

# СВОБОДА SVOBODA

## УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ЩОДЕННИК UKRAINIAN DAILY

Pik LV. Ч. 285.

Vol. LV. No. 285.

### The Ukrainian Weekly

Supplement

ТРИ ЦЕНТИ в Злучених Державах Америки.  
П'ЯТЬ ЦЕНТІВ за кордоном Злучених Держав Америки.

Тел. „Свободи“: ВЕrgen 4-0237—4-0807  
Тел. У. Н. Союзу: ВЕrgen 4-1016

THREE CENTS in the United States of America  
FIVE CENTS elsewhere.

WEEKLY: No. 46

JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1947

WEEKLY: VOL. XV

## Sturdy Olga, 21, Tells of Fight to Free Ukraine

SLIPS THROUGH IRON CURTAIN INTO U. S. ZONE

By HAL FOUST

(Chicago Tribune Press Service)

DEGGENDORF, U. S. Zone, Germany, November 23.—Olga, 21, is a veteran of two years in the Ukraine partisan army. She has big, soft blue eyes, pink cheeks from her life in the forests, and a smile which demonstrates that wood ashes will whiten the teeth as well as a patented dentifrice. Her five foot figure may lack that "new look" but it has the old fashioned charm of sturdy capabilities.

Olga, a daughter of the Kozaks, is an unwilling citizen off Russia, detained by the United States occupation army for possible repatriation. If sent back home, executed as a rebel probably would be her fate. She has been a combatant in the little publicized guerrilla fighting behind the iron curtain which she and her thousands of co-belligerents describe as their war for Ukraine independence from the Kremlin.

Molly Pitcher, in manning her husband's cannon in the American revolution, was a female rebel in the eyes of the British but a heroine to the colonials. Altho Olga has seen much more fighting than Mollie Pitcher ever did she is unlikely to be remembered in history for two reasons. First, her cause is facing defeat by the combined Red troops of Russia, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. Secondly, there are thousands of female rebels—or women patriots, depending upon the viewpoint—fighting the Red armies in the Ukraine.

### Keep Family's Name Secret

Olga was the only name she gave when she crossed the Czech border into Germany a few weeks ago with seven Ukrainian men, also armed, and surrendered to the United States constabulary. In an interview with THE TRIBUNE today, she said it was the name under which she fought and she did not want to identify herself further because her relatives in the Ukraine would be enslaved or killed by the Reds because of her deeds.

Her small group did not attract the publicity given a band of 112 Ukrainian partisans who fought across the Soviet border and thru Poland and Czechoslovakia into Germany at about the same time. Their missions were the same. Their high command had ordered them to bring news of the Ukraine rebellion against the Soviets from behind the iron curtain.

Their outlook is the same. The Potsdam agreement provides that

they should be turned over to the Russian army.

### Enlisted as Nurse

"I enlisted in the partisan army as a nurse in 1945," Olga said, "because bolshevism is ruining my country, which suffered so much from the Germans and from the Russians during the war. The Ukraine fights for its independence, to free itself from bolshevism, forced labor, hunger, and police terrorism."

"Did you carry weapons?" she was asked.

"Just a pistol," she answered with a flirtatious smile. But I can also shoot a burp gun [automatic pistol]. I have done it."

"Against whom?"

"Red Polish forces attacking our partisan hospital in the Polish Ukraine last January. Three of our girls were killed in that fight, but we saved the hospital. I was not in one of the women's infantry companies but I fought again in saving a first aid station from an attack which cost the lives of four girls."

### Wants to Go to America, But First Wants to Help Free Ukraine

"Of course," she added. "I was in many small skirmishes. Guerrilla warfare is like that. We had a brush with bolshevik soldiers near the Polish-Czech border, one of our men being killed, when we were sent on this mission to Germany."

"What do you want to do now, go to America?" she was asked.

"I would love to go to America—after I finish helping the Ukraine win its independence."

"Have you a sweetheart in the partisan army?"

"No," she replied with a laugh. "When there is one woman soldier with 126 men soldiers she cannot pick one as a lover and remain friends with all."

(“The Indianapolis Star,”  
November 24, 1947)

### TO SING IN "MESSIAH"

Stephanie Turash, young lyric soprano of New York City, and a member of U. N. Branch 240, will appear as soloist Tuesday evening, December 9, 1947, at a church choir presentation in Madison, N. J. of Handel's oratorio "Messiah."

On November 4 last, Stephanie Turash had a successful recital at the Studio Club of New York at 210 Seventy-Seventh street.

## On the Road to World-Wide Pro-Free Ukraine Front

(To be continued)

(2)

THE gradual process of the unification of Ukrainian emigres and their native-born children and grandchildren, aimed at establishing a world-wide pro-free Ukraine front, has been a long and difficult one.

What has made it all the more difficult has had its reason in the fact that mass emigration of Ukrainians from their native land—in quest of the freedom and better livelihood which its foreign misrulers denied them—is merely a few score years old. Within that period, much time and energy had to be spent by the immigrants in, figuratively speaking, sinking their roots into the new soil, in order to have a substantial basis of existence in the New World. Likewise there was also the problem of raising one's family and making the necessary sacrifices to give the native-born children the advantages and opportunities which fate had denied to their parents.

Then, too, it should be borne in mind, the Ukrainian emigration, with the vast majority of it going to the United States and Canada, was composed mostly of the sturdy peasant and working classes, with but a sprinkling of the intellectual classes. This in itself has had a profound effect upon the political outlook and development of the Ukrainian immigration.

Within the past number of years, the driving force behind the unification movement has been the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America. It came into being at the Ukrainian American congress held in Washington, D. C., in May, 1940, and then after a brief period of inactivity (due mainly to the obstructionist tactics of several of its chief figures, who for the past several years have acquired a reputation for following the

Communist line), reconstructed and revitalized itself at the second Ukrainian American congress held in Philadelphia in January, 1944, and then gained added representative authority at the third of such congresses, held in Washington, D. C. over the Memorial Day weekend in 1946.

All three of these congresses, it should be noted, were attended by duly elected delegates of Ukrainian American organizations and communities throughout the country. They marked the peak attained thus far of Ukrainian American unification efforts.

This effort first manifested itself in a striking fashion at the very first Ukrainian American nationally representative gathering, the so-called "Ukrainian 'Soym'" (Ukrainian Diet), which already then had as its keynote the liberation of Ukraine. It was held in New York City in the same Cooper Union auditorium where the recent Pan American Ukrainian Conference Rally took place.

That 1915 conclave resulted in the creation of a nationally representative Federation of Ukrainians of the United States. Eventually radical elements, including one individual who today has the reputation of being a Communophile, gained control of the Federation. As a result, a separate, more conservative agency, called the Ukrainian National Council, came into being with the objective of executing the original purposes of the "Diet."

