

СВОБОДА SVOBODA

УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ЩОДЕННИК UKRAINIAN DAILY

РІК LV. Ч. 232.

Vol. LV. No. 232.

The Ukrainian Weekly

Supplement

ТРИ ЦЕНТИ в Злучених Державах Америки
ПЯТЬ ЦЕНТИ в кордоном Злучених Держав Америки.Тел. „Свобода“: BERgen 4-0237-4-0807
Тел. У. Н. Союзу: BERgen 4-1016THREE CENTS in the United States of America
FIVE CENTS elsewhere.

WEEKLY No. 37

JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, MONDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1947

WEEKLY: VOL. XV.

NATIVES AND NEWCOMERS

By MARIE S. GAMBAL
(Guest Editorial)*

THIS is an expression of pious hope that some of the thousands of organizations in our country, dedicated to the promotion of this or to the prevention of that, add another job of righteousness to the many that they no doubt are carrying out, and that is that they arm every

newcomer to these shores with a volume of John Gunther's "Inside U. S. A." and with Charles and Mary Beard's "The Basic History of the United States." "Inside" is a bulky volume, the size of which might intimidate a newcomer already burdened with many a fear. The stranger need not make a feast of it all at one time. He might read the beginning, (assuming of course that he has at least a nodding acquaintance with the American language), follow this by reading the last chapter, turn to the ones on New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Utah, North Dakota, and from then on everybody for himself. The Beard's "History" will give our future citizens an idea how these United States grew and developed and between the two volumes the newcomer will have a chance to orientate himself better than if he were left to himself or if he were exposed, unprepared, to the influence of the one-hundred-percenters, who might be ready to make him over in their own image.

Since this writer is heaven-bent on a mission of wishful thinking, may she not enter another expectation, that someday soon, after Mr. Gunther has finished with the volume on Washington and with several other incidental jobs, he write a book which he might call "The Fringe of the United States" of "Where or Where is My Fatherland?" Since this is reputed to be Mom's territory he might substitute "Motherland" for "Fatherland."

This would deal with about one third of our nation, with the millions of foreign-born, their children and to a certain extent their grandchildren, many of whom continue thinking of themselves as Ukrainians, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Italians, Greeks and so on and so forth) living in the United States, and about whom many of the descendants of the earliest immigrants think of as hunkies, dagoes, kikes (and so on and so forth) living in the United States. A three-volume library of this sort would make of the stranger a more sophisticated appraiser of the New Land than is many an oldtimer who ar-

* [Editor's note: Our readers we are sure, will welcome the return to these pages of the comments and articles of Marie S. Gambal. During this editor's attendance as Ukrainian Congress Committee representative at the Paris Peace Conference and Lake Success United Nations Conference about a year ago, Mrs. Gambal acted as editor of this Weekly. This is her guest editorial written, upon our invitation, on an editorial by us in our last week's number.]

rived here twenty or thirty years ago. He would be less quick to criticize and more ready to mellow his impressions.

Before this writer goes any further, let it be said that she is definitely on the side of the angels with regard to the refugees from the unhappy continent. She has always hesitated calling herself a Christian since she doesn't feel that she is good enough to label herself thus, but she is sure that the members of our Congress, motivated by the purest of Christian ethics, and our large, influential and powerful organizations such as the American Legion, whose ideals are American and, as they would say, "therefore Christian" will soon insist that the doors of this very large country open to the refugees so that they might find and found new homes, be they ever so humble. As this writer has said, she does not presume to be a Christian like the members of our Congress or the hierarchy of our Legion. Nevertheless she is all out to welcome the refugees even though this might mean the loss of her igloo, less homogenized milk in her coffee and no butter on her bread. No Christian, but unselfish. Definitely so.

Or is it unselfishness? Truth bids us admit that as in every act of mercy there is a spark of egotism in our goodwill gesture. It might be exalted egotism, but egotism nevertheless. Recall, those of you who are old enough to recall, how good you felt during those days of depression if you were able to answer the "beggars" plea: "Brother, can you spare a dime?" How much smoother tasted that drink! How much easier it was for you to swallow that piece of juicy roast or turkey after your conscience was appeased to the sum total of ten cents! How much cozier seemed the walls of your home! Yes, the egotistic overtones are there, not barring our own case, alas, alas! For suffering, we are told, is ennobling. Not being able to make any particular claims to nobility (of the soul), lining up on the side of the refugees (at the risk of their robbing us of our igloo, the homogenized milk and the butter, not to speak of the new shirt with the longer hemline) would give this writer at least a half-chance of adding glitter (through suffering) to the halo which would otherwise become tarnished in a land where opportunities are galore, riches within reach, jobs secure and worries nonexistent.

Or perhaps the newcomer has by this time learned a thing or two for himself? Has he found out that the knowledge of sewing on buttons

Clay's Reply On Ukrainian Insurgents

Assurance of the traditional protection, provided by international law, to those Ukrainian insurgents (UPA-ites), who hard-pressed by combined Soviet-Russian - Polish - Czech forces have fought their way out and entered the American zone of Germany, has been received by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America from General Lucius D. Clay, Commanding General European Command, U. S. Army.

The assurance, in form of a letter from the War Department, was in response to a cable sent to General Clay and the War Department by the

UCCA asking for such protection for the embattled Ukrainian UPA-ites.

Addressed to UCC president, Stephen Shumeyko, the War Dept. letter reads in part as follows:—

"General Clay has advised the Department of the Army that he has received your communication, and wishes to assure you and the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America that he will act in full accord with the customs and rules of international law in receiving these Ukrainian and all other persons who enter the United States Zone."

wholesale fashion at lightning speed or baking a loaf of bread is preferable, let's say, to the knowledge of the two Ulysses' and that the possession of strong arms is more remunerative than the ability to explain—to give this a very modern touch—what Existentialism is or is not? And has he already asked himself, what pray, can I do to exchange the knowledge of the Kozak Age for room rent and a new pair of shoes?

And how much has the newcomer, the one in whose veins flows the blood of the Kozaks and of the hetmans and of the Kiev princes, the blood of Shevchenko and Franko and Ukrainka, and let us not forget—of the peasants—learned about the old-timers, their children and their children's children in this, the New Land? What are his thoughts as he casts an overall glance at our "zbirnota," at our "doribok" of sixty or seventy years, at the young ones in whose veins flows—what blood? American? Ukrainian? International?

Judging by what we have read and heard, several accusations have been hurled against them, old and young, very polite, of course, as befits newcomers. We have been told that there is a lag in the Ukrainian American cultural life, that the older ones are getting older and the young ones are "zamerikanizovany," that that neither the old nor the young have a thorough knowledge of their Ukrainian background, that the economic "doribok" is meagre, that as a group they have no influence in American circles, that the young do not speak Ukrainian, that they use the English language in their publications, that they're not concerned about the country from which their parents emigrated, and so on. Some of this is no doubt true. But while our most recent newcomers bemoan the years which many Ukrainians lost in the manner of the Lost Weekend, while they sum up the negative aspects of the situation, and before they decide to huddle in the corner by themselves while the oldest among us huddle in theirs and the young ones in their niches, (and the hermits bar the doors against intruders), several factors should be taken into consideration by the old-timers, homegrown and newcomer.

Ours (that is America) is a country, unlike any other on earth. One might rhapsodize about it, and all of it will be true, and one might beseech the high Heavens in protest against it, and all of it will be fact. In it the strain of every people on earth. In it the dreams of all men, the seeds of the One Humanity, and in it the cussedness, the vulgarity, the hypocrisy, the sham of the basest among us.

To evaluate properly any immigrant group one must consider it against this background of more than one hundred forty millions of people, of more than fifty different national heritages, of a number of religious denominations, of a civilization in the making. The Ukrainian group, is one of the smallest, one of the newest, fundamentally a mass group, and unlike any other group, (in its relation to the country of origin), it has to go on convincing the unknowing that Ukraine is not "like Texas" or "like Utah" or "like Michigan."

So small is the Ukrainian group that according to some figures, called more or less official, the number is about 300,000. The Ukrainians themselves refer to about seven hundred thousand, while the politically minded go as high as one million. In a nation of 143,000,000 seven hundred thousand is a lost number. They are way down the list in relation to other groups. To make comparisons between the Ukrainian Americans and the Ukrainian Canadians, for instance, is misleading because the Canadians of Ukrainian origin are numerically third or fourth on the list of the various national groups. To make comparisons between the Americans of Ukrainian origin and those of Polish or Italian, or with Jews—look at what they have accomplished and see what they are doing to help their people abroad—is sheer nonsense. There are several million Americans of Polish origin, several million of Italian, several million Jews. Long before the first Ukrainian arrived in this country there were thousands of Poles here (to refer to a "brother" Slav group). The names of Kosciuszko and Pu-

(Continued on page 6)

A Book Review

[The writer of this article, is author of several books on Ukraine and its literature. He is a member of the Columbia University faculty.—Editor.]

By Prof. Clarence A. Manning

PRINCE IHOR'S RAID AGAINST THE POLOVTSI Translated by Rev. Paul C. Crath, B.A. Versified by Watson Kirkconnell, M.A., Ph.D., LL.D. Published by The P. Mohyla Ukrainian Institute, Saskatoon, Sas. 1947. pp. 14.

At long last there is in English a worthy version of most of the Word on the Armament of Ihor and it is done by Watson Kirkconnell, as all lovers of Slayonic literature would expect. More than that, it is poetry in English. It is in the metre of Hiawatha.

That is one of the real metres in English for a continued story. My friend, Kirkconnell, is one of those rare souls who unite peoples and cultures by presenting the masterpieces of one to another in an exquisite form. Prof. Kirkconnell is one of the great translators of English literature and his version of Prince Ihor's Raid deserves to be ranked with Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam. It will satisfy no scholar, just as Fitzgerald's poem greatly offended Prof. A.V.W. Jackson, the greatest American Iranian scholar but it should be included like Fitzgerald's work in any anthology of great translations into English.

