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THE NEWCOMERS

Quietly and unheralded there has been a steady trickle to these shores of new Ukrainian immigrants, the displaced persons whom the war cast beyond the borders of their native land and to which they refuse to return because it is under the cruel Soviet domination which makes quick shrift of anyone suspected of anti-totalitarian and pro-free Ukrainian convictions.

The number of those already arrived here is very small when compared with other nationality groups. It is estimated to be around seven to eight hundred thus far. However, at the rate it is going now, and especially if the Stratton Bill is passed, that number will eventually constitute an appreciable segment in Ukrainian American life.

Accordingly, it behooves both the old Ukrainian American immigrants and their American born children—the latter now well grown—as well as the newcomers, to begin considering the problem of adjustment of these two elements to one another. That is necessary if our Ukrainian American life, combined of both of them, is to be well integrated.

The first step on this direction is mutual understanding. As yet there is very little of it, at least in the broader stratas of our Ukrainian American society. After the first flush of enthusiasm for one another—the newcomers over their arrival here to this land of the free and over their encounter with their kinsmen here, and the latter over the thrill and pleasure of meeting those who but not so many years ago lived in Ukraine and who because of the war suffered so much and eventually became just so much driftwood, DPs,—after this first flush of enthusiasm, relations between the two have been cooling off, as misunderstanding of one another's basic background and nature, intolerance of one another's ways, and distrust of one another's motives gradually reared their ugly heads. As a result, outside family ties, etc., there is very little general contact between the two. On the whole the newcomers keep to themselves, just as the oldtimers and their grown-up children do likewise.

Perhaps we are overdrawing the picture, making it too black. Perhaps it is not as bad as that. Still, even if it is not, it may eventually become such, unless remedial measures are taken without delay, by both sides.

One of the first steps to be taken is for the removal of the common misconceptions between the two.

What are these misconceptions? Quite

a number can be cited. But let's take but one or two.

For example, the newcomers complain that the older immigrants here, especially their American children, "are not Ukrainian enough, too Americanized." The rebuttal here is predicated on the exact definition of these quoted terms. To be sure, on the whole our young people have but a rudimentary knowledge of the Ukrainian language. There are reasons for it. Yet from their childhood they have worked hand in hand with their parents, and also on their own initiative, in cultivating their Ukrainian cultural heritage here, in propagating the cause of a free Ukraine, and in general making Americans aware of the existence of the Ukrainian people, their aspirations and their contribution to world culture and civilization. Moreover, their parents have made and are making considerable sacrifices to send material aid to their Ukrainian kinsmen in Europe, and in support of the Ukrainian movement. In all this, considerable progress has been made. Those who want a clear picture of it, should obtain the two editions of the Ukrainian National Association jubilee books, where the full story of Ukrainian American life is told—in Ukrainian. As for being Americanized, certainly the young people are Americanized, but in the positive sense of the word, not the negative. They are Americans through and through, proud of it, and as such they are conscious of their Ukrainian background and heritage, of the necessity of cultivating its finest elements and introducing them into the stream of American life in order to enrich it and, finally, too, they are conscious of their obligations to their unfortunate kinsmen over on the other side.

On the other hand, some of our "oldtimers," are inclined to say—"Well, these newly arrived DPs have no right to make any kick because they are having a difficult time in making a living here. When we, the older immigrants, came here there was no Ukrainian American life here at all, hardly any Ukrainians at all. We had to start from scratch. We had no churches, no organizations, no anything, and the people here did not even know of the very existence of the Ukrainian people, but regarded us as Russians, or Austrians or Poles. The present new immigrants, however, have it immeasurably better. The evidence of this is on all sides of them.

Well, that is true, but one fact is generally overlooked. The European background of the old and new immigrants is entirely different, with

U.N.A. Sports Reviving

N.J.-NY. BOWLING LEAGUE TO OPEN TOURNAMENT

What may be the forerunner of a post-war revival of sports activity among the branches of the Ukrainian National Association, took form in the creation of a U.N.A. Bowling League of the New Jersey-New York Metropolitan Area on Wednesday evening, September 24th.

Meeting at the Newark Ukrainian Center on William Street, representatives of six all-U.N.A. bowling teams, and two teams on which the majority are U.N.A. members, completed plans for a sixteen week season to last from the opening matches on October 5th until January 5th of next year, reports Stephen Kurlak, secretary of Friendly Circle Branch (No. 435) of the U.N.A..

All matches will take place on consecutive Sunday afternoons at 3 P.M., beginning October 5, at bowling alleys designated by the team in whose hometown the tournament is run. The entire list of eight teams will participate in each tournament paired against each other on a handicap basis. The first matches are scheduled to be played in Elizabeth at the Elizabeth Bowl located at 562 North Broad St.

The teams represented at the new league meeting were: Zaporoska Sitch, U.N.A. Br. 234 of Elizabeth, N. J.; Branch 14 and the Penn-Jersey Club, both of Newark. From Perth Amboy, N. J. came the Ukrainian Veterans of Perth Amboy to be designated as team A and Team B; Two other New Jersey teams were the Ukrainian Social and Civic Club of Irvington, and the Ukrainian Social and Athletic Club of Jersey City. The lone team from New York was the Friendly Circle, Branch 435.

(Concluded on page 6)

the latter decidedly having the worse of it. Whereas the older immigrants endured poverty and persecution in their foreign occupied land, the new immigrants suffered in addition to all this the horrors of the most terrible war in world history, they suffered concentration camps and forced labor, and then after the war they suffered untold privations as homeless persons. That sort of a background is bound to change a person, at least until he or she is able to resume normal life. The process will take time, and it is for all of us to be understanding and tolerant.

Now, what measures do we propose to bring about mutual understanding and better cooperation between the older and younger generations in Ukrainian American life and the newcomers to it? (To be concluded)

Refugees Are People

Under above heading, a very fine handbook of some 100 pages has appeared off the presses of the America Press, publishers in New York of The America, national Catholic weekly.

Its authors are Walter Dushnyck, Ukrainian American journalist, and William J. Gibbons, S.J.

It is a "must" for anyone at all interested in the plight of the displaced persons, particularly the Ukrainian ones, in Central and Western Europe. It is very comprehensive in scope, severely factual, and yet eloquent in its tugging at the heart-strings of people of conscience to do something to help those unfortunates over there.

The authors correctly point out in their introduction to the work that while recent months have brought to the fore the divergent views among the war victors on the subject of human rights and values, while these views are being argued over, "millions of human beings are used as pawns on a worldwide chess board."

Likewise—refugee movements have helped to keep alive the national spirit of countries temporarily oppressed by foreign autocracies. "For example, the Ukrainian Cossacks originated in the sixteenth century by taking refuge from Polish and Russian lords; they preferred dangerous liberty to political slavery."

Copies of this booklet can be obtained at Svoboda Bookstore (25¢).

Pitt Area to Have UYL-NA Rally

The first post-war Ukrainian Youth's League of North America regional rally in the Pittsburgh area, will be held over the coming Thanksgiving Day weekend, beginning Friday, November 21st through Sunday, November 23, at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa. It will be sponsored by the Associated Ukrainian Clubs of Western Pennsylvania.

The rally program will include a "welcome dance" Friday evening, a forum Saturday afternoon, a banquet and semi-formal dance Saturday evening, church services Sunday morning, a music and dance festival Sunday afternoon, and a "farewell social" Sunday evening.

The committee in charge urges those intending to attend the rally to make their hotel reservations directly through the hotel itself.

Inquiries are to be addressed to the Ukrainian Youth League Rally Committee in care of the hotel, or to Boris Pishko, publicity and publication chairman, 101 East Schoonmaker avenue, Monessen, Pa.

The Ukrainian Theatre As Political Factor

(Concluded)

By C. H. ANDRUSYSHEN

Among the lesser dramatists the chief are Boris Hrinchenko and Volodimir Samiylenko. Their talents, however, were greater in other fields of literary endeavor. In drama they are minor. Minor in drama is likewise the otherwise great writer, Ivan Franko, whose *Uchitel* ("The Schoolmaster") and *Ukradene Stchastya* ("The Stolen Happiness"), in spite of their obvious limitations, nevertheless proved a highly vital transfusion into the anemic body of drama in Western Ukraine, which continued to lag behind her *alma mater* in the Dnieper basin. In the Dniester region popular theater was being readily fostered by "Prosvita" as a part of its movement of general enlightenment, and by its rapidly increasing affiliates throughout the land, each of which became a center of adult education and used the theater as a means of furthering that end.

The psychological element in Ukrainian theater instilled by Tobilevich into his dramas, increased under the influence of such foreign dramatists as Hauptmann, Schnitzler, Chekhov, and Ibsen. Later, the symbolism of Maeterlinck, and Verhaeren's drama of sociological import made itself felt when the more westernized minds in Ukraine demanded a drama of mood in which they might see the inner workings of the human mind. Under pressure from all quarters, each demanding that the theater conform to this or that facet of intellect, the actor lost his previous importance and became merely an instrument, a tool of the regisseur whose main purpose was to interpret, by means of his actors, the thesis posed by the dramatist. In other words, as Professor D. Antonovich suggests, "literature had thus gained mastery over the theater."