Despite this split, however, much was accomplished by the Ukrainian immigrants then. Worthy of note was the "Ukrainian Tag Day" for Ukrainian war relief, held April 21, 1917 throughout the country by special proclamation of President Wilson. It brought in \$85,000.00.

Following the gradual dissolution of both the Council and Federation, there came into being in 1921 a new nationally representative Ukrainian American agency, the "Obyednanye," known in English as the United Ukrainian Organizations of the United States. It lasted up to World War II, its congresses held at first annually, then every two years, and finally every three years; while its council meetings were held annually throughout the entire period. Political, humanitarian and cultural aid of the Ukrainian people was among its top objectives. In the course of its existence it raised and expended for this purpose about \$400,000.

### AKRON YOUTH CLUBS RAISE \$75 FOR RELIEF DRIVE

As their contribution to the fund which Ukrainian Youth's League of North America is raising to aid Ukrainian Displaced Persons, in conjunction with the current United Ukrainian American Relief Committee fund drive, two young people's clubs of Akron, Ohio, sent to the UYL-NA the sum of \$75.00.

"This money is the result of the combined efforts of the Ukrainian National Association Branch 180 and the Ukrainian Junior League, Branch 51 of the Ukrainian National Women's League of America, both member clubs of the UYL-NA," the letter containing the check read, signed by Miss Genevieve Zepko and Mrs. Ann Z. McGowan, sisters, respective presidents of the above two clubs, and addressed to UYL-NA president, Daniel Slobodian.

# Highlights of Ukrainian Literature

By PROF. C. H. ANDRUSYSHEN

(Excerpts from an address delivered recently to Alpha Omega Club at the University of Saskatchewan, Canada.)

(To be concluded)

UKRAINE can boast of the greatest democratic and humanitarian literature in the world. That is a broad and categorical statement, but true nevertheless. From its very beginning Ukrainian literature has been a bulwark against oppression and injustice; from its very beginning it came to the defense of the common mass which toiled and suffered in serfdom, in economic, cultural and political poverty. It likewise proved a powerful instrument in effecting their emancipation and enlightenment, and it could not have been otherwise, because our literature took rise out of the very soil that produced and fed the hardy race of our fathers. True, one of its characteristics is its excessive sentimentality, but it is no less noted for its battle cries of freedom.

But its chief characteristic is that it took rise out of the living speech of the peasants. It was not formed in the learned academies; it was not developed in literary salons, as was the French language, for example. It grew out of the needs and aspirations of those who lived under thatched roofs, of those who toiled on their sacred soil and irrigated it with tears of joy and sorrow. And that is why the Ukrainian language is so vital. It is the living language of the living people. And I insist that only the language spoken by the general mass common people is the genuine language of a given race. That which is developed and formed in salons and learned societies is artificial.

## Writer Cast Under Spell

There are four lines in Ukrainian literature that never cease to have a music effect on me. Many, many years ago I came across those lines, which literally cast a spell over me then, and even now continue to do so. Here they are:—

Горе ж мені нещаслива доле!  
Ізорала бідна вдова мисльоньками поле,  
Карими очима та й заволочила,  
Дрібненькими слізюньками все поле змочила.

Which, if translated freely, means:

("Grief, my dire grief!  
With her brooding thoughts the poor widow has furrowed the field,  
With her dark eyes she harrowed it,  
And with her thickly streaming tears has made it moist.")

One would try in vain to render this passage into idiomatic English. Its spirit will simply not lend itself to translation. All one could do is admit that there is no finer expression of its kind in the songs of any other nation. In a few salient words one gets the impression of a destitute widow whose sorrow is so immense and whose thoughts are so intensely laden with grief as to furrow the

## "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 8, 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

hard field itself; so concentrated is that grief in her eyes that it becomes palpable, as sharp as steel with which one harrows the soil; and her tears flow so copiously as to flood the field she works on...

I was a small boy when I first came across those lines, and for years afterwards I tried to learn the name of the poet who composed them. But there was none to be found. Those words sprang from the people, just as the wheat rises out of the soil. The people are their sole creator. And for that reason, as I grew older, I continually tried to understand who were the people whose poetic power made their very grief and misfortune blossom into such a thing of beauty. And it was in their traditions, manners and customs, in their oral and written literature that I came to understand them.

What interests me most in any literature is not its fictional or realistic matter as such, but its very spirit, the types, the characters, the heroes which the genius of the race creates. And all because it is in the creation of types that the soul of the nation is most clearly revealed. These positive types I find mostly in Ukrainian historical songs and *dumy* which recreate for me the entire Ukrainian historical period from 1550 to the end of the eighteenth century.

This period begins with the Tatar invasions of Ukraine. These barbaric inroads caused a heroic reaction of the entire people who rose in mass against this threat to their liberty. Out of this reaction there emerged an organization, a military organization unique in the annals of history. And that organization was the Slavic knighthood of the Zaporogian Kozaks, who unfurled their banner of freedom, and with the cry "Let us as one man rise in defence of our Christian faith," stemmed the rising and surging tide of Islam, thus saving the entire western Europe from the Turk. This heroic effort is glowingly reflected in the historical songs of the nation, and their ever recurring refrain is:

"За віру християнськую одностайне стати!" —  
"Let us as one man rise in defence of our Christian faith!"

## The Heroic Bayda

This crusading effort creates a heroic episode in the history of Ukraine, and the exploits of the heroes are embodied in the songs which the popular muse composed almost contemporaneously. The representative of these heroic times is Bayda Vishnevetsky, the terror of Islam. So great is his rash boldness that he becomes the very incarnation of the period. In the song which idealizes his renown, we find him drinking brandy in the very capital of the Turks, boisterously refusing to exchange Christianity for Mohamedanism. For this he suffers. The Turks hook him by the ribs and hang him on a gibbet. As he thus hangs, with a hook through his ribs, he asks a final favor of his executioners: a bow and three arrows with which to kill three doves for the sultan's supper. Given these, he kills the sultan, his wife, and daughter, thus even in his last moments destroying the enemy of his people and of his faith. Such a hero is Bayda that the Turkish leaders eat his heart in order to gain some of

his qualities of courage.—And so Bayda is the representative of those thousands who would rather suffer the dungeons and the chains of a life long captivity and even death rather than prove false to their Christian faith.

Reading these historical songs, one cannot help but think that the martyrdom of the Christians did not end with Nero and Diocletian.

