the originals, the leading versions in many European languages, together with the most scholarly commentaries he could lay hold of. He labored indefatigably on his retranslation, hastening to complete it if possible before death should overtake him. However, he managed only to rewrite three quarters of the whole Bible before he died, the rest being completed by other hands. Whenever a Ukrainian reads the Bible today he is enjoying his share of the legacy left to his people by Panteleymon Kulish. In order to establish and assure the development of Ukrainian as a literary language, Kulish invented the orthography which is used today and

## Annent the U. N. A. - By G. H.

LLOYDS of London was a Coffee house in the 17th century; we would call it a tavern now. In modern parlance it was a hangout for business men interested in shipping and foreign trade. Some of them made their money by acting as insurers for shipowners, who found it easier to go to Lloyds than to call at the offices of individual insurance underwriters. Out of the social custom, that of frequenting the coffee house, and the convenience of doing business in the same place, there originated the first insurance company.

The great industrial development in the second half of the 19th century, with its attending accidents to life and limb, gave an impetus to the rapid growth of life and accident insurance, as well as to many of its now existing branches.

The Ukrainians in their own homeland were acquainted with the fire insurance and had their own institution that furnished that protection. Life insurance did not bother them because most of them lived from tilling the soil. Occupational accidents were comparatively rare and the money circulation inadequate to allow for the luxury of life insurance. But the early Ukrainian emigrants found the world in America different from the one they had left. In mines or steel mills they had to cope not only for the daily bread but for self-preservation too. In the absence of safety laws and regulations, the danger of a fatal accident lurked at every step, families lived in constant fear of occupational hazards and there was no security against poverty in case of sudden demise of the head of family.

It may be a far cry from the Lloyds of London to the founding of U.N.A., but the operating principle was the same in both. A group of men banded themselves together and made monthly contributions to relieve the family of their less fortunate fellow-member who met his premature death. Imitating other nationality groups, our early immigrants founded their own fraternal organization 53 years ago, which is now the Ukrainian National Association.

### "Same Old Story"?

"The same old story" somebody may remark at this point, taking the

enriched it with many translations from the masterpieces of their literatures, translations which are classics in their own way. He translated ten plays of Shakespeare, Byron's "Don Juan," portions of Shelley, Keats and other English poets into Ukrainian among other things. However, he regarded the Bible in the people's speech as a fundamental necessity for their moral and spiritual development, and for this reason he spent so much of his life upon it.

### Devout Spirit

All honor to an indomitable spirit like that of Kulish; a man whose chief pride was that he came of old Ukrainian Kozak stock which had so often bearded the Turk to release Christian captives held in slavery and thrown back the onset of the Mongolian hordes when all Europe was menaced by Asiatic barbarism. The following verses written by Kulish and which find a place in every anthology of Ukrainian poetry, reveal the devout spirit of the man who first put the Bible into his people's common tongue. The title in the

U.N.A. for granted like any other good thing, forgetting that it is credit to every Ukrainian descendant in America to have so greatly a meritorious and wealthy institution like the U.N.A. But when we consider the difficulties daily encountered in any attempt to unite a group of Ukrainians and hold them together, then the U.N.A. assumes the significance of a living monument to that quality of character which we call solidarity.

For the U.N.A. had passed through many storms and near-calamities on the road of its development into a first class fraternal insurance institution that it is today, and it was due to the loyalty of the rank and file in the face of disaster that preserved for us, the posterity, the greatest Ukrainian institution in the world that can be called our own.

Should an American, who is not of Ukrainian descent, be asked to give his opinion on the significance of U.N.A. to America, he would most likely have, this to say:

"Organizations among the nationality groups indicate the degree of their cultural attainment, and in this respect the U.N.A. speaks well for the Ukrainians in America.

"By helping the widows and orphans the U.N.A. has lightened the burden that would have to be borne by the American community; Ukrainians can be proud of being able to take care of their own people.

"The U.N.A. taught the immigrant how to live in America; it helped him to know Americans and it helped the Americans to know the Ukrainians, and that is an important contribution to this country's unity.

"By means of conventions and branch meetings the U.N.A. has taught the Ukrainians how to practice democracy. Yes, the U.N.A. has been an important factor in the making of America. But there is one shortcoming in your organization: Instead of your goal of fifty thousand members you should have five hundred thousand!"

Five hundred thousand members! Exaggeration? Not at all; not when we realize that only one out of every twenty Ukrainians in America is a member of U.N.A. Our parents have founded a great institution, of which

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original is simply "A Prayer" ("Molytva").

Almighty One, to thee I pray—  
An atom in thy universes...  
Who and where art thou? All in vain  
I strive the mystery to pierce,

For human mind cannot embrace  
The all that thou created hast;  
In vain's winged reason seeks  
To penetrate its reaches vast.

Exhausted, it sinks again  
Upon this grain of dust we call  
Our universe, which for a space  
We feebly try to hold in thrall.

For here is wisdom infinite,  
A fathomless, created might;  
Alike above, below, throughout,  
Thy countenance pours forth its  
light.

O let me not then in despair  
Renounce the powers of the mind!  
Let not the brilliance of thy light  
The seeing eye of reason blind!

Let not my soul, tied to the earth,  
Sink to the level of the brute,  
But, in dependence on thy will,  
Be kept both pure and absolute!

## 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)

"BEST let us all get a drink of water, for there is no food," somebody counselled. "Tomorrow we will return to Spasivka and maybe we will find something there."

The captives made their way to the river and drank their fill. The water was warm. Then they returned to the thickets and sat down in a circle. All talking ceased, for everyone was engaged with his own thoughts and despair. Gradually heads began to nod. Several of them lay on the ground to sleep. Others still sat up, waiting for dawn. A light rain began to fall.

### Hannah is spirited away

A faint glimmer on the eastern horizon heralded the coming of a new day. The light rain had ceased to fall, leaving a sodden world. Here and there an early bird chirruped, awakened by dawn.

Hunched around in a circle, the group of escaped captives from the Tartars sat around, shivering from the morning chill. No one spoke, all were preoccupied with their thoughts, of their dear ones who had been either massacred by the Tartars or taken into captivity, and of what the future would bring them.

Suddenly from far out in the distance a faint sound was heard. One of the huddled figures, Stepan, heard it, and rose quickly to his feet. The sound grew louder and louder, until it could be distinguished as that of horsemen approaching. By this time the others were on their feet, peering intently into the still shadow-en-shrouded steppe. Who could it be? Perhaps it was the Tartars again, were their thoughts.

For a moment the Ukrainians were undecided as to what to do. Suddenly, with one accord, they dashed into the nearby thickets by the river bank. Each fugitive hid himself as best he could, and with bated breath awaited the oncoming friend or foe.