Lesya Ukrainka

The theater of mood has its chief representative in Lesya Ukrainka whose plays are so filled with erudition that it is almost impossible to stage them with success. They are thoroughly modern in spirit, although their scenes are antique in setting and date back to the times of ancient Egypt, Babylon, Greece, Rome, or to the later periods of European or Asiatic history. All her plays Lesya Ukrainka presents in their true historical setting, but the breadth which enlivens both the characters and the surroundings in which they move, is modern in sense that she makes the psychological and social problems posed in them conform to the similar problems obtaining in her own day. In some plays she even grafts modern problems on the lives of the ancient peoples. The poetic form in which she couches their philosophy makes them, in a sense, poems in dialogue poems rather than dramas as such.

Oles

Symbolic drama was cultivated by Oleh Oles who is noted more for his lyrical than dramatic flights. The latter, however, are above the average. His pieces remind one of the allegorical types of the Middle Ages, but are, of course, a higher intellectual level. This manner of drama becomes at times psychological or sociological in character, while preserving its symbolic semblance. As such, it found its retainers in Hnat Khotkevich and Spiridon Cherkasenko.

Vinnichenko

The greatest of the Ukrainian dramatists of the present century is Volodimir Vinnichenko, equally well known as a writer of naturalistic novels. As sociological essays, his plays may well be compared with the world's greatest of that type. In some of them Vinnichenko, perhaps too rashly, attempts to solve the "problem" of sex relations. In this respect his dramas serve as a complement to his novels, in which he, as an inveterate socialist, attempts to invent a morality that is to take the place of the old capitalistic conventionalized moral code. Here, most surely, Vinnichenko "overleaps and falls on the other," for in his zeal he rejects all traditional morality and boldly proposes the spectacle of free love. This raw theory prevailed only for a very short period in Ukrainian literature. Socialism, and even Communism, rejected that conception as exaggerated and detrimental to the well-being of society.

Conclusions

Considering the Ukrainian theater as a whole, in all its spiritual and secular aspects, one cannot but arrive at a conclusion that it proved a political factor in the life of the Ukrainian people. Again to quote Professor Antonovich, "in the theater has never been considered merely as a form of art: it has always been a means of popular movement, a national weapon in the struggle with the enemies of Ukrainian culture and nationality." For that reason the Ukrainian theater was exposed to continual danger from those to whom its development spelled a curtailment of their imperialistic expansion at the expense of the Ukrainian people whose ethnic progress it fostered. For over three hundred years (ever since 1619, when two Ukrainian interludes were given between the act of a Polish play) the Ukrainian theater was the butt of an ugly reaction; and yet it remained a sturdy offshoot of the Ukrainian genius which no blight or storm could destroy. Compared with the drama of Western Europe, it appears, to use a colloquial expression, like its poor relative. One would seek it in vain for the breadth and power which inspired the drama of the western nations. No Shakespeare, Racine, Lope, Ibsen, Shaw, or Maeterlinck appeared to woo the Ukrainian Melpomene. She remained lowly throughout the centuries of her existence. As art, the Ukrainian drama cannot be placed on the level of the all-European dramatic productions. In appeal it is not universal, because its themes, with but rare and only recent exceptions, are ethnographic in nature, with local color and regionalistic manners and customs predominating. And yet, in spite of its frequent simplicity, sentimentality, naivness and rusticity, it nevertheless proved a rampart of granite against the onslaughts of the forces of injustice, oppression and persecution. Its chief purpose was to preserve and maintain the spirit of Ukrainian nationhood. In that task the Ukrainian theater rose to the emergency and revealed itself ample in its ability to foster the material and spiritual culture of the people it served.

IN SEARCH OF A HOME

By BOHDAN PANCHUK, M.B.E.

[ED.S' NOTE—On July 8th, 1947, Mr. Panchuk gave a talk on the B.B.C., on the "London Calling Europe" series. The article, as it appears below, is the author's own adaptation of this talk. As director of the Ukrainian Relief Bureau in London, he has travelled extensively in Europe, and is fully qualified to speak and write on Ukrainian DP's from first hand information.]

DURING the last few months, one hears mention of the volunteer workers who have arrived here in England from among the refugees and Displaced Persons in Europe. The new arrivals to this historical land are for the most part Baltics and Ukrainians. Coincidentally, history repeats itself, and these two peoples, who back in the thirteenth century united to remove the Mongol-Tatar hordes from the greater part of the Ukrainian lands, are now together again looking Westwards, in search of a new home.

To the average man in the street, the Estonians, Latvians and Lithuanians are reasonably well known. Each of these peoples enjoyed a period of independence between the two World Wars and each had an opportunity to become closer associated with the western world. Not so the Ukrainians. And it is in order to help introduce these people to the English speaking audience that this article will be devoted.

Although new to Great Britain, the Ukrainians are not new to the British way of life. Far across the Atlantic, in a young but rapidly growing nation, Canada, they form the fourth largest ethnical group, numbering well over 350,000 Canadian citizens, who between them contributed over 40,000 volunteers to Canada's Armed Forces in this war. Who are these people? Where do they come from? And what is the history of their westward migration?

1—Let us first of all consider the geographical position of their homeland

In Europe, in the area north of the Black Sea, around the basins of the Dnieper and Dniester Rivers, live over 40,000,000 of these Slavic people, who speak a common and distinctive language—Ukrainian. The city of Kiev is the ancient capital and traditional centre of their cultural life. Although the area of their settlement and occupation has expanded and contracted at different times, the Ukrainians now inhabit this same region in Europe which their ancestors held for over a thousand years. For centuries the history of these people has been interwoven with the histories of all the other countries bordering on this ethnic region, but in spite of various inroads, partitions, and continuous changes of borders, these people have maintained and developed their own distinctive language, culture, customs and traditions.

For centuries also these people have been "nomad" workers. Each summer many of the men would venture out to different neighboring and

far distant countries to earn money, which, brought back, would mean more land for his family and perhaps another cow or two, to give as dowry with the eldest daughter. Many, if not most of the early pioneers to Canada and the United States, about fifty years ago, went there with that intention, to make some money and to return. But having once found a land of plenty, with peace and freedom greater than ever experienced in their "homeland," instead of returning to the old country, they brought the rest of their families out to join them and to start a new life. Today in Canada and the United States, there is a population of over one and half million people of Ukrainian stock. In countries of South America and particularly Argentine and Brazil there is another million. In every country in Western Europe and in the various countries of Africa and Asia, there are large Ukrainian colonies. In France alone there are well over 90,000 Ukrainians.

2—We are not now concerned with politics but let us look into the historical background of these people.

Throughout the centuries the Ukrainians have never abandoned their struggle for self determination and independence. This perpetual struggle culminated after the First World War with the formation of the United Ukrainian National Republic on January 22nd, 1919.

Frustrated, however, by the hostility and ambitions of their neighbours, by the ravages of a typhus epidemic and by the lack of understanding in Western Europe of the Ukrainian problem, the United Ukrainian State enjoyed only a short history, but nevertheless a history which personified the national objective of the Ukrainian people, before, then, and since.

In the Eastern Ukraine, the Red Armies, by their overwhelming power, established control.

In Eastern Galicia and Volynia, under pressure from Poland, the Council of Ambassadors in 1923 overlooked the original intention of the Paris Peace Conference to grant the Ukrainians home-rule and self-determination, and recognized Polish sovereignty over the area on the understanding that autonomy would be granted.

Rumania was allowed to retain Bukowina and Bessarabia, which she had occupied by force, in spite of the protests of the Ukrainian population.

Carpatho-Ukraine, commonly known as Ruthenia, revolted against its age-old tyrant, Hungary, but instead of home-rule and self-determination, was joined to Czecho-Slovakia, also on a promise of autonomy. Thus the Ukrainian people, in spite of promises of autonomy, home-rule and self-determination, found themselves partitioned between four states, and remained thus until the outbreak of the Second World War.

3—The Ukrainian Refugees and Displaced Persons in Europe.

With the invasion of the German Army in June, 1941, and its swift

(Concluded on page 3)

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Coordination of Ukrainian American-Canadian Youth Activities . . .

By GLORIA SURMACH

(Address delivered at the 10th UYL-NA Convention in Philadelphia during the past Labor Day weekend)

FOR those of you who still may not be too familiar with the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, I should like to review briefly its purposes and accomplishments. Also in a very abbreviated form, point out the possibilities of coordinating Ukrainian American and Ukrainian Canadian younger generation activities, designed to promote the welfare and the peace effort of our respective countries, and with it the advancement of the Ukrainian liberation movement.

