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## PAN AMERICAN UKRAINIAN CONFERENCE ASSAILS SOVIET RUSSIAN GENOCIDE POLICY PURSUED AGAINST UKRAINIANS

### PERMANENT PAN AMERICAN UKRAINIAN BODY SET UP

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A Pan American Ukrainian Conference, the first of its kind in history, was held in this city at Hotel Taft beginning Tuesday, November 18 and culminating Saturday evening, November 22 at a mass rally at the Cooper Union Auditorium.

The Conference was attended by delegates of American, Canadian, Brazilian, Argentinian, Paraguayan and Uruguayan nationals of Ukrainian descent, acting as spokesmen of their respective nationally representative organization.

The conference was held under the auspices of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America and the Ukrainian Canadian Committee.

It resulted in the formation of a permanent Pan American Ukrainian Conference organization, with its officers drawn from the North and South American Ukrainian organizations represented at the conference. Headquarters of the organization are to be situated in New York City.

Officers of the Pan American organization were elected as follows: Very Rev. Wasyl Kushnir of Winnipeg, president; Dr. Longin Cehelsky of Philadelphia, vice-president; Dmytro Halychyn of New York City, treasurer; and Elias Horachuk of Curitiba, Brazil and John Hrehoraschuk of Buenos Aires, Argentine as members of the Executive Council. The election of the secretary was deferred in order to find a qualified man with sufficient time to fill it as a full-time job.

The conference was opened formally by Stephen Shumeyko, president of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America. Very Rev. Kushnir, president of the Ukrainian Canadian Committee presided, with W. Hultay of Toronto and Miss Eva Pidubeshen of New York, secretary of the UCC, acting as conference secretaries.

Reports of Ukrainian activity in the countries represented by the delegates were given by the heads of the delegations, with Very Rev. Kushnir speaking for the Ukrainian Canadians, Rev. Mikola Ivaniw and Mr. Horachuk for the Brazilians, Mr. Hrehoraschuk and Mr. Andrew Bilopolsky for Argentine, Paraguay and Uruguay, and Stephen Shumeyko for America.

Addresses delivered throughout the length of the conference were based on the purpose of the conference, namely, to create a Pan American Ukrainian common front which would aid the Ukrainian national liberation movement and which would combat

the spread of Communism as well as of Soviet Russian expansionism.

The key addresses were delivered by Dr. Luke Myshuha of Jersey city, Prof. Chubaty of Mahwah, N. J., Dr. Longin Cehelsky of Philadelphia, and by very Rev. Samuel W. Sawchuk, Volodimir Kossar and Dr. T. Datskiw of Winnipeg.

In a vigorously worded memorandum addressed to the United Nations and world opinion at large, the Pan American Ukrainian Conference assailed and protested against the "deliberate policy of genocide being pursued by Soviet Russia and its satellite nations against the over forty million Ukrainian people in their native but Red-ruled Ukraine, particularly against those who have dedicated their lives and fortunes of the attainment of the centuries old ideal of the liberation of Ukraine and the establishment of a free, sovereign and democratic Ukrainian state, governed by the people, and being of and for the people."

The Conference appealed at the same time to the General Assembly to adopt appropriate measures to halt this inhuman Soviet Russian genocide policy, which is designed to destroy the liberty living Ukrainian people as a national, cultural and religious entity.

It further recommended that the UN General Assembly take appropriate action to counteract the recent secret agreement reached by Soviet Russia and her two satellites, Poland and Czechoslovakia, which provides for the pooling all their forces and resources in an attempt to liquidate the Ukrainian resistance movement, particularly its spearhead, the well nigh legendary heroic UPA, the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, which originally fought against the Nazi invaders of Ukraine, and, after having helped to bring about their rout and defeat, has, since then, been waging guerilla warfare against the Soviet Russian occupants of Ukraine, in a valiant effort to help free Ukraine.

The Conference memorandum pointed out that this latest episode in the saga of the Ukrainian people, that is the attempted extermination by three powers of those who would free their

native land, is symptomatic and typical of the conditions and circumstances under which the Ukrainian people have been forced to live under Russia rule.

The memorandum states that the Ukrainian martyrdom has hardly a precedent in history. Whereas some people or races have undergone some measure of it, "the Golgotha of Ukrainian national suffering at the hands of various Russian ruling regimes has been of a full and never-ending nature. The Ukrainians have endured it in its full measure, and not periodically but continually throughout their entire tragic albeit heroic history."

In the sketch of Ukrainian history, which the memorandum contains, there is traced out the Tsarist Russian policy toward Ukraine, being predicated mainly on persecution and attempted denationalization of the Ukrainians. Despite it, however, the Ukrainians emerged at the close of World War I stronger and more nationally conscious than ever, possessors of a high culture, fine literature, well established historical traditions, and with it all an unconquerable, resolute will to regain their national liberties and to reestablish themselves in the family of nations.

Then follows a brief account of the rise and fall of the Ukrainian National Republic at the close of that war.

And thus, "once more the Ukrainians found themselves deprived of the fruits of their national tree of liberty which they for so long had been cultivating, watering it not only with the proverbial sweat of their brows but also with the blood of those count-

less heroes which gave their last full measure of devotion to the cause of the liberation of their native land."

Noting that much as the Ukrainians suffered upon the collapse before their numerous enemies under Polish rule with its notorious "pacifications" and also under Rumanian and even Czechoslovak rule, "still all of it has been little when compared with what they have been undergoing for the past several decades under Soviet Russian rule.

Where, during Tsarist Russian times, denationalization was the major policy of Russia toward Ukraine, with being resorted to sporadically and without any particular plan, nowadays resorted to under Soviet Russian rule the attempted denationalization and, particularly, subjugation of the Ukrainian people has assumed its most virulent form, namely that of genocide. Despite the sugar-coated concessions of an ethnographic nature to the Ukrainians by the Soviet rulers, the destruction of the Ukrainians as a national, cultural and religious entity has become a calculated and ruthlessly carried out policy of the Kremlin.

Tracing in detail the practical methods used by the Kremlin misrulers of Ukraine in their efforts to exterminate the Ukrainian people as a national, cultural and religious entity, the memorandum declares that this policy together with the highly militant counter-action against it in the cause of Ukrainian national freedom, has made Ukraine a veritable tinderbox of Eastern Europe, greatly endangering the possibility of lasting peace there.

### Ukraine Groups Urge U. N. Check on Soviet

(Reprinted from the New York Times, Nov. 19, 1947)

Representatives of organizations embracing persons of Ukrainian descent in the countries of North and South America will petition the United Nations General Assembly to halt what is termed "the deliberate policy of genocide being pursued by Soviet Russia and its satellite nations," which, they charge, is a threat to lasting peace.

A resolution supporting this stand was adopted yesterday after lengthy discussion at the opening session of the Pan American Ukrainian Conference in the Hotel Taft. Delegates from the United States, Canada, Brazil, Argentina, Paraguay and Uruguay attended.

The petition, which will urge the General Assembly "to create an international commission to investigate

the situation prevailing in the Ukraine and to make a fair and unbiased report," will be presented by a committee selected by the delegates, according to Stephen Shumeyko, president of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

Reference was also made in the resolution to "the Soviet denial to the 40,000,000 Ukrainian people of their national liberties and of its policy to destroy them as a national, cultural and religious entity. The resolution emphasized that "the highly militant counter-action against all this in the cause of national freedom has made the Ukraine today a veritable tinderbox of eastern Europe, greatly endangering the possibility of lasting peace."

## The Displaced Persons

By PROF. CLARENCE A. MANNING

ONE of the tragic aftermaths of war is to be found in the number of human beings that are uprooted, torn from their homes, and cast adrift upon the mercies of the world. There has hardly been a major upheaval where this has not been true. In the case of civil or religious wars, the number has been vastly increased, as the defeated declined to make terms with their conquerors and chose with their families and such of their possessions as they could salvage, to leave their native land and try their fortunes elsewhere.

Yet there has never been presented to the world such a spectacle as we see at this moment. In the minds of the Nazis and of the Soviets, there has been a more bitter malevolence, a more unspeakable brutality. On the one hand there has been the cold fury of an attempt to create a race of permanent slaves. On the other the desire to exterminate in cold blood all those people who are not content to become feelingless automata in the hands of their masters has led to a thirty year program of social engineering with millions of casualties. In both methods, the individual has been considered without regard to his environment and family life. Men, women, and children have been uprooted and scattered, treated as isolated beings with no past, no present, and certainly no future in a way that no animal could ever be treated.