There are two kinds of translators. The one tries to give in his own language the sense and the metre of the original and make it as accurate and correct as is possible. In that case, the poetry suffers. There is always something lacking and perhaps that something is the soul of poetry. The other type (and Prof. Kirkconnell is an outstanding example) takes the general sense and produces real poetry which deserves to enter into the literature of the language into which the translation is made. He is a bold and self-confident man who dares this. If he fails to produce real English poetry, he is ridiculous. If he succeeds, he can brush aside minor questions of accuracy and readings. Prof. Kirkconnell has succeeded.

The reviewer has only one question. In the Slovo there are imbedded fragments of still older Ukrainian poetry in a difficult metre. He would have wished that Professor Kirkconnell indicate these by a change of metre. But what a silly objection!

The P. Mohyla Institute deserves congratulations on this work. It shows that the Ukrainian spirit is not dead, that the spirit of Peter Mohyla is still living among the Canadians who have come from Ukraine and that in Prof. Kirkconnell they have won as a friend a gentlemen, a scholar, and a poet.

"SVOBODA" (UKRAINIAN DAILY)

FOUNDED 1893

Ukrainian newspaper published daily except Sundays, and holidays by the Ukrainian National Association, Inc. at 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City 3, N. J.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Post Office of Jersey City, N. J. on March 30, 1911 under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for Section 1103 of the Act of October 3, 1917 authorized July 31, 1918.

Classified Advertising Department, 597-7th Ave., New York 18, N. Y. BRyant 9-0582

ARE THE UKRAINIANS NATIONALISTIC?

By M. H. HAYDAK

[The writer of this article is a member of the faculty of the University of Minnesota.—Editor.]

AT one of the meetings of the Minnesota University Ukrainian Students Club, a suggestion was made to eliminate from the constitution of the Club some paragraphs in which the purpose of Club was described as "to aid interested Americans in gaining an acquaintance with the Ukrainian historical tradition, cultural heritage and natural aspirations, by dissemination of factual data on these subjects and by informal social interaction; to solicit general interests in, and sympathy for, the Ukrainian nationality in its struggle for one independent Sovereign Ukrainian State over all Ukrainian ethnographic territories." The reason for the deletion of the above statements was given that the adoption of such purposes has driven away some prospective members who thought that the club is "too nationalistic."

No doubt that if the same students were offered to join any other—Chinese, Indian, Finnish, etc.—club with the same constitution, they wouldn't object at all, simply because nothing unjust or undemocratic is included in such statements given in the constitution of any club whose purposes are purely educational and social. The reason that such students consider the purposes of the Ukrainian club as "too nationalistic" lies in the fact that these persons are sub-conscious victims of the anti-Ukrainian campaign which was quite rampant during the war years and shortly afterwards; secondly that they do not know the difference between the words "nationalistic" and "chauvinistic," and finally that they do not know much about the Ukrainian history or culture in general.

Nationalism and Chauvinism

According to Webster, nationalism is "devotion to or advocacy of national interests or national unity and independence" and the nationalist is "an advocate of the national independence." "Chauvinism" on the other hand means "vainglorious or exaggerated patriotism." Nationalism is a healthy, natural sign, because every living social organism must preserve its identity in order to exist. No doubt, every democratically minded person would support a nation struggling for its independence. Every nation is nationalistic as long as it defends its right to existence. However, in order to be truly nationalistic, it must at the same time respect the rights of other nations. As soon as it begins to impose its will on other peoples, it ceases to be nationalistic and becomes oppressive, chauvinistic, placing itself above and over the rest of the community of nations.

An oppressed nationality cannot be chauvinistic, because it lacks the elementary rights of freedom and is in a state of defense against the chauvinism of the oppressor. Historical facts show that the Ukrainian nation, in spite of the centuries of oppression, never manifested the the spirit of chauvinism and always adhered to the principles of democracy and freedom, to the principles of Christianity—that all the people are brothers and have the right to the national independence and self government. A few examples from the Ukrainian history will illustrate this point.

When in the middle of the last century the leading Ukrainian intellectuals formed a secret brotherhood

of H. Cyril and Methodius (they could not form such a brotherhood openly because Ukraine was subjugated and oppressed by the totalitarian Muscovy) their political plan proposed a union of all the Slavic peoples into a federation composed of separate independent republics having equal rights. About 60 years later, when in 1917 the Ukrainian National Republic was proclaimed, the national minorities—Russians, Jews and others—obtained a complete cultural autonomy and had in the Ukrainian government their special secretaries who had the right to participate in all the meetings of the Ukrainian Cabinet. When in the Spring of 1939 the Carpatho-Ukrainian Republic was proclaimed, the same principles of equality were embodied in the constitution of the latter.

Those are only a few scattered facts, which show the democratic and just treatment of other nations by the Ukrainians. This spirit of democracy and justice is fully reflected in the Ukrainian literature which, according to Prof. Manning, "has never wavered... above all in a confidence and belief in democracy in every form, and this is its chief characteristic." (Manning "Ukrainian Literature").

Engage a person, accusing the Ukrainians of being "too nationalistic," in conversation and in a vast majority of cases you'll find out how little factual knowledge he possesses about the Ukrainian question. His statements—for the most part—would be based on something he has heard or read accidentally somewhere.

Anti-Ukrainian Propaganda

There has been and still is a skillful anti-Ukrainian propaganda, emanating from Russia, which is backed by the so called "scientists" who for one or another reason interpret the East European history according to the directions given by the Russian government. How willfully this subterfuge propaganda is spread among the historians in this and other countries is shown by the fact that many a renowned scientist uncritically accepts such biased Russian interpretations of historical facts as valid.

Such propaganda is being conducted by the Muscovites with an intention to divert attention from their acts of chauvinistic oppression of the Ukrainian people. In spite of the fact that Ukraine is a member of the United Nations, and supposed to be an equal member of the Soviet Union, it is not only governed by the foreigners, but doesn't have even a cultural equality. Many a Ukrainian scientific journal has only the title in the Ukrainian, but the articles are written in Russian. The Ukrainian writers can only follow the party line—that is the Russian line—in the interpretation of historical facts. Ukrainians are agricultural people. How well they are supplied with the agricultural literature one can judge from the fact that during the recent years (1941-1946) in the Soviet Union 3,297 pages of books in beekeeping were published in the Russian language and only 117 pages in Ukrainian. This is only three and a half per cent of the total production. The Ukrainians form 22 per cent of the total population of the Soviet Union.

(Concluded on page 6)

On Records

By TED VICTOR

IN last week's column I stated in so many words certain qualifications an opera had to fulfill before a recording of it should be considered for purchase. I know that the opera I am about to mention may not be your favorite. There are exceptions to every rule and every thing. If you don't care for it then there is nothing I can do but hope and suggest. But if you listen to it, I know it will win you over by itself without the help of this column.

The Magic Flute (Die Zauberflöte) by Mozart. Performed by soloists and chorus and the Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. Victor No. DM-542-541.

I have chosen this opera because of the reasons mentioned in last week's column plus the fact that this opera is the best of its type. Mozart employed the famous singspiel method of singing to its best advantage. Singspiel means a very melodious type of singing used only in certain German operas. None compare in richness, depth, or sheer enjoyment with the Magic Flute. The arias for the various soloists are among the most difficult in opera. They are so beautiful from a musical standpoint that the listener does not need any knowledge about the plot of the opera. From the opening bars of the overture to the finale the listener's interest is kept. There are dull moments between arias. It does not matter whether you listen to the entire opera or just one record side. You will always find something enjoyable. I realize that I could go on writing about it for pages and pages without making too much progress. However if you are in the market for an opera, I suggest whole heartedly and without any reservations that you listen to the Magic Flute. I have purposely not mentioned the artists. They are all German and so their names are probably unfamiliar to you. But, I will say that they are some of the best I have ever heard.

The price should be about twenty two dollars for the entire opera. The recording is excellent and as for the orchestra, well suffice it to say Beecham is the conductor.

Recommended Singles

Polka and Fugue by Weinberger performed by the Minneapolis Orchestra conducted by Ormandy. Victor No. 7958.

If you enjoy light, gay, and blood warming music such as the Hungarian Dances of Brahms or the Rumanian Rhapsody of Enesco then I know you will like this very colorful bit of music.

Der Rosenkavalier Waltzes, by R. Strauss, performed by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor No. 18390.

Once again I put these delightful waltzes down as a must if you don't have them as yet. Just listen to them once. They will convince you.

Kozak Zevedia, played by Humeniuk (violinist) and orchestra. Columbia Record.

I forget the number of this record but I do remember that it is one of better recordings made by Humeniuk. Columbia has re-issued this record under its foreign record department. If you want something lively and not too difficult to listen to, then by all means get hold of this one.

BUY ALL THE BONDS YOU CAN...

PETER MOHYLA, ECCLESIASTIC AND EDUCATOR—(1647-1947)

By GEO. W. SIMPSON

[The writer here is professor of history at the University of Saskatchewan in Canada.—Editor]

PETER Mohyla was born on December 21 (31), 1596, and died on January 1 (11) 1647. He was one of five sons born to Simeon Mohyla, Hospodar of Moldavia. While the family of Mohyla originated in the Danubian Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, the chief center of his activity was the ancient political and cultural capitol of the Ukraine, Kieve. In the year of his birth there had been established the Uniate, or Greek-Catholic Church; in the year of his death the Ukraine was on the eve of one of the greatest upheavals in its history.