The Ukrainian Youth's League was originally organized by American and Canadian youth of Ukrainian descent, for the purpose of uniting our youth in North America, on the common basis of their national and cultural origin. Also to give all our youth clubs a meeting ground for a better understanding of themselves, and of the problems, ideals and aspirations of the Ukrainian people.

Since its founding at the First Ukrainian Youth's Congress, held in Chicago in 1933, it has been accomplishing its purpose to a great extent, except when the war interrupted its activities.

Accomplishments

At each yearly convention, those who attended returned to their local communities with reborn inspiration. They have infused circles in their neighborhoods with their spirit. The results have been betterment of clubs already established, and arising of local Ukrainian youth organizations where previously there had been none.

The Youth's League has originated many active cultural, social and sports clubs. The latter, for example, are able to travel great distances to play or compete with other Ukrainian clubs, which they may never have done were it not for the league. The extensive sports relations among our youth have advanced their moral and physical development, and secured greater unity among them.

The various conventions, concerts and competitions, sponsored by the UYL-NA, have attracted choral and dancing groups from many different Ukrainian American areas. During the conventions in Cleveland in 1937; Pittsburgh in 1938; Newark in 1939; and other similar Ukrainian Youth League affairs, the programs were broadcast over a national radio hook-up!

And few could forget the outstanding UYL-NA program staged at the 1940 convention in New York City at the World's Fair; or the beautiful Folk Art Exhibit at the Hotel Pennsylvania also in 1940.

Besides the fact that all these programs are designed and executed by the youth alone, and at their own expense; everyone involved finds it lots of fun!

To keep its many members informed about special activities and news, the UYL-NA publishes the "Trend," its official organ, which came into existence just ten years ago. It also contains articles of general interest to all of our youth.

The Weekly

And, of course, a great deal of credit is due The Ukrainian Weekly, —the Ukrainian English newspaper which has so staunchly supported the League through all these years,

and given it the nation-wide publicity without which it would have been most difficult for the League to function.

The list of UYL-NA accomplishments could not be complete without this last factor . . . the "personal experience" gained at these conventions. I feel I need not elaborate on the many 'social activities' at conventions, for the veteran conventioner already knows, and the newcomer will soon find out . . .

But I want to refer to the excitement of traveling and meeting young people from all over the country. This gives life to our geography books! Indeed, the world is small when people from far away places become your dear friends.

The UYL-NA has a proud record of graduates who are now active members of older organizations. League affairs have proved an excellent background for young people's eventual participation in older group organizations.

Now all this consists of but a few examples of what has been, and what could be better accomplished if there were coordination between Ukrainian American and Ukrainian Canadian youth.

We must bear in mind that the founding of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, was by both American and Canadian youth delegates. By reason of various circumstances, this early coordination gradually declined. Recent years have seen advancement of American Canadian Ukrainian relations among our OLDER organizations, fostered by the Ukrainian Congress Committee in Canada.

Now it's time for us "youth" to renew old ties. A coordination of activities would contribute needed strength to the youth organizations of both countries!

Born and raised on this side of the ocean, we are creating an organized life of our own; one that will best suit our needs, as well as aid our group and individual progress,—while still conscious of our duties to the country of our fathers.

The Youth's League should serve as an open forum for discussion of problems and aims of the Canadian groups as well as those of the United States.

Combined cultural and sports activities could expand boundlessly. In the field of sports, Ukrainian Canadian teams have already crossed the border to compete in games played successfully under both Canadian and American rules. The question of traveling should not prove discouraging since so many Canadian cities are located close to the border.

But just as you cannot get a clock to work right till you know something about its parts, and how they operate, so we cannot expect immediate realization of our plans if we don't know enough about our Ukrainian Canadian neighbors and their organizations.

Personal Experience in Canada

Using my past personal experience as a guide, I shall take it for granted that, with the exception of those who may have visited Canada, your general knowledge of our Ukrainian Canadian youth is slight. And since a group with which we are well ac-

quainted, doesn't arouse our interest, you have no reason to care about them.

Before my first trip to Canada, that's how I felt. With rather hasty preparations, I was being sent to some 'Ukrainian School' which seemed then to be located near the North Pole,—way up in Winnipeg!

"Ukrainian School." What an unpleasant note that awakened in my childhood memories. It reminded me of the seemingly wasted evenings spent listening to some unsympathetic teacher pound a, б, в, г, into our unwilling brain, and of the red knuckles acquired as punishment for innocently sailing paper airplanes about the room.

Yes, I could foresee a generally similar picture of Ukrainian school in Canada, and failed to understand why I should travel so far so little.

But my absurd premeditation was short-lived. Becoming a student at the Ukrainian Courses in Winnipeg was an excellent eye-opener to the marvelous work the older organizations of Canada have done, to raise the educational value of the Ukrainian school. This year there is a total of five such schools in existence throughout Canada.

Most Canadian Ukrainian children are proficient in the Ukrainian language even before they attend the courses, having been taught at home, but the school delves further into subjects such as Ukrainian History, Geography, Literature, Music, Dancing, Costumes, Public Speaking, and Community Work. You can well understand why its graduates are notably proud of their Ukrainian heritage, and strive to keep their spirit alive through well-organized clubs.

I also had the opportunity to attend several conventions of their different national and regional organizations, and was at first quite taken aback with the fact that all business meetings and addresses are conducted in Ukrainian. In turn, they were somewhat shocked with the knowledge that many of us can hardly speak Ukrainian, let alone conduct meetings in the language.

Differences Between Here and There

Of course, circumstances relating to our upbringing differ and we find ourselves using this as our excuse.

Here in America, the first Ukrainian immigrants settled in Pennsylvania, to work as laborers in coal mines and steel mills. Eventually some drifted to the midwest, while others came East to become part of the population of our larger cities.

While in Canada, being a much younger country, land was granted the Ukrainians in the southern part of the prairie land between the Red River and the Canadian Rockies. This section of land is even comparable to the rich farmland of their native country. They built their first

homes, churches, and villages in replica of their former homeland. Sturdy examples of these are still standing.

These pioneers faced many hardships and sufferings, shortages of food, swarms of mosquitoes, but they tilled the rich soil as lovingly as if in their native Ukraine. (I can vouch for the mosquitoes, having been well dined upon by their very descendants!)

During this first quarter century of Canada, the Ukrainian farmers were forced to spend most of their time improving their economic lot. But the last 25 years had found them paying special attention to their educational and cultural problems, sending their sons and daughters to schools and universities.

By now, they have produced hundreds of teachers, scores of physicians, dentists, lawyers, pharmacists, engineers, writers, businessmen, and even members of the provincial and dominion legislature. Their musicians, with whom we have come to be familiar, are well-renowned.

And with the half-century of Ukrainian Canadian life, comes the history of the ever-growing youth organizations. From small village social meetings, have grown flourishing Regional and National organizations. Organizers are sent to all sections of the country where there may be dormant club activities, and these are put into working order as active club chapters,—uniting young Ukrainian Canadians in ever-increasing numbers. Representatives of the many branch organizations are brought together at yearly conventions, similar to our here.

If we could perhaps have representatives of these Canadian and our American organizations meet yearly, or more often, we could at least strive to create mutual understanding among the groups. A similar project is now in effect between the Ukrainian Congress Committee and the Canadian Ukrainian Committee.

A word might be mentioned of the excellent job the Ukrainian youth of Europe has done in uniting itself in their "Central Association of Ukrainian Students." Imagine the difficulties they must have gone through in order to form so large and well organized a continental organization. But they have succeeded, and are now expanding to form a world-wide organization.

Perhaps soon the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America can consider the possibilities of coordinating with the Ukrainian youth of the world. But first, let us firmly and definitely establish ourselves here in North America by obtaining full and complete coordination of all our activities with the Ukrainian Canadian Youth. And thus have the Youth's League, an actual League of North America.

IN SEARCH OF A HOME

(Continued from page 2)

advance eastward, and the retreat of the Red Army, the Ukrainians, as no other people in Europe, experienced the worst of all war ravages, the "scorched earth policy," practiced by the Red Army in their first retreat, and later by the Germans in their retreat. During three occupations, the Russian in 1940, the German in 1941, and again the Russian in 1944, it is estimated that over five million Ukrainian men, women and children were lost or displaced. Over a million were deported into Germany for work on German farms and in various in-

dustries, during the German occupation. Another half million or more were conscripted into the German armed forces or thrown into concentration camps for their naiveness in "hoping" for the independence and self-government of their country.

When the war ended, it is estimated that in Germany and the territories of Western Europe previously occupied by the Germans, there were over a million Ukrainian refugees and displaced persons.

(Continued on page 4)

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)

Pavlush runs away, in search of his sister

THE Kozaks could well congratulate themselves now, for in the brief encounter with the Tartars they suffered no casualties at all. The entire Tartar caravan had fallen into their hands, including all that the Tartars had plundered from the village Spasivka.