The fate of the victims of Stalinism may be read by future delvers into the Arctic wastes and can be measured by the experiences of those few fortunates who have escaped from the Nazis. By a miracle comparatively many were released by the onward push of the American and British armies. Unfortunately for humanity, the Yalta agreements and the mistaken idea that the Soviets were a civilized government, in the western sense of the word, led to many of these being returned to their homeland. In the west, the return of the Dutch, the Belgians, the Norwegians by governmental aid simply righted a former wrong. It was usually received with gratitude and so far as could be done under the conditions of uncertainty and destruction life went on as before. So too under the Soviets but there the return was to the old hopeless march to the torture chamber and the nameless grave and to all those who had succeeded in finding a temporary shelter and refuge, the return was worse than death. So too with the citizens of those countries which had been carelessly handed over to the Soviets and who had the imagination and the intelligence to profit by the experience of others.

What is to be their fate? It is their dream to return to their homeland and their belief that sooner or later the ideals of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms, the ideal of self-determination will triumph and that they can find their scattered families and can resume their task of helping their countries to become contributing members of the Family of Nations. But as the world looks today, that is a problem of the future.

Who are these people? In a real sense they are the pick of their country, physically and mentally. The weaklings in either sphere have perished. The physically weak have succumbed. The mentally weak have returned to death. All have suffered

but those who survive and are competent have passed through a furnace of hell and under kindly conditions, most will become again of value to humanity.

The time is past and the earth has grown too small to permit of extensive colonization in remote portions of the globe. In the twentieth century, there is no place where a new Ukraine could be set up, inhabited only by Ukrainians, speaking Ukrainian, and raising above an unoccupied land the blue and yellow banner of Ukraine that was unfurled so proudly thirty years ago. There is no nation today that values its own existence that will dedicate a substantial part of its territory to an alien group to carve out its own state and live as individual unit. The efforts of the League of Nations to find a new home for the few thousand Assyrian Christians who were left as displaced persons by the First World War in Iraq and their failure is a melancholy witness to the truth of this statement.

This is not the whole story or an admission of hopelessness. During the upheavals of the past, the United States and the New World has profited by the uprooted populations. We need only mention the persons who came to New England after the time of Cromwell, the Huguenots who fled here after political changes in France in the late seventeenth century, and many others. There is no need to refer to those people who came here in the nineteenth century merely in their quest for better jobs and intended to return home and enjoy their profits. They have remained here too and become valuable citizens of the United States and have been able to send help and assistance to their needy families and brothers, until the iron curtain shut out this source of relief.

Already a certain number of displaced persons have been accepted into England and the reports all testify that they are fitting into the established pattern of the country. Once again they are able to earn their own living and plan their lives and they are willing to do it and contribute their bit to the welfare of the land where they are able again to feel themselves human beings. Of course a certain minority in any land and group are unable to adapt themselves to new conditions and will remain a problem but they are a microscopic proportion of the average of the displaced persons.

In the United States the situation is somewhat different. During the years when World War II was in the making, the American people through their Congress put certain barriers on immigration by means of the quotas. It is of little value to debate now whether they were mistaken or not. They did so perhaps because of fear that America would be regarded merely as a way station in the realm of European politics. Propaganda of many kinds, prejudice, old hatreds, and many other factors helped.

That is still being invoked. But there is something else to be considered. When the quotas were first imposed, it was believed that the world was on the highroad to peace. Today only the spiritual hypochondriacs who can see in America only wrong, the agents of the Soviets, and certain short-sighted groups are ignorant of the fact that Moscow considers the United States as its enemy.

That means that the Soviet Union

## Thanksgiving Day - - - by G. H.

THAT was a fine custom and tradition started by the Pilgrim Fathers more than three hundred years ago. Nowadays, a turkey dinner with all the trimmings (for those who can afford it), then a football game in the afternoon—and you have a typical observance of Thanksgiving Day. The tradition may be minus a religious service in this industrial age, but as long as the bird is on the table, the tradition is maintained.

No doubt some day a Ukrainian sociologist will trace the steps of Americanization of Ukrainians in this new world by research into the menu of a Ukrainian family on Thanksgiving Day. First there was the usual diet, and the holiday was marked by the men being idle from work and passing the day in playing cards.

plans the same fate for all Americans as it does for the mentally weak displaced persons who have chosen to return home.

That means that the displaced persons, the pick of their own countries by an alien force that was seeking for the best as its slaves, will contribute to America (and it is the same for all countries of the Western hemisphere) those abilities of strength and mind and skill that it is theirs to furnish.

President Truman and many members of Congress have introduced legislation urging the admission of a considerable number of displaced persons, enough to make an appreciable dent in the number of those who are today filling the camps and wasting their abilities on the hopeless task of keeping body and soul together under those circumstances, while they are losing steadily those skills which they could contribute to humanity. Those bills should receive the ardent support of every intelligent American citizen.

Whatever may have been the situation in the past, hesitation as to the admission of these displaced persons arises from only two sources,—the spirit of defeatism which has been inspired by the supporters of Communism that America is doomed and can develop no further, and secondly the hidden feeling that somehow we will displease Stalin and the Soviet Union by admitting persons whom they do not like. Neither reason has the slightest validity. Both reasons are the strongest argument for a wise and liberal action in accordance with the American policy from the time of the foundation of the country.

The Ukrainians form one of the largest groups of displaced persons. They include those from Western Ukraine who succeeded in escaping the Soviet occupation of 1939 and those from Eastern Ukraine who were brought back after 1941. They represent today the only group of Ukrainians who are able to report in freedom on the conditions in their homeland and can speak with the voice of experience of the present aspirations of the Ukrainians.

Such people can be no menace to the American tradition of freedom and opportunity. They will not clog the channels of American life. Rather they will inspire a new impulse of industry and hard work which will help to defend the United States and the New World against the imported ideals of defeatism and appeasement. They will be of use in carrying out the principles of America and in spreading the old American ideals of freedom and of human dignity.

Then we advanced to the roast-chicken stage, and called the holiday "Chicken Day." Finally came the days when a genuine turkey appeared on the table, until the era of rationing caused a setback. Well, that is the story of the first chapter.

The second and third chapters of Ukrainian Americans may have their own notions of a typical Thanksgiving Day as they think back to their past experiences. In their meditation some may contrast the days of plenty with those which offered corned beef hash, or spam, topped with Gi coffee. Give the mind a free reign and it takes you back to school days with recitations and compositions concerning this first national holiday. And then the same question that made us suffer over a composition bobs up again: What have I to be thankful for?

In these days of cynicism and economic upheavals the question of gratitude to the Almighty may be even more important than it was when we were kids. Too many people fail to see anything for which they ought to be thankful, too many feel that the world owes them a living. The people in general take too many things for granted, and it would be asking too much of an average American what his sentiments are on Thanksgiving Day. But let us approach a recent Ukrainian immigrant who was classified as a "DP" not so long ago. Let us ask him the seasonal question: What have you to be thankful for? And this is the answer of one of them:

"I am glad to be alive. This world is beautiful in spite of man's efforts to destroy it, and it feels good to live after seeing and hearing of so many people who perished in concentration camps, in slave labor camps, and from plain starvation. I am thankful for inheriting a healthy body and mind from my parents, which enabled me to survive the hardships in the past and make me capable of earning a living now.

"I am thankful for being in a free country, where millions like me would like to be but cannot. I am free to move from city to city, from one job to another, without being molested by police government. Best of all, I can rest through the night without the fear of being snatched away into parts unknown, and I am treated as a human being during the day.

"I am thankful because I see that our people are not taking it lying down. Think of the millions that have been starved to death or sent to slave labor camps, or killed outright—all without striking back at the tyrant. But we have the U.P.A. which dares to challenge the invader, and is telling the world that the Ukrainian Nation has a will to live a free and independent life. It makes me feel equal to any freedom-loving American, for we are paying dearly for that freedom which we have yet to win.

"Most of all I am thankful for the preservation of at least some of our people, for it could be worse than it is. The Ukrainian Nation is passing through the years that are exemplified in the life of our Saviour when he carried his cross to Golgotha. If you recall the story, there was one who helped Him to bear that cross. I am thankful for being in a position to do the same for our people, as so many of you Americans are doing too."

To all of which we say, Amen.

# BLOOD -

By ARKADY LYUBCHENKO

Translated by C.H.A.

(Continued)

(2)

MANY a time such a night passed away, and in its place came the cautious, mocking day. And again the day passed, and the mysterious, conspiratorial night returned.

But they came across nothing, nothing that was alive.

Within the last twenty-four hours something happened to change the situation somewhat: The air seemed to have softened, and thick, fluffy snow began to fall like tufts of fur from a white rabbit. In the air there appeared—in quite a distance, it is true—fresh, but long unperceived odors.

Regrettably, at dawn a light wind rushed through the tree tops, leaving behind it a stream of slight whistling sound. This sound had hardly time to dissolve when new gusts of wind, powerful and fitful, came rolling swiftly, impudently shaking the trees. The trees groaned and began at once to cast the snowy weight off themselves.