Between 1596 and 1647 Europe was passing through a particularly stormy period marked by Civil war in England, the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the monarchical crisis in Russia, and the turbulent Kozak forays in Poland. The great religious passions of the Reformation period had not yet subsided while the play of dynastic ambitions was steadily rising. Out of the turmoil arose strong characters upon the political institutions of Western Europe. From the very centre of strife emerged the figure of Jan Amos Komensky, the protestant exile, who gave a clear, steady light to the reformers of education in Northern Europe. As a contemporary of these men Peter Mohyla gave a decisive turn to the extremely mixed and contrary religious and educational currents which were running muddy and swift in Eastern Europe between the Polish Vistula and the Ukrainian Dnieper.

The religious situation in the great Polish-Lithuanian state had been characterized by the fact that in the east and south-east the population belonged to the Greek Orthodox Church while in the western Polish area the Roman Catholic faith was

the accepted religion. In the beginning of the sixteenth century both churches were sadly in need of reform. The Protestant movement struck the Roman Catholic Church in Poland with such force that at one time its very foundations seemed threatened. However, the Counter-reformation, initiated chiefly by the Jesuits Order, rallied to the protection of the ancient faith. The educational institutions established by the Jesuits, beginning in 1565, were particularly successful in building up the intellectual resources of the Church, in confirming loyalties, in training leaders, and in creating enthusiasm. Not only did the Roman Catholics recover ground from the Protestants but they began to press more vigorously against the Greek Orthodox Church, reviving the dream which indeed had never ceased to haunt their memories since the fateful schism of the Christian church in 1054. To bring back the Greek Orthodox Church into the papal fold seemed an ambition worthy of rulers, saints and priests alike.

Meanwhile the weakened Greek Orthodox Church among the Ukrainians was gaining some additional support from the energy and enterprise of a few nobles as well as from a guild type of organization which had grown up around the church. These organizations, supported by artisans and merchants, were known as Brotherhoods. The most notable of these was the Assumption Brotherhood in L'viv. Under the spur of rivalry this Brotherhood had established a printing press in 1574; and in 1586 they had founded a school where classical learning was taught.

A further challenge to Orthodox custom was incidentally thrown into the religious arena with the author-

ization by Pope Gregory XIII in 1582 of a corrected calendar. It was the sort of issue which could seep into the lower levels of ignorance and prejudice and be used to influence decisions of real consequence.

In 1595 a rift in the Greek Orthodox Church within Poland occurred when the orthodox bishops negotiated an agreement with the Pope. According to this agreement the Orthodox were to adhere to Catholic dogma and belief and to recognize the headship of the Pope, while the latter was to permit the Ukrainians (Ruthenians) to retain their distinctive rite, language and customs. With the sanction of the Polish king a general Council was held at Brest Litovsk the following year attended by church and lay representatives to confirm the agreement. Rival feelings based on national as well as religious grounds were roused to a high pitch. Many of the Ukrainians opposed the move, viewing the agreement as a Polish and Latin device for purposes of domination. Armed conflict was narrowly averted. The total result, however, was that the Polish government recognized the Uniate or Greek Catholic Church as an existent fact. Wherever possible the property of the Greek Orthodox Church was turned over to those ecclesiastical authorities adhering to the Uniate Church. In some cases the local opposition was so strong that the Orthodox group retained possession. Nevertheless the demoralization of the Greek Orthodox Church in Poland was very great and might have been catastrophic had it not been for the growing, tumultuous power of the Kozaks in the Dnieper area and the decisive character of Peter Mohyla.

The Kozak movement in the Dnieper area was in part a rugged frontier movement in which a unique organization of hunters, fighters and settlers kept extending a protective screen southward against the Tatar regions of the Crimea. It was in part a social movement of those fleeing from, or opposed to, the harsh conditions of serfdom, increasingly characteristic of Polish land-lordism. It was in part a political movement which began with attempts to secure advantage and easement with respect to the Polish authorities and ended with an increasing mass awareness of group separateness and consciousness of power. It was in part a revival of cultural life. Behind the protective and defiant Kozak screen cultural traditions were revived and Kiev again became a flourishing center.

Among the traditional institutions of culture the Greek Orthodox Church had played an important part. But now at the beginning, of the seventeenth century the long years of neglect and the new Uniate movement threatened its extinction within the Polish Kingdom. The bishoprics, one by one passed into the hand of the Uniates until only a single bishopric remained. The strongest opposition showed itself in the province and city of Kiev. Because of the opposition of the Kozaks it proved impossible for the Uniates to take immediate possession of the offices and living which officially had been transferred to them. Taking advantage of this protection a number of Greek Orthodox leaders hastened to Kiev in order to build up the cultural defences of their church. Ecclesiastical and political opposition joined forces and secured short breathing spells. During this time significant steps were taken.

("Ukrainian Quarterly")

(To be concluded)

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

Her Background Led to a Career

By MILDRED MILANOWICZ

WHEN Mary Bonar steps out on the stage of the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall on Sunday afternoon, October 19th, she will be bringing before her friends and well-wishers the climax of career-story that can happen to any young American possessing the singular qualities to make it happen.

A musical debut in New York! A chance to shine before a music-wise, critical public, to court their precious approval which can open the door to fame and fortune! Who does not dream such dreams? And among the hundreds of young Americans of Ukrainian parantage who have sung or played on concert stages during the countless Ukrainian affairs of the last decade or so, how many have thus acquired, like Mary, the extra encouragement to make their dreams of fame and fortune come true?

Sang in Church Choir

We shall be hearing of more debuts of young Ukrainian American musicians now and they will have much in common which was derived from their background of Ukrainian youth activities. Mary can and does speak for them of the benefits acquired from her own background. Perhaps they are unconsciously acquired, in these ordinary pursuits of modern Ukrainian youth, but they are nevertheless, thoroughly appreciated once a musical career is se-

riously launched. First there is the love and the "ear" for fine music, instilled and nurtured in Mary's early days in the church choir (When she had to sing alto, because there were not enough of them), singing the beautiful, majestic music that is an everyday part of Ukrainian life. She can speak of the richness of our folk lore when she recalls memorizing the numberless Christmas carols she sang with the choir when they went "koliaduvati" for some worthy cause. Mary appreciates the valuable experience she has had in acquiring stage presence when she appeared at numerous concerts and on radio programs as soloist or in duets with her sister Stephanie. Much of that desirable asset of artists was acquired by acting in Ukrainian plays, too. As to knowledge of languages, that is so important to a singer, Miss Bodnar is everlastingly grateful to her parents, the Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Bodnar, for their insistence on having the Ukrainian language spoken in the home till it became second nature to their five children in its use. From her knowledge of Ukrainian, Mary asserts that learning German, French and Italian has been easy.

Being descended from a musical people that sings on the slightest provocation, and being the daughter of a priest possessing a fine voice (Mary insists she is not biased in thinking her father's rendition of the "Paska" passage of the Easter Serv-

ice is one of the finest), it is no great wonder that Miss Bonar chose a singing career. The real wonder is that she has quietly and steadfastly stuck to her dream despite financial drawbacks, and with no hint of the sacrifices it has entailed, has finally reached the threshold of her career.

Sacrifices

Few people know that the well-dressed and well-groomed appearance Mary is the fortunate result of being forced to make her own clothes to save money for lessons. Her becoming an excellent cook was no mere accident either, but another "sacrifice" on the altar of her career. From her calm, easy poise, it is hard to believe that Mary was subjected to the tortures of despair and discouragement in attending her ambition. But when one learns of her great patience, and her innate common sense, one can understand how she planned each step of the way and finally overcome her moods of depression to become, finally, what she wanted to be, a singer, cultured person, an artist.

Naturally, it takes a great deal of study and practice to become an artist and for a singer, one other factor becomes involved—time. Because, Mary says, a singer develops naturally, with time, and the development cannot be rushed, as in the case of an instrumentalist, who may practice long hours. This she learned from her first teacher, Madame Xenia Vassenko, a graduate of St. Petersburg Conservatory. From her too, Mary learned what a wealth of career-

knowledge a singer must have to provide the well-rounded, cultural background that is necessary to become an artist. From her present teacher, Mr. Astolfo Pescia, who was brought over seven years ago from Rome at the behest of the late Grace Moore, Miss Bonar learned the technical points necessary to become a finished artist. With Mrs. Mauro-Cottone, Mary studied solfeggio, piano and sight-reading. In language study, she was fortunate in having a good French teacher in the Passaic High School, Miss Shattle, to whom Mary is grateful for her good pronunciation. Italian, she studied with Mr. P. Vavarro, and German with Mr. P. Noga.

Debut Program

In her debut program, in addition to a well-balanced offering of French, German, English, and Italian compositions, Miss Bonar has included three Ukrainian compositions by living Ukrainian composers, Paul P. Ouglitzky and Michael O. Hayvoronsky. In presenting these compositions, the young singer is living up to her conviction that Ukrainian music should be shared with the world, and is proud to have the opportunity to do so.

Singing in the Mr. S. Marusevich's Ukrainian Youth Chorus of N.Y. and N. J., in Prof. Kirichenko's Ukrainian Folk Chorus of N. Y., at concerts for the Soyuz Ukrainok, and on Surma's Radio Program, Mary Bonar made many friends. She has their admiration and best wishes for the success of the debut of her musical career.

A COMPARISON OF THE NAZI AND SOVIET METHODS

By A DP, FORMER UNDERGROUND WORKER

[This article has been furnished to the Weekly by the Lithuanian Bulletin.—Editor]

WELL meaning British and American officials frequently ask the refugees to compare the Nazi and Soviet methods of occupation.

This betrays a considerable amount of naiveté on the part of our liberators and hosts. At the same time, our truthful answers jeopardize the chance of retaining the "DP" status. Americans in particular, and Britons to a lesser degree, suspect the integrity of the answer's past when he boldly labels the Soviets—enemy No. 1, the Nazis—enemy No. 2.