## Chaste Bondarivna

Lofty morality is evoked in these historical songs. In them we find Bondarivna, Bondar's daughter, who chokes death rather than sacrifice her chastity to the lecherous Pole Kanyovsky. In them we find that the greatest of virtues is the keeping of the fourth commandment. That is particularly made clear in the *duma* which gives an account of the kozak amphibious expedition against the Turks. As they ply their oars across the Black Sea, a terrible storm overtakes them, and they find themselves at the peril of their lives. While they are in that distress, their commander steps in among them and tells them that one of them is guilty of a grievous, unpardonable sin, and that this sin has now brought that misfortune upon them. At which the young *popovich*, the priest's son, asks to be thrown into the sea in order to appease God's wrath, for he is the greatest sinner among them all, the greatest sinner in that he had not honored his father and his mother, and had insulted them before leaving on this expedition. As soon as he confesses this guilt and repents, the storm subsides, and the Kozaks continue on their way to a merry old time with the Turks.—With such strict morality ruling the people's hearts, with such a rigid conception of one's duty to one's parents, it is no wonder that the Ukrainian family has remained a solid mainstay of the nation's life.

It has often been said that Ukrainian people lack much in social manners, that they do not know how to behave in public, and in many instances conduct themselves improperly. Considering the people as a whole, nothing is farther from the truth. One has but to read Ukrainian literature to be convinced that the contrary is the case. I have recently come across a seventeenth century code of good manners, which I read with great interest. No doubt, it will make you smile, but it will also prove to you that even three centuries ago Ukrainian knew what was proper or improper in their social relations with one another. Out of a host of rules and regulations I submit to you the following:—

## 17th Century Ukrainian Etiquette

"Do not cut, pare or chew your fingernails when you are among people."

"Don't make too much noise when you blow your nose in company; and do not look into handkerchief once you have blown into it."

"Don't spit on the floor when others are present; or if you do, don't spit too far away from you. And take care to wipe the spittle off with your foot."

"Don't scratch your back against the doorpost when you are visiting."

"Don't crack your knuckles when you are at the table: people might get the impression you are cracking bones with your teeth."

"Eat slowly, don't put a second piece of meat into your mouth until you have swallowed the first morsel."

"Don't bend right over especially when you are eating something li-

quid; just lean forward a bit, very gracefully, and when you are through straighten yourself out slowly to erect position. Take care not to drop anything on the table cloth.—Don't suck the marrow from the bone... and remember not to wipe your nose or your perspiration with the napkin."

"If you are walking with a person who is more important than you, see that you remain half a step behind him, for it is not proper to walk abreast with a person of a higher rank."

"Don't yawn when your betters are speaking; but if you cannot help doing it, cover your mouth with your hand or handkerchief, or turn aside and do it very quietly. Above all, don't fall asleep when your betters are addressing you."

So much for table manners and general etiquette as prescribed by the Ukrainian *bon ton* of the seventeenth century.

Thus far we have been considering the general aspect of that part of Ukrainian literature which was created by the entity called "race." Let us now deal briefly with some individual author to be the very embodiment of the nation's spiritual, humanitarian and artistic spheres of life.

As we enter upon our short survey of the temple of Ukrainian letters the first of these literary giants we encounter is Ivan Vishensky, who lived in the sixteenth century, and who was one of the first to raise a powerful voice in protest against the injustice done to the common people by the mighty of this world. So greatly did Ivan Franko think of Vishensky that he immortalized both him and himself in a poem which is one of the monuments of Ukrainian literature. In it we find Vishensky, weary of public life, enter the Greek monastery on Mount Athos. He is not satisfied with merely ending his days among the monks; he wishes to bury himself in a cell at the foot of a precipice, apart from every living being, with only the crucifix and the sea as his only sights. There they lower him, and there he remains for years and years until years until one day emissaries arrive from Ukraine to beg him return to continue his struggle for the spiritual and material emancipation of his people. He refuses, and they depart in sorrow. While he reflects upon the sad lot of his people, another companion enters his cell—a spider, which distracts him from his prayers by weaving a web. And old Vishensky is struck with the thought that prayer is not enough, that one must both pray and work, that such is the law of the divine nature. And he prays for a miracle to happen. And by a miracle he is transported to the departing ship which he sees in a distance, and he returns to his beloved Ukraine to continue his good fight as a soldier of God and of his people.

(To be concluded)

JOIN THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION. DO IT NOW!

## A HISTORY OF UKRAINE

by  
MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY  
Published for  
THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION  
by  
THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
(\$4.00)  
81-83 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

## Comments by G. H.

ONLY two months ago the Saturday Evening Post carried a serial "How the Russians stole my government," as told by Ferenc Nagy, ex-Premier of Hungary. If Nagy's account follows a pattern of other writers about Russia, it is because the Russian methods in the invaded territory are about the same. It is the same perfidious system that has been practiced during the last thirty years: a merciless conqueror going through the motions of outwardly observing the agreements with the western allies, but actually doing whatever pleases him.

And so we read that after the Russian invasion there were more Russians in Hungary than there were Hungarians, the invaders living off the land, as is their custom, and bringing starvation to the native population. That the government of Hungary was in the hands of native communists who returned after a thorough indoctrination and instruction in Russia. That people, as well as wealth, were seized and shipped to Russia. That opposition was speedily liquidated and that decent people were turned into spies, informers and perjurers under a threat that their closest relatives will be made to suffer. That confessions and betrayals were obtained by means of torture and that the Premier himself resigned his office as a price for recovering his child from the invaders. And all along the peace treaty between the conqueror and the vanquished had been delayed until the country was stripped of all its wealth. And that is the pathetic story of the former head of Hungarian government.

But let us turn the history nineteen years back and look at the record. It was the time when gifts were made of Czech territory to surrounding neighbors who began to rip that country apart like a pack of wolves. On November 2, 1938 the representatives of Germany and Italy, at Hungary's insistence, turned over to Hungary the heart of Carpatho-Ukraine, including the capital, Uzhorod, and the cities of Mukachev and Koshytsi. It was only one month after the Ukrainians had won a twenty-year struggle with the Czechs for self-rule, and the partition left only a small part of Carpatho-Ukraine free.

Then came March 15, 1939, when Czechoslovakia broke up completely and Carpatho-Ukraine declared its independence. On the next day the Hungarian troops invaded the newborn republic, occupied its capital, and after a campaign of two months completed their work of destruction.

Some of us may remember the picture in the American tabloid papers. It showed a Hungarian soldier wiping the blood off his bayonet, while on the ground lay the body of a slain Ukrainian. The Hungarian government made a thorough job of occupation and did not spare the civilian population. It was the same government whose representative is now shedding tears for the horrors with which his country has been infested. Retribution? Almighty's vengeance? But who are we to judge His days!