The gusty wind raised the white powdery substance, flung it upwards, whirled, yelped, and covered the sky and the tree tops with the foamy sinuations of the snow storm. Almost to the very evening the frenzy prevailed. Snow was falling all the time, and the unleashed hurricane flung itself everywhither. The bushes sank deep in snow, high white mounds rose, and snowdrifts, gullies, shelters appeared suddenly here and there, and just as suddenly did they change form or break completely apart.

All the wolves passed into a small hollow, under the protection of low spreading and broadly palmated branches.

Towards the evening the whirlwind subsided. And then an even more powerful and sharply glowing cold began to hold sway. The wolves had already been chilled to the bone during the day. They felt a dull aversion to everything.

But towards the evening it became clear. The most recent footprints could be expected on the snowdrifts. Then they felt a slight and hopeful flutter in their hearts. Inwardly, they roused themselves, shaking off the day's listlessness, weariness and awkwardness. Some of them impatiently stretched themselves with a crunching sound. Some clacked their tongues. And others lowered their ears and greedily began to sniff the air.

The instinct told them that all kinds of beast, as they themselves, would now crawl out of their secret nooks in search of food. All that is now needed is close attention, redoubled caution—and the prey will end its flight in their teeth.

Hunger forced them to concentrate all their strength in order to save their lives. Theirs was the yearning

to live—simply for the sake of living.

And so, convinced, obstinate, their attention concentrated, their caution redoubled, they started out into the night through the bluish wintry evening.

They were sinking up to their chests, up to their necks in snow. Only in spots did they come upon solid ground which the wind had licked clean, where it was possible to trot for a while.

They were saddened by that, irritated, wearied quite uselessly; for in the event of a chase, it would make the pursuit more difficult.

The foremost wolf suffered more than the others. He was an old wolf who was the first to sink into the fallen snow, break it apart with his chest, crushed it with his paws, and forcibly make tracks for the others to follow. And he could not by any means reveal that he was worse off than the rest. He had to bear himself cocksurely, firmly. He had to be tireless.

After having wandered a long time that day, they finally struck upon a fresh and still warm imprint. Feverishly they flung themselves in pursuit. Whether they proceeded stealthily, ran, or rushed headlong, not one of them was aware. They did simply what they were forced to do there and by the unknown and imperious power which had seized them all in its control.

Only much later, when out of sheer impetus they plunged into a deep, snow-filled crater, did they stop.

The foremost listened attentively.

The others likewise impatiently and eagerly pricked their ears. At once all understood that the scent of the track, instead of increasing in odor, was decreasing, that there was an error, that they must proceed in the opposite direction, that their leader, their foolish leader, their hated leader...

But the leader had already managed to comprehend the error, and flung himself in the opposite direction.

They rushed after him.

It was an insensate race. They sped like the wind, raising in their wake a white mist. The ravine leaped back, and again it drew near. The forest swayed on both sides. The sky above likewise swayed. The stars were circling. They felt an icy breath. And their breathing was fiery. And their hearts yearned to fall on the snow.

They stopped suddenly. The leader stopped of his own volition; while the others rushed upon him headlong and in disorder. In their roused imagination they already felt the prey crushing between their teeth; and having packed into a mass, they rushed blindly and at random to seek out the body, endlessly striking their bared snouts each against the other as they continued the search.

The body was no longer there, but somewhere near there streamed a sharp, delightfully tantalizing scent.

In a moment all understood that here precisely, in their very midst, there lay the dark and not altogether frozen offal of a wild goat. Its light rousing smell obscured their senses.

They felt their tongues swollen and heavy. Saliva began to flow copiously. In terror they beat about the same spot, because the snow here was beaten, but the tracks, as if purposely, strayed and suddenly lost themselves...

# Trivia - - - - - By Sophia

## "Brothers Under the Skin"

THERE are a few places in this world where people who are thrown together feel like "brothers under the skin," so to speak. One of these places is the doctor's office, where illness (either real or imaginary) makes everybody feel a certain compassion for those around him.

In the office of the general practitioner, more so than that of the specialist, you find a variegated group, each member with a different ailment. The variety of ills, however, makes little difference to the patients, and if someone were to stand up and address them as "Fellow Sufferers" each would pay close attention. (What an ideal place for a Communist rally!)

Here in this humble waiting room both young and old are congregated; some look the picture of health, and those who don't are probably the

In perplexity they dispersed in all directions. They, however, did not break too far apart; and as they bustled about in haste, they held their snouts close to the snow, sniffing and smelling. And wherever they passed in their search of the prey, they left behind them sinuous loops of their footprints. They came upon their own footprints more and more often. In time they began to experience the feeling of horror. Despair was beginning to set in.

It so happened that they all crowded into a small clearing. Out of breath, bewildered, they did not even glance at one another, but here, massed together, they suddenly and indisputably felt that all pursuit was in vain.

Their hearts grew faint. And they hated each other, and each one himself immensely.

But where was the leader? Where was his experience? How could he have failed?

With bleary wrath they glanced at him.

Soon a darkful, famished dejection began to surround them. So oppressive it was that one wished to close his eyes tightly, raise his stout, and from the deepest profundity of his being to howl out a complaint, to howl it out desperately, frightfully.

Exhausted, powdered with hoar frost, piteously stooped, after having licked some snow, with their tails between their hind legs, they again set off at random, slowly and loyally.

Suddenly one of them, none other than the leader himself, staggered from sheer exhaustion.

It was a terrible, decisive moment:—if he fell, he would have been torn apart in an instant.

Instinctively he understood that. Horror looked into his eyes, and it seemed as if his own skin, having cracked on his back, suddenly peeled off. Although, as a result of the pursuit, he felt utterly exhausted, although everything around him seemed to be in a whirl, the breath of death roused him. The deadly alarm awakened in him fresh, perhaps his remaining, strength.

He, an old wolf, concentrated his strength, leaned aside somewhat, as if to avoid a blow, and sharply bared his teeth. Then, striving to preserve his inner equilibrium and to appear firm (and yet he wavered), he made a few more steps to the side and, quite indifferently, raised his hind leg—to do his business...

(To be concluded)

most physically fit. As you enter, almost every chair that lines the four walls is occupied, but someone removes his coat from one of the seats to make room for you. You are being closely observed, for some have been waiting a long time and must wait for a new patient to enter and break the monotony. Outside of this every one of them likes to know that you, also, will have to wait. You are the object of a mental Bronx cheer. You remove your coat, conscious of all the pairs of eyes upon you, and you can't wait to sit down and become inconspicuous. Not one of the dead-pan expressions has changed since you entered, and you wonder if there is any gray matter functioning behind those expressions or whether they just don't care any more, after having waited so long. You put on a blank face of your own and sit, one eye on the goings-on and the other on a stack of old magazines. You've read the magazines months ago, but just so you won't be considered illiterate, you pick up one of them and absent mindedly turn the pages, finding the contents the same as they were the last time you thumbed through the magazine. Periodically the nurse pops her head through the doorway and calls in the next patient. You decide that the word "patient" should be an adjective to describe these people, and not a noun.

Few fellow patients know each other, for most of them come alone, but if there are any conversations whatsoever going on, they are 'sotto voce.' In fact, you'd think it was a funeral by the whispers you hear. Occasionally you catch a voice from the sanctum sanctorum, or one of the back rooms. The woman who talks in a loud voice about the constant ringing in her head seems either to be proud of it, or is trying to hear herself above the ringing. You are noticing the bandage on the arm of the man across from you, when you hear a child screaming. You try to console yourself with the hope that he is being inoculated against one of the childhood diseases, but the scream is disconcerting. Just then the outer door opens, and in walks a skinny man with a nervous twitch. You come to the conclusion that the magazine is not the least bit distracting, since you haven't done more than glance at it between the acts. You return it to its place on the table; the fear that people will think you illiterate is gone.

You try to take inventory of the waiting room with your eyes, so as not to notice those stoic expressions around you. If these people are suffering, why don't they show it, and if they're not, why don't they look happy about it? The number of patients before you is slowly diminishing, and you try to think of what you want to tell the doctor. You're becoming slightly nervous. In fact, you're developing a twitch. And isn't there some disease going around against which you should be inoculated? By this time, you even detect a faint ringing sound in your head. You find your hands are clammy, and figure your blood pressure must be way up there. You had originally come in for one of those "periodic check-ups" they advise, but this time you're ready for the stretcher. And an hour ago you felt you could lick the world!