Most of the villagers who had joined the Kozaks in the morning, now decided to return homewards. But since it was late afternoon, they decided to wait until the following morning. Nedolya gave directions to his Kozaks to allow the villagers to pick out the wagons, horses, cattle, and household goods that belonged to them.

Among those who decided to return home, now that he had some of his possessions back, was Stepan. Having no one waiting for him at home, since his wife and father had been killed, he decided to ask his older son Petro to return with him, together rebuild their home, and start life anew.

Accordingly, Stepan approached his son Petro with the plea to return home.

Although Petro hated to give up his Kozak life, yet he saw his duty towards his father clearly. He therefore assented. They both agreed that when the time came when everything had been rebuilt, he Petro, would return to the Kozaks. Stepan then obtained Nedolya's permission to let Petro return home with him, although the latter was loath to let such a good Kozak go.

All this while Pavlush, after recovering from his faint, following his slaying of a Tartar in a fit of furious rage, had been wandering through the camp, watching the Kozaks at their various tasks. When dusk came, Pavlush returned back to his father and brother in order to get something to eat.

It was while eating that Stepan disclosed to him that his brother Petro would accompany them back home.

"That means that we will not go after our sister?" asked Pavlush, dismayed. All this time he had been expecting that on the following day they would press on in hot pursuit after his sister Hannah, who was in the hands of the Tartars.

"No, sonny, that is impossible now," replied his father gravely, "for she is out of our reach by now, no matter how hard we would press our horses.

"But we can go after her, nevertheless," replied Pavlush, frantically. "If necessary, we will go even into Crimea itself, all three of us!"

"And do you know little brother how far Crimea is?" asked Petro. "There all three of us would surely perish. They would separate us, and we would never recover Hannah. So it's no use now."

Pavlush clenched his teeth, but did not say anything.

After they had supped, Pavlush cleared away the eating utensils.

A breeze sprang up, bringing on its wings the sound of horsemen approaching. In a few moments they appeared. The Kozaks relaxed, for it was their comrades who had been left behind by Nedolya to take care of the baggage.

The newcomers quickly fell to the

food waiting for them.

Darkness fell upon the earth.

After all had eaten, the Kozaks lay down to sleep. Pavlush lay down between his father and older brother. In a few minutes, judging by his snoring, he was sound asleep.

The breeze steadily increased. The dying campfires flickered anew for awhile, and then, having nothing to burn on, slowly died out. The camp grew entirely quiet. Here and there a Kozak stirred, wrapping his cloak closer around him, as the increasing wind grew colder. High above clouds scudded by, now disclosing the moon, now covering it. The steppe sighed.

*

It was about midnight, when a slight figure from among the sleeping Kozaks sat up cautiously, looked around carefully, saw that the dim figures of the sentries on the outskirts of the camp looking the other way, and quietly arose to its feet. With infinite caution the figure made its way between the sleeping forms, paused for a moment at one spot, and picked up a saddle from the ground. Carrying the saddle over its head, it proceeded further to where the horses were huddled, seeking to shelter themselves from the wind. Saddling one of the horses, the dim figure led the horse out, holding a hand over the horse's nostrils to keep him from neighing. In a few moments both were beyond the confines of the sleeping camp. Just then the moon, that had been hiding behind the clouds, came out and illuminated the scene for a few seconds, and then hid behind the clouds again. But in those few seconds, anybody who was watching, would have seen that the figure leading the horse was Pavlush.

After he had proceeded far enough from the camp, Pavlush mounted the horse, looked up at the stars to get his bearings, and then clapping his heels into the horse's flanks, dashed off into the darkness, southward.

*

The two days that Pavlush had spent in the steppe with the Kozaks had given him confidence and courage. He no longer was the scared boy he was the night he fled from the burning village of Spasivka. Now he was a regular campaigner, so he felt, for had he not seen how the Kozaks fought the Tartars. His confidence and sense of security was further strengthened by knowledge that he had in his belt a sword and two pistols. Therefore it was with a light heart that he confidently forged ahead into the steppe.

In the early morn, just at the time when his father and older brother woke up to find him missing, Pavlush ran across a little river. Here he stopped to water his horse. After he had quenched his own thirst he continued on his way. Although the wind did not abate but kept the steppe grass swaying like waves at sea, yet as the day progressed the hot sun began to make him feel uncomfortably hot. Nevertheless he pressed on.

Finally, when the sun had reached mid-heaven, he decided to stop at the first available resing place, for he was feeling very tired and sleepy. A few minutes of riding brought him suddenly upon a balka,—a rain-water rift of ravine, so often seen on the steppes, deep and yet not visible to the traveller until he comes

You and the UYL-NA

The Ukrainian Youth League of North America has a great deal to offer to both organized clubs and to individuals. You who are already members of various organizations know well the many benefits you have received. True, these benefits are not always material in value. But then again, are the really important things in this life of ours material in value? You realize that you receive friendship, understanding and a definite cultural uplift. These money cannot buy only you as an individual with a personality, a heart, and ability can win. I realize that what I have said may sound just a bit out of this hard practical world. When we get right down to it, however, we will discover it is this very spirit that holds our organizations together. Once this fact has been established among the members they proceed to strive for certain definite goals. Your particular group may emphasize singing, sports, dancing, art, social affairs, or any one of many activities. Basically the spirit is the same. People want to meet one another. They want to be understood and they want to accomplish certain things. Too few Americans can pursue the things they like during the work day. It is only in the eve-

ning's organization... life that they have that opportunity. I realize that all of this is quite general but, after all, space does not permit too much elaboration.

Since organizations such as I have mentioned cannot lie dormant they must grow, they must expand. The UYL-NA was a result of just such a growth. It was organized by people for young people. Believing in the same basic principles that America was founded upon, they tried to overcome the many prejudices that existed amongst our Ukrainian American youth. Today it is growing, it is planning many things that will be of benefit to each and every one of you, both materially and culturally. Why not look into it? It won't cost much, perhaps three cents for a stamp. It will bring you all the information you desire. You alone will be the judge as to its merits. Whether you are an individual, an organization or just a small social group the Youth League has something to offer you. Drop me a line, while.

THEODORE V. SHUMEYKO,
Financial Secretary UYL-NA,
1972 Ostwood Terrace
Union, New Jersey

IN SEARCH OF A HOME

(Continued from page 3)

Thousands of these displaced Ukrainians, particularly those who prior to the war were Soviet citizens, have been repatriated in accordance with the Yalta Agreement, and very often contrary to the expressed will of the people themselves.

Today there still remain over 200,000 Ukrainians, mostly in Germany, Austria and Italy, who are determined against repatriation for national, political, or religious reasons. All the pre-war Ukrainian regions are now incorporated in the U.S.S.R., and in accordance with bi-lateral agreements concluded between Poland and the U.S.S.R., Rumanian and the U.S.S.R. and Czecho-Slovakia and the U.S.S.R., re the exchange of population, repatriation for a Ukrainian does not mean return to Poland or Rumania or Czecho-Slovakia, but rather repatriation only to the U.S.S.R.

4—The Future

Knowing that, they take advantage of any opportunity that presents itself to go to any country where they can live again as human beings and where they can work and enjoy the fruits of their labour. And in their search for a home, we have them coming to this United Kingdom of

directly upon it.

Some trees as well as thickets of sedge and weeds grew around it. The spot looked so temptingly cool and restful that Pavlush decided to stop here. Unsaddling his horse and watering him at a spring that flowed from the ravine's center, Pavlush ate a little "kasha" that he had, drank it down with the sparkling cool water from the spring, and then lay down to sleep.

For a while Pavlush heard the munching of his horse's jaws as he grazed nearby and the drone of insects in the grass, but gradually these sounds passed out of his conscious mind, and he fell into a sound sleep.

(To be continued)

Great Britain under the now well known "Westward Ho" scheme. To date it is estimated that about 7,000 Ukrainian DP's have come to the United Kingdom under scheme. In addition, over 8,000 Ukrainian S.E.P.'s have been moved from Italy to replace German P.O.W. Labour in this country. With the Polish Forces and the dependents of Polish Forces in the United Kingdom is an estimated number of another 10,000 making in all an estimated total of about 25,000. By the end of July this number may well reach 50,000. To Great Britain this new invasion by these slavie peoples may seem as if a new problem or new difficulties may arise. Some may even have doubts and misgivings as to the wisdom of admitting these "strange" people who are still desperately in search of a home. But all that need be done is to look to Canada, that new but great nation, for evidence and proof as to the qualities of these people. When that great British statesman, Lord Tweedsmuir, or better known to the British public as John Buchan, while Governor-General of Canada, visited a colony of these Ukrainian Canadians in Frazerwood, Manitoba, in September, 1936, he said:

"I am among people who have behind them a long historical tradition, for it was your race which for centuries held the south-eastern gate of Europe against the attacks from the East... Wherever I go I hear high praise of your industry and hardihood and enterprise; even under the most difficult conditions you have become good Canadians... You have accepted the duties and loyalties to Canada as you have acquired the privileges of Canadian citizens, but I want you also to remember your old Ukrainian traditions—your songs and dances and your folk legends. I do not believe that any people can be strong unless they remember and keep in touch with all their past. Your traditions are all valuable con-

(Concluded on page 6)

Youth and the U.N.A.