It is difficult to draw a clearcut comparison. The Reds had occupied Lithuania in peacetime; the Browns—in wartime. The Reds remained in occupation one year, and it is difficult to say what losses might have been inflicted during the following three year, had they not been displaced by the Nazis.

"Divide and Conquer"

Both occupations were hostile and detrimental to the interests of the occupied countries. Both were imperialistic and selfish undertakings. The Russians sought to expand westward, in order to dominate the entire Baltic seacoast as a "bridge of revolution" to Scandinavia and the rest of Europe. The Germans sought to expand eastward, in order to gain "a living space" for the Herenvolk and the economic resources of the occupied countries for exploitation. Both occupants sought to achieve the same basic ends—the physical extermination and elimination of indigenous population.

Their methods of operation were quite similar.

Both attempted "to divide and conquer" by pitting one section of the population against the other. The Russians tried to wield a subservient "working class," "a common folk," "the proletariat," whom they tried to set against "the bourgeoisie." The Germans tried to win "the peasants," farmers, and to pit them against their own sons, "the intellectuals," guilty of an "unrealistic" political outlook. Any anti-Communist or non-Communist ideology was "fascist" and "bourgeois" from a Soviet point of view. All patriots were dubbed "intellectuals" by the Nazis.

In effecting an internal split, the Soviets seemed to be more principled than the Nazis. The Russians persistently favored the natives of the Russian and Jewish minorities, and distrusted Lithuanians and other ethnic groups. The Nazis wavered and shifted in their choice of the "preferred" ethnic strata. At first, they sought to incite the Lithuanians against the Poles, Russians and Jews. When the Lithuanians refused to be drawn into anti-Polish and anti-Jewish repressions, the Nazis made a quick about face and engaged the Russians and Poles to terrorize the Lithuanians. Gebietskommissar Wolff of Vilnius provided arms and munitions to Polish guerrillas, to terrorize the Lithuanian police and the local self-administration. Stavrovsky, a Russian and a former NKVD agent, was engaged by the Generalkommissar to enlist the Russian minority in the police forces, "to settle the accounts with the Lithuanians." The Nazis formed units of the so-called ROA, made up of Soviet prisoners of war, which were used in making searches and arrests in Lithuanian communities, to guard Lithuanian political prisoners, to effect mass

murders of the Lithuanians and Jews. They encouraged these Russian turncoats to loot and to murder.

Consequently, the Nazis were more accomplished "artists" in splitting up and dividing various ethnic groups.

"Re-education" and Liquidation

Both occupants made strenuous efforts to recruit the native youth for "re-education." The Soviets had their compulsory Labor Service: youths were drafted for labor duty, settled in isolated camps and indoctrinated in National Socialism by native Volksdeutschen—but they did not attempt to form a native "Nazi Komsomol," the Hitler Jugend. The Soviets learned quickly and adopted the Nazi pattern during the present, second occupation: children of the natives, including Germans, are seized for "re-education" in special institutions and camps. Eventually, they may be instrumental in enslaving their own countries.

Exterminative practices were exactly the same. Both operated on a mass scale. The Gestapo and the NKVD-NKGB were close rivals in sadism and inventing refined tortures.

There is, however, one difference.

The Soviet regime first attempts to enlist and "convert" new agents, "the faithful." The "indigestible" recalcitrants are quietly liquidated in the dark of night and out of sight.

The Nazis tortured and executed people quite openly, with an avowed object of instilling fear toward their masters. The Gestapo liquidated people in public, made a parade of it, and forced the inhabitants to view the executions.

Secretiveness and Little Comforts

The NKVD-NKGB operates in complete secrecy. Once a person is seized, the victim vanishes and no further information is made available regarding his fate or whereabouts. No Russian dares to sign a release order: his signature would mean a warrant of his own doom, were the suspect ever picked up on a different occasion. Therefore, the Russians would rather detain innocent persons, as the alternative is too dangerous.

On the other hand, when the Gestapo seized a person, the prisoner was able, at regular though infrequent intervals, to mail a printed form postcard to his relatives stating that he was either well or sick, and giving his mailing address. Food packages from home were accepted and, one must admit, delivered to the addresses.

Outward Obedience and Internal Remaking

The Nazis never instilled as much fear as the Communists: Germany lacked a Siberia or other Arctic places identified with hell.

The similarity of the mutually hostile regimes is not a striking phenomenon, when one remembers that both systems are quite similar and that Hitler had copied his system from the Communists. Both ideologies view the State and man's interests in the same way. Man is an abstract impersonal object, materiel in State planning. The State is absolute and is personified by its Leader, be it the Führer of the Germans, or the Vozhd of the Russians, "Stalin the Sun, Leader of All Nations, etc."

The Soviet system is totalitarian in the full sense of the word. It pene-

trates his conscience, his most intimate convictions and thoughts. The Soviets are not satisfied when a citizen is merely silent and fails to express his opinions: silence itself is suspect. The Soviet regime demands that a person must be completely "Soviet-minded" even in his daily thoughts. This demand impels relentlessly the infuriating Soviet aggression against an individual, against privacy.

The Nazi regime was satisfied with outward discipline, with execution of the orders from above. The Nazi was not interested in an internal re-making of man, his mental make-up or "orientation." The Nazis disregarded the internal, spiritual processes and order of the occupied peoples, believing that these inferior people will remain but manual workers and slaves of the superior German Herenvolk. For this reason, there was more individual freedom and privacy under the Nazi occupation.

Dispassionate Atrocities

Once the SS units had their orders, the troops dispassionately carried out reprisals without compunction. They massacred people en masse. In the fall of 1941, they machine-gunned 800 people at Eiskes. More than 30,000 persons—prisoners of war, Jews and Lithuanians—were publicly massacred at Prienai. More than 50,000 people, principally Jews, lay buried in the IX Fort near Kaunas. Other masses of Jews were executed in the Paneriai Forest near Vilnius.

On 3 June 1944, the SS encircled the village of Pirciupiai, in Valkininkai township. Men were herded into one building, women and children into three other buildings. Windows and doors were barred, and the buildings set on fire. When charred children crawled from the burning houses and flaming bodies shot out from burned holes in the walls, machine guns of parked tanks spoke up. 69 children, 29 women and 21 men perished in this manner—yet the Lithuanian people are even deprived of the opportunity to complain to the victorious "United" Nations about this crime, and the multitude of crimes committed and being perpetrated daily by the Russians...

The Russians, too, left deep scars in the people's consciousness. More than five hundred non-political prisoners—farmers who had failed to meet their grain delivery quotas in full—were massacred in cold blood by the NKVD and Red Army at Pravieniskis. People were moved down by machine guns. Thereafter, the Russians went through the piles of bodies, shooting and bayoneting any body which showed signs of life. Nearly a hundred prisoners were murdered in an unspeakable manner, with extreme sadism, in a beautiful forest of Rainiai, near Telsiai, while the motors of the trucks were kept running to stifle the hideous cries. Several women NKVD members took part in this crime. Doctors and nurses were brutally killed in the Panevezys hospital. Thousands of prisoners were mowed down in far-away Cherven village in White Ruthenia. Thousands were found buried in a secluded grove of Petrasiunai, in the suburbs of Kaunas...

Network of Informers

Ignoring the inner, mental processes of the occupied peoples, the Nazis failed to organize a dense net-

U.N.A. Sports Revival

Last week there appeared in The Ukrainian Weekly an article denoting the revival of U.N.A. sports activities. It certainly is gratifying to know that a number of U.N.A. lodges and other groups have contributed to the formation of the U.A.A. Bowling League. It is the hope of these organizations that this U.N.A. Bowling League will only be the beginning and that its example will cause the formation of other U.N.A. Bowling Leagues in other parts of the country.

There is certainly no reason why other U.N.A. Bowling Leagues cannot be formed, providing the initiative is token by individual members of the U.N.A. residing in their respective areas.

On behalf of the New Jersey-New York Metropolitan League, the writer will be glad to answer any inquiries that may be asked with respect to the formation of the metropolitan league.

Let's get to work, young men and women, and have U.N.A. sports activities really make a worthwhile revival.

John Romanion

work of informers and spies.

The undermanned Gestapo, the SD and SS units, consisted mostly of young men, eager for drink, for women, for loot. With few exceptions, the Nazis were easily bribed. Most of the personnel of the Zivilverwaltung in Lithuania were not at all interested in spreading the Nazi "gospel": their principal interest lay, quite frankly and openly, in good food, embezzlement opportunities, enrichment of themselves, their families and friends. Ordinary police work, tax collection and administration on lower echelons were left to the inferior natives.

Under such conditions, the Lithuanian underground resistance movement was able to place agents in every administrative agency. The police and the lower self-administration organs were closely knit by the underground leadership into anti-German sabotage. Some Nazis heeded warnings of counter-reprisals—either out of fear for their lives, or for a price. It was comparatively easy to stay in hiding. The Nazi "net" was cast frequently, but caught comparatively few "fish."

The Soviet net is more dense, refined and secretive. The MVD-NKVD effects its "operations" with greater precision, based on its long experience from 1917 in enslaving the Russian people. The MVD-NKVD and MGB-NKGB had organized, and continue to perfect, a vast network of agents, utilizing children of the kindergartens, schools, offers of lucrative jobs, threats, etc. It is most difficult to escape the MVD's attention.

Unlike the Nazis, who liked to boast of their legalism and foundations of orders from above, the Russians listen to no arguments. Reminders of the Stalin's constitutional "guarantees" bring a rebuke that "it was not written for you, so-and-so."