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## The Basic Traits of the Ukrainian People

By PROF. IVAN MIRTCHUK

(To be concluded)

If we wish to evaluate adequately the principles of the Ukrainian view of the world, we must study the structure of his psyche and reveal those qualities and functions that lend it its spiritual character. What strikes us most at the outset is the emphasis on the emotions; the preponderance of feelings over reason. The entire conduct of the Ukrainian is regulated, not by reason, "ratio," so characteristic for the entire philosophy of the Occident, but by profound feeling. This is a characteristic of Slavs whose passions usually run the whole gamut of emotions. Slavs in general, and Ukrainians in particular, are capable of boundless enthusiasm which, at the first reverse, is followed by equally boundless apathy or despair. They are capable of deep love which plays a predominant part in their psychical life, but negligible circumstances can often convert this feeling into its opposite, into a hatred for which no reason can be given other than the emotional point of view. This lack of balance, these extreme variations within the emotions, make it difficult to preserve order and stability within; they are an important and at times decisive handicap to the formation of any system in intellectual work.

Love plays a great part in all spheres of life in the Ukrainian, though it is less connected with eroticism than in other countries; it is first and foremost the product of the accompaniment of the relation between mother and child. Maternal love, in all its possible manifestations, is one of the spiritual prisms through which most of the phenomena of public and private life are regarded and acquire their particular color. Love comprehends an enormous complex of motives which have found permanent expression in literature, art and music.

I do not intend to dwell on the manifestations of this emotion in daily life, but I should like to refer to Jurkevich, one of the few Ukrainian philosophers in the 19th century, for he gave his countrymen what may be called a philosophy of the heart, a system ruthlessly opposed to the materialism then in vogue and also to the almost mechanical rationalism and intellectualism.

In analysing the problems of contemporary philosophy, Jurkevich comes to the conclusion that a system of philosophy expressed in terms of the reason is quite incapable of including the entire and real human being. A certain modesty with regards to the limits of human knowledge is characteristic for Ukrainian philosophers. These limits are the result of the fact that human reason and its capacity of knowing the world hide another, more profound, function of the human spirit on which reason is based and which provides it with possibilities of development. This original function of the human spirit, which is fully acknowledged by Skovoroda but mentioned by I. T. Stavrovetsky as early as the 17th century, is the human heart. The philosophy of the heart which Jurkevich has developed in his work on "The Heart and Its Importance for the Psychic Life of Man" is the most characteristic feature of the transition from Platonism to recent philosophy; but it is directly opposed to Kant and his school.

I have deliberately dwelt on Jur-

kevich as a representative of Ukrainian philosophy, as his theory is doubtless influenced by certain characteristics typical for the Ukrainian view of life. One of Jurkevich's pupils, Vladimir Solovjov, later a famous Russian thinker, when writing of his teacher, rightly emphasizes the Ukrainian elements in his nature: "Jurkevich came from the Province of Poltava and was therefore a Ukrainian, a fact which left traces on his language and character."

Of course I do not mean to say that the Ukrainian does not fully appreciate the powers of thought, or that he is hostile to them. On the contrary, the intellectual representatives of the Ukrainian people, such as Drahomaniv and his school, or Lesya Ukrainka, are loyal adherents of rationalism and Ivan Franko bears on his banner the proud motto "ratio vincent." But if we study these men more carefully, we come to the conclusion that their rationalist views are a concession to the spirit of the times and are perhaps more in the nature of a mask which hides the emotion they are loath to admit than the decisive factor in their psychic make-up.

The peculiar character of Ukrainian intellectual life emerges most distinctly from a comparison with the fundamental features of the German psyche: "The peculiar character of German thought," Paul Menzer says in his book on the character of the German spirit, "may be best studied in German philosophy—a belief in it, the view that it must be possible to classify reality in a series of notions or conceptions." This naive belief in the omnipotence of the idea is most apparent in Christian Wolff who thinks it is possible to solve all questions of knowledge, action and feeling by means of the reason. The entire attitude to life is to be regulated by reason, all spontaneous decisions arrived at by impulse, are forbidden. There can be no doubt that life, conceived thus, must atrophy, but we must admit the great sweep of such a systematic experiment. In practice, Wolff's philosophy involved a pedantic training for the Germans but this has its good effects as confirmed by no less a man than Kant in his famous "Praise of the Spirit of Thoroughness." If we construct the direct opposite to the characteristics of the German spirit described by Menzer, we get the Ukrainian way of thinking; in place of exaggerated systematization a lack of all system often replaced by the intuition of genius which, unconsciously, builds up on feelings; no thoroughness, no pondering and consequently restricted action, but, on the contrary, too great an expansion of the sphere of interest and, at the same time, superficial work. The Ukrainian does not treat problems in theory and practice from the point of view of reason, but confronts reality with emotion, makes decision on the spur of the moment and confused theoretical and practical issues.

In connection herewith I shall merely touch on the third sphere of psychological life, namely the will. Seeing that all three functions, reason, feeling and will are closely dependent on one another, the supremacy of the first or the second will necessarily influence the third. A will that is under the control of feeling and not of reason, will not be very strong,

## THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER IDEAL

(An address given by Mildred Milanowicz at Jersey City's Lystopadove Sviato on Sunday, November 16, 1947)

ONCE again, in November, we have met here in our Ukrainian Centre, as other Ukrainians are meeting this month in their Centres all over the United States, Canada, Brazil, Argentine, Paraguay, France, Belgium and in the D.P. Camps in Europe. All of us Ukrainians, are meeting at our Lystopadovi Sviato to renew our undying faith in the ideals back of that First of November 29 years ago.

For 29 years now, most of you older people present have been coming to express your belief, by your presence, that man is born equal to man under God, that he is born free, with the human right to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of his own happiness. Some of you older men have even fought, 29 years ago, for the Ideal that Ukrainians, as a nation of 40-odd million, have the right too, to enjoy life, freedom and happiness on their own free soil.

You fought for it, and for a short sweet time, you won that right. And every November 1st since, you remember those days 29 years ago. When the Ukrainian lands were under the divided foreign rule of Tsarist Russia, of Austria-Hungary, of Poland and Germany. You remember how, at the close of World War I, when the collapse of Austria, Germany and Russia was inevitable, you and your fellow Ukrainians decided to prepare yourselves to take advantage of the resulting chaos and take back the land that rightfully belonged to you. You remember the secret plans laid for this purpose during October, 1918. You remember

steadfast or consistent, but, like the feelings will fall from one extreme into the other in a brief interval, so that periods of great, superhuman activity and joy in work are followed by times of complete passivity and the idleness of despair.

The supremacy of feeling and the predominance of love provide us with a further element in the Ukrainian view of the world, namely the deep feeling for religion which is in the main component in all Slav spiritual life. Many scholars of the last century emphasize the supremacy of feeling and the all-important part played by religion as the main characteristics of the spiritual life not only of the modern Slavs, but also of their ancestors, whether remote or recent. Attempts have been made to differentiate the historical peculiarity of the Slavs from that of Romance peoples, in particular from the French, and the Germanic nations. Compared with political French and the philosophical Teutons, the Slavs are, in the widest sense, the religious race. Quite apart from our opinion of this characteristic, it must not be forgotten that all the leading Slavs, whether Poles, Czechs, Ukrainians, or Russians, whether philosophers, authors or artists, display an undoubted, if varied religiousness. Even revolutionaries like Bakunin, Herzen and others, though they rejected all belief at the start, were none the less deeply religious men and their fanatic fight against religion was but a negative expression of religious feeling. Atheism in Russia is the expression of an unsatisfied passion that refused to let itself put off with inadequate creeds, and that, in despair, denies God Himself.

(To be concluded)

how all your young student-friends hastened to join the Sichovi Striltsi and were joined too, by Ukrainian volunteers from the Austrian Army. Finally, you remember the joyous morning of November 1st, when the blue and yellow flag flew from the City Hall of L'viv, proclaiming the New Independent Republic of Western Ukraine, that 40 million Ukrainians, including those of Eastern Ukraine, were thus asserting their right to self-determination, to rule themselves in their own land.

You recall too, the despair of the days that followed shortly after. Days of fighting without supplies or reinforcements, against Poles and Hungarians on the west and south, fighting the White Russians on the north and the Communists on the east. You cannot forget that every third man in your outfit, in the whole Ukrainian Army, sickened and died of typhus. Consequently your victory was short-lived, for the independence you had just won was doomed to defeat against such overwhelming odds.

Yet, on that 1st of November 1918, you proved to your own people and to the World, that a free, independent Ukraine can and did exist and that it must exist again in the world order of free men and nations.

And ever since, you men here who were once with the Sichovi Striltsi, and have joined this Jersey City community, you have kept alive that Ideal of the 1st of November by such a traditional observance of that Independence Day as today's Lystopadove Sviato, with its memorial service in our church this morning and the concert this evening.

Through the years, we, the children and grandchildren of these Sichoviki, have been coming to these Lystopadovi Sviato and listening to the story back of the First of November. Then, suddenly, a very few years ago, we children and grandchildren realized that our own brothers, husbands, sons and fathers went away to a war in which they were fighting for the very same Ideal that is embodied in the Ideal of the First of November. The same Ideal as expressed in the Atlantic Charter, in the Four Freedoms.