"I BELIEVE IN IT!"

Quite a number of years ago a man named M. A. Matthews of Seattle, Washington, delivered a sermon entitled "Fraternal Life Insurance," which was published in a book called "Thoughts for the Occasion." The sermon is interesting in more ways than one. It not only deals with fraternalism, a subject very dear to advocates and supporters of the Ukrainian National Association, but presents a thought-provoking discussion on fraternal insurance as well.

Although Dr. Matthews made his remarks and observations a long time ago, his main points still make excellent food for thought today. "This is the most extravagant, reckless and careless age of the world," he said. "It costs you more to live today than ever before." He goes on to claim that "rapidly changing circumstances" makes this "the age of uncertainties." The man and his family have an extraordinary expenditure because of social demands. "The man makes his money, the man spends his money, the man rises and the man falls."

"The disposition on the part of the people to keep up with each other is bankrupting thousands and thousands of men." Families and children are being paupers. Dr. Matthews stated, and the honest man is agitated by the question of how to provide for his family. The man makes very little today [which is true enough when income and the cost of living is compared!], but where can he put his money in these uncertain times, even if he makes it?

Men in all walks of life "have each and all arrived at the conclusion that the safest investment and provision for their wives and children is a well-protected insurance policy." Dr. Matthews stated that no man should get married unless he can provide for his wife, and that no man has a right to bring a child into the world "unless he can make a honest provision for its support, deportment, and education." Through a life insurance policy the man can secure comfort, happiness, and protection for his family. "An insurance policy is a bridge across the yawning chasm of extravagance, recklessness, carelessness, and uncertainty." It is an honest man's duty to bridge this chasm for the benefit of his family, the doctor declared.

Dr. Matthews Remarks on Fraternal Orders

Dr. Matthews then discusses fraternal insurance, and we urge our readers to give serious thought to his statements. "I call your attention to fraternal insurance. I believe in it. (The emphasis is ours). I believe in anything that will righteously draw men together and teach the great idea of brotherhood, humanity, helpfulness, and divine kindness."

"So I have policies in several fraternal orders; and I took policies in fraternal insurance because they teach the idea of brotherhood, of friendship, of charity, of confidence, of kindness, and love; of personal hand-to-hand contact with a man in his sufferings and in his sorrows. I am in these fraternal insurance orders because they bring to my personal attention and lay upon my personal heart the woes, sorrows, and pains of the man, the individual woman, the individual child. They preserve the identity of the individual, and the suffering of the individual becomes the specific object to which the love, friendship, and brotherliness of

every man in the order are directed. When you pay a policy in a fraternal order, each and every member in that fraternal order shares the sorrows and participates in the relief rendered. I would like to help every suffering man, woman, and child in the world, and if I could bring each into the influence of these God-blessed orders I would do it. If I could go in every home where the table is bare, the hearthstone cold, and the room bleak and uncomfortable, and put upon the table the common covering, and on it a substantial meal, and in the fireplace warmth and cheer, and in the family room the music, love, and domestic comfort necessary, I would be the happiest man in the world. I would rather be able to do that to that for suffering humanity than to be Emperor of all the empires in the world.

Therefore, I will become a member of these orders and as an infinitesimal part of these great organizations, through my contribution month after month, I will go into these bleak and uncomfortable homes, leave in each the sustenance and protection which an insurance policy from the hands of friendship, brotherly love, and kindness can bestow."

Remember, Dear Reader, that the Ukrainian National Association is a fraternal benefit society.

If you are not a U.N.A. member

On Records - - - By Ted Victor

BUYING a complete recording of an opera is a very important event in the life of an ordinary record collector. It is no simple task to select just one opera from a field of many. Too often I find that people invest in a complete album or albums, just because a certain opera contains a favorite aria. This is indeed a very serious error, for, after all, complete operas run anywhere from eleven dollars for the very brief ones to some seventy dollars for the imported versions. Therefore when you spend that much money you should take many things into consideration.

You must be absolutely certain of the technicality of the recording. Before you buy, listen to each and every side of the records. Often the recording may look perfect but upon listening to it you will discover a very bad distortion due to the shellac etc.

If you are buying an opera because of any arias that you particularly care for then by all means check your record catalogues for condensations. It is not good business to buy an album just to listen to two or three sides only. Therefore if there is a condensation available then buy it. The condensations contain only the highlights of the opera and are usually very well recorded. The price is far more nominal also.

Also remember to choose your opera carefully in regards to the performing artists and orchestras. Is the recording able to stand on its own? Will it be displaced in the very near future? For instance, Columbia has issued the complete recording of Verdi's, La Traviata. This is one opera that I would ordinarily recommend to you. It is melodious, beautiful and interesting throughout the entire score. However, the reason for my advising against it is this. Victor has promised that Toscanini will record this superb work in the near future. If any of you were fortunate enough to hear his interpretation of

Trivia - - - - - By Sophia

Magicians' Convention

WHILE the United Nations meet in New York, and the Big Four convene to discuss another important matter, the First International Congress of Magicians is taking place in Paris right now, as reported by the Associated Press. We all know how much fun a convention can be, either from personal experience or from reading the write-ups in the newspapers of the recent American Legion convention, but can you imagine the wild times to be had at a congress of magicians? Anybody and everybody would be the butt of their pranks, and that includes their fellow magicians.

The first to fall victim would be the hotel management. Ah, pity the defenseless hotel management when the guests sign the register with disappearing ink, then walk over to the check room to check a hat full of rabbits, which also disappear, no doubt, by the time the magician calls for them again. What excuse can the hat check girl offer to an irate magician who has lost his rabbits?

then join now and enjoy the benefits and advantages of U.N.A. membership together with more than 47,000 fellow-members. Don't put it off any longer! Join the U.N.A. now!

T. L.

Can the show possibly go on? And if such confusion prevails with only one magician, imagine the bedlam created by five hundred hats full of rabbits! The hat check girl won't dare to complain to the management, not for fear of losing her job, but for fear of being sawed in half by one of the conventioners whose hat has been lost, or whose rabbits have been misplaced.

Hotel accommodations in Paris may not be plentiful enough, so that the guests may have to double up, a plain, ordinary magician bunking with a snake charmer, who probably takes his pets with him wherever he goes. Finding a snake in your bed is a childish prank some young boy has played, but when a man undertakes snakes as a hobby, you can rest assured that there will be more than just one, because he'll make a man-sized job of it. There would be snakes all over the place! This situation, however, can be surpassed by an even more absurd one: two snake charmers bunking together in one room.

The news item also mentions the desire on the part of the attending magicians to learn an old oriental trick: that of suspending a rope vertically in mid-air, then sending a boy to scamper up the rope, to eventually disappear when he reaches the top. This feat sounds like something amazing, and who can blame the magicians for wanting to learn how it's done. Frankly, though, I feel this sort of magic will have to be performed in a country with a surplus of boys, for if each magician sends boys scampering up the rope, the man shortage will be aggravated. In fact, the magicians might become so enthusiastic with the trick, that in doing it over and over, the entire male population could disappear.

The most mysterious event at the magicians' congress would be the business sessions. What is discussed at such a session? Surely, it's not ethical to discuss financial returns, or to exchange or explain tricks. After all, does Macy's tell Gimbel's? The conclusion is that these sessions are wonderful magic shows, probably the most entertaining business sessions of any convention so far. The audience enjoy the show thoroughly, and doesn't forget about it once it is over, but goes home with all these tricks in mind. As a matter of fact, each member of the audience must be uneasy, not knowing what kind of trick will be played on him by the magician sitting at his right—or on his left, as the case may be. At the end of such a session, after all this tension, and with the mind working at a fast pace to keep up with all these feats, the average magician must be a nervous wreck. Off he goes to his room for a five minute rest before the event of the evening, only to find his room occupied by rabbits, snakes, or little boys who were last seen scampering up a rope. Who said a magicians' convention is fun? Each conventioner thanks his stars when the congress has finished—when he can pack up his rabbits and snakes and go home to fool his naive and unsuspecting public. To be perfectly truthful, I don't believe this convention will be a great success. In fact, I'll venture to say that there will be no similar convention until the next generation of magicians grows up, and, unaware of the mistakes of its fathers, will call together another International Congress of Magicians.

Program of Mexican Music.

Columbia, Album M-MM-414.