It is not the purpose of this article to justify the ruthless methods employed by the Russians in their conquest of Europe. There is no intent of callous gloating over the tragedies of unfortunate nations who at one time were the oppressors. The ill wind that has blown over Hungary, Poland, Roumania and Czechoslo-

vakia brings nothing good to Ukrainians; they are being exterminated now as before. Unless the python chokes on its victims and the sheer numbers of subjugated nations hasten a great uprising, the Ukrainians have nothing to gain from the misery of these people.

The Ukrainians in America, however, should take notice of instances like the articles in the Saturday Evening Post. As ruthless as these governments have been to Ukrainians, their representatives do not hesitate in bringing their case before the American public when their country is on the receiving end of abuse. One after another, these ex-diplomats of Hungary, Poland, etc. make their appeals to Americans for sympathy. History paints them as former oppressors of minorities, but they are silent about the sins of their governments. They do not admit that their power politics brought about the present chaos. They have no qualms of being "too nationalistic" when they look for sympathy in America.

The cause of Ukraine is clear and just, but few of us make an effort to tell about it even to our friends, not mentioning the public in general. Is it because we know so little of Ukraine's history? If that is the reason, then our first duty is to see that the book is in our homes, and the next duty is to read it, then tell the world

"Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

Waiter: "Ah, M'Sieur ees mistake; zat in ze soup is not a fly; eet ees a vitamin bee."

## Pan American Ukrainian Conference



Pictured above are the delegates and some of the guests who attended the First Pan American Conference held in New York City, November 18-21, and which resulted in the creation of the Pan American Ukrainian Conference agency.

Seated left to right: **Juan Hrehoraschuk**, delegate representing *Comite Unido Ucrainiano en las Republicas de Argentina, Paraguay y Uruguay*; **Volodimir Kossar**, delegate, representing *Ukrainian Canadian Committee (UCC)*; **Very Rev. Samuel Sawchuk**, UCC delegate; **Mrs. Helen Lototsky**, delegate representing the *Ukrainian Congress Committee of America (UCCA)*; **Very Rev. Dr. Wasyl Kushnir**, UCC president and delegate; **Miss Eve Piddubcheshen**, UCCA delegate; **Elias Horachuk** and **Rev. Mikola Ivaniw**, delegates of the *Sociedade dos Amigos de Cultura Ucraina en Brasil*; **Dr. Luke Myshuha**, UCCA delegate;

Standing, left to right: **Eugene Rohach**, UCCA delegate; **Bohdan Katamay**, UCCA delegate; **Michael Hetman**, member of UCC board; **Wasył Hultay**, member of UCC board; **Mrs. Joanna Bencal**, member of UCCA board; **Prof. Nicholas Chubaty**, UCCA delegate; **Dmytro Halychyn**, UCCA delegate; **Andrew Bilopolsky**, Argentinian-Ukrainian observer; **Stephen Shumeyko**, UCCA president and delegate; **Dr. Theodore Datskiw**, UCC delegate; **Mrs. Maria Hetman**, member of UCC; **Dr. Longin Cehelsky**, UCCA delegate; **Prof. Alexander Granovsky**, UCCA delegate; **Joseph Obelnitsky**, UCC member; **Alexander Yaremko**, member of UCCA board. Not present in the picture is **Dmytro Andrievsky**, European-Ukrainian observer whose arrival was delayed.

## CHARGE GENOCIDE TO MEMBER OF U.N.

MASS extermination of peoples and nations by the Soviet Union and her satellites were the charge of several appeals before the U.N. General Assembly recently. Although morally more important even than the issues of world policy, they nevertheless received less attention than deserved because of their embarrassing character.

As a shadow of death creeping into a glittering party, they reminded the delegates that unpunished murderers are in their midst.

Pleas for U.N. intervention against actions of the Soviet Union and her puppets, as constituting a threat to peace, were presented by: the Polish-American Congress, the Lithuanian Minister in Washington, Mr. P. Zadeikis in the name of the Supreme Lithuanian Committee of Liberation, and by the Pan-American Ukrainian Conference.

The latter two brought the charge of the international crime of genocide in the mass extermination of the Lithuanian and Ukrainian people by Russia.

### Regime under Moscow

The Polish-American Congress accused the Warsaw Communist regime as merely the executor of Moscow's will. It stressed that "the post-war regime of terror, regimentation, suppression of free thought, Communist indoctrination and forced economic alignment within the Soviet orbit—all of which are contrary to the aims and ideals of the Polish people—makes the present situation in Poland a distinct menace to peace."

The memorandum quoted various protests of the U. S. government against the policy of the Polish puppet regime. It enumerated the methods of terror applied during the mock elections, lawlessness at the numerous Moscow-styled show trials and the economic exploitation of Poland for Soviet war aims.

It stated: "By the application of double standards of international morality, we see little hope of either saving the U.N. or of restoring peace and order in the world" and requested that: "1) the United States take the question of Poland, before the General Assembly for investigation," 2) that "a truly representative body be formed outside of Poland to speak and act on behalf of the suppressed Polish people until such time as a truly democratic government shall have been established in Poland."

### Reds Accused of Genocide

The Lithuanian appeal accused the Soviet rule over Lithuania of an attempt to exterminate the whole Lithuanian nation. It emphasized that "the appalling situation caused by the continued occupation and enslavement of Lithuanian by the Soviets... not only has not improved but on the contrary has become even more intolerable." "The continued arrests of Lithuanian inhabitants and their liquidation in the forced labor camps and prisons of distant Russia threaten ultimately to exterminate the Lithuanian nation, which during

(Concluded on page 7)

# BLOOD

By ARKADY LYUBCHENKO

Translated by C.H.A.

(Concluded)

From that moment he was filled with great terror.

With the feeling of self-preservation, anger, and revenge, he was ready, even at that moment to offer the fiercest resistance. Again he glanced back at them, making his eyes likewise flash threateningly.

It was a mistake. The pack does not like to be threatened. The pack, conscious of its mutual strength and predominance, cannot stand contradiction. In its ferocity, it admits only humility, and only the humble one has the right to move in its midst.

It was a grave mistake. The pack, from the first to the last, bared their teeth at him, ready to spring at him at any moment.

As formerly, the wolf made an effort at pretending to be indifferent and certain of his own power, and he slowly turned away. By that time he was finally convinced that behind him there was something merciless, decisive. And he was stung to the extreme. And although he tried his best, he could not now conceal his great and overbearing horror.

But the main thing, for which he was the worse off, was that they already knew that.

They knew that he was afraid of them. They saw his timidity, uncertainty, confusion, insignificance, his very end. That roused their hate the more, enflamed their rage, and fired their entire being with a fierce intention.