Nowadays, we have a clearer understanding of this Ideal and how closely we are concerned with it, when we talk with the newly arrived DPs, now in our midst—those Ukrainians tagged as Displaced Persons, persons without a country, because they refused to return to their native Ukraine which is now ruled by the Soviet power determined to exterminate not only the Ideal of the Ukrainian 1st of November, but determined too, to exterminate this same Ideal of national and personal freedom in the entire world.

We have obtained a deeper understanding too, of the Ideal of this day, with the realization that this Ideal, which was fought for and won in 1918, was fought for and won in 1945, is still being fought for today on Ukrainian soil. We know this from accounts of the activities of the UPA, the Ukrainianska Povstancha Armiya—the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, that is now several thousand strong, well-trained, well-supplied and well-determined to fight against their totalitarian Soviet misrulers to obtain their rightful independence.

We know too, that this time, the

(Continued on page 6)

## On Record - - by Ted Victor

### Facts for Mr. Emile Husar

Fact No. 1. When I criticized the conditions of our Ukrainian choral groups, and their conductors, I made a point of not delving into the technical aspects of the situation. That, which I wrote, has been obvious to many but openly mentioned only by a few.

Fact No. 2. When a person purchases a ticket, for any sort of affair, that person has the right to criticize. Since we do have the freedom of the press, here in America, even I was allowed to venture my humble opinion.

Fact No. 3. I personally, sold 25 tickets for the concert, at which the Choir of St. George performed. I also took the liberty, of announcing that particular concert among various other groups. My reason for this being quite simple. I support Ukrainian music, no matter who performs it, and I never lower myself to the point, where I permit personal matters to interfere with it.

Fact No. 4. On September 21, 1947, I wrote in my column, "When each and every church choir in the country becomes as good as, and I hope even better than, the St. George's Choir of New York City, then yours truly will have something to write about in this "On Record" column."

Fact No. 5. I have praised the singing of the Choir of St. George, wherever I have travelled. Basing my praise upon their excellent singing in church and over the air. But all those past performances could not

in any way change the concert that was performed on October 12, 1947.

Fact No. 6. After writing columns, in which he attempted to prove an already established fact, concerning the choirs past performances, the only mention Mr. Husar has concerning the concert which drew my criticism is this: "At the close of the concert a dozen people confronted the director and expressed their gratitude, among them were men qualified to judge choral music. In their opinion the choir sang well and its enunciation pleased these listeners tremendously." Mr. Husar forgets, or perhaps doesn't know, that no matter how bad a performance may be, one usually praises it at its conclusion. Later on, in the press and often away from the performers, the truth is stated.

Fact No. 6. Among other erroneous material, it was stated, that I was a member of Professor Koshetz's 250 voice chorus in 1940. Much to my sorrow, I must admit that didn't have the honor.

Fact No. 7. No one realizes more than I the long road I have before me, before I can even begin to resemble a music critic of authority. The music I have studied, the courses I have taken, the numerous choruses in which I have sung, (including the Choir of St. George) and all the music I have listened to, all of this I realize is but a humble beginning. However, whenever I may encounter things that are within my own scope of understanding, I shall continue to

## Youth and the U.N.A.

### Branch 22, Chicago, Ill.

On January 31st, 1948, the Good Will Society, Branch 22 of the Ukrainian National Association, will observe its 13th anniversary. This branch is composed of 123 adult and 13 juvenile members, a total of 136 members.

Branch 22 was one of the U.N.A. youth branches which continued to attract new members throughout the war. Its members are actively interested in local and national U.N.A. affairs. Before the war the branch participated in the U. N. A. sports program.

All persons who are interested in the Good Will Society should contact its secretary, Paul Kania, 1027 N. Richmond St., Chicago 22, Ill. The president of the branch is Nicholas Luciw.

### Branch 380, Bayonne, N. J.

The St. George Society, Branch 380 of the U.N.A., will be ten years old on February 28th, 1948. It was organized through the efforts of Dmytro Lypowy, John Kushnir, Charles Sovron and John Humen. In May, 1938, the branch consisted of 23 members. Today it has 78 members, including 33 children. Five new members were admitted during 1947.

Branch 380 has always been active. It has sponsored several affairs and

write the truth. It may often hurt some people but in the end even they usually acknowledge its validity.

its members have shown keen interest in all U.N.A. matters.

The branch secretary, William D. Lypowy, 87 W. 21st St., Bayonne, N. J., will be happy to send additional information about the St. George Society to all who may contact him. Other branch officers are William Martin, president, and Mrs. Rose Polowy, treasurer.

### Branch 435, New York, N. Y.

The Friedly Circle, U.N.A. Branch 435, was organized by Stephen Kurlak, 60-28 83rd Pl., Elmhurst, L.I., N.Y., on July 31, 1939. Mr. Kurlak has been branch secretary from the beginning and it is largely through his efforts that the branch today has 58 members, including 8 children. Six new members were admitted in recent months. The president of the branch is Andrew A. Melnychuk.

Branch 435 is one of the most of five of the U.N.A. branches in the New York metropolitan area. Its members participated in the U.N.A. sports program before the war and are now active in the New York and New Jersey Bowling League. Interested New Yorkers should contact the secretary for further information.

\*

We always welcome material for publication in this column. Officers and members of branches of the Ukrainian National Association are urged to submit items concerning their group directly to the U.N.A. Main Office, Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J.

T. L.

## 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 began to cheer up. In fact, he was beginning to feel rather proud that he, a mere boy, would die in true Kozak fashion. No doubt he would be impaled, or have his head cut off. But he would go bravely to his death, he resolved. The enemy will not see the slightest trace of fear in him. He would show them how a Kozak dies, he vowed. Why, before he would die he would curse the Tartars with his dying breath. Won't they squirm, he thought to himself. Won't the Tartars be furious when he, just before they cut off his head, will bellow at the top of his voice, "You are all swine, and the biggest swine of you all is your Mahomet!" This picture struck him as being so funny, that he laughed out loud.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the Tartar.

"Can't I laugh?" replied Pavlush.

"You probably don't know what's awaiting you," said the Tartar.

A sudden thought struck Pavlush. He saw a way out of this predicament. He replied,

"If they are going to do any cutting off of heads, it will not be one head, but two heads."

"What do you mean," asked the Tartar. "You haven't got two heads."

"No," replied Pavlush. "But I have one, and you have the other."

"And why should they cut off my head?" laughed the Tartar.

"You'll see soon enough."

"What are you talking about?" asked the Tartar, growing a bit exasperated.

"You expect that you will get a reward for bringing me back, don't you?" asked Pavlush.

"Why, of course. Suleman-Efendi is a rich man, and he will reward me handsomely..."

"Just as always?"

"Just as always."

"But I'll wager you that this time he won't. He'll have your head cut off this time together with mine, or at least have you whipped within an inch of your life," declared Pavlush.

"Listen, boy, if you don't stop this foolish nonsense, I'll cut your tongue off," the Tartar roared, now thoroughly aroused.

"Don't get excited, for I'm telling you the truth," said Pavlush. Just answer me this question.—Are you going to let me go to where I was headed for before you caught me?"

"No!"

"In other words—you are going to take me back to the home of Suleman?"

"Yes!"

"Very well," said Pavlush, with a resigned air. "I just will have to return home, that's all."

"But weren't you running away to Ukraine," asked the Tartar? For the first time a doubt entered his mind as to whether he was not barking up the wrong tree after all.

"Why, of course not," replied Pavlush in an amazed tone. "My master, Suleman-Efendi, sent me to get a medicine-man. In the steppe this medicine-man lives. A famous man he is. My master's young son is very ill, and can't be cured. The Ukrainian captives knew of this medicine-man and of his great healing powers, and they told my master about him. And since this great man is my grandfather, on my mother's side,

Suleman summoned me and said to me, 'Go into the steppe in search of this great medicine-man and fetch him here at once. Take the best horse that I have. Tell him that I shall shower him with gold, if he will cure my son. But if you come without this medicine-man, then you shall pay for your failure with your life.' Now, since you have stopped me from performing my mission, you will be the one to pay with your life."

"You are lying," said the Tartar, a trifle uneasily.

"You'll soon see whether I am lying," replied Pavlush, cheerfully.

The Tartar grew frightened. He knew how merciless Suleman could be when aroused. And here to make things worse, Pavlush began to prod his horse to go faster, as if he was anxious to get back to Suleman.

"Why didn't you tell me of this sooner," demanded the Tartar.