The MVD-MGB operate in duos and trios, keeping each other in sight and within earshot, and continually spying on each other. The proverbial Russian eagerness for bribes, the "virtue" of Russia under the Tsars and a phenomenon of much prominence among the present civilian Soviet administration,—is practically unknown among the MVD-MGB personnel. The fear of "liquidation," of provocation, and distrust of the person offering inducements, safeguard the MVD-MGB from bribe taking.

IN QUEST OF HIS SISTER

(ZA SESTROYU)

(A Story of old Kozak times for Young Folks)

By ANDREW CHAIKIVSKY

(Freely translated by S. S.)

(Concluded)

(14)

Pavlush is captured by a brigand
It was late afternoon when Pavlush awoke. Rising and stretching prodigiously, for a moment he was uncertain as to where he was. Then, as his mind cleared from the effects of heavy sleep, he remembered the events that had led him to this spot.

Noticing that he still had a few hours of daylight left, he decided to push on. His horse was grazing nearby, flicking his tail to keep the mosquitoes away. The steppe seemed so peaceful, particularly at this oasis-like spot, that Pavlush found it hard to realize that constant danger lurked in it, in form of marauding bands of Tartars. The recollection of the latter forcibly reminded Pavlush of the plight of his sister Hannah in Tartar hands, somewhere in these limitless steppes. Perhaps right now she was being hurried towards Crimea. The thought made him nearly frantic. He hurried over to his horse, saddled him, and mounting him, was off.

The refreshing sleep had given Pavlush new strength and courage. His horse, too, was now able to proceed at a faster pace than before. In fact, Pavlush had to hold him down to conserve his strength.

Just about sundown, both horse and rider reached a small river, flowing quietly between two rather high banks. Just the place to camp for the night, thought Pavlush. But as he approached closer, he was met by swarms of mosquitoes, causing him to beat a hasty retreat.

Pavlush was at a loss now, as to what to do. The best way of chasing the mosquitoes away, of course, would be to make a smoky fire, as he had often done at home; but he was afraid to risk a fire, for fear of attracting any Tartars or brigands that might be in the vicinity. He decided, therefore, to go down the river a bit. Perhaps there he could find a better place, one where a fire could be effectively screened. Turning his horse's head, he cantered along the bank, keeping a sharp eye for some likely place.

It was growing dark when he reached a spot that seemed ideal enough to spend the night with the minimum of danger. Here the bank on his side was less steep, sloping gradually to the river's edge. Half-way between him and the river stood two huge rocks, like two sentinels. In the deep hollow between them, grew large clumps of willows.

Pavlush dismounted and led his horse to a patch of grass that grew between the rocks and the river. Returning, he gathered some dried grass and osier, which he rolled into a small clump. Striking a spark with his flint he lit this firebrand, and carrying it at an arm's length before him descended into the hollow. He knew that he would find snakes in such a place. Not that he was afraid of them, for he had killed many of them at home, yet one had to be careful with them at night. His guess about the snakes in the hollow was right, for as he slowly proceeded among the willows, he heard a sudden hiss, and a snake wrigled out of its hiding place, heading for the river. Pavlush chased after it for awhile, to make sure that it would not return later. Upon returning, he routed several other snakes in a similar manner, until he felt reasonably

sure that it was safe to sleep there. And in the process of smoking out the snakes he also smoked out the mosquitoes.

Pavlush was about to fix for himself a crude bed of willows and grass, when suddenly he realized how hungry he was. He did have some food in his bag, but was afraid to eat it for fear that he would have even a greater need of it later. And to make things worse, it was impossible to hunt for anything now, for it was absolutely dark. And yet, he had to find something to eat. Perhaps, he thought, if he went down to the river, he might be able to catch a frog, for his father had often told him that fried frogs were eatable in a pinch. Although the thought gave him a somewhat nauseating feeling, yet he decided to try his luck. When one is very hungry one cannot be too particular, he said to himself.

Pavlush lit a fresh clump of dried vegetation, and using it as a torch made his way down to the river's edge. At his approach a number of croaking frogs leaped into the water. He waded in slowly, the torch casting a flickering light around him. Huge fantastic shadows danced around him on the water. Looking down, he perceived his image reflected in the water. The water was very clear, and he could see the sandy bottom clearly. He stood there very quietly. Suddenly, something swam past his legs, and then returned. It was a large fish. Pavlush did not even dare to breathe, for fear of scaring it away. The fish, obviously of a very inquisitive nature, drew nearer and nearer to his legs, perchance wondering if perhaps they were something eatable. Just as it was a few inches away, Pavlush's arm swooped down, and pulled out the fish, holding it by the gills. Jubilantly carrying the wriggling fish before him, Pavlush waded ashore, and returned to his improvised camp. It was a work of but a few moments to clean the fish, salt it, and then place it over a fire that he made. Soon a most delicious aroma rose into the air. It nearly drove Pavlush frantic, but he held the fish over the flame until it was nicely browned. Never had a fish tasted so good, he thought to himself, as he ravenously ate it.

After eating, Pavlush tethered his horse, returned, and threw himself on his improvised bed. In a few minutes he was sound asleep.

Pavlush awoke early the following morning to find somebody poking him in the side. He sat up quickly, rubbing his eyes to open them from the heavy sleep. At length he perceived standing over him, a rather wild-looking, unkempt figure of a man. He was tall, and dressed in nondescript clothing. His face was surmounted by a bushy black beard, which disclosed cruel lips. His eyes were black and beady. On his head he had what was once a Kozak hat. "Get up, young Kozak, time to be off," the man said, spitting between his teeth.

Pavlush remained seated, frightened. This was obviously no Kozak, but a brigand of the steppes, about whom his "dyid" Andriy had often spoken. Once the villagers of Spasivka had caught one such brigand for stealing horses. This ruffian looked very much like that one, to all

MYRA LAZECHKO-HAAS, RISING UKRAINIAN CANADIAN POETESS

(Continued)

(3)

Excerpt from

"ODE TO TARAS SHEVCHENKO"

Pray that, like silence hovering o'er his tomb,
Thou ne'er shall flourish in remorse and gloom;
Pass not away, as all things pass, but be
The dream of incarnated liberty.
I count my beads; my rosary, Ukraine,
Is scarlet-tinged, thy life's blood elegy.
O, let us dream, awaken joyous, free,
Adorn thy sons, O, not, in wreaths of pain.

Excerpt from "RESURRECTION"

I am the prophet of victory's star,
Which dreams like a child in the arms of night;
I am the birth of love and light,
The crimson of heaven's celestial bar,
The ivory of cherry petals blown
Along the strand of the peasant's home;
The gold of the mellow crops, the shade
The midnight dusk of a maiden's braid,
As she learns like a popular leans,
to the sky,
Plaiting her hair with trembling hands,
Weaving Kalina in scarlet bands.

Excerpt from "Heritage"

All the lovely glowing wonder
Of our folk song and our lore,
Greedy hands have rooted under,
Torn asunder from its core...
Still we must
From our fathers' fath and trust
Just as they,
Bear the hurt, the deep abrasion,
(81 83v)
Gaining strength
To walk that length
Out of night, into the light
Of a better generation...
Never.

In our last endeavor,
Shall we yet uphold and save
The heritage our mothers gave,
Taking from the beauty's spoil,

outward appearances.

"Who are you?" asked Pavlush, and for all the world he could not prevent a little tremor from entering into his voice.

"Don't be so curious, or you'll get into trouble," replied the other. "Do as you are told. Get up."

"Where are you going to take me?" You'll see soon enough."

Pavlush made a sudden wild lunge for his pistol. Before he could cock it, the brigand's heavy boot crashed against his hand, causing the pistol to drop out of his nerveless fingers.

"Well, look at that! He's going after a pistol," exclaimed the brigand. Holding Pavlush with one hand, he tied his hands behind his back.

"Diadetchku!" please let me go!" pleaded Pavlush, nearly in tears. "I only went after my pistol because you scared me. I wouldn't harm anybody. I am looking for my sister, who is held somewhere by the Tartars, so please let me go so that I can save her before it is too late."

"All right, quiet down," replied his captor. "I'll show you the way to the Tartars, just as you want. But I'll have to tie you up, for you are as jumpy as a frog."

(To be continued)

Seed for New Canadian soil,
Which in blooming, might retain
What was loved of old Ukraine.

(1942)

Excerpt from "CITY GOD"

I found a city god amidst the high
Dim roofs, atop a murky city sky,
A god whose face, coal streaked, and
grooved with tears
Is seen above the smoky, funnel-
stacked
Steeple and tower and steely parapet;
Who stands in workclothes smelling
food and sweat,
With hands outspread, nails torn, and
fingers blacked,
Calloused with every labor, to man-
kind given.
Ditch dug, or hammer flung, or hard
spike driven.

(1944)

Excerpt from "CHAFF OF EUROPE"

Refugee Train:

Slowly, tentatively through the night,
On hesitating wheels the stumbling
train
Gropes with blinded eyes toward the
light,
Along its trackless journey making
gain.
The dark has shuttered out the muted
cries
That rise above the windows of the
cars;
And all across the rafters of the
skies
The shaken words are caught be-
tween the stars.
Choked on the dust, the chaff of
futile seed
That's swept up from the heart's
deep bowl, each throat
Constricts with sound, swells from
the pithy reed,
Breaking forever on a single note:
"Fling back, O God, the echoes of
our songs,
Return this dust wherever it belongs."
(1944)

Excerpt from "THE DICTATORS"

What do you look to now, what can
you say
As you look upon the children of
today,
The adults of tomorrow—Through
their vein
Virus of your dirty poison flows,
No light, no pin-point candle pierces,
glows
In the black, burned out wick, the
charcoal brain;
And like black branch from parasitic
tree,
Hang the mishapen babies, listlessly,
Along the mother's arm. To all dis-
played,
Passes the pale anemic-washed
parade,
Wearing the medals of world demon-
stration,
The scabby keloids of atom radia-
tion,
The cancerous scales of disease, the
gangrened sore,
The festered cauterie, ulcer of war.
(1947)

A FINE UKRAINIAN
PRESENT
PROF. MANNING'S
Excellent Book
TARAS SHEVCHENKO,
Poet of Ukraine
Price \$2.50
Svoboda Bookstore

Trivia - - - - - By Sophia Rambling again - - - - - by G. H.