Recently I managed to see the film, "Fiesta," at my local theater. It was recommended to me by some friends because of the abundance of good music it contained. If you read the opening data on the screen I'm sure you noticed that the music was adapted from Aaron Copland's "El Salon Mexico." However, if you remember the picture at all, I know you will recall the very beautiful and haunting theme melody that the young composer was supposed to have written. True, Copland employs this theme in his music but not to any great degree. In the above album which I first recommended on May 26, 1947, Carlos Chavez the famous composer, conducts the Mexico City Symphony and a combined American and Mexican chorus in a complete rendition of this same piece of music. It is popularly known as, "La Paloma Azul." If you enjoyed the bit you heard at the movies then I know you will be more than pleased to hear a full symphony and chorus perform it.

MYRA LAZECHKO-HAAS, RISING UKRAINIAN CANADIAN POETESS

(Continued)

★
BEWITCHED

Who and what are we
My people?
Vast multiple seed sprung from earth's
ovary;
Infinite nuclei
Evolving light
Through changing cycles: night, day;
day and night;
Infinite embryo
Sped through time and space
On the driving power of kinetic
energy,
The perpetual motion of its driving
sun,
To earthward spun.

Ours is the far cry flung, the far
cry hurled
From the abyss of screaming, strain-
ing thigh,
Into this world.
Ours, this dream ill-born,
That entered on a spasm, a fist of
pain,
Tiny hands crumpled like a leaf un-
curled,
Tiny head bruised with mark and
mutilation,
Bearing the scars of illegal operation,
The brutal midwifery of man and
nation.

Through long dim centuries this
sleeping brain
Its silken spools of thread, bound
and entwined
The bobbins of the mind
To overflowing;
Gathering, growing, growing;
Wound with a skein, the undiscerning
eyes,
Sealed down with a sleep, the feeble
first-born cries.
And still my people sleep, my people
sleep,
As in a spell unbroken.
Never to know the loosing of the ties
That cord the hand and wrist,
The limbs ungrith,
Unravelling from the blinding band-
ages of afterbirth.
And still my people sleep,
My people sleep,
As in a spell unbroken;
Still my people sleep, my people sleep,
Never to be awaken.

★
MIGHTY IS TWAIN

In my solace screen,
My slender dreams lean
Their gaze to the boundless afar,
As the amber crowned moon
Breathes delight in her swoon,
In the arms of a paramour star.
Nor human, nor vast,
Doth earth's child, beauty, cast,
For the eye of the dead pierces keen;
Fixed, piteous its gaze
The doomed visage of race,
It lives in past hopes, the "had been."
Naught exists in the state
Of an early, or late,
Both are planned with a purpose, a
gain.
The rose, graced alone,
Shouldst ne'er blossom alone;
Earth and ocean mate; mighty is
twain.

—(Age 15)

★
Excerpts from play:

"RAPPACCINI'S DAUGHTER"

"Loneliness her presence here divides
Twixt Azreal and Tasso... angel death
The blood stars' path, which comets,
journeys far.
And in the heat of flaming fellow
stars

(2)
Doth seek the sound that shapeth
pangs of sleep,
Why doth this ecstasy of soul always
regain
A bolder stand in chaos of forsaken
thought?
Why doth the crag I mount myself
upon, taste rain
And soil of ignorance? I draw away,
distraught
Shirking the clammy fingers of night.
Faint and fade
Time—scorned her probing pace; dull
with unburdened sleep
She opens wide eyes, moon-filled with
shadow, unafraid,
Whilst I, I only sit in contemplation
deep,
Thinking: How the musty bones of
men are lent for food
To hungry earth. She guides the
restless tide to shore,
Forsakes the empty-socketed, mind-
fevered brood,
To dig through dark... Hungrily
sucks them down again."

★
Excerpts from "ODE TO SHELLEY"

O, thou calm soul of infidelity,
O surging spirit 'gainst the tides of
force,
Thou, angel of the dream's infinity,
Thou art the earth's Prometheus,
heavenly born,
Appollo of thy sister, Maid Com-
passion,
From whose divinity, thy heart wast
torn,
And trampled like the lilies of life's
passion;
Thou whom the gods of earthly fir-
mament,
And fantasy's desire couldst not
fashion.

From east to west, where life's hor-
izons be,
Shall rise hope's glory, in the dawn
of thee,
To glow within its golden flowing sea,
Like waves which break upon eternity.
(Age 17).

IN SEARCH OF A HOME

(Concluded from page 4)

tributions towards our Canadian cul-
ture which cannot be a copy of any
one old thing—it must be a new
thing created by the contributions
of all the elements that make up the
nation...

We Scots never forget our ancient
Scots ways and always remember the
little country from which we sprang.
That is true of every race with a
strong tradition behind it, and it must
be so with a people with such a
strong tradition as yours. You will
all be better Canadians for being also
good Ukrainians."

These were the words of Lord
Tweedsmuir.

Today Canada can be truly proud
of her Canadians of Ukrainian origin.
Great Britain will have reason to be
equally proud of the achievements
and contributions of the new-ar-
rivals. When the recent citizenship
ceremony took place in Ottawa, and
Canadians for the first time could
proudly call themselves Canadians,
next to the Canadian Prime Minister,
the Rt. Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie
King, to receive the citizenship cer-
tificate was Canada's first Ukrai-
nian pioneer... Mr. Eleniak from Al-
berta... These new-arrivals, the Uk-
rainian refugees and displaced per-
sons from Europe are all looking for-

Ramblings - - - by G. H.

"GOOD morning, madam! Did you
call the Visiting Nurse Asso-
ciation?" The two well-dressed gentle-
men accompanied the above greeting
with an affable smile when a young
mother opened the door in response
to their knock. Yes, she did call the
visiting nurses; this was her first-
born and she was not taking chances
with the infant's health. So she let
the two men in, only to discover that
they were insurance agents and had
no connection with the nurses. They
used the question as a ruse to gain
admission into the apartment. Yes,
they insured the baby.

This, of course, is not to be con-
sidered a reflection on those great
many insurance agents who sell in-
surance in an honest and good busi-
ness way.

This is a true, though mild, in-
stance of the well-known saying, that
when it comes to selling insurance
some agents will resort to any trick
no matter how contemptuous, or to any
device no matter how unscrupulous.
As a result, the word "insurance"
has become odious to some people
because they are overloaded with
policies, bought under high pressure
salesmanship. Our older generation
was somewhat protected against it in
a queer way—by not understanding the
agent's language, but their children
are ever so gullible.

The new wave of insurance agents
swooping down on every household,
should be of some concern to the read-
ers of The Ukrainian Weekly if only
because they are members of the Uk-
rainian National Ass'n and would
like to see their own organization
grow. The readers should become
aware of the prevailing competition
between the insurance agent and the
U.N.A. branch secretary whenever
he may be. This competition is one-
sided to be sure, because the branch
secretary is no match for the agent
who prowls the whole day and every
day. Moreover the competition is un-
fair because of the methods used by
some of the agents. "They are try-
ing to insure babies before they are
born," reports one branch secretary.
"The queer side of it is that their
dues are higher than we pay in the
U.N.A., but they collect the dues
weekly instead of monthly, and that
makes the insurance premium look
small."

Some it is that some insurance
agent with a glib and smooth tongue,
is getting away with the business, leav-
ing gleanings to the fraternal or-
ganizations. His inroads are especial-
ly felt by many U.N.A. branches for
a very simple reason: many U.N.A.
branches have neglected their fraternal
features, limiting their activities
to the dues-collecting function. No
meetings, no social affairs, no ac-
tivity that would bring the mem-
bers occasionally together,—in short,
no exchange of human sympathies
that marked so well the early days
of our organization. Hence, an open
field for the insurance agent.

Wide-Awake Branches

A different picture is presented by
the active and wide-awake branches,

ward when they too can freely and
voluntarily of their own choice stand
shoulder to shoulder with other
free men and take the oath of loyalty
to a king and to a country of their
own choice, who grant them the op-
portunity to live their lives and to
worship God as free men should and
want to.

and we have those too. Meetings are
attended not for the sole purpose of
collecting dues, but for planning and
working out the various activities of
the branch. Meetings are attended by
the young members because they do
most of the work. And their work is
varied: it may be only a raffle, or
ball, a banquet, a reception, a dra-
matic performance, or a simple act of
charity to the needy families of a
Ukrainian community. But it is work
that keeps the branch members in
constant co-operation for the good
of all. It is fraternalism, which at-
tracts even non-members. It is a
defense against the tricky insurance
agent.

Our young members must realize
that they are the joint owners of the
U.N.A. now, at this time. They need
not wait for some time in the future
to assume their rightful places in the
organization. The time has never
been as favorable as it is now, be-
cause in many branches we have
men that have grown tired with age
and are unable to do anything but
collect dues. The opportunity is here
for the youth to take over and make
these branches truly fraternal. This
can be done by attending branch
meetings, by accepting work on com-
mittees, by working out projects for
branch activities and executing them,
and by bringing new members to the
branch.