After long failures and adversities, their conscious and unconscious strivings invariably found their center in him. In that center, by the power of their gregarious feeling, they finally began to perceive the only means of overcoming the danger which was threatening them all, the best way out.

They were lying in wait. They were only waiting for that final, most difficult, inner movement which eventually had to cut that unseen gossamer thread between them and him, and which still held them back.

To the leader all this was very clear. Well did he know that it would be enough if only one of them made up his mind. Only a slight movement—and there an end!

From that strain he suddenly felt a shrill ringing sound in his ears. The ravine seemed to have reeled. Through his body there flashed a prickly, feverish shudder, and he felt a waft of quite a sharp and obfuscating smell of decay.

Should he spring up? And seek to escape?

But they would overtake him in no time.

Well, let them! Better to die in a fight.

All he did was carefully and gently shift his paws, and the shivers, which flashed his skin, painfully rushed into the snow.

He could no longer glance back—he was afraid to make even an insignificant movement. He was imprisoned by the gregarious, overbearing power which streamed upon him from behind, burdened him, and paralyzed him.

Bending low, he was now sitting motionless. This posture still influenced those which sat behind him and, willy-nilly, forced them to remain similarly motionless.

He seized upon the last hope and stood still, as if dead.

Suddenly he raised a wail. Mournfully, hopelessly, and soundlessly—

for no one heard it. He sat silent, as if he were of stone. But seized with immense despair and terror, and pressing his teeth tightly together, he wailed.

To him it appeared they dealt with him so unjustly that he could not but weep; so weak and insignificant did he appear that he wished, yes, longed with all humility, to fall at somebody's powerful paws and fawn upon them, lick them, humble himself before them.

Nobody heard him, but in his own ears there reverberated powerfully the echo of his own lamentation and of his eager complaint.

He could no longer endure this. He was ready. He wanted it to begin as soon as possible. He could not swallow for lack of saliva. His heart stopped beating. His blood pulsated deafeningly in his temples. His head was in a whirl. His head was aflame.

Then suddenly something whisked behind him and darted past him into the ravine.

That very instant he darted also. And the entire pack followed both of them.

All that happened with lightning speed.

He was speeding aslant across the ravine. He was speeding after the one of the pack which was the first to spring out. He already knew that it was done purposely, so that it would be more convenient for those following him to attack him, and that he now must by all means overtake the first one and plunge his teeth into his throat; otherwise the others will reach him at any moment now and will sink their teeth into his own throat.

Make haste if you can! Do your best!

The snowy flood boiled, raged under their paws. In places the hollows were so deep that one had to wade through them and step carefully as if on boggy ground.

The snowy flood rushed away so swiftly, the bushes and the trees sped so madly backwards that it seemed that everything around had torn itself from the root and hastened away, flew madly by.

Perhaps not one of them had ever felt himself so light, so sprightly, as he did at that moment.

Even he, the old wolf, had never yet experienced such a chase.

The distance between him and the one who sped ahead of him was becoming smaller and smaller. And yet he managed to notice that the distance between him and those who were behind him was likewise becoming smaller as time went on.

Those behind were drawing nearer. He already felt their breathing. They were almost upon him. They did overtake him. Now they were abreast of him. They were speeding on abreast. Abreast.

And yet they do not touch him. Still they do not touch him. Why do they not touch him?

When the first wave of terror rolled passed, it immediately dawned on him, as if he had suddenly come to his senses, what was really happening. Before him he felt the strong, enticing smell of a creature, he heard passionate cruching sound of one in flight, he understood that they all, in a crowd, were again pursuing their prey, which was first noticed by that one which had darted past him

with such a spurt.

Does that mean they will not touch him after all? Does that mean he will live? Yes, he will live to glut himself! He will be able to glut himself! For the prey is quite near. It has already flashed among the trees.

While he, hardly believing what was happening, overjoyed, excited, quickened his pace. So swiftly did he race that his old heart could hardly endure it.

They all did their utmost to reach their prey by a short cut, and they passed each other, fiercely knocked one another, struggled, making all haste in order to tear off a better piece.

In the thirst that darkened his senses, in the eagerness, in the impetus, he almost did not understand or remember what happened later. In a trice he was hurled against the stricken carcass of the forest goat. His jaw opened mechanically his teeth sank quickly into...

What happiness!—The warm and palpitating flesh, the warm and somewhat bitter blood.

Suddenly he shuddered convulsively, and his teeth would not part.

In the meantime the others, jostling, clashing, wrangling, greedily tore the prey apart, fiercely slashed it with their teeth. Make haste who can! They almost choked on it, emitted sounds of joy as they gluttonously sucked the warm blood with their blood-covered snouts. Make haste!

He jerked again, but could not disjoin his clenched jaws.

Then everything around him reeled, whirled about, and with its immense weight plunged into an abyss, bearing him down with itself. Somewhere in the depths, having struck the bottom, he felt such a sudden, terrible, and sweet pain in his chest that his heart could not endure it and was shattered to pieces.

Rounding out his eyes into a fixed stare, he was still able to observe that the stars were melting, flowing down from the sky and falling on the snow drop by drop. He was still aware that he must again jerk, but he did not know that he was already stretching out in painful ecstasy, being gripped by death.

He was in their way—he who looked so strange, serious and motionless. They snarled at him, threatened, and even bit him.

One of them made bold to snatch for himself the piece stuck between those teeth which were clenched never to open again.

## On Record

By TED VICTOR

**Belshazzar's Feast**, by William Walton, performed by the Huddersfield Choral Society, Liverpool Philharmonic and Brass Bands with Dennis Noble as soloist, all under the direction of the composer. Victor No. DM-974.

"Thus spake Isaiah:

Thy sons that thou shalt beget  
They shall be taken away,  
And be eunuchs  
In the palace of the King of Babylon.  
Howl ye, howl ye, therefore:  
For the day of the Lord is at hand!"

Thus begins the text of this magnificent composition for chorus and orchestra. It goes on to tell of how Belshazzar, a mighty king of Babylon, after scorning the word of God, is slain and his kingdom divided. I shall not go into detail concerning the text. However, I should rather prefer to give you an idea of what the music is like.

If you enjoy listening to something, into which you can literally "sink your teeth," then I know you will like this. The entire composition, is big in scope. Walton gives both the chorus and orchestra an opportunity to display their unusual talents. The music ranges from the haunting strains of a Hebrew prayer, to a wild, crashing orgy of brass, cymbals, and voices during Belshazzar's praising of the pagan gods. One's attention is arrested from the very beginning, by a blare of trumpets heralding the words of Isaiah. The above quoted passage is sung by the entire male section of the chorus, in clear ringing tones. From that point on, the music and words combine to hold one's interest, as though one were actually witnessing the ancient bacchanalian scene.