"Because I did not think of it myself," thought Pavlush, but out loud he said,

"Now I can tell you all. Such is the custom among us: when you go after a medicine-man, then you must not look behind nor tell anyone where you are going; for if you do, then all is lost, for he won't be able to help the sick person. When you find the medicine-man, the first thing he will ask you is whether you looked back or told anyone where you are going. If you tell him the truth, that you did, then he won't even bother going back with you to the sick man, for he knows he can't do anything then. But if you lie to him, and tell him you didn't when you really did, then although he will come with you he will not be able to cure the sick person anyway. And therefore, that is the reason that I don't want to go to the medicine-man now, for even if I lie to him, he would not be able

to help Suleman's son. And Suleman will surely cut off his head." You see, I feel sorry for my 'didush.' I would hate to see him die. He is such an old man, about 150 years. And he has a long beard, reaching way down to the ground. When the wind blows, that white beard covers his face..."

And thus Pavlush prattled on, rather amazed to find that he had such a vivid imagination. He was interrupted by the now well frightened Tartar.

"That's enough! Hold on for a second! I'll untie your hands."

"Oh, no you won't," said Pavlush, drawing away from the Tartar. "For I want to live. If I return without anything, then Suleman will my head cut off. So you come along with me. I'd much rather have your head cut off than mine."

The Tartar made a move to run away. But Pavlush grabbed his horse's bridle and held on for dear life, bawling like a calf all the while. Now the Tartar really believed all that Pavlush had told him. With an oath he whipped his knife.

"You want to kill me?" cried Pavlush. "Good, go right ahead. It's all the same to me. If you kill me, then they won't be able to cut my head off. But my horse will run away directly back to Suleman. They will send out a searching party for me. And they will go after you until they find you, for my master likes me very much. Here is my neck. Cut it!" And with these words Pavlush stretched out his neck.

Without another word, the Tartar suddenly wheeled his horse, and galloped off as fast as if a thousand devils were after him. Pavlush cried after him,

"Hey, wait! Wait!" But the Tartar did not even turn around.

(To be continued)

## Newark Women's Important Little Bit

Several times a year, during the fall-to-spring season, an opportunity is certain to present itself to any American with Ukrainian blood in his veins, to give his spirit a distinct lift, merely by going to the local YMC or YWCA and attending one of the Nationality Festivities, in which local Ukrainians are almost sure to take part. The opportunity was certainly there for a grand spiritual uplift, at the Newark YWCA on November 6th, when the local Branch 26 of the Soyuz Ukrainok (Ukrainian National Women's League of NA) again did their important little bit toward propagating the culture of Ukraine.

For several years now, the Ukrainians participating in Newark's Exhibit and Festival of Nations have been "stealing the show" getting the most applause for their efforts, the most praise. It is no simple matter to outshine the offerings of other nationality groups—offerings that are the results of the pampered and unhampered growth of centuries of culture, with the still-modest offerings of Ukrainian culture which has been restricted and forbidden through the years. Yet time and again, in various cities as in Newark, exhibit tables at these Festivals displaying fine porcelains, delicate laces, intricate jewelry or such of other nations, are given but a cursory glance by visitors, who are content to stand for hours in front of the Ukrainian exhibits to gaze at the colorful designs, the striking effects and clever workmanship of the handicraft displayed. The same interest and enthusiasm greets the Ukrainian presentations in the music and dance portions of the programs.

This year's Ukrainian exhibit in Newark featured handcraft received from the Ukrainian DP Camps in Germany, notably inlaid wood-craft including jewelry and cigarette boxes, photo album covers, trays and wall plaques. These and a few framed paintings and prints were all that were received in time for this exhibit, but give fine promise of articles which may be purchased at future exhibits. Added attractions were the crowd-and-camera drawing features of spinning and Easter-egg decorating. The spinning of linen thread was expertly done by Mrs. Julia Yurewych and Mrs. Anna Shwets. Almost all of the young and very attractive Ukrainian dancers crowded around Mrs. Anna Bodak, of Brooklyn, one of the foremost Easter-egg decorators in the country, and eagerly followed the steps in this age old art. Their interest and reluctance to make way for other Americans to view the proceedings seems to warrant the belief that classes in this art would be very popular in our Ukrainian schools.

Among the tables selling sweets and refreshments of all nations was one offering such Ukrainian delicacies as fruit—or nut-filled pastries, khrusti, fruit-filled coffee cake, pompushki and even holubtsi. All were prepared by the members of Br. 28 SUA and were very quickly disposed of.

The Ukrainian entertainment was planned by the popular young Mrs. Peggy Dzera who did much by her pleasant manner of introducing the various numbers, in winning friends for Ukrainians. The little harvest-home ceremony was colorful and understandable to all. The 25 dancers from the St. John's Ukrainian Catholic Church class, were unusually attractive and performed the traditional dances very enthusiastically. Their

impression of having a grand time doing their dances was one of their best attractions. They were well rewarded by thunderous applause. Nick Oley's accordion accompaniment for the dancers was excellent and a welcome chance from "canned" music.

It is nice to know that Ukrainians, comparative newcomers to the world's family of nations, are invariably accorded such a warm welcome. It is thanks to the unselfish efforts of a few Ukrainian women in our communities, that our fellow Americans are learning more and more to know who Ukrainians are, where they come from, their art and music, their ideals, their culture and aspirations. Newark's little hard-working group, headed by Mrs. Anna Nastuk, has been in the news, local and Ukrainian, for several years now, in reports about their untiring and generous efforts furthering American and Ukrainian activities, whether it was in wartime, or, as now, in peacetime. Besides their active president, the group includes: Mrs. Mary Nastuk, A. Winnick, P. Dzerá, P. Sloboduk, J. Yurewych, K. Kuzma, B. Maksymych, M. Boykewych, M. Mysyk, A. Shwets and K. Roggiro.

This small group of Ukrainian women is now well-versed in the art of presenting our culture to Americans. Yet they, and their sister-groups in other communities, would be helped immeasurably in their fine work, if they were able, as the Palestinians do, to distribute fine pamphlets on Ukrainian history, religion, present aspirations, and folk-lore. They would earn the gratitude of our own very youngest Americans of Ukrainian descent, if they could sell such things as children's picture books of Ukrainian stories, wooden toy blocks with Ukrainian letters on

## Chester, Pa. Brothers Sang at Carnegie Hall

Michael T. Jr., 16, and Andrew Ihor Pastuszek, 11, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Pastuszek of 2500 W. 9th St., Chester, Pa., appeared as soloists at New York's Carnegie Hall Chamber on Sept. 30. At preliminary auditions at the Rowland Studios in Chester, the brothers were selected to audition again at the George Murray Theatrical Studios in New York, where they emerged as winners to sing at Carnegie Hall.

The popular brothers have been appearing at various affairs in Chester, singing and playing both Ukrainian and American songs. Michael, who besides being president of his Chester High School class, is also a member

of the Dramatic Society, the Glee Club, the School Band and is an active member of the Ukrainian Social Club, 4th Ward St. He is a tenor, and plays the accordion, piano and saxophone. His ambition is to become a doctor or chemist.

Young Andrew has been making solo appearances for three years, and has previously sung in New York. He is well on the way to realize his ambition to become a singer of Ukrainian and American songs, already appearing in that capacity at many functions, including plays at Clayton School. Andrew also plays the piano.

The brothers are music students at the Rowland Studios in Chester, Pa.



Andrew Ihor Pastuszek



Michael T. Pastuszek, Jr.

## UYL-NA Basketball Flashes

The Ukrainian Youth's League of North America's National Basketball program is beginning to shape up. It is hoped that all Ukrainian youth clubs (Whether vet, church, fraternal, social or athletic) will participate in this program. Twelve district-leagues are being planned for the following Ukrainian-populated areas: New Jersey, New York, New England, Philly, Buffalo, Toronto, Wilkes-Barre, Pittsburgh, Ohio, Detroit, Chicago and St. Paul. If you are planning a basketball team and wish information regarding the District-league in your area, contact the writer of this column.

**Lower New York State Ukrainian League:** The first meeting of this district league was held last week at the Mickey Hamalak Co. in New York City. Ted Dusanenko of 142 College Avenue, Bronx, New York, was elected director and Jules Zworchek of 605 Lexington Avenue, New York was made secretary. At this meeting, four teams were represented; they were: the New York St. George's Ukrainians (Walter Nazurewicz), New York St. Mary's (Jules Zworchek), New York Ukrainians (Ted Dusanenko) and the Brooklyn-Greenpoint St. Elia's.

Entries are still open to any Ukrainian teams interested in playing in this loop. Director Ted Dusanenko

them, adventure stories for young school-children, Children's verses, fairy tales, games and children's calendars with our national and religious holidays marked. These things easily could become projects for new DPs and be their fine contribution to mutual understanding which these Festivals foster.

M. M.

announces that December 1st will be the deadline for any new entries into this league.

The following teams have shown intentions of joining: Babylon Ukrainians (Daniel Zawyrucha), Yonkers St. Michael's, and the Bronx St. Mary's Ukrainian Cavaliers (Meyrill Baryla). Play will commence in mid-December.