The drumming of the horses' hoofs grew steadily in volume. As the mists of the night drifted away, they disclosed to the anxiously watching eyes a body of horsemen entering towards the river. One of the hidden watchers, peering intently, suddenly let out a whoop of joy, for he perceived that the approaching horsemen were not Tartars but Kozaks.

At his cry the others sprang to their feet, and with cries of joy and welcome rushed forward to meet the oncoming Kozaks. The latter, seeing them, spurred their horses forward.

A joyful reunion ensued.

The leader of the Kozaks, Nedolya, seeing the famished condition of the fugitives, cried out:

"Comrades, feed the hungry."

Every Kozak took out of his saddle bag the little food he had, for they were travelling light in order to make better speed, and gave it to the villager nearest him. Between avid bites, the villagers told the Kozaks about all that happened since the night when their village of Spasivka was attacked by the Tartars.

Pavlush in the meanwhile was searching for his father and sister. Suddenly he perceived him, worn and haggard, in the center of the villagers.

"Father! Father!" he cried joyfully, running towards him.

Stepan, hearing the unexpected

tones of his little boy, whirled around, and saw Pavlush. Both embraced, Pavlush sobbing with gladness.

"But where is sister Hannah?" Pavlush asked, looking around, and first realizing that she was not around.

"She's gone, sonny, she's gone!" Stepan spoke heavily, eyes staring into the ground. "The Tartars took her and mother with them," he added.

"But didn't you see mother killed by the Tartars?" Pavlush asked, not realizing that his father was so busy fighting then that he had not perceived how his wife had been slain by the Tartars.

Stepan stared at Pavlush with horror-stricken eyes. His dear Pelagia killed! He could not believe it. Slowly his hands clenched and unclenched, as he strove to keep his grief within him...

"Father, don't you remember me?" a quiet voice spoke at his elbow.

Stepan turned around. He saw before him a Kozak, a half smile on his face, tears flashing in his eyes. It was Petro, his son.

"Petro! Petro!" Stepan cried, disbelieving his eyes. Petro had left him to join the Kozaks when just a boy, and now he saw before him a bold young Kozak, veteran of many a Kozak foray, as the scars on his face eloquently testified. Both embraced joyfully.

Stepan stepped back, to regard Petro the better. Placing his arms on the shoulders of both Petro and Pavlush, he exclaimed:

"My sons, my falcons, at last we have all met."

"Listen good people!" Nedolya was booming. "Anyone that wants to join us is welcome. Take one of those captured Tartar horses that we have some weapons and let's get started. We have no time to waste."

The villagers divided themselves into two groups. A small number of them started back to their ruined village of Spasivka, determined to rebuild it and continue life as before, Tartars or no Tartars. Other, notably those who had lost everything, even their dear ones, cast their lot in with the Kozaks. Quickly they found Tartar mounts and Tartar weapons for themselves, and mounting joined the Kozaks.

In the latter group was Stepan. He had nothing to return for to Spasivka.

Nedolya, leaving a few Kozaks to guard the nearby abandoned Tartar camp, took the main body with him in pursuit after the fleeing Tartars. Stepan went with this latter group also, hoping that perhaps he could still rescue his daughter Hannah.

The trail was easy to follow, for the Tartars had their wagons with them.

Wishing to catch up with the Tartars as soon as possible the Kozaks urged on their horses to an easy gallop. On their side the Samara river glistened in the sun, reflecting occasionally the image of a Kozak as he galloped near the river's edge. No word was spoken, only the thudding of the horses' hoofs disturbed the heat-oppressive silence.

It was about noon when the scouts in front sighted in the distance the Tartar caravan.

Nedolya gave the order to stop

for a few minutes, water and rest their horses. There was no danger of their prey escaping them now.

This rest period did not last very long. Noon was the best time to attack, for the stultifying heat of the noonday sun would make the Tartars less wary to a possible attack.

An order rang out, and the Kozaks moved forward at an easy trot.

Nedolya gave orders that the larger part of the Kozaks break away and make a huge circle, which would place them on the Tartar flank. This latter group was under the command of Petro.

A few minutes of riding and Petro's Kozaks found themselves on the Tartar flank. The Tartar caravan, moving like some huge snake below them, was now plainly visible. Oxen drew the wagons, while mounted Tartars rode on the fringes of the caravan.

The Tartars were now, unknown to them as yet, in a trap. To their rear were the Kozaks under Nedolya, keeping out of sight; to the left the Kozaks under Petro; while to the right was the river.

Two rapid shots rang out in the still air. It was the signal to attack.

In an encircling movement the Kozaks thundered towards the caravan, yelling and brandishing their weapons.

The Tartars made haste to draw up their wagons in a circle, but it was too late for this manouever. The Kozaks were upon them with a rush. A short but fierce battle ensued. Some of the Tartars attempted to put up a resistance, but were soon put out of the fighting. Others attempted to flee, but were caught with lassoes. In a few moments the battle was over. The entire caravan with all its food, weapons, merchandise fell into Kozak hands.

As soon as they saw that the battle was practically over, Stepan with his son Petro ran over to the wagons from which Ukrainian captives were crawling out. They did find some young people from Spasivka among them...

"But where is Hannah?" Pavlush was asking anxiously, following his father and brother.

"She is not here, sonny," one of the younger freed captives replied. "Last night a group of Tartars took all girls and young boys on their horses and galloped furiously in the direction of Crimea."

Stepan clasped his hands in despair. Pavlush began to tear his hair out wildly at this news, and weep unrestrainedly. All hope was now gone...

"Oh, Father, Petro, please beg the 'sotnek' to go after them right away. We will catch up with them for sure... Oh, God, what has happened to Hannah!"—Pavlush was fairly beside himself in grief.

"Hush, hush!" his father quieted him. "The 'sotnek' has other things to do. Anyway, we could never catch up with them now."

At this moment a Tartar prisoner was led by. Seeing him Pavlush suddenly drew out his sabre and hit him a terrible blow over the head. Blood burst out and the Tartar fell to the ground. Pavlush, grinding his teeth, kept on hacking at the prostrate figure, yelling wildly all the while:

"Thieves, dogs, devils! You killed my 'dyid' Andriy, you killed my mother, and you stole my sister! Here take this, and this, and this!"

He was fairly crazy with sorrow and rage. His eyes were aflame with fury, and he was red as a beet. In this one Tartar he saw the entire Tartar horde which was responsible for all his sorrow and that of others.