Young men and women, let us look
at the facts. We want our organiza-
tion to grow. Our prospective candi-
dates for membership in U.N.A. are
young men and women like ourselves.
Do we have a better approach to
them than our elders have, or don't
we? We certainly do, because we
speak their language literally and
figuratively. So we persuade them to
join our U.N.A. branch, promising
them not only insurance but also
good fellowship, good association,
good times; we promise them frater-
nalism. We intend to keep these pro-
mises by taking an active part in the
workings of our branch, by seeing
that our new member gets what we
promised him. By doing this we be-
come involved in the affairs of the
branch to the extent that we have
no more doubts as to being the joint
owner of the U.N.A.

U.N.A. SPORTS

(Concluded from page 1)

Besides drawing up its schedule for
the coming season, the League meet-
ing, which was brought about
through the efforts of John Romani-
tion, member of the Board of Su-
preme Advisors of the U.N.A., held
an election of officers: Theodore
Ohar, president; William Dudak, vice-
president; John Sefchek, as secretary;
Stephen Kurlak, treasurer.

To guarantee the successful com-
pletion of the proposed 16-week
schedule, the members of the League
agreed that each team post a \$25.00
deposit with the treasurer which
would be forfeited in the event that
the team failed to compete in any two
matches. All eight teams have either
pledged or paid the amount in full.

**AKRON GIRL BOWLERS WANT
GAMES**

As reported by Miss Genevieve
Zepko, U.N.A. advisor, the girls of
U.N.A. Branch 180 of Akron, Ohio,
have again organized a bowling team
and would like to meet any other
girls' teams within a 100 mile radius
of Akron, on a home and home basis.
Write Dorothy Sudomir, Box 246,
Mogadore, Ohio.

ПРАЦЯ ДЛЯ ЖІНОК І МУЩИН
WANTS ADS
 CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT:
 BErgen 4-0237 — BRyant 9-0582

ПОТРІБНО ЖЕНЩИН

Чембермейдс, праца вдень, добра платня, 5 день втиж., дуже приємні роб. умови. Голос. у housekeeper, Hotel Edison, 226 W 47 St. N.Y.C.

Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER W. DANKO

BASEBALL:

Mike Tresh, veteran Chicago White Sox receiver, is rated by George Case, top base-stealer in baseball for the past decade, as one of the 2 best catchers he has ever run against. Mike, who had been batting around .200 for most of the season has upped his average to a more respectable .240 of late.

Peter Elko, former Chi Club 3rd baseman, is a member of the Ft. Wayne (Ind.) General Electric team, recent winner of the National Baseball Congress non-professional title. They will request U.S.A. in the North American series against the Canadian Champs late this month

Bill Krywicki, former Fordham all-around athlete and now athletic coach at Cardinal Hayes H. S. in the Bronx, took over the managing of the Burlington, Vt. club in the Northern or College League in mid-summer.

Pete Karpuk, pitcher and outfielder for the pennant-winning Ottawa club of the Border "C" League, was fined and suspended for 10 days a couple of weeks before the close of the season for punching a fan.

The three Alusik boys of Elizabeth who performed with the Garwood team in the Union County league this

summer, all played in the Coastal Plain "D" League in past seasons. Johnny played with the Wilson, N. C. club, Joe pitched for the Goldsboro club and Steve, who batted .441 and made the all-star team in the Union County league as a second-baseman, played for Rocky Mount, N. C.

Tony Ravish, playing manager of the Quebec club in the Can.-Amer. "C" League, tells me his dad is Ukrainian. Tony caught for Rochester in the International "AAA" League in 1942 prior to his serving as a C.P.O. in the Navy for 3 years. He was a playing-manager for Peekskill in the North Athletic "D" League last year and started this season as a catcher for Toronto before going to Quebec in June. Ravish, who graduated from St. Lawrence U., where he was an all-around athlete, in now working for his Master's degree at Syracuse University.

Big Steve Souchock, who enjoyed a good season (was among the leaders in the RBI and home-run departments) with the pennant-winning Kansas City Blues of the American Association, has been recalled by the

champion N. Y. Yankees and will report to them next spring. Steve's kid brother Pete, 22 year old promising pitcher who performed in Michigan this summer, recently tried out for the Yanks when the New Yorkers were in Detroit for a series.

Andy Mathews of Bayonne, N. J., was one of the spark plugs for the pennant-winning Trenton club of the Inter-State "B" League while playing his 3rd base position.

(To be concluded)

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Старший Боярин

(Уривок).

Року 1912, червня 15 Лундик Гордій приїхав із черкаської учительської семінарії в село Тернівку до своєї тітки Горпини Корещької, яка йому була і за батька і за матір рідну, бо він їх позбувся ще раннього дитинства. До науки стати йому поміг місцевий священик Дмитро Діяковський, зваживши на те, що хлопець кінчив дуже добре земську школу.

Гордій лежав в клуні горілиць до відчиненої брами, угрузши в сіно верхньою частиною тіла. Витягнені ж ноги на всю свою довжину приємно трималися вище рівня живота. Вся його істота була сповнена бадьорого тепла, що йшло від кожуха, який покривав лише по рамена, і від пахощів сіна під ним розворушених. З правого боку, в стрісі, стреміла від місячного світла, що тримало в непорушних чарах і верхи верб, і осик, і яворів, що витикалися з яру нарівні з брамою клуні, і по той бік на горбі святилища дім. А ген-ген далі височіла під самим місяцем мовчазна церква. Нижче від неї ліворуч і праворуч темніло село. Над ним ворухився білий туман, неначе формувалися для церкви крила того самого кольору, що і її стіни. Давно вже затихли тітчині кроки в подвір'ї, і в селі й над селом світилася біла тиша. Ніч була проти неділі.

В Гордієвій душі промануло все семінарське життя без приглед і без радощів, за якими його молода душа тужила не вгаваючи і під час студій і під час самотніх блукань по черкаських вечірніх правничих вулицях. І думка, підкинута зором, зупинилася над церквою між місяцем і хрестом, тим, що на найвищій бані. Зупинилася на мерехтливій зірці, до якої жадна людська сила во віки вічні не досягне своїм реальним дотиком. І похолоділо в його душі. Він відчув безодню світової як продовження тієї пустки життєвої, серед якої його маленьке серце билосся тривогою, чуючи свою приреченість, мабуть їй уже світовій пустелі. Зявилося дике бажання, схопитися через поле, де зустріне ядвері заперті, то скажено гнатися через поле, де зустріне якусь людину, може дівчину, і вхопивши її руку, притиснути до серця і крикнути: „Людино, глянь у світ і збагни, де ми. І зрозумій, що ми манюсенькі, манюсенькі...”

І саме в цю мить щось у яру заспівало таким сумним чистим та високим голосом, що луна від нього нестримною потугою покотилася через село проз церкву в степ і вдарилася в високе небо... і воно над степом і селом і над осяяним від місяця церковним хрестом не видержало тієї туги, що підіймали людські звуки у немірність ночі... не видержало і стало возноситись вище і вище... стало розходитись ширше і ширше... А голос жіночий безперестанку тужив:

„Ой горе, горе з такою годиною!
Прокляла мати малою дитиною,
Прокляла мати і щастя позбавила!
Під тинами людськими без жалю
поставила...”

В Гордієвій естві всі мочуття притаїлися. І моторошний холод обхопив тіла на теплім сіні під теплим кожухом, і кожуха ця... дорив стала слухом... А голос побивався під небом, ридав, бігав, то знов западав у

глибокі тіні далеких вибалків та ярів. І тільки щемів здавленою гарячою луною у ясній літнім тумані ночі, аби знов вирватися з тиші і ударити з новою силою у вічне склепіння над землею.

Так буває орлиця, кинута в клітку, спочатку бється грудьми, головою, пазурами об іржаві ґрати, але заюшена кров'ю і знесилена падає без руху, ждучи поки спрагнене волі невгавуче серце кине її знов у смертельний та нерівний бій з холодним залізом неволі...

Від пісні, сповненої несосвітненого жалю, небеса напаялися до останньої можливості своєї сили, аби тільки не дуснути і не пустити до Бога страшних жалів невідомого і самотнього жіночого серця. І посеред ночі від наглого місяця стало світліше і моторошніше і він, ніби це відчувши, став важко і повільно осідати над церквою... І знизвся на найвищий гостряк хреста. Хрест не витримав, тріснув і з місяцем унав в ограду... І цей тріск прозвенів як смертельний постріл до всіх розлогах ночі, і на землі стала гдуна ніч... І пісня і луна зникли і заглушли наче камінь, кинутий у криницю, який осів на скаламучене дно глибокої води.