**New Jersey State Ukrainian League:** An organizational meeting of this league was scheduled to be held on November 19, at 8 P. M., at the clubhouse of the Ukrainian Social Club, 214 Fulton Street, Elizabeth, N. J. Director of this league is Eugene Wadiak of 35 Mary Street, Carteret, N. J.

The following teams and communities are requested to send representatives to this meeting: Perth Amboy Uke-Vets, Jersey City Ukrainian Social and Athletic Club, Passaic St. Nick's Passaic Orth. Ukes, Bayonne Ukes, Carteret Ukrainian Social Club, Elizabeth Ukes, Newark St. John's Ukes, Paterson, Whippany and New Brunswick.

**Metropolitan Philadelphia Ukrainian League:** The organizational meeting of this league will be held on Sunday afternoon, November 30th, at 2 p.m. at the Ukrainian Hall, 847 North Franklin Street, Philadelphia. This loop should be one of the biggest in the youth league's program because of the many communities in the vicinity which had teams prior to the war. The following teams and colonies are requested to send representatives to this meeting: Allentown Ukes (John Mathey), Chester Ukes (Bill Haschek), Millville Ukes (Steve Romanik), Wilmington Ukes, Philly Ukr.-Americans (Dietric Slobogin), Bridgeport, Easton, Bethlehem, Northampton, Reading, Phoenixville, Camden, Trenton, and any other teams in the vicinity.

**Metropolitan Pittsburgh Ukrainian League:** A meeting, with organizing intentions, will soon be held in this section. Director of this district league is Andrew Kritsky of 933 Summit Avenue, Monessen, Pennsylvania. Communities in this district are: Pittsburgh, Arnold, Ambridge, Ford City, Carnegie, Latrobe, Altoona, Johnstown, Lyndora, Butler, Aliquippa, Homestead, McKeesport, and McKees Rocks and Monessen. Teams organizing in this sector should contact Kritsky.

Let's make this a great basketball season for the Ukrainians.

WALTER W. DANKO,  
Sports Director UYL-NA,  
347 Avenue C,  
Bayonne, N. J.

## THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER IDEAL (Continued from page 4)

Democratic World is on our side, because our aims and our Ideals are the same. We know that the unequal struggle of the UPA is not going unnoticed among statesmen and diplomats of the democratic world and that the latter are using this knowledge to their advantage. We know that Americans are learning more and more about the UPA from their still-free press and radio. Thus we know that ignorance of the true facts does not exist today as it existed in 1918.

Now, it is up to us, the younger Americans of Ukrainian descent, to pay our proper respects to our 1st of November Ideal for which our

(Concluded on page 7)

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**THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER IDEAL**  
(Concluded from page 6)

young kinsmen are fighting. We can help them, as other young Ukrainians are helping them all over America. We can send them aid—money, food, medical supplies. We can support our Ukrainian Congress Committee and our Ukrainian Relief Committee both doing a magnificent job politically and materially in aiding our European brothers. We can keep alive our Ukrainian traditions and our culture here in America where we are free to do so. All of us, the young people here in the Metropolitan areas especially, can prepare ourselves and be ready, by learning our songs, our dances, our history and culture, so that one day soon, please God, we

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**U.N.A. Bowlers Reach Half-Way Mark**

Holding its seventh tournament matches in Carteret, New Jersey on Sunday, November 16th., the U.N.A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.J.-N.Y. Area has completed one of its season of fourteen scheduled tournaments. With a break of two Sundays intervening, the matches will be resumed in Jersey City on December 7th, and after three sessions there, New York City will be the locale of the remaining four which will complete what appears thus far to be a highly satisfactory post-war venture into organized sports by the Ukrainian National Association.

At this point the League records show the Elizabeth Sitch team still in first place by the close margin of two games over Jersey City U.S.C. The Penn-Jersey Club and the Team "A" of Perth Amboy are close behind, and it would be difficult to concede anyone as the winner at this time.

In the Sunday matches on Novem-

ber 16th, Elizabeth won two games from New York's Branch 435 with M. Kowalczyk leading the way with a 206 in the first and a 536 set. Kurlak and company turned on the heat in the final game bowling 811 plus a handicap of 100 pins to register 911 to 768 for Elizabeth. Kurlak registered 184 in the final game and 491 set to lead New York. Wolf with 455 and W. Pytlowany with 450 also bowled well.

After some discussion on the handicap, Jersey City came out the winner of the first two games in its match with Team "A" Vets of Perth Amboy. "Big Noise" Laszek was leading the J. C. cheering section and still managed to be high man with a 190 in the second game and a 498 set. Team "A" Vets, with Telis leading the way with a 182 and a 511 set, won the

final game and the Jersey City cheering section was very quiet.

The Penn-Jersey Club of Newark won two games but dropped the final game to Branch 14 U.N.A. of Newark. Trybus was the big man for the Penn-Jersey team with 201 in the second game and a 527 set, while Walt Tofel was the big surprise for Branch 14, having three steady games to register 461. Mike Molinsky pressed him for Branch 14 honors, having 459.

Team "B" Vets of Perth Amboy won three games from Irvington to climb out of the cellar and go into a three-way tie for 5th place. P. Gadek had a "blind" score of 125 in the first game but he really hit them hard to be outstanding for Perth Amboy with a 480 set. Lutwyn was high man for Irvington with 473 and W. Dudak followed with 465.

TED OHAR

**U.N.A. BOWLING LEAGUE**  
Team Standings

	Won	Lost	Per- cent	High Game	Total Pins	Average
1. Sitch, Elizabeth .....	17	4	.809	914	16542	787.7
2. Jersey City, U.S.C. ....	15	6	.714	863	15112	719.7
3. Penn Jersey Club .....	11	10	.524	882	16191	771.0
4. "Uke" Vets Team "A" P.A. ....	11	10	.524	827	15789	751.9
5. Irvington C. & S. Club .....	8	13	.333	785	14779	703.8
6. "Uke" Vets Team "B" P.A. ....	8	13	.333	750	14158	673.9
7. Branch 435 U.N.A. N.Y. ....	8	13	.333	811	14113	672.0
8. Br. 14 U.N.A. Newark .....	6	15	.286	766	14084	670.1

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## Шануймо наші традиції

Справа збереження своїх традицій, звичаїв, мови і т.д. належить до найважливіших проблем українців поза межами України. Теж в Америці українці докладають багато зусиль, щоб ці традиції зберегти, передати їх своїм нащадкам, для яких часто батьківський дім являється ще головним джерелом інформації про країну, історію і культуру народу, з якого походять. Власне справа збереження традицій є ще найчастіше предметом і темою нарад нашої молоді. Під цим кутом добре буде познайомитись теж з думками на цю тему наших братів на скитанні в Європі. З тою метою передаємо надруковану свого часу в „Українській Трибуні“ статтю проф. Г. Ващенко:

Українцям на еміграції загрожує дуже велика небезпека втратити своє національне обличчя й розчинитись серед інших народів. Це привело б не лише до великого послаблення визвольної боротьби, а й до повного морального розкладу активної частини нашого суспільства. Ще геніальний український педагог Ушинський писав, що нарід, який загубив свою національність, не лише розкладається сам, а розкладає й ті народи, серед яких він живе.

Ця загроза зовсім не є фантазією. Вона нависла над українським народом ще з того часу, коли Україна попала під польське ярмо і коли наше боярство почало поривати звязки із своїм народом і його традиціями та ставало польськими яничарами.

Вона висіла над Україною і в XVIII ст., коли козацька старшина ставала російським дворянством, і в XIX. коли русифікація українців пішла вже і в народній масі через школи, пресу, фабрики й заводи.

Особливо ця загроза стала великою після жовтневої революції.

Большевізм — ворог всяких традицій, особливо національних і релігійних. В перші ж роки революції большевики повели жорстокий наступ проти українських традицій у всіх галузях політичного, економічного, родинного й релігійного життя. При цьому вони дуже вміло застосували методи пропаганди. Все українське паплюжилось і видавалось за буржуазне й відстале. Брудом заливалось наших культурних діячів і їхню творчу роботу. Широко вживались лайливі слова: „петлюрівщина“, „гринченківщина“, „просвітянщина“, „хуторянщина“, „поповщина“, і т. ін.

Все це дало свої наслідки. Були підірвані основи релігії й моралі, а також основи родинного життя, були прищеплені потворні погляди на наше минуле. Советські школи випускали молодь, що або зовсім не знала нашого минулого, або уявляла собі його в перекрученому вигляді й тому ставилась до нього іноді з байдужістю, іноді просто з презирством.

З 1941 року, не зважаючи на жорстокий гніт німецької влади, наш нарід поступово повертається до своїх традицій перш за все в галузі релігії й побуту.

Цей процес продовжується й на еміграції. Але, умови нашого культурного життя тут зовсім інші, ніж у рідному краю. Коли там небезпекою для нас була добре організована боротьба проти всього українського, то на еміграції наш нарід зіткнувся з високою культурою, що діє на нас сама собою, завдяки своїм досягненням в галузі науки, мистецтва й побуту.