## Youth and the U.N.A.

### DON'T DROP YOUR INSURANCE

One of the most important items a family should include in its budget is insurance protection. It is important because, in the event of death, it provides for burial expenses and protects the loved ones of the deceased from poverty or want temporarily or indefinitely, depending on the amount of insurance in force at the time of death.

Without insurance protection there is no guarantee that the deceased will receive a decent burial or that those left behind will be provided for. The importance of such protection cannot be overemphasized.

Despite this, there are people who seem to think that an insurance certificate or policy is just a piece of paper which obligates the holder to pay dues or premiums for benefits others will receive. Such persons do not have a sense of responsibility. They are apt to drop their insurance or surrender it for cash at a moment's notice, and think nothing of it. To them the cash value of the piece of paper is more important than the security it represents. The serious-thinking head of a family, however, keeps his insurance in force by making a definite provision for premium payments in the family budget. He has no fears as to what will become of his dependents after his death. Dropping the insurance or taking the cash value is the furthest thought in his mind. No person with a sense of responsibility would cancel his insurance protection if he could possibly avoid it.

The man without insurance is usually the wishful-thinking type who would brush off the matter lightly, saying "Oh, I don't need insurance. Things will work out O.K." Of course, everything will "work out O.K."—for him. He won't be around to worry about where and how he is buried... it doesn't make any difference to him. He won't have to scrape up funds for his burial. As for the wife and kids... they'll get along—

Don't kid yourself about insurance. You need it. We all need it. Of course there are times when it is difficult to make payments, we know we have to keep paying in order to have the security, so we generally pay, somehow. We pay for food, and usually take care of the rent... both of which are necessary items—and security is just as necessary as food and rent.

Not long ago a letter arrived at the Main Office of the Ukrainian National Association which read as follows: "I want the cash value of my insurance certificate. I am not interested in making further payments as I am planning to get married soon." Up to then we were under the impression that the average person didn't consider insurance really essential until he was married and assumed responsibilities. Could it be possible that insurance agents and organizers for fraternal orders are wrong in assuming that the best

Concluded on page 7)

"That's enough! That's enough!" several of the Kozaks were crying to him. "You are hacking up a dead man!"

The words brought Pavlush to his sense. He saw at his feet the body of Tartar, the first man that he had ever killed. A feeling of horror and revulsion took hold of him. He grew dizzy, and fell to the ground.

(To be continued)

## RISING POETESS

By WILLIAM PALUK

MYRA Lazechko-Haas, Ukrainian Canadian, is an attractive, intense poetess, to whom fame has beckoned a few times, but who has not answered the call to date. She has written hundreds of lines of poetry, has won recognition from the highest circles, but has not published any of in book form as yet.

This is soon to be corrected, however. Before the year's end, she will publish a book of poetry entitled "Still Life and Other Poems." This will be her first bid for lasting renown to date. But more about this later.

Myra's latest achievement is the first prize she took in the nation-wide poetry contest sponsored by the Poetry Society of Canada. The contest is conducted annually, "to stimulate creative writing and to encourage Canadian poets." It was open to professional and non-professional writers in Canada.

Entries were submitted with the authors' names sealed in an envelope, and the author's pseudonym only on the outside.

On May 9th, 1947, Mrs. Lazechko-Haas was notified by letter that she had won the contest, together with the cash prize of \$40.00, for her entitled "PRODIGAL." The announcement of the awards was made in the auditorium of St. John's College at the annual meeting of the Poetry Society of Winnipeg, to which she was invited, and at which she was present.

### Gets Recognition

Judges of the contest were Dr. Roy Daniels and Prof. Earle Burney, both members of the Department of English, University of B. C.

She has written poetry since the early days in public school. Today she is a member of the Canadian Authors' Association, Winnipeg Branch. In addition, she has been asked by the Poetry Society of Winnipeg to lead a group in creative work.

Recognition of the high calibre of her work has come often. In 1935, she won an Essay Prize, the Laura Secord award, offered by I.O.D.E., Provincial Chapter. The subject of the essay was "The United Empire Loyalists." She prefaced the essay with a poem dedicated to the U.E.L. As a result of her success, she was told that the poem would go into the U.E.L. archives. The volume into which a printed copy of her poem was to go was impressive. It was a three-foot square vellum-bound book fastened with gold clasps and hinges. "It looked wonderful, especially to a young girl."

Again, the poem "Dedication" had an interesting history. Mr. Conaghan, of Isaac Newton School, suggested that Myra write something about the role that so-called "foreign-born" men and women played, or were playing, in the war. This was to preface the honor roll in the school year book of 1942. "Please stress the 'foreigner'," he wrote her.

She accordingly produced "Dedication," in which, she stated, "I forsook the Shelley influence and spoke in what might be called layman tongue."

It was subsequently reprinted in newspapers in Toronto, Winnipeg, and Calgary. W. J. Sisler used it in his book, "Peaceful Invasion."

A letter from a reader reads in part: "I have clipped it to keep with the few real poems which the war

and these harrassing times have evoked. Yours has the uplift that we all need, and the idea of brotherhood that is necessary to the future of this broken, but still beautiful world."

Last winter, Mrs. Lazechko-Haas was given her first audience. At the invitation of the Canadian Authors' Association, she was given an evening to read out a selection of her own poetry.

Then, about two months ago, her poem "Dedication to Thomas 'Fats' Waller" was read over CJOB on the Club 1340 program.

She has had her poetry published in numerous newspapers not heretofore mentioned, and in anthologies.

### What of the Future

Mrs. Lazechko-Haas is anxious to have her poetry evaluated and criticized. She has the true zeal of an artist in search of truth. For the subject of her forthcoming book she has chosen Cezanne. Her theme is the broken friendship between Cezanne and Emile Zola. There is a third character—the butler. "It is a kind of chronicle of painting," she explains. "Several of his pictures are mentioned. It purports to be a study of his art as well as a study of his life. There hasn't been much successful dramatic monologue written since Browning's time, and my poem is to be written in this form. The other poems will all follow the mediums of pictorial art. For example, the pastel will suggest a quiet, passive mood."

She is presently changing from themes out of Greek mythology, and is writing about relatively modern subjects.

On reading her "War Widow," published in 1943, W. E. Ingersoll is reported to have said, "I have never had a bigger thrill out of reading a professional poem than that."

If critics review her forthcoming book in as favorable a light as they have scanned her individual poems, then Mrs. Lazechko-Haas will be known far beyond the borders of Canada, perhaps even beyond the limits of her time.

A selection made by the poetess herself of a few of her poems follows:

### PRODIGAL

(Prize Poem)

This is the long awaited coronation  
That set in our ears the jaying gos-  
sips humming;  
Now the note is closed on a final bar  
of song:  
"Spring is coming, coming."