Half Hour of Listening Pleasure

(Background) "Crash! Thud! Bang! Splatter!"

(Female voice) "Oh, why must those neighbors make such a racket?"

(Background again) Rat-tat-tat-tat.

(Small boy's voice) "Lie down, Bobby. I got you that time!"

(Female voice) "Children, will you stop that infernal noise? I've got such a headache I feel my head is splitting in two."

(Announcer) Ladies, have you ever felt like Mrs. J., that the pain from your headache will drive you mad? That one little noise might be the straw that broke the camel's back? If so why not try XYZ headache powders, the remedy women run for when headache strikes. Remember the name, XYZ headache powders, whenever you or one of the family suffers from annoying headache. Be yourself again! Try XYZ! (And then, sotto voce) "If headaches persist, see your doctor."

(Announcer) "Now, back to the music of Lew Breeze and his Draftees, who play for you, "The Wind and the Rain in your Hair," followed by a new ditty entitled, "Choke, Choke, Choke."

(Music, recorded, for at least four minutes.)

(Announcer) "Folks, does your coffee taste different lately? Does it look muddy and grimy, as though you'd used coffee grounds, or does it look weak and pale, so that you're ashamed in front of guests? If your coffee shows any of these signs, it's time to switch to the new Vacu-Presto-Drippo Coffee Maker, the coffee pot that needs no coffee. Just boil water in the Coffee Maker, and add the Amazing Ampule, a capsule containing concentrated coffee, cream and sugar. Boil for 45 minutes, and Presto!—your coffee is ready to serve. The Vacu-Presto-Drippo Coffee Maker is available for \$2.95, and the Amazing Ampule at \$17 a dozen. Try them today for the richest coffee you've ever tasted!"

And now, returning to Lew Breeze and the orchestra, we hear his concluding number, a romantic tune, called, "Who Hit Granma in the Ankle with a Slinshot?"

(Music, again, for the ensuing thirty seconds.)

(Announcer) "We've brought you the music on record of Lew Breeze and his Draftees for your listening pleasure. Be sure to tune in again tomorrow at the same time, for music you like, uninterrupted. This is station NOYZ, in Berryville. At the signal, the time will be exactly two o'clock, Eastern Standard Time. Beep.) At this time, the makers of Uncle Amos' Maple Syrup bring you a story of a happy home, a tale of domestic bliss—"Trigger Malone's Third Bride."

As you recall, yesterday we left young Mrs. Malone as she prepared to give her husband a surprise. We find the Malones now in the living room; Trigger has just walked in at the end of a hard day.

(Female Voice) "Oh, Trigger, I couldn't wait till you got home I've got a big surprise for you!"

(Announcer) "Yes, ladies, and have I got a surprise for you! It's the surprise I was promising you, the one you've been waiting for all these weeks. Uncle Amos' Maple Syrup, the delightful, healthful syrup you use for pancakes, baby formula, and other foods that require maple sweetening, now comes in four new flavors! Yes, not two, not three, but four

new flavors, each one made to comply with your specific needs. Now you can get peppermint flavor, corn flavor, lemon flavor, and sugar flavor in addition to the regular maple. Try a new flavor today, and send for our free booklet if you don't know what to use them for. Baby will adore peppermint flavored formula, and children will love lemon syrup on their pancakes. If your grocer doesn't yet carry the new flavors, send us his name and address, and the makers of Uncle Amos' Syrups will send him a five years' supply, so he'll always have it on hand for you. try the new flavors today, and listen to your family rave."

And now, back to the young Malones. Mrs. Malone has just informed Trigger of a surprise she has for him.

(Male voice, apparently that of Trigger) "A surprise, dear? What could it be?"

(Mrs. Malone) "Guess!"

(Announcer) "Well, I suppose Mr. Malone will have to ponder the matter, as lack of time forces us to conclude today's visit with the Malones. Tune in Tomorrow for the next thrilling episode of "Trigger Malone's Third Bride," entitled, "Trigger's Guess." Remember, this story is brought to you by the makers of Uncle Amos' Maple Syrups, in five flavors; peppermint, corn, lem..."

(Gunshot over the air) "Bang!"

(Commotion)

(New announcer) "Flesh! An announcer at station NOYZ was shot today while broadcasting. A man who

WHEN the two brothers moved in to the parish and made their debut as soloists in the choir there were many upturned faces among the worshippers who wanted to catch a glimpse of the singers. With each passing Sunday, however, the number of staring faces diminished and no words of praise or approbation were offered to the two whose voices contributed to feeling of reverence in hearts of parishioners. Chafing under this lack of appreciation, the pair hit upon a method of soothing their feelings. After each Mass they came together, shook hands vigorously, and one would say to the other: "You did very well! How did I do?"

Some such plan might innocently be offered to the correspondents of this publication, providing some assurance were given that their feelings would remain unhurt. After all, you get used to seeing your words in print, and there would be more satisfaction if somebody would toss an occasional brick just to let you know that somebody reads your composition.

There is no way of knowing whether Ted Lutwiniak thinks along these lines, for he will not tell. But week after week, rain or shine, Ted's "Youth and the UNA" makes its appearance on the pages of the Uk-

called himself "an impatient listener" is being questioned in the shooting. The would-be assassin said his motives were obvious. Keep tuned for..."

Youth and the U.N.A.

CHANGING THE BENEFICIARY

In a newspaper some time ago there appeared a story of how a Union City, N. J., woman lost the right to the proceeds from an insurance policy on the life of her husband, who was killed several months previously.

The husband had applied for the policy before he had married, and it named his father as beneficiary. Both husband and wife had wanted the beneficiary changed, but through a series of unfortunate circumstances this was never done. First, the couple moved to their new home in Union City; the insurance agent located them there and had them reinstate the insurance because it had lapsed. The couple spoke about changing the beneficiary, but the agent did not have the proper forms with him so nothing was done about it at that time. The agent explained to the court that the couple moved to another agent's district so he took no further action in the matter; the other agent, he said, or the couple in question, should have completed the matter.

So, although it was agreed that the couple desired to change the beneficiary, the company never received the proper authorization for the change. The policy, itself, had not been turned over to any agent.

The court pointed out that the window was intelligent and had possession of the policy, which contained specific instructions for change of beneficiary. The court said it was not fully satisfied she made every effort to have the change made. The insurance proceeds, \$1,529.00, went to the dead man's father. The father's attorney attempted to levy his fee against widow, but the court said the father should pay him and a counsel

fee should not be levied "against this young woman who is really entitled to the money in fairness and equity and cannot get it because of the strict rule of law."

This sad story is printed here to demonstrate the importance attached to changes of beneficiaries in insurance policies and certificates. Members of the Ukrainian National Association who have married but have not changed their beneficiaries should do so as soon as possible and thus avoid the possibility of legal complications when the benefit becomes payable.

NATIVES

(Concluded from page 1)

laski were part of American history. According to one source there were already half a million Polish immigrants here—at the time the first Ukrainian clergyman arrived.

The same goes for many another "new" immigrant group. The story of the Italians goes back to the days of Columbus. Their numbers are in the vicinity of five and more millions. And numbers, whom do you have back of you, how much and how many, count as few things count in this our strange, native or adopted, land.

The Lithuanians are also a relatively small group. But the first Lithuanian was supposed to have arrived in the U. S. in 1688 while, barring those apocryphal stories about some of the names during the Revolutionary period being Ukrainian, the first known Ukrainian was the priest Ahafey Honcharenko, who arrived in this country in 1865.

(To be Concluded)

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

rainian Weekly, telling us about the U.N.A. from every conceivable angle. Does he get any response from the readers? Do any readers acknowledge his explanation of some confusing insurance problem? Well, not on the pages of the Ukrainian Weekly.

And so it goes from one week to another. Those valuable articles do not reach the people who are not members of the U.N.A. because they do not read the Ukrainian Weekly. On the other hand, those who are members and read the paper, show no response. And that is a pity, because a great deal of valuable information about the U.N.A. is given in Ted's articles for practical use of young men and women who are already members.

Back in the heyday of U.N.A. Sports, when the sport activities were at their peak, the various U.N.A. teams were urged to recruit new members for the U. N. A. It was pointed out to them that bringing new members to the organization would be regarded as justification for the spending of funds for sport activities. It was also pointed out that the U. N. A. pays a handsome reward for getting new members, and that the teams had an opportunity to earn enough in this manner to finance all their expenditures. But the response to this appeal was negligible, because the boys were not versed in insurance problems, they did not know how to approach a prospective member.

The U.N.A. is entering a new era. There is a campaign in progress to get three thousand new members before the end of the current year. Along with this there are unmistakable signs of revived activity among the young U.N.A. members. Bowling teams are being organized and social affairs are materializing. The opportunity is knocking again for few faces to be brought into the U.N.A. branches. The job is cut out especially for the young members because they are the active element in our organization and they are the attraction for the outsiders who will come in. You can spot those prospective members at your bowling match or at your dance; let them know that they are wanted in the U.N.A.

This is where Ted Lutwiniak's articles will come in handy. Read the column "Youth and the U.N.A." and you will have the selling points with which to approach your prospect. Get the old editions if you can, for they contain a mass of information that might disclose your own advantages as a member of U.N.A. Read the column anyway, just to satisfy yourself in knowing more about the U.N.A.