If you are not familiar with the performers of this work, then I know you are in for a treat. The Huddersfield Choral Society is one of the finest in the modern world. Their recent recording of Handel's oratorio the Messiah, more than justified their position. It is a big chorus, excellently blended and precise in its singing.

The records, technically, are above average. The set, to which I listened, was quite worn out. Yet, this did not seem to effect it too much. True, during certain portions there was a certain amount of distortion but I'm certain that was due to the condition of the records. There are five records in all.

## For Your Xmas Gifts

— GIVE —

BEAUTIFUL, COLORFUL IN  
UKRAINIAN MOTIF HAND MADE

Photo albums ..... \$4.00  
Jewelry boxes ..... \$3.00, \$4.50, 9.00 & \$12.00  
Cigarette cases ..... \$2.50

Order from

"SVOBODA"

P. O. Box 346

Jersey City 3, N. J.

## Ukrainian Canadian Literature

"FROM FLABBY DOGGEREL UP TO GENUINE HUMAN POWER"  
By PROF. WATSON KIRCONNELL

(Concluded)

Similar interest attaches to Wasyl Toolietroos's four-acter, *A Fortunate and Merry Life* (1944), which satirizes the sedition and folly of the Ukrainian Labor-Farmer Temple Ass'n (now the equally notorious Association of United Ukrainian Canadians). Note should also be made of the Communist plays, lauding the revolution in Russia and urging revolution in Canada, written for the U.L.F.T.A. stage by Miroslav Irchan, editor of the Communist youth paper in Winnipeg (assisted by John Weir, alias Wevursky).

In addition to the foregoing record in poetry, fiction and drama, there has been a considerable achievement in many miscellaneous fields. Travel narrative is represented by Dr. Mandryka's *Through Sea and Ocean* and by the book, *Across America* by Dr. G. G. Skehar (now in America). Alexander Luhowy has written a substantial reference work on *Famous Women of the Ukraine*, which includes about two hundred biographies. Political eloquence is most fervent in the speeches and pamphlets by which Anthony Hlynka, M.P., has espoused the cause of liberty and humanity in Europe. Of related interest is a book of Ukrainian verse published in Canada in 1946. This is a blistering volume of anti-Communist satire, *What the Kremlin Forgot*, by Fed Mikitenko, illustrated with nine priceless cartoons. One such illustration shows a Stalinesque angel, complete with nightgown, wings, halo, dove, olive branch, black whiskers, pipe and dripping butcher knife, standing in carpet slippers amid a wilderness of cemetery crosses; and the verses beneath the picture may be paraphrased thus:

This is no angel of love and peace  
To make the long contention cease.  
His wings a world of woe have poured  
Upon graveyard's countless crosses;  
And after all these years of losses  
His olive branch but hides a sword.

Ukrainian scholarship in Canada is also coming of age. Dr. Kost Andrusyshen (graduate of Manitoba, Paris and Harvard universities), the newly appointed lecturer in Ukrainian and Russian at the University of Saskatchewan, has been making scholarly contributions to the *Ukrainian Quarterly* and to the *Slavonic Review*. The Canadian Ukrainian Educational Association of Winnipeg has issued an *Anthology of Ukrainian Literature in Canada* (1941) and a number of pamphlets by Honore Ewach. Mr. Ewach's most important scholarly publication is a critical edition of *The "Kobzar" of Taras Shevchenko* (1945). One of the most interesting volumes yet to appear is Volodymyr S. Plawiuk's monumental collection of Ukrainian proverbs, dedicated to the Ukrainian pioneers in Canada. Here are some six thousand proverbs, methodically arranged according to an alphabetical list of subjects and supplied in each case with an explanatory paraphrase. Typical examples are:

A talking cat catches no mice.  
Even a black cow gives white milk.  
Not every pig comes on four feet.

The author of the present brief article finds special gratification in the fact that three of his former students in Winnipeg have taken an

active part in the development or interpretation of this Ukrainian literary movement, viz., William Paluk and Dr. Andrusyshen, as mentioned above, and the late Percival Cundy, the interpreter of Ivan Franko and Lesya Ukrainka.

In view of the Soviet extinction in the entire Ukraine of all culture except Marx-Leninist propaganda, it is hopeful to find a torch of Ukrainian literature kept alight on the free shores of North America. In the world perspective of our time, this unquenched beacon of the Ukrainian spirit has its own significance.

("Opinion"—Formerly "U.C.V.A. Newsletter")

## Youth and the U.N.A.

What It Means to Be a Member

Many young people have written to the Main Office of the Ukrainian National Association stating that they would like to become members, but first would like some information concerning the organization. When these prospects learned that the U. N. A. issues insurance certificates, however, some of them lost enthusiasm. A few had inquired if it is necessary to take out insurance in order to be members, and then lost interest altogether upon being informed that such was the case.

This seems to be the result of a wrong impression on the part of the prospects, despite the many articles which have appeared in the *Ukrainian Weekly* concerning the U.N.A. Perhaps the following will clarify things.

The U.N.A. is not an ordinary club organization on the social and athletic order where the members pay a few cents in dues and are permitted to take advantage of the facilities offered. Many people think the U. N. A. is just exactly that, but on a national scale. Such ordinary clubs, as a rule, have a brief existence because there is nothing basic or permanent about them. Anyone can join such a club and drop out when he loses interest, because he loses nothing by such action.

The U.N.A., on the other hand, owes its growth and development to the fact that it is a fraternal benefit society. Since 1894 it has been protecting its members by issuing fraternal insurance certificates... and that is what's basic and permanent about the organization. A U.N.A. certificate holder has the satisfaction of knowing that his membership represents protection, and he will not drop his membership because he doesn't want to lose the protection.

## Trivia - - - - - By Sophia

The Joys of Christmas

Now that Thanksgiving is past and the traditional turkey dinner is merely a memory, can Christmas be far behind? Every member of every family looks forward to the Christmas season, and nobody stops to reminisce over last Christmas and any calamities which may have occurred then, but eagerly hails the advent of the mistletoe and the holly. Everybody wishes for the first snowfall of the season, and when the snowflakes finally fall, we anticipate the slush that will form in a few hours in the city streets, and wish it had rained instead. But that's the way it goes. Everybody from father to baby awaits Christmas, and as soon as it's over,

they're glad that the next one is a year away.