Exultant church chimes heave their  
weight of wings,  
Belch forth a protest from their belly's  
hollow;  
Set free from coventry upon the sing-  
ing air,  
Pidgeon, dove and swallow.

Old men take up the cry, leave hiber-  
nating,  
Old women sullenly unwind, undo  
The corsetted arteries, the laced-up  
veins of cold,  
Letting the rich blood through.

And the young girl in her adolescent  
cocoon,  
Breasts quickened, thighs heavy with  
fevered anticipation,  
Starts like a young deer in the ques-  
tioning thicket, poised  
For the initiation.

Here in the park above the turret  
tops,  
Cubed, diamond-set around Memorial  
Square,

The Unknown Soldier on his mud-  
stained pedestal,  
Indifferent, unaware

Of his face, his streaming hair and  
eyes,

Stands rapt with wonder as he sees  
her pass,

Gone with a jingle of earrings, a  
shimmer of flesh, a scent

Of fragrant, rain-wet grass.

But O, how sweet the sound of her  
bracelet's laughter,

The brittle fragments of laughter  
that cut with an edge,

A splintered piece of sky, the prison-  
ing bars of bough,

Snow-thicket, tower and hedge;

And O what joy to heart the sight  
of her,

Hair streaming sunlight; skirt above  
bare knees,

Hooped basket-like, as she goes don-  
ing down the lanes

Sprinkling leaves on trees.

### IN THIS, THE ACQUARIUM OF SOCIETY

In this, the aquarium of society,  
Mid-ocean cesspool of fear and treach-  
ery,

The laws of the sea dominate rigidly,  
Exact law's penalty.

In both, the inherent law of elimina-  
tion

Enforces with measure and delibera-  
tion

The conservation of mass;  
The preservation

Of spawn, placented for breeding  
capacity,

To reserve the individual; Each, in  
this

Belief congruent, parallel, relative:  
The weak must yield whatever theirs

to give,  
The weak sustain the strong that  
they may live.

Nor does the strict code vary  
In any form contrary:

In both, is still the same  
Antagonism of conflicting class,

Habit, custom, social distinction,  
name,

Between sea-slug and sea-anemone;  
The secular colony

Of man and physalis  
Prevailed to distinguish and to over-  
rule,

To subjugate his own domestic pool.

Between the nettles of inflate death,  
The radius of life's enlarging dark,

Man, shark,  
Drift, circulate within

The closing shadow of black flesh  
and fin;

Bear, glide  
Inward to shoal along the unthreshed  
stream,

The weighted way, as in a semi-  
dream;

While all unguessed,  
All unprecedented,

The larger enemy with sucked in  
breath,

Floats on the tide, beside,  
Alone and not alone;

Deliberating, even now, as they,  
This paradoxical comedy, this play

Of prey on prey;  
For as he waits, himself anticipates

His diabolical, ugly, murderous deed,  
Unwarrented, unplanned,

From the dim recess of a wary bed,  
Camouflaged in slimy rock and weed,

Sea nettle and sea-spike,  
His predecessor bides with patience

bland,  
(Flexed tentacle coiled leisure round  
his head)

The hour, the time to strike,  
When, at a ripple's signal, from

retreat,

## WEEKLY BANTER

### WEEKLY BANTER

From the court files, we picked the following three stories with which judges were confronted recently:

A Minneapolis man was arrested for failing to stop when his wife jumped out of their car while it was moving and became entangled with the rear bumper. "You might have seriously injured or even killed your wife," the prosecuting attorney said. "As soon as you saw what was happening, why didn't you halt the car immediately?"

"I didn't want to risk stopping too suddenly," the man replied. "It's hard on the tires."

In Columbia, South Carolina, a shoplifter insisted he was more surprised than anyone else to discover that his coat pockets contained a bottle of perfume, five watches, eight expensive cigars and two hairbrushes.

"Do you actually expect me to turn you loose?" the judge asked.

"Sure wish you would, Your Honor. I'd like to help the police find the thief who hid all that stuff in my pockets."

A salesman in Saskatchewan had a simple explanation to give the hotel clerk who followed him down the main street, accusing him of stealing one of the hotel's water pitchers. "I'm not stealing it," the salesman yelling back, running to catch his early morning train. "My false teeth are frozen in this darn jug!"

Victor and rival meet,  
To wrestle, strive in mortal agony  
For the unclaimed, the challenged  
supremacy,

Either of man on land or shark on  
sea.

Now clear, now wide, now sane,  
Full focused the broad vision un-  
confined,

As though death's strategy, the razor  
mind

Sharpens to keen-edge clarity, makes  
light

The darkened negative, the latent  
print

Of life. Now sudden bright,  
Now bold of glint,

The optical mirror of the glassy eye,  
Reflective of the brain,

As on death's cry,  
Death's guttural protest, claw, limb,

tentacle  
Writhe and relent, release, set free  
from flowing,

Life's large ventricle.

Fear that assizes,  
With humanly doubts and aspira-  
tions

Loses the grossness of false magni-  
tudes;

Fear, that eludes,  
Holds down, breaks, paralyzes,

Beneath death's scrutiny, death's  
awful eyes,

Loses perspective, dwindles to pupil  
size:

The legendary dream, mummified,  
raised,

Becomes but white chalk skeleton,  
coal graph;

The hieroglyphic chronicles of Power,  
Petrified leaf of stone, of fossil flower;

The ruins of Ninevah, the coral reef,  
Eloquent monuments, tribute to Greif;

Nor vaster glory, deed achieved, deed  
praised,

Than this amazing citadel of graves,  
This pyramid of bone beneath seas' waves,

In dedication, and in epitaph  
To fish, to man, a fitting cenotaph.

("Opinion")

(To be concluded)

## Trivia - - - - - By Sophia

### Men Are Slaves to Fashion

THE topic of discussion on everybody's lips today is the radical fashions, or, more specifically, women's fashions. When the conversation at dinner becomes drier than the wine, someone is always bound to ask the others what they think of the longer skirt, now in vogue for women, the "tulip silhouette," or the "new look," which are written up by all the fashion magazines. Nobody seems to know exactly what these expressions mean, but since it's the fad to talk about them, clubwomen, dating couples and the "coke set" take advantage of the newness of the topic. Even though the consensus of opinion of the men is in favor of the shorter length, and the women tend to follow what fashion dictates, each individual tries to sound out the other on his true views (not for publication). But why all this to do about women's fashions? How do women rate to be the perennial aim of the erratic minds which devise the vogues, and why does everyone talk about women's clothes rather than men's? Men's fashions have had no real change in decades, and it's about time someone felt sorry for the poor male and his impractical attire.