Wins Pitt Scholarship

Harry J. Orange, of Ukrainian descent, son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Orange of East McKeesport, Pa., was awarded a four-year scholarship to the University of Pittsburgh. He plans to study medicine.

While in high school young Harry maintained the honor roll in all of his studies even though he took part in a great number of school activities. He played the tympani in the band and orchestra, was a member of the school Cabinet and basketball team, and took part in school plays.

He was elected into the National Honor Society and named the outstanding senior boy of his class.

Ukrainian Sport Notes

By WALTER WM. DANKO

Paul Chervinko, who once caught caught for the Brooklyn Dodgers, piloted his Danville club to the pennant in the 3 I (B) League. Paul, a catcher, came to the aid of his pitching staff shortly before the close of the season when he hurled in a relief role in both ends of a doubleheader.

Steve Rachunok, who pitched for Brooklyn in 1941, never returned to active playing following his long tenure in the service.

Al Fedak, 18 year old southpaw who hurled Wellsburg, Va. to the state scholastic championship, has signed with the Pittsburgh Pirates.

A Newark, N. J. correspondent writes that John (Pipp) Picyk, slugging first-baseman of the Newark A.A. of the West Side Twilight League is of Ukrainian ancestry. Incidentally, his brother Steve played for the Newark Ukrainian Center basketball team which represented N. J. in the UYL-NA tournament in 1940.

Frank Pastuck, center on Cornell's grid team, writes me that he met some "Ukes" on the Perth Amboy (N.J.) Kovacs while playing in the National Semi-Pro Tournament in Wichita, Kan. last summer. Frank played with the Ithaca American Legion team, the N. Y. entry.

SWIMMING:

STEVE WOZNAK, 32 year old long distance swimmer from Buffalo, recently won 3rd place and a \$1,000 check as a prize in the Canadian National Exhibition world's championship professional 10-mile swim.

BOXING:

Pete Zaduk, 19 year old Toronto walloper who was named as the "wel-

Our Folk Dancing

In support of O. A.'s article in the September 22nd issues of the Ukrainian Weekly concerning the writer's gripe against the Ukrainian Dance Group from Detroit, I would like to add my bit which should have been mentioned.

Ukrainian dances are fine examples of grace, rhythm and coordination of movement of the entire body to make every one of them a thing of living beauty. The girls have steps in common with the boys, but where the latter become forceful and masculine it is wrong for the girls to be as forceful. They can bring out their beauty by doing dainty steps. It is against the general principles of Ukrainian Folk dancing for the girls to do the prysidy. To my mind, the beauty of the dance is ruined, shattered. Dancers must be artists to blend the steps of the dance to make a beautiful entity in itself and yet each constituent step must retain its individual fineness. The dance

terweight prospect" of the month in the current issue of the "Ring" magazine, recently dropped a close verdict to Gus "Pell" Mell, Canada's second best welterweight. That Mell knew he was in a scrap can be evidenced by the fact that he cancelled lucrative New York bout with promising Rocco Rossano a week later because of "injuries." Zeduk, who was rushed too fast in meeting a seasoned campaigner such as Mell, stood up to the test well and is expected to go far in the "hit and dodge" sport with proper handling. I'm quite certain that Ukrainian Sports-fans everywhere would like to see young Pete reach the top. He has a good chance as he is colorful, han hit like a mule, can "take it," is very strong.

must not be made coarse and showy because of one or two steps.

As a result, girls who insist on doing the prysidy either on the stage or in the ballroom not only detract beauty and meaning from the dance but from themselves.

Ukrainian dances can be as fine and graceful only as the dancers who perform them. And when I say fine and graceful, I mean Webster's definition of fine—delicately dexterous; accomplished; excellent;—and gracefully dignifiedly elegant and easy in manner.

It seems that the "faux pas" of the dancing group from Detroit was more flagrant than the previous writer pictured it to be, for it takes years to build up something like a dance as something beautiful to behold and only one or two small mistakes to reduce it to something coarse.

While speaking of the Parade of Talent, could the editor of the Weekly please supply the names of those who were on the committee to decide to whom the four trophies were to be awarded? During the months of the publicity the Philadelphia convention received not a word was said about who was to make the decisions of which trophy was to go to which group.

L. B.

[Editor's Note: We refer the above question to the Philadelphia Convention Committee.]

NATIONALISM

(Concluded from page 2)

The numbers speak for themselves, and those accusing the Ukrainians of being "too nationalistic" should support their statements by facts and figures

The "brotherly" neighbors of Ukraine are forcing down the Ukrainian throats various foreign political and social ideologies, exploiting Ukrainian natural resources, stealing the Ukrainian cultural heritage, depriving the Ukrainians of their own history,—and when the latter are trying to protest or simply to call attention to this injustice, they are accused of being "nationalistic," "fascistic" and what not!

It is the duty of every person truly interested in the Ukrainian question to learn the facts, to remember them and present them whenever any accusation or slander is spread by the henchmen of the brutal force, hate and coercion or their—very often innocent and gullible—fellow travelers.

The truth will win!

"Ukadet"—Minneapolis

КАТАЛОГ українських рекордів, рольок, нотів, книжок висилаємо даром на бажання. Інтересованих просимо писати:
S U R M A

11 E. 7th ST., NEW YORK 9, N. Y.

CHESTER WANTS BOWLING DATES

The Ukrainian Catholic Club bowling team of Chester, Pa. is arranging its schedule for coming year and is looking for games from any other teams for Sundays on home and home series. For information kindly write to Mr. Walter Yaworsky, 2423 West 3rd Street, Chester, Pa.

ІВАН БУНЬКО

УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ПОГРЕБНИК
заряджує погребамі по ціні так
низькій як \$150.

ОБСЛУГА НАЙКРАЩА
JOHN BUNKO

Licensed Undertaker & Embalmer
437 East 5th Street

New York City

Dignified funerals as low as \$150.
Telephone: GRamercy 7-7661.



Comfortably air conditioned

Lytwyn & Lytwyn

UKRAINIAN
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

801 SPRINGFIELD AVENUE

NEWARK, N. J.

and IRVINGTON, N. J.

Essex 5-5555

OUR SERVICES ARE AVAILABLE
ANYWHERE IN NEW JERSEY

DANCE and 1. ACT COMEDY

"Два Домики і Одна Фіртка"

FOR BENEFIT OF

ST. VLADIMIR'S CHURCH OF ELIZABETH

— to be held at

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL HOME, 214-216 Fulton Street,
Elizabeth, N. J.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1947

KING'S MEN ORCHESTRA

Commencing 7 P. M. Dancing at 8:30 P. M. — Admission 75 cents

WEEKLY DANCES

— sponsored by —

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL HOME, INC.

181-183 Fleet Street, Jersey City, N. J.

on OCTOBER 2, 9, 16, 23 and 30, 1947

Music by JOSEPH SNIHUR, King of Polka

Tickets: 60c. incl. tax; or \$2.00 incl. tax for all 5 dances

COMMENCEMENT

8:00 P. M.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

BANQUET & BALL

— tendered by —

UKRAINIAN DEMOCRATIC CLUB, Inc.

— and —

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY
HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

7th AVE. and 32nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

SUNDAY, NOV. 9th, 1947

SUBSCRIPTION: DINNER \$4.00, BALL \$2.08, TAX .42, TOTAL \$6.50.
DINNER at 6:00 P. M. — DRESS OPTIONAL

RAJCA MEMORIAL

"Home for Services"

WALTER RAJCA,
Funeral Director

Добра, скоро і чесна обслуга

ПРИСТУПНІ ЦІНИ

SERVING ALL NEW JERSEY

TWENTY FOUR HOUR SERVICE

617 BROADWAY

Newark 4, N. J.

HUMBOLDT 3-4817

ПЕТРО ЯРЕМА

УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ПОГРЕБНИК
Занимається похоронами
В BRONX, BROOKLYN, NEW
YORK І ОКОЛИЦЯХ

129 EAST 7th STREET,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Tel.: ORchard 4-2568

Branch Office and Chapel:

707 Prospect Avenue,

(cor. E. 155 St.)

Bronx, N. Y.

Tel.: MElrose 5-6577

Слекса Степовий

Українські народні приповідки

Коли ми прислухаємось до мови наших селян, то нас приємно вражає барвистість і повнота вислову. Це тому, що люди, які не відчули на собі негативного впливу чужої мови, широко користуються народними прислів'ями та приповідками. Їх мова ясно оздоблена короткими висказками, що висловлюють загальні правди, погляди, думки про світ і людей.

Наприклад: „Не родися краєний, а родися щасний”. „Не спитавши броду, не лізь у воду”. „Великому велика і яма”. „Сила без голови шаліє, а розум без сили мліє”. „Як звали мене Грицьком, носив я гроші мішком; як стали звать пане Григорій, то й став я, як гриб, голій”. „Голова голові, а хвіст хвостові — не про вас мовлячи”. „Хто не звик правди поважати, той завжди ласий панувати”.

Приповідка — це ніби навчальний висновок, якогось оповідання, казки, байки або висновок власного досвіду чи спостереження, що дає якимсь життєвим правилом. Часто приповідки висловлюються у формі метафори або алегорії: „Трапила кося на камінь”. „Куди орли тікають, туди сороки не пускають”. „З свинячим носом та в пшеничне тісто”. „Мовчи глуха, менше гріха!” і так далі.

До приповідок належать також образіві вислови, порівняння, прокляття та закликання. Усе це має своє значення, якщо його прикласти до різних життєвих обставин.

„Мужик у землю дивиться, а на сім сажень бачить”. „Мужика вдень обдери, а вночі обросте”. „Хто стається вівцею, того вовк зість”. „Густа каша дітей не розгонить”. „Сидить, як сорока у сливах”. „Не дупне так ходак, як чобіт”. „Правда, як олива, на верх вийде”.