Гордій схопився з сіна і не надіваючи одяжі, а тільки накинувши на себе кожух, вибіг із клуні... І диво... Місяць світив так само серед неба над церквою як і світив перед тим... Тільки після пісні тиша нанувала нерухоміша...

Постоявши у нерішучості під клунею з мить, він пішов над яр. У церкві пробіло 12 годин ночі...

На найвищій лінії яру того боку, де була тітчина Горпинина садиба, проходив рів, зарослий деревами. Гордій швидко найшов вилазку, коло якої росла стара груша і став сходити східцями, покладеними із шматків каменю в яр... А через те, що тут був дуже крутий спуск, господарі зробили жерточку аж до самого Тясмина... Місцевість навколо спуску через стрімучу крутість ніколи і ніким не оброблялася. В день її відвідували хіба якісь одчайні вівці, чи кози пошмакувати трави на жовтій гілці, між каменем... Вся половина Тясмина вдовж по цей бік від Гордія не заростала осокою, ні лозами. Тільки на тім боці, від священникової садиби, росла рогоза, очерет, і над самою водою верби, тополі, осики і явори. Кожне дерево стояло у клубку туману, освітлене місяцем з верхніх боків і витикало з нього позолочені гілляки до неба. І здавалося, що зпід якогось снігу вони вибилися на світ. А ввєрх і вниз уздовж ріки всі скелі еріблилися і золотилися так само, як і купи туману над водою і над берегами... І всі нічні видива в яру око легко сприймало, то як туман, то як скелі... Коло самої кладки, скованої з двох тонких верб, стояв мокрий від рухомої вогкості, човен...

Гордій зійшов на кладку. Під ним блищала чорна смуга води, відті відсвічувалися до нього, зачаровані нічною тишею, небо і круглий місяць, а над всією прозорою безоднею світився він у кожусі, і босий, з непокритою головою... Хлопець зараз же чогось нагадав, що не співали й не співають солов'ї, а тільки співала невідома душа, насичену рззпачем пісню. І йому стало страшно, і на мить незрозуміло. Куди і чого він іде. І не зважаючи на це, все таки

зійшов на другий бік річки, і пішов швидко понад нею стежкою... Та й побачив перед собою, кроків на двадцять жіночу постать і то лише в одній білій сорочці... Вона йшла кваплячись стежкою на гору і не оглядалася. На спині чорніла розпущена пишная коса. Йому прийшло в голову, що видиво походить на казку, в якій відьмі і потопельниці конче з розпущеним волоссям. Одначе, переборюючи життєву незвичність і нічну моторошність, він став її доганяти непомітно прискорюючи ходу, вона так само, ніби почувуючи когось за собою, ще швидше простувала на гору...

І підійшовши до священникової хати, перелізла через тин, взяла з нього драбину, приставила до стріхи і вилізла на хату... І на самому гребені закотила сорочку, неначе дівчинка, переброяючи річку, і спустила одну ногу у вивід, а далі й другу і зникла у каглі. І ніч спорожніла аж до тієї людської свідомості, за якою починається мабуть тільки жах і всякі таємні несподіванки.

У Гордія вирвалося вголос: „Оце так завдання!” І не перестаючи йти вслід за видивом, перескочив тин і хотів уже лізти по драбині на хату, узявши за щабель однією рукою... Рука тремтіла, виявляючи осередній душевний неспокій... Але в цей саме момент вийшла зза рпичілка струнка молода жінка, чи дівчина, закутана чорною великою хусткою і спетала: „Чого вам тут треба?” Гордій же з якимсь наполегливим неумолимим натиском гукнув до неї: „Дайте руку” — і простяг до неї обидві свої... Жінка ж, нена-

Ванька валяє дурака

Що це таке? Молошне божевілья, брунатна глупість, сорокاته свавілля чи червоний сміх? Ні це, ні те! А просто — сміх демократичного гатунку, чи пак сміх над гатунком демократії? Хоч з демократії аж ніяк не можна сміятися, все ж червоні „демограти” регочуться над нею на всю губу. У них народ — усе. Він, той нещасний народ, сам собі схвалює голод, сам засуджує себе до каторжних робіт і сам також пише — вірші. Отак зійдеться десять мільйонів людей в один клуб і давай писати поему, яку обов'язково присвячують товаришеві Вождю, що дуже любить читати вірші і телеграми (розміром у десять тисяч слів).

Таким поетом виявився також якийсь „український народ”, що підписався під поемою, присвяченою для „Атца і Друга”. Між ін. при описі боїв у Карпатах цей колективний поет пише: „Народ готовий смерть для ката. С фашістами кровавий бой. Повстанці почали в Карпатах. В диму і грохоті байоф. Врагі от ярості трясуться, С цепі спускає сфору псов — Проклятих каіноф з трезубцем. Но нет спасенія врагам. Издохнут мерзрстниі гади: Нігде не будет їм пашади, ОУНовским кровавим псам...” „Правда” (від слова „правда”) пише, що цю поему написали 9,316,973 українців. Випало близько сто поетів на одну-однісіньку літеру.

Колосально, хоч, щоправда, і роздерживотно! Але — чому ж цю поему підписали лише 9,316,973 українців, коли в нас, як відомо, вже від 10 років немає жодного аналіфабета? Де ж інші? Невже вони, всі решта — поверх тридцять мільйонів — „врагі народа”? Чи може вони пішли в ряди „проклятих каіноф” з трезубцем? Не дозко, Бровко! (Комар).

ЯР СЛАВУТИЧ

ХАТИНА

(Із збірки „Правдоносці”)

Над синім Дніпром, на зеленій горі,
Де гречка на сонці кипіла,
Стояла в тополях, у клаві й добрі
Хатина, як маківка біла.
Шуміли дощі берегами Дніпра,
Поля колісались хлібами,
І дочками славилась мати стара,
І батько хвалився синами.
Та хто це опівночі зрушив пили,
Кого на вигнання скарало?
Свій вік на чужині батьки дожили,
Кістми полягли за Уралом.
По світі блукають і дочки і сини,
Пригадують будні на полі,
А може десь б'ються за правду вони,
Своєї шукаючи долі?
Хатина ж горює на хмурих горі
І молиться в небо дірками.
Тополі ўсохли, на голім дворі
Вітри завивають вовками. 1944.

че хто її штовхнув, ступила назад кроків зо два, і відповіла так, ніби впізнаній людині: „Невже ви гадаєте, що саме час для гіпотичних вправ?”

Парубок, не помічаючи злегка насмішкованої відповіді, ще раз гукнув несамовито поважно: „Дайте руку, я не злодій... Я хочу знати чи ви жива істота”. — Жінка простягла зпід хустки малу і теплу руку, але таким непевним рухом, неначе її хтось тяг силоміць. Гордій, подержавши якусь мить полонену долоню у своїх жменях, відчув усім напруженим первісним людським еством оте вічне жіноче тепле й божевільно солодке чуття, задля якого юнаки плигають з дзвіниць, коли воно того забажає, і на найстрімкіші вилазять верхівя гір, шукаючи божої бороди, аби вцепитися в неї і погойдатися над світом хочби хвилину, а там і зв'язяться вниз гнівною бурею десь на дикі скелі мовчазного небуття... Відчув страшний силу того чуття, що зароджує світ уже зруйнувавши мільярди незнаних світів раніше. Відчув і потяг незнайому жінку до себе... Придавив до свого шаленого молодого серця і став п'янено-п'яно цілувати в обличчя, шукаючи поцілунками жагуче солодких жіночих уст... Жінка спочатку не боронилася, а потім напружено крутнулася на одній нозі, і залишилася у парубка лише хустка. А дівчина, це була дівчина, він почув пругку знаду молоденького тіла... А дівчина відбігла до дверей і, обернувшись до свого напашника, гукнула: „Скажений...” і вскочила в сіни, хрюпнувши за собою дверма і клацнувши зсередини гачком.

Лундик підійшов з хусткою на плечі повільно до дверей, спробував плечем їх висадити і після невдачі, припав до їх гаряче і зашептав: „Відчиніть, я відам хустку, відчиніть, я вам ноги буду цілувати... лише скажіть мені я все для вас зроблю... Відчиніть, бо я загину тут на порозі...” А зсередини схвилювано і розгнівано відповідали: „Божевільний, чорт вас не вхопить... Тікайте швидше від хати... Бо дід Гарбуз попускає собак коло конюшні... Тоді буде вам лихо. І мене батько не помилують. Ідіть геть, бо я вас не впусчу... Я нароблю крику і позбігаються люди, не соромте мене... Тікайте швидше відсіля...”

І почув він кроки в хату. І після цього, постоявши, подивився на хустку і поклав її на порозі. А сам повернувшись, відхнув і пішов від священникового двору в яр. Ішов навпрошки таким кроком, яким ходять старі, збентежені сипці, що не покладаються на непевність стежок чи ґрунту, а на свій вироблений нещастям інстинкт.