Male society doesn't think enough of its own comfort to introduce a style that would be cool in the summer time. (Of course, women always freeze in the winter, but this point is not relevant.) Of late, lightweight suits have been introduced for summer wear, but this doesn't eliminate heat as much as a change in style would. The British had the right idea when they clothed their armed forces in the tropics in short trousers, an example which civilian men should emulate. As you would expect, this is not flattering to masculine ankles, but a complete outfit including a short sleeved blouse and leather sandal-type shoes would be tolerable, once the public became accustomed

to seeing such a sight on the street, the subway, or at the local movie. After all, we are supposed to be a broad-minded public, as enlightened as any.

Aside from summer fashions, there are several items on the year-round male attire which could use revision or modernization. Centuries ago, one of England's monarchs had buttons sewn on the sleeve of each uniform of the Beefeaters, the royal guard of the Tower of London. From this beginning, the sleeves of every western country acquired a row of buttons, the smallest popular number being three and the largest five. It is indeed surprising that men, the most radical of human creatures, should be so conservative in this respect that they carry on a style of the Dark Ages. Is this to be to their credit or to their shame? Forty or fifty years ago, men were smarter than those of today. Their jackets didn't include all kinds of bulky shoulder padding, an excess of pockets, and vents, pleats and buttons galore. Think of it—today's man buys a suit whose jacket sports a dozen buttons, but when it comes to closing the jacket, all he actually uses is one button. Is this practical, or is it just that my ideas are peculiar?

Men's styles have become so stereotyped that the color of a suit is longer noticed. One looks practically the same as the other, and just as drab. I wonder what men would give for society to sanction bright reds, greens and blues for their attire? As it stands now, the only outlet a man has for his desire for color and individuality is in his selection of a tie. Perhaps that's why ties haven't yet been abolished, or perhaps that's why they were introduced in the first place.

So you see, men are slaves to fashion, even more so than women, because even though we "poor" femmes must wear long skirts, we

## On Records - - - - - by Ted Victor

### Music After Midnight

WE humans are fickle. We like a certain person at a certain time. We enjoy one wine today and another tomorrow. We find each other attractive in the softness of a summer night and then wonder, why?, when the sun shines bright. We find this same situation prevalent in our desire for music. This desire is often the result of a particular mood, which we as sentient beings, are subjected to. As a result we have the very familiar term, "mood music." I realize that "mood music" may refer to just about all music. However I do believe it is best exemplified by the type of music people prefer after midnight.

We average people have certain habits that more or less help us regulate this life of ours. One of them is the habit of going to sleep before midnight if it is at all possible. We do not stay awake time and time again just to listen to some music. That is why when this occasion does arise the music that we want must be of a certain type. Just what this type is I can merely suggest for after all I too am but a simple mortal. Before I suggest specific records I would like to give you a picture of what many of us go through before we reach that certain time when we are in the mood for music after midnight.

Each and everyone of us has some sort of occupation, hobby or what have you to keep ourselves occupied during the day. We eat, nap, talk, loaf, work, etc. With the coming of evening we make plans to do other

at least have our choice in selecting a red, black, or purple long skirt. And if it should come to pass that one of our sex is displeased with the fashion, she simply shortens the skirt. What can you do, Ivan, if you don't like what fashion dictates for you?

things too numerous to mention. After these many things have been completed we proceed to respond to a very dominant call in this life of ours. It is a familiar occupation known as, "sleep." However, when this very powerful demand is ignored, conquered or overcome with the aid of another individual, we are ready to enjoy some of nature more enjoyable pleasures. Having passed this particular test we find ourselves very much awake. Our minds are clear and most receptive. Problems that seemed so big during the day are solved with very little effort. The mind and the body if only for a few fleeting hours are at peace and you who are mind and body can relax, and listen to—

**Adieu des Bergers** from the Childhood of Christ by Berlioz, performed by the Strassbourg Cathedral Choir. Columbia No. 6963-D.

**Serenade Eine Kleine Nachtmusik** by Mozart performed by Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic. Victor No. M-364.

**How Glorious** by Bortnyansky, performed by Jaroff's Don Cossack Chorus. Columbia No. 7220-M.

**Tebye Poyem** by Rachmaninoff, performed by Jaroff's Don Cossack Chorus. Columbia No. 7360-M.

**Nuages (Clouds)** by Debussy, performed by Ormady and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia No. 12112-D.

**Psalm 138 and the Sicut Servus Psalm 42** by Palestrina and Sweelinck, performed by the Amsterdam A Capella Bel Cante Choir. Imported Columbia No. D-17193.

NOTE:—All records listed above are now available. If you have any questions etc. please contact me Ted Victor c/o Svoboda or Ukrainian Weekly.

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

## To Each His Own

Ever work on your High School paper? Did you think it was fun? Maybe it was, but I never could figure out why some people, like myself, were told to submit articles when we didn't know the first thing about Journalism or even had the natural talent for writing. But we wrote them, thinking that eventually we would develop a knack for it. (Chuckle) All I developed was a gift of gab, but no knack for writing.

Now you're probably wondering why my article is in the paper if I can't write. That's simple—I'm taking advantage of "Freedom of Press" in expressing an opinion which has been on mind for a long time. Till now, I've never had a good opportunity to express it. So here it goes, literary talent or not!

I had the thrilling experience of attending the UYL-NA convention held in Philly, Labor Day weekend. While there, I witnessed "The Parade of Talent," a gala affair, full of musical and colorful entertainment. Perhaps you recall reading about it and the various choral and dance groups that were participating in it.

I particularly want to bring to your attention the Ukrainian Folk Dance Group of Detroit, Michigan, which—I can safely say—was the feature attraction of the program. As I understand it, they gave up

numerous amusements and sport activities, indulged in by youth during summer months, so that they could perform at this affair. That proves that they are a hard working, energetic and sincere group. They certainly deserved most of the credit that was bestowed on them; but not all, for the simple fact that they could have been a much better group if they remembered they were of Ukrainian descent and not Russian.

Is our Ukrainian Folk Dancing so uninteresting that we are obliged to borrow from others? NO! Every country has its own interpretation of their culture, dignity and beauty which they bring out to other peoples mainly by their music and dances.

If our Ukrainian dance groups have girls doing присиди, (a step made famous by men), or doing steps adopted by the Russians, how can we prove to others that there is a difference between us.

That's by only "gripe" against the Ukrainian Dance Group from Detroit. Otherwise they are a talented bunch of boys and girls, but in this little way they are hindering their talent and themselves.