Father's role is a minor one at this season, for he doesn't have to go through grueling days of shopping in the jammed shops. All he has to do is to supply the greenbacks for the holidays, as he usually does, except that this season requires more of them. As a matter of fact, he doesn't even get any credit from the youngsters. They automatically give all the credit to S. Claus, and Pop is lucky if he gets a vote of thanks for trimming the tree. When the children were toddlers, the pleasure of decorating the evergreen was his, but as soon as they are able to reach a branch, they "get their fingers in the pie" by adding at least one ornament. Before you know it, the youngsters, with the aid of a ladder, have entirely relieved Pop of the three-trimming responsibility, and he is left with absolutely nothing to do but write checks and wait for January's bills.

Mom, on the other hand, is a major figure during this season. Since Pop is out earning the bread, she is assigned the task of doing the Christmas shopping. Every year there is plenty of novelty attached to this job, until she returns from her first trip to the downtown shopping district. It's never necessary to open any doors to get into the store, for once you're caught in the revolving door, you're glad to emerge intact. Every department in the emporium is chock-full of other Christmas shoppers, all of whom need the same gifts for the same kinds of relatives, and consequently clamor for the same article. By the time the clerk gets to you, the only shirt that remains in the size you want is colored an obnoxious purple.

The toy department is still worse than the others, because for some unknown reason, other people also have children, and their offspring enjoy breaking the same toys that yours do. A doll these days has plastic skin that looks real, can be washed, is flexible, and also costs ten times as much as one cost a few years ago. However, there's a tendency at Christmastime to spend more than anticipated on one gift, and thus someone else on the gift list gets shorted with a dollar-and-a-half tie. Money is the least of the problem, for by two or three o'clock Mom is ready to throw in the towel and go home, but a mysterious force spurs her on to longer and worse shopping holidays. On Christmas eve, there is invariably an uncle or a brother-in-law who has been forgotten, and in most cases a bottle may be substituted for a loud tie, with no complaints from the receiver.

The moral of the story is that it doesn't pay to be an adult at Christmastime. The only humans who enjoy it are those who reap the harvest while others do the work; namely, the children. When the kids wake up on Christmas morning to find filled stockings and beribboned presents under the tree they're not aware of the efforts that went into the preparations for this morning. And at precisely this time, Mom and Pop feel that it was worth all their trouble, but nevertheless they are secretly happy that next Christmas is a whole year away.

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

### Subscribe to THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

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

A non-member subscriber pays two dollars.

To subscribe to the *Ukrainian Weekly*, fill out the following blank, clip it, enclose your subscription, and mail it to Svoboda, P. O. Box 346, Jersey City 3, N. J.

Please enter my subscription for one year for which I enclose \$..... I am ..... a member of the U.N.A. (Branch .....).

Name ..... (Please Print)

Street .....

City & P. O. Zone ..... State .....

The address of the U.N.A. is P.O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J. T. L.

## Ukrainian Youth League Basketball Flashes . . .

### South Atlantic Ukrainian Basketball League Organizes

This past Sunday an organizational meeting was held in Philadelphia's Ukrainian Hall. Four teams were present at this meeting. They were: the Millville Ukrainians (Mike Romanik), Chester Ukrainians (Mike Kryka), Wilmington Ukrainians (Richard Maier) and the Philadelphia Uke-Americans (Dietric Slobogin) . . . Dietric Slobogin of 2154 North 7th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. was appointed Director of this district league. Play in this league will commence soon, therefore, Director Dietric Slobogin requests that any Ukrainian teams in this area who are interested in entering into this season's play, should contact him immediately—January 1st will be the deadline. What do you say? Let's go you Trenton, Camden, Bridgeport, Phoenixville, and Reading Ukrainians. Get some kind of representation into this all-Ukrainian League.

### Scranton-Wilkes-Barre Area Ukrainian League

A meeting of this district league will be held on Sunday afternoon at 2 p.m. December 14th, in the Ukrainian Citizens Club, 608 West Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pennsylvania . . . I know for a fact that there are Ukrainian teams in Binghamton (John Kotson), Berwick (Ted Wozniak), Olyphant (Jerry Pronko), St. Cyril's (Olyphant), Scranton (Harry Romancho) and Allentown (John Mobbey).

Then again communities such as Wilkes-Barre, Northampton, Easton, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Nanticoke, Centralia, Shenandoah and Shamokin should also be represented. Remember Ukes—any kind of a team will be admitted, whether Catholic, Orthodox, Veteran, Fraternal or Social. The only stipulation is that the team must be Ukrainian. Let's organize some kind of a league here!

### New Jersey State Ukrainian League

From all appearances, this will be one of the best-organized district leagues in the UYL program. Eugene Wadiak of 35 Mary St., Carteret, N. J. is the director of this league. Seven teams to date have joined: they are: Elizabeth Ukrainian Social Club (Mike Labinsky), Bayonne Ukrainian Athletic Club (last year's National Slavonic Champions), Carteret Ukrainian Social Club (Eugene Wadiak), Passaic St. Nick's (Sam Kopack), Bayonne St. Sophia Orth. Ukes (Bernie Pacholok), Perth Amboy Uke-Vets (Steve Waznee) and the Passaic Orth-Ukes (Walt Soson-

ka) . . . Entries into this league are still open.—What do you say Newark (Johnny Picyk—Joe Musyt), Jersey City Ukrainian Social Club and Whippany? Lets get into the swim of things. Let's hear from you!

### New England Ukrainian League

Organizational meeting of this district-league will be held on Sunday afternoon, December 21, at 2 p.m. in Bridgeport, Connecticut. It is a known fact that there are many Ukrainian teams and colonies in this sector. They are: St. Mary's Bridgeport Ukrainians (Steve Moniuk), Woonsocket Ukrainians (Tony Bagan), Hartford Cossacks, Ansonia, Terryville, New Haven, New Britain, Pittsfield, and Providence. How about it you New Englander Ukes, let's see what kind of spirit you have . . . All interested clubs, should contact the director of this district-league. Steven Moniuk of 60 Beacon View Drive, Fairfield, Conn.

### New York City Ukrainian League.

Play in this league will commence around January 1st. Four teams at the present time are definitely entered. They are St. George's A. A. (Walter Nazurewicz), New York Ukrainians (Ted Dusanenko), St. Mary's A.C. (Jules Zwarchek) and Brooklyn St. Elias. Ted Dusanenko of 1142 College Ave., Bronx, N. Y. is the director of this league. All teams in this area are requested to contact him. It is still hoped that the Babylon West Islip Ukes (Dan Zawyrucha), Bronx St. Mary's (Meryl Baryla, Henry Hawryliw), Astoria Ukes, Brooklyn Ukes and Yonkers St. Mikes will come in, as we hope to make this one of our biggest leagues.