Перед нами таким чином поставлене складне завдання: за своїми кращі здобутки європейської культури з періоджерел і в той же час зберегти своє національне обличчя, що можливе лише при збереженні своїх національних традицій і органічній переробці чужого. Тільки при такій умові ми можемо залишитись українцями, внести щось коштовне й дійсно велике в скарбницю всесвітньої культури та придбати до себе пошану чужинців, бо люди цінують перш за все оригінальне, а не слабенькі копії.

Цим шляхом іде впершу чергу українська наука, репрезентована УВУ в Мюнхені і УТГІ в Регенсбурзі. Обидві ці високі школи тримаються традиції української науки й гідні репрезентують себе перед чужинцями. Думається, що і в будь-якій іншій країні вони мали б добру славу й підтримували б добре ім'я українського народу.

Вірним шляхом іде й розвиток нашої музики. Шануючи наші славні традиції, відбиті в народній пісні і творчості славних композиторів Бортнянського, Лисенка, Леонтовича, Стеценка, Людкевича, Барвінського, Кошиця та інших, наші музики і співиці разом з цим виконують і кращі твори європейської музики. Тому, не дивно, що вони користуються такою славою і у своїх і у чужинців.

Але не зовсім добре стоїть справа з нашим письменством на еміграції. Частина наших письменників свідомо й уперто бореться проти традицій української літератури, найкращим виразником яких був Шевченко, що висловив їх у короткому реченні: „і чужого научайтесь, і свого не цурайтесь“. Наші кращі письменники уміли сполучати служіння мистецтву із служінням своєму народові, ідейність творчості з високою художністю її. В наслідок цього, крім геніального „Кобзаря“, були такі твори як „Мойсей“ Франка, або „Лісова пісня“ Лесі Українки, що мають всесвітню вартість.

Всупереч цьому дехто з сучасних письменників виголошує гасла: „форма над усе“, „мистецтво для мистецтва“, „ми пишемо для вибраних“. А все це називається боротьбою за „велику літературу“, яка й має прославити український нарід і поставити його поряд з передовими народами світу.

Наслідки цього такі: відрив літератури від народу (її просто більшість не читає), і низький рівень змісту її та форми. Доказом цьому може бути те, що на еміграції наші поети й письменники не створили нічого, що хоч трошки дорівнювалося б творам Франка, Лесі Українки, чи приміром, Коцюбинського й Стефаника.

Тому я хотів би зробити такі висновки:

1) Треба шанувати наші традиції не лише на словах, а й на ділі.

2) Викинути з нашого лексикону лайливі слова „шароварщина“, „хуторянщина“, „мілужанщина“, і таке інше. (Що вони лайливі, про це знають навіть і ті, що заперечують їхній лайливий і образливий характер). Треба доводити свої думки логічними доказами.

3) Відмовитись від усяких штампів, ґрунтовно вивчити наше минуле — давне й недавнє, щоб мати про нього вірне уявлення й не дивитись на нього очима тих, хто завше намагався спаплюжити все українське.

4) Не зупиняючись на здобут-

## ЗА ДРУЗІВ СВОЇХ

(Спомин з 1943-го року).

Сходило сонце. Ясне проміння освічувало спляче село, де-не-де співали півні, а спів цей цісся луною по сонних полях. Здавалось, що тут немає нікого, бо ніщо не нарушувало раннього спокою. Десь здалека долітав гуркіт коліс від воза. Це їхали українські повстанці. По їх обличчях було видно велике перемучення. Вони прагнули відпочинку і здається вибрали його в тому тихому, ще сонному селі.

Прокинулись люди зі сну, раділи дівчата, вітаючи повстанців. Все ожило, було чути веселий сміх, жарти докруги, навіть забуваючи про небезпеку, що грозила від недалекого шляху, яким часто проходили німці. Раптом прошив повітря пронизливий свист куль. З усіх боків мов град ладали стріли. Повстанці, заскочені ворогом, метнулись. „До зброї! Займати становища!“ — скомандував чотовий В. Тривога стрілою облетіло село. Стріли густишали, ворог кільцем обіймав маленьку горітку повстанців. Плач жінок і дітей — все заглушували стріли та вибух гранат.

Всі тікали в напрямку дороги, якої ще не всі зайняли німці. Всі опускали село, лиш малий відділ повстанців залишився на своїх становищах. Горіли будинки, цісся жалісний рев худоби. Тихе село обернулось в палаючий простір, до якого неможливо було приступити. Здавалось ніхто не вийде живим з такого страшного вогню, але повстанці бились не вступаючи ні кроку. Ворог налягав що раз більше, а коли заграли гранатомети, то німці почали зближуватись до повстанських

становищ. Жах обняв стрільців, бо зрозуміли, що вдержатись не в силі, а ще більше від думки, що забракне набоїв. Знали це вони, але ні один з них не ворухнувся зі свого становища. Нараз падає наказ: Відступати! Помалу лишали свої становища — відступали, та тільки не всі. Сам чотовий В. зі своїм кулеметом та двоє вірних йому друзів не опустили становищ. Вони рішили спинити своїм вогнем напіраючого ворога та дати змогу відступити стрільцям над котрими обняв команду ройовий З. Стрільці були поза кільцем.

Чотовий В. вистрілював останні набої і раптом кулемет замовк. Вороги, мов скажені кинулись на борців, але як тихо стояв кулемет, так тихо вмيرали кулеметники. Натішившись знущанням над борцями, повиколовавши їм очі та повідрізувавши пальці, вороги відійшли в напрямку міста В., лишаючи по собі жертви та руїну.

Іх згнуло троє, рятуючи життя своїм друзям і населенню.

Вечоріло. Тихо докруги, лише над жертвами кружляє вороння та викрякує свою сумну пісню. До становищ борців підїхав віз з пахучою зеленою травою. З похиленими головами стрільці забирали своїх друзів. Видно на обличчях великий сум та жаль за своїм чотовим та двома молодими стрільцями. А місяць кидав свій погляд ізза хмар на мертве обличчя чотового В., приспівував повнолиций останній шлях до темної домовини тим, котрі принесли останню жертву на вівтар України.

О. К.

Василь Стефаник.

## ПОРТРЕТ

Як коли би голуб над його головою білі крила розхилив, як коли би з-поза білих крил синє небо прозірало.

Великий фотель тулив у собі старого пана. Голова його хиталася, як галузка від вітру — раз-по-раз безупину. Губи все щось жували. Руки дріжали — не хотіли нічого держатися.

— Моци нема ні жадної... загіртіть ніякого, студінь у кістках. Час вже, ой, час! Тіло землею пахне, до землі важить...

Загасла люлька. Всі сили зібрав до купи, аби наново запалити. Відхиливалася, як жива, виминала пальці, тікала, якби дригала. Розкинула попіл по всій одежі. Вже курила і успокоїлася. Та цибух розігрався — все вимикався з губів.

Як осінній листок на рвучій воді.

Один фотель стояв твердо, як молодий дужий птах, що тримав старого на крилах.

— Вічна пам'ять, Господи помилуй, та й ямка, та й гур-гур! Та й по всім.

Червоні проміння сонця вбігли через вікно, як на рятунок, аби звязати всі сили старця до купи.

Портрет і фотепіан зачервонілися. Глянув на них і цілий затрясся, як у лихорадці. Фотель скрипів, ледви видержував.

Далеко, далеко... Одна одні-сінька... Вже не побачу, ой, ні. Коби хоть раз на минутку... Яка пещена була...

Старече знесилля термосило ним, якби конче хотіло викинути з фотелю, аби панувати безгранично.

Гімився за поруччя і не давався, як той, що топиться, та хвилям не дається.

Дивився на чорний, довгий фортеп'ян.

— Я, татку, буду на нім грати, як з львом бавитися. Доведу його до встеклости і люди будуть умирати зі страху. Зимний піт їм на чолі виступить. Або погладжу його по голові, і він ляже мені під ноги, як вірний пес. А публіці, татку, буде здаватися, що вона свого льва під ноги взяла... А на кінець заграю їм пісеньку. Буде їм здаватися, що походжають по різнобарвних квітках і по шовковим зіллу. Аж спотикатися будуть. Та й будуть видіти, як дівчина рве барвінок, як золотий його і сріблом посрібляє, і почувуть її пісню. Така то буде пісня, що всі стануть добрі і веселі. Ой, татку, як я буду грати, грати!

— Отак казала, ая, Україна, нарід, Мікльошич... Пещена була... Та й далеко... Коби хоть на минутку побачити...

Пробував знов люльку запалити.

Вашої жертви ще бракує до одного мільйона на фонд допомоги українським скитальцям. Пошліть її негайно!

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