In writing this article, my intentions are definitely not in hurting anyone's feelings. I'm just like that mysterious person that sends a note

## THE UKRAINIAN THEATER (Continued from page 2)

scrupulously tramples on one rises the fortune of the other," says Tobilevich; or, to apply a fine Ukrainian saying, "the chicken had to die to make good cheer for the wedding guests." In this world of primitive materialism, where everybody seeks to snatch as much as possible by good means or foul, all things have a money value, including intelligence, honor, law, and conscience. These and other virtues are respected only insofar as one is able to translate them into hard cash and material profit.

This inexorably parasitic type embodying these characteristics appears in practically all of Tobilevich's plays except a few, among them—**Ponad Dniptom** ("Along the Dnieper"). Here, a new type is drawn—an educated peasant who, although possessing the means of exploiting his less fortunate fellows, refrains from

to his best friend warning him of B.O.—No offense done but a helpful hint given.

I thank the Editor of The Ukrainian Weekly for giving me this chance to get this off my chest. I also feel that I'm not alone in believing that my opinion is just because most of us do hold this saying true—"To each his own."

O. A.

taking that advantage; instead, he employs his knowledge and talents to enlighten his benighted countrymen. With that end in view, he instructs them how best to cope with the misery and injustice besetting them. Tobilevich's former chief characters were men without a heart, here, he finally finds and portrays a man with bowels of compassion for the common people, with principles of morality, in short, with a conscience.

Tobilevich's dramas are rife with problems of a social and psychological nature. Such dramas, if they are to ring sincere, must of necessity have strong characters who are able by the sheer force of their will or intellect to solve those social problems. These types are quite well developed by Tobilevich who, in addition to this mastery, possesses a sense of dramatic composition. His method is to develop his scene around a single psychological center, each scene tending towards it with an ever increasing intensity. In this he is unlike Kropivnitsky, whose dramas are lax in composition, or Staritsky whose melodramatic and sentimental pieces do not call for strong characters or for a strict adherence to the sense of proportion or verisimilitude. (To be concluded)

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### New GI Leave Policies

Veterans Administration has announced new leave policies to permit unbroken subsistence payments to veterans going to college under the G-I Bill after September 1 and continuing their studies under an accelerated program.

Under the new regulations, veterans will receive subsistence payments for the full enrollment period certified to VA by the educational institution, providing there are no more than 15 days between terms. Such leaves will be charged against their entitlement.

Veterans will be put on the subsistence rolls from the date of enrollment until 15 days after the close of the period. This will enable VA to make final payment of subsistence allowance without delay to those men who do not return for the following semester.

No leaves other than the 15-day extension in training status will be authorized by VA with the exception of the scholastic leaves offered by the educational institutions to other students.

The new leave provisions will not apply to veterans interrupting their training before the end of a term. In such cases, authorization for subsistence payments will end of the date the training was interrupted.

If the period of veteran's eligibility end after the middle of a semester, his eligibility for study will be continued until the end of that semester, and authorization for subsistence allowances extended accordingly.

The leave will be granted to all veterans on enrollment. Those who do not want the leave must notify VA in writing at least 30 days before the end of the school year or other period of enrollment.

VA is encouraging all institutions of higher learning to certify enrollments for the full academic year and accept the obligation of notifying VA

### A Possible Way

The theories are many—the plans are a hundredfold—but may I submit one for your consideration? This is of a possible way to save man and our civilization. I am not submitting it as my plan. I, at present, am only a neophyte in its study.

It is a plan by many great people—all visible or invisibly united in showing the way. This group of people are classed under the name of modern art. Each knowingly or unknowingly strives to add his contribution to help show the way.

Relatively few people grasp the true meaning of modern art. This, I admit, is not solely due to disinterest on their part. Up to the present time sources of information have been very few and were none too clear or simple in their explanations, for the deep emotional feelings in modern art were not often explained verbally, especially by means of the printed page. But now there is no excuse for you who read this and wish to learn its meaning.

This possible way to save man and our civilization and the explanation of modern art is given simply and clearly in the recently released book—"Vision in Motion" by L. Moholy-Nagy. In this book we we find a way to bring man back again to his true greatness and potentiality. Fear and self-consciousness are driven from man as he rediscovers his true value as a creative individual contributing toward a common goal.

To those who support and read The Ukrainian Weekly it will be of interest to mention that a leading force in this effort on the part of modern art has been a Ukrainian who already has engraved his name in history—Alexander Archipenko.

Those of you who realize that a way must soon be found—or our civilization is doomed, as all the great minds of today agree—to you may I highly recommend your reading this book which may be the blueprint of education—through art. Read "Vision in Motion" by L. Moholy-Nagy and learn of a way to live a more complete life.

We of Ukrainian parentage are more than normally gifted with creativeness due to our Ukrainian heritage of arts and crafts which has for-

promptly of veterans interrupting their training at any time before the end of the school year.

unately left its imprint on us. Therefore it is of greater value and benefit for you to read this book, for many of the other nationalities of a longer lineage here in America have already lost their dance, their song and their crafts. Expand your creativeness and your vision by reading the above mentioned book

N. T.  
 Rutherford, N. J.

### U.N.A. BOWLING LEAGUE MEETING

All teams interested in joining the U.N.A. Bowling League which is being formed, are requested to send their representatives to the next meeting which will be held Wednesday evening, September 24th, at 8:00 p.m. at the Ukrainian Center at 180 William Street, Newark, N. J.

At this meeting it will be necessary to bring the initiation fee, which will be \$25.00 per team, as a guarantee against forfeits. If it is impossible to have the \$25.00, a pledge must be made at this meeting stating that the fee will be delivered by September 31st.

All representatives must be prepared to draw up a league schedule at the next meeting. Representatives are especially invited from Passaic, Paterson, Bayonne and Carteret.

If there are any questions, kindly contact John Romanion at 786 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

### Youth and the U.N.A.

(Concluded from page 4)

prospect for insurance is the newlywed?

Married couples should not ignore insurance protection. Marriage is not an excuse to dispose of insurance, but is a very good reason to be in the market for some.

Heed our concluding remarks, Dear Reader, and remember that, when you're in the market for protection, the Ukrainian National Association will have it for you, together with all the benefits of fraternalism and U.N.A. membership.

We are always pleased to receive material for publication from the readers. Send your contribution directly to the U.N.A. Main Office, Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J. T. L.

### What They Say

Dr. Edwin G. Nourse, chairman of President Truman's Council of Economic Advisors, addressing a labor-management conference at Cornell University:

"The best formula America has developed for working together in a modern industrial society is collec-

tive bargaining. It is a very fine formula if it is interpreted properly. Let me enlarge it to read 'collective bargaining in good faith, with the best available technical guidance.' We don't have that today. Collective bargaining is too militant, too little scientific. It is too much strong-arm stuff and not enough skillful adjustment of the related parts of a complex business.