Приповідка торкається різних сторін особистого та громадського життя: „Не страшно жентися, а страшно журитися”. „Жінка не черевик, з ноги не скинеш”. „Не купуй хати, а купи сусіда”. „Не хочеш страти, не сунься ні в куми, ні в свати”.

У багатьох приповідках залишилися спомини історичних подій: „Комашки, комашки, поховайте подушки, бо татари йдуть!”. „Бідний, бідний пане Степане, не попав, небоже, на Запорожжя не знайшов гаразд шляху!” (Про Степана Потоцького, що потрапив у полон до Хмельницького під Жовтими Водами).

Трапляють у приповідках і спомини давніх релігійних вірувань: „Щоб тебе чорний Бог убив”. „Як би не Перун, многи би не хрестилися”. „Колись Ярило всіх людей дурило”.

Взаємовідносини з сусідніми народами також знайшли своє місце у народних приповідках: „Тату, лізе чорт у хату!” — „Дарма, дочко, аби не москаль”. „Мамо, закрийте мені очі, нехай не дивлюся на того негідного ляха”. „Чогось мені, мамо, німець на душі не лежить”. — „Бож він, доню, нам на печінки хоче сісти”.

Трапляється чимало приповідок, прийнятих нашим національним гумором: „Піп у дзвін — дідько в клепало!” „Дай, Боже, нашому теляті вовка зісти”. „При чому тут староста, що грім пороса вбив”!

Багато приповідок з фаталистичною вірою в долю: „Своєї долі і конем не обідеш”. „Духа доля і під землею знайде”. „Як не дав Бог теляці смаку, то не до останку”.

Як бачимо, приповідки користуються образними висловами, формою метафори та алегорії. Вони виявляють багаті скарби народної мови, гумору та життєвої спостережливості і дають широкий образ духової культури нашого народу.

Багато приповідок потрапило у нашу мову з „Пчіл” та інших середньовічних книжок, що походять з Візантії та від західно-європейських країн. Але більшість наших приповідок місцевого походження і мають зв'язок з народними піснями, казками та оповіданнями.

У найдавніших пам'ятках української літератури — літописи XII ст. та „Моленіє Данила Заточника” — XVIII ст., трапляються приповідки, що вже у той час були записані з народних уст: „Аще хто матере не послушаєть, в біду впадаєть”. „Не погнєтши плеч, меду не едаєть”.

По своїй формі приповідки займають середнє місце — поміж віршем і прозою. Якщо приповідка складається з двох або більше рядків, то вони сполучаються римою або асоціацією: „Мабуть, москаль тоді красти престане, як чорт молитись Богу стане”. „Пан добрий як отець — взяв корову і скопець, — а пані, як мати — казала теля взяти”. „Трапилось хробаку раз на віку влізти у моркву”.

Більшість приповідок, що тут наведені, є старим скарбом, творчості українського народу. Телерішче неспокоїне життя спричинилося до витвору нових, вже сучасних приповідок, що дуже влучно схоплюють найяскравіші моменти української дійсності.

З советської бувальщини: „Чого, тітко, ваша корова реве?” — „Бо колгоспу боїться!”. „Тато в СОЗ'і, мама в СОЗ'і — діти плачуть на дорозі”. „Ні корови, ні свині, тільки Сталін на стіні”.

З німецької неволі: „Обрид він мені, як німецька бруква”. „Гарні шуги нам дали, добре в них ходити, щоб так німцєві було добре в світі жити”. „Українцям в Німеччині дуже добре жити, хоч і їсти нема що, а мушш робити”. — (У. В.)

Українські Пластуни на Джемборі Миру

Вступом до виступу українських пластунів на світовому скваторовому зїзді було Свято Весни, влаштоване в Миттенвальді, в Баварії, з нагоди 35-ліття існування Українського Пласту.

У святі взяли участь 1,300 пластунів, юнаків та юначок, і понад 200 ст. пластунів і пластових сеніорів. Скватори-чужинці були заступлені в числі коло 300 осіб. На просторі кілометра розбито табори за поодинокими частинами.

Час від закінчення ювілейного Свята Весни до відкриття Джемборі минув надзвичайно швидко. Це був час хвилювання й невпевності. Допустять нас на Джемборі, чи не допустять? Перед українськими пластунами стало багато перепон. Треба було їх поборювати, одну по одній, виказуючи не раз велику відвагу та витримку. Врешті, всі перешкоди було усунуто, й українські пластуни з'явилися на Джемборі у рямках делегації ДП. Перша група, в числі 29 осіб, з англійської окупаційної зони, впродовж двох днів доповнилася 16 пластунами з американської окупаційної зони. Виділені в окрему групу з загальної делегації скватори ДП, українські

Юліан Бєсєид

„Крепирен ді гунде”

(З циклу „Люди на вулиці”)

Європа збожеволіла, вона впала з бика!

Але цей хлібороб, що з Королува віз пшеницю на континент до хлібтресту на Янівській, зовсім не про те думав. У нього інші гніздилися думки. От, якби то, бачите, за чуприну вхопити мішок із пшеницею, поставити його на вагу, а з ваги перекинути на долівку таким рухом, щоб і міра була ретельна, і континент у цілому зданий...

Сиві були від морозу вуси в дядька, і сніговими глищами біліла грива карого коня. — То професор на Зеленій буде дерти пшеницю на млинку до кави й пекти на газовій кухонці плєсканці...

Мов сизі голуби гуркотали залізні кола під вантажем, і ожеледь була на каменях. Але підручна кобила не мала підків, бо не давали айзенмарок.

Настка піде до церкви в неділю, коли я привезу від професорихи кабат і спідницю...

Солом'яним перевеслом підпезаний високо сидів дядько на возі, і на повороті вулиці Баторія кіт перебіг йому дорогу.

Ні, — я тебе, котяча заволоко, не бачив! Віста, карий! — хотів наліво зіхати дядько з котячої стежки, щоб оминути своє нещастя: коли ж бо кіт, або груба жінка перейдуть дорогу, мусить скоїтися лихо.

А може мішок протерся від люшні? — пильно оглянув фірман підводу, але на дорозі не було видно збіжжя. Наче по скляній тахлі треба було їхати й добре держати коні в повідках, щоб вони зубів не повибивали.

Рехтс фарен! Ду завгунд! — наче батогом ляснуло до уха дядькові! І дядько ще не помітив добре, чи це до нього, чи до кого іншого, а вже щось тверде гепнуло його боляче між лопатками.

Ду містфих! — лаявся червоний від морозу й зперсердя літун, що кольбою заїхав дядькові по хребті. А потім цей літун відскочив набік і далі бундючно йшов на чолі валки полонених.

— Бодай би тобі попереки ризало! — згорбився дядько й далі кидав крізь щетинясті вуса:

— Ти, белзбубе! То я стільки світами телепався із збіжжям, щоб твої діраві черева заситити... Чекай же ти, крива пико, Бог м'я простить, коли я два мішки не затаю...

Вогнем пекло між лопатками, і стонгою крутився дядько на сідалі, а потім хуленько обернув бичівно грубшим кінцем і вздовж хребта рубнув ним підручного коня.

— А чом дишла не тримаєш?! Ти — вовча корова! Лиш би манівцями водити...

Мов гарячим окропом опарена, скочила гніда, витяглася як струна, бо вантаж на возі був великий, і задерла догори хвіст, мов довгий березовий віник, та круглими, наче дозрілі яблука, копячками сипнула по дорозі.

А ці вояки, що їх літуни (безробітні, бо не стало вже шприцу до штукасів) гнали в полон, почули в повітрі запах хліба. Вони, як голодні горобці, хмарою кинулися на свіжі копячки. Худими, широко розчепіреними, як у жаби, пальцями, загрибали з землі кінські яблука. І як пригрів в сітку, вони штудерно мотали руками в повітрі, високо над головами, щоб те цінне, живим хлібом пахуче, знайдене щонайскорше до уст донести, проковтнути.

Голод, голод! У лахмітті закутані ноги, без чобіт, місяцями не голєні бороди і білі дитячі лиця та червоні в гарячій очі.

Василію, Гнате, держися, братіку, чей же ми вже між рідним народом! — упало кам'яне в колоні полонених.

І в генерала, що байдуке йшов собі хідником, червоні теж були паси на штанах; він перед хвилиною вийшов із середини будівлі, над фронтоном якої видніє золотом виведений напис: кафе де ля пе.

В юрбу збилися салдати, деякі на колінах, голів не видно з клубовища. Мов праниками, біли кольбами літуни по цих хребтах і по головах людей, що завзято воювали між собою за крихту кінського відпаду. Генерал здержався на ході, швидко сьгнув правою в білій рукавичці рукою за пояс, але в нього не було пістолі. Тоді він гостро хрякнув, гордо задер голову догори й пішов у напрямі Академічної.

Калюжі крові чорніли на білих від снігу каменях перед високим мармуровим стовпом Міцкевича. Білі кістки людини, загорнуті в вояцьку шинелю, полонені понесли з собою. Ці живі скелети сирими тінями позначили широкі міські вулиці. Але їх була тільки жменька, цих ще рухомих мерців. На сходах до Цитаделі вони розгубили залишки свого бажання жити.

Крепирен гунде! — казилися літуни, але й у них не стало вже люти дати з пістолі в потилицю.

Тоді був рік Божий 1944 і місяць лютець, але сонце, що випорпалось із сніжних хмар над дахи „Кракеданів”, подібне було до великого тареля, в якому купалася відрубана голова святого Івана Хрестителя. Струмки крові текли з цього підноса на землю і ангели над різбою Великого Театару стояли в пурпурових шатах.

Людина, перенесла пекло на землю...

Людина хоче вбивати... (У.Т.)

ВСТУПАЄТЕ В ЧЛЕНІ У. И. С.