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В. Синаша

## Пятий з черги

(Нарис)

Босі стопи Тихого витяглися до землі, але не дістають її, — саме стільки, щоб більше по ній не ходити. Олень бачить: Тихий поволі обернув спиною, а на ній, так як у нього, як у Легота, в Рубача і в Блакитного, звязані шнуром руки і стиснуті п'ясточки; пальці, наче вгрузли в долоні по самі щекотки. А унтершарфюрер (близна на правій щоці й прижмурені очі) поволі розсуває другу петлю, а такий молодий-молоденький, що побіч нього, блакитноокий і русявий, як мавка (мама напевно, виряджаючи на війну, плакала й клала на нього знак хреста) прив'язує кінець шнура до поперечної бальки і ставить під неї колоду. Наскис від Блакитного — двоє з автоматами (ось-ось пустять серію), а просто — гурт людей, стиснуті, закамянілі, жінки, діти, старці, зігнані тут мешканці малого-маленького містечка, щоб знали, щоб інших лякали, щоб ніхто не поривався проти сили, проти влади, а над ними — ратуша з годинником, що відмірює кожному час, і церква, що хрестом благословить на смерть, а високо, де ластівки, сонце, приміне життя. Кілька хвилин тому Тихий, дивлячись у те сонце, в те життя, витягнувши шию, наче виглядаючи когось, сказав: „Перекажіть...“ — і молодий-молоденький виштовхнув йому з під ніг колоду. І хто ж з його друзів перекаже? Хто? Вістка полетить сама, від села до села, від хати до хати, до його воріт, де мати виходить щоночі, бо він більш нікого не мав, а вона мала тільки його одного, що завжди їй говорив: „Як збудуємо Україну, приїду на сивому коні і вже завжди будемо разом“. Олень напружує м'язи; гостро болять суглоби, а шнур ноже ріже шкіру. Коби тільки звільнити руки, коби хоч трохи розтягнути шнур! Ніхто тоді й не зупинить, ніхто тоді його не дожене — хіба куля, але чи ж мало куль уже доганяло його і не догнало? А як і дожене?.. Подивився у бік: унтершарфюрер махає петлею, а молодий-молоденький усміхається і підходить до Блакитного, що завжди перед боєм говорив „Отче наш“. Він безчутно ворухить устами і, йдучи, дивиться на хрест, що на церкві. Олень відвертає голову: двоє з автоматами стоїть непорушно, тільки автомати легко коливаються, звернені на гурт людей, на жінок, на дітей, на старців, на ратушу, на церкву, на вікна, що навколо базару, бо хто зна... — ту усе проти, все ненавидить, усе позначене смертю. Олень ще раз напружує м'язи. Коби тільки звільнити руки, коби хоч трохи розтягнути шнур! Він аж тут чує, як шумить ліс, як ламаються під ногами гілки, як дзвонить зброя, аж звідси бачить протоптані ним і його друзями проходи й стежки, бачить командирів і бійців, заплених втомлених, суворох всміхнених, засмадених вітром і сонцем, сполоханих дощем і зеленню, готових стати проти цілого світу; аж тут його вухо ловить ляскіт криків, гупання мінометів, гаркіт скорострільів. Коби тільки звільнити руки! На Блакитного він не дивиться, бачить тільки виштовхнену колоду, що котиться й нерухоміє, унтершарфюрера, що розсовує третю петлю, і молодого-молоденького, що кінець шнура прив'язує до поперечної бальки. Олень напружує м'язи, пробує уперто, щораз сильніше. Тих двоє можна з розгону несподівано

збити з ніг, за ними паркан, всього кільканацять кроків, сад, мабуть знову паркан і хати, хати... Коби хоч трохи розтягнути шнур! Чи ж дійсно він його розтягнув?... Олень відчуває, як йому стає невимовно гаряче, кров ударяє у виски, а легені важко видихають повітря. Спокійно, спокійно, не хвилюватися! Унтершарфюрер махає петлею, а молодий-молоденький усміхається, підходить до Зубача і бере його за рамено, але Зубач не рухається, неначе вріс у землю, тоді цей молодий-молоденький, ця блакитноока і русява мавка, бе його п'ясточки в обличчя і хапає за волосся. Унтершарфюрер хитає головою і ще більше жмурить очі, а ті два з автоматами рівно наводять їх на гурт людей, на жінок, на дітей, на старих. Олень насилу заспокоюється. Дивиться на тінь Блакитного, що непорушно витяглася на бруку, і пригадує його брата, командира відділу, який згинув минулого місяця на краю лісу, в молодому житті, в мрячний ранок, як проривався з хлопцями з оточення. Він про Блакитного говорив: „Мій брат своїм спокоєм дорівнює смерті“. Говорив правду. Тільки Зубач уперся, не тому, що боїться, ні, він такий завжди — упертий, йому просто протитно, що кінець приходить так по-дурному, не цікаво — і тихо. А Легіт? Про нього в лісі говорили, що він Україну любить, як свою дівчину, а дівчину, як Україну. Олень повертає до нього голову, і їх очі зустрічаються. Ледь чутно шепче: „Я руки майже звільнив — ось ще тільки раз“. Обличчя Легота ясніє, він шепче: „Щастя Боже, привітай Україну мою...“ Підходить молодий-молоденький, а в руках унтершарфюрера мелькає петля. Олень залишиться сам. Під ним дрижить земля. Шнур на руках ледве тримається. Тепер тільки кинутися в бік тих двох з автоматами, раптово й швидко. Глибоко вдихає повітря, вигідніше втирає в землю ноги і весь напружується. А просто — гурт людей, жінки діти, старі, стиснуті, закамянілі, наче чекають на свою чергу, — і він кам'яніє також. Знає: втече, вірить, що втече, але їх пересічуть, негайно, скажено пересічуть, аж у вікна бризкатиме кров, за нього одного. Спокійніє. Унтершарфюрер поволі розсуває останню петлю, і Олень не жде на молодого-молоденького, йде сам і стає на колоду під поперечною балькою, — пятий з черги. — (У. Т.)

Микола Скеля.

## Х В И Л Я.

По річці бистрій, тихошумній,  
Неначе в дивному вікні,  
Прудка, вихраста і безумна  
Летить на спіненим коні. —  
Нестримна хвиля світлозора,  
Моїх думок владарка зла,  
Куди ти линеш? В синє море  
Я за тобою — без весла.

Помчу крізь лози без вагання,  
Через затоки рік і мрій,  
Вдягну твоє зелене вбрання  
І крикну: хвиле, хвиле стій!...  
І потім будеш ти моєю,  
Полюбиш землю, співи дня...  
То ж підожди, не лий зорею  
Так через ріки навманя.

1944 р.

КУПУЙТЕ БОНДИ ПЕРЕМОГИ!

В. Ч. О.

## ЗУСТРІЧ

(Синові Юркові).

Поганеньке відпочинкове містечко Геленджик на Чорноморщині, але й у ньому є наші страждання.

Пригадую один випадок.

Якось сидів я, відпочиванець з Наддніпрянщини, на лавці край Геленджицької затоки, прислухуючись до тиші незвичного для мене кавказького вечора і до... болу в ногах, натомлених цілоденним ходінням по горах.

Тишу вечора збільшували цикади своїм рясним цвірчанням, що густо снувалося у вечірному присмерку. Це були ніби незчисленні цокітливі годинники, розкидані по кущах держидерева та іншої здебільшого сухої та колючої, місцевої рослинності.

Цю тишу можна було і слухати, і споглядати: все було стиснене і непорушне.

Біля моїх ніг лежала мовчазна бухта — величезна миска повна вщерть живого срібла. Важка рідина була зверху гладенька, як крицевий тік. І здавалось: якби не вечерева тиша, то вона б полилася через вінця-береги. А так вона тільки де-не-де була ще неспокійна, мов би кидалася інколи зсередины.

Від заходу ще йшли ясні смуги та відлиски, але до берега, до мене вони вже не доходили: біля мене вже було зо сім поночі.

Вряди-годи темряву перекреслювали ясні вогники — світляки. Так мов би кидав хтось засвічені сірнички.

Я був не сам: біля мене терся мій малолітній син. Набігавшись досхочу за світляками, він тепер притулювся до моїх колін і жебонів, згадуючи бачене вдень.

— Тату! А чого то чоловік, що продав жерделі на базарі, махнув пляшкою в руки і гукнув до нас: „Куме, а йдіть і ви до гурту“.

— То не до нас. Він кликав такого, як і сам, селянина полуднувати.

— Тату! А чого він балакає так, як і ми, а не так, як ті, що в нього купують?..

Я пояснив.

— Тату! А чого той хлопець, що ми в них живемо, каже на мене „хахал“?

Я відповів.

— А чого...

У темряві підійшов і сів на другий кінець нашої лавки якийсь чоловік. Він сидів деякий час мовчки і слухав нашу „дитячу“ розмову. А ми вже говорили про море, про гори, про „цвіркунів“ — чого вони пишуть...

Але мені показалося, що мовчазний сусіда неабияк зацікавився нашою розмовою — він навіть перехилився в наш бік слухаючи. А потім обізвася:

— Скажіть, ви завжди розмовляєте з хлопцем по-українському?

— Завжди. А хіба що?

— Та так. Ви, мабуть, не тутешній?..

— Ні.

Він трохи ніби збентежився. Зробив рух — присунувся ближче. А потім того мовив:

— Мені так приємно слухати вашу розмову. Ваша дитина розмовляє по-українському, як доросле... літературною мовою...

І в голосі його зазвучала зворушлива ніжність до української мови, до нас, носіїв тієї мови, до мене, як до брата.

— В нас же, — казав чоловік далі, — на Чорноморщині та Кубані, серед інтелігенції рідко це почуєте. Не через те, що люди не шанують своєї мови, а... Та ви, мабуть, знаєте, через що...

І він розповів історію української серед українців Північного Кавказу.

Було декілька „спроб“. Але всі ті спроби більше мали на меті виявлення діяльніших людей для наступної їх „ліквідації“ аніж справжнє діло. Після такої „спроби“ гинули всі українські місцеві діячі. Особливо страшна була остання „ліквідація“, 1933 року, коли заборону української мови, шкіл і видань для українців РСФСР підписали спільно Сталін і Молотов. Тоді була розіслана така телеграма: „Українізацію прекратіть, апарат разогаіть, віновників наказати“. Наказ був таємний, і в газетах про це майже не писали. Була тільки в краснодарській газеті замітка, і в тій замітці було сказане, що українізацію використовували куркулі, себто місцеві багатії. Але це була неправда, бо якраз багатії, що вчили своїх дітей у містах, швидко русифікувались, біднота держалась української мови...

Після ліквідації українізації оповідач сам мусів змандрувати з рінного краю. І тепер хоч і має домок у Геленджику, але працює аж у Абхазії...

— І в мене є дитина... дівчинка такого віку, як ваш хлопчик, — мовив наостанку, зідхнувши. — Тільки ж їй доведеться вчитись у чужій школі.

Після цього він сумно вмовк.

Мене теж поняв біль на думку про тяжку долю нашого народу. Адже і нам на Наддніпрянщині, що мали „свою“ школу, було не з медом.

Тиша вечора обійняла вже остаточно світ — темне море, чорні масиви гір, що муром обступили бухту, далеке зоряне небо.

Цикади-годинники далі лічили час, що йшов у майбутнє, жорстоко байдукий до мук нашого безталанного народу.

— А знаєте, і в нас була справжня, щира українізація, — обізвася знову мій розмовник — знаєте коли? — 1917 року, за Кубанської Ради...

Але, сказавши це, він раптом, дуже вже швидко підвівся і, кинувши нашвидку „до побачення“, зник у темряві.

Мені було ясно, що він злякався своєї щирої розмови з незнайомою людиною: незнайома людина хоч і прихильна до себе українською мовою, але могла й зрадити.

Мій хлопчик задрімав під нашу розмову, поклавши голову на мої коліна. Я взяв його на руки і пішов додому.

...Марно вдивлявся я другого дня в пісні обличчя відпочивачів, здебільшого „північан“ (москалів), намагаючись упізнати серед них свого вечірнього розмовника.

Ставши в чергу по газети, я побачив був ніби схожу постать (обличчя його я не міг знати), але на мою спробу заговорити до нього по-українському чоловік той відповів тією мовою, що гарантувала від будьякої підозри. Сховався в неї, у ту мову, як слимак ховається під час небезпеки в свою черепашку.

І, як мені показалося, свідомо відвернувся від мене.

Але я його розумів. Мимохіть стали мені на пам'яті слова великого поета з другого протилежного кінця української землі — Івана Франка:

Хоч ти заціпив уста  
так, що й слова вони не  
говорять,

Але я чую аж тут,  
як твоє серце кричить.

ВСТУПАЙТЕ ГРОМАДНО В  
ЧЛЕНИ У. Н. СОЮЗУ