### Rochester-Buffalo Ukrainian League

William Hussar of 291 Hudson Avenue, Rochester, N. J. is the director of this district-league. An organizational meeting will soon be called. All teams in this area should contact Mr. Hussar. Don't hold off your questions. Write now.

### Attention! Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Paul Area Teams!

I would appreciate it if all the Ukrainian Teams in these areas would write to me. If you have any questions, don't hesitate to ask them—we hope to get something started in all these sections . . . Let me hear from all of you, soon.

Walter W. Danko, Sport Director,  
Ukrainian Youth League of  
North America,  
347 Avenue C,  
Bayonne, N. J.

## Metropolitan Area Committee Reorganizes

The first reorganization meeting of the Ukrainian Metropolitan Area Committee, the association of youth clubs in the metropolitan area which sponsored last May's Youth Rally and the stupendous Music Festival in New York, was held on Sunday, November 30, 1947, at the Ukrainian Democratic Club. Delegates from nine clubs, representing over 800 members, were present.

A new constitution for the Metropolitan Area Committee was discussed as well as future plans, among them the presentation of a huge Shev-

chenko Memorial Program, dramatic and musical, sometime in the spring of 1948.

The second reorganization meeting will be held Sunday, December 21, 1947, at 6 P.M. at the Ukrainian Democratic Club, 59 St. Marks Place, New York City, at which a new executive board is to be elected. All youth clubs in the New York—New Jersey metropolitan area are asked to send representatives to attend the meeting and voice opinions and suggestions.

S. D.

## A Message from the Sports Director of the Western Pa. Ukrainian Basketball League

This message and appeal is going out to the Ukrainian youth of Western Pennsylvania, which for all practical purposes includes, among others, communities of Pittsburgh, all sections, Ford City, Butler, New Castle, Aliquippa, Ambridge, Carnegie, McKees Rocks, Lyndora, Arnold, New Kensington, McKeesport, Jeannette, Monessen, Johnstown, Altoona and others in this region that we may have missed.

You all probably know that this year the Ukrainian Youth League of North America is sponsoring a wide-range basketball program, unlike was done in years past.

It is the intent of the League to get organized, and then united, Ukrainian basketball teams in all sections of the United States and Canada inhabited by Americans of Ukrainian descent. The bigger the representation, the better champion the League will produce, and the better champion we have the better we can compete against other organizations.

Without going into further detail, this year's basketball league is being organized by districts, one of which will be the Pittsburgh District. Teams not participating in any of the UYL-NA District Leagues, will not be allowed to play in any of the post-season playoffs and national tournaments.

Since there was such an excellent turnout at the recent Rally held in Pittsburgh, other districts are looking toward the Pittsburgh District to

come up with one of the largest organized leagues.

This is to inform you that sometimes about the middle of December a meeting will be called somewhere in the Pittsburgh area or representatives of all Ukrainian organizations of Western Pennsylvania for the purpose of ascertaining how many teams will participate in the league and possibly even formulate a schedule, inasmuch as the time is already running short.

Please take note, whether you are sports-minded or not, or whether your organization is presently sponsoring sports of any kind or not, that it will be impossible to contact every organization or a representative of every organization to extend an invitation to attend the meeting, so we urge you to be on the lookout in all Ukrainian newspapers, regardless of the one or ones you receive, for an announcement of a meeting date and place. Meanwhile, we urge you, who are reading this, to take it upon yourself to make sure your organization sends someone to the meeting, or take it upon yourself to attend the meeting, and report back to your organization what the Ukrainian Basketball League this year is all about.

And remember too, that no team will be a "world-beater," they will all merely be a group of young Ukrainians unashamed to play under the Ukrainian Banner.

Address all inquiries to Andrew N. Kritsky, 933 Summit Avenue, Monessen, Pa.

## Rochester to Sponsor Invitation Basketball Tournament

The Ukrainian American Athletic Club of Rochester, N. Y. wishes to announce that it will sponsor the first annual Ukrainian invitation basketball tournament on February 14 and 15th 1948.

The purpose of this tournament is to indulge in and promote athletic and social activities with other Ukrainian organizations.

Players entering tournament must be members of a Ukrainian organization and each senior team must be sponsored by said organization.

Each team will be limited to 15 men which will include manager and coach.

Players list must accompany entry fee of fifteen dollars (\$15) and no changes will be made in players list after applications have been accepted. Entries must be received by January 10th. There will be no refund on any entry fees.

The awards will amount to \$250.00, plus trophies. The first award will be \$100 plus trophy; 2nd, \$75 plus consolation trophy; 3rd, \$50; 4th, \$25.

Rules for play will be explained to managers and captains before tournament begins. All games will be played under college rules and presided over by two A. A. U. Officials. In addition, any disputes which may arise during the tournament will be ruled upon by referees and their decisions will be considered as a final.

This will be a single elimination (Sudden-Death) tournament.

HENRY SAUER,  
Committee Chairman

BUY YOUR  
*Extra*  
SAVINGS BONDS  
NOW

## Ukrainian Xmas Cards



WE HAVE IN STOCK A FINE SELECTION OF CHRISTMAS CARDS with borders of Ukrainian cross-stitch designs. The greetings consist of Ukrainian "koliadky". Cards sell for 10 cents each.



We also have 5 cents folders in a big assortment.  
SEND YOUR ORDER NOW TOGETHER WITH  
REMITTANCE TO:

**SVOBODA**

81-83 Grand Street

(P. O. Box 346)

Jersey City 3, N. J.

**PHILLY TRIUMPHS IN FIRST THREE**

The Philadelphia Ukrainian-Americans Basketball Team opened their tenth consecutive season with three successive victories on November 2, 3 and 6, on their home court, the Ukrainian Hall.

Paced by Joe Pistun and Johnny Dmytrush, with 19 and 17 points respectively, the Gold and Blue Wave amassed a 31-25 halftime lead over the Columbia Turner Verein and coasted throughout the remainder of the contest to win, 57-44.

Holding V. F. W. 705 of Camden, N. J., to only four field goals in the second half while Pistun was cracking the Club record with a sensational 40-point game total, the Ukes unleashed more of their scoring power with a 67-40 triumph.

McCann Dairy Products came within 3 points of the Quaker Ukrainians in the third quarter of Thursday's game, but finally fell under a 56-46 score.

The Junior Varsity bowed 30-32 to Britone A. C. on November 3, and then again 35-51 on November 6 to Ranard A. C.

**John Nagurny,  
Diet Slobogin**

**GENOCIDE**

(Concluded from page 3)

this war and the occupations lost more than half a million persons, i.e., about 20 per cent of its population," it added. The persecution of the Catholic Church in Lithuania was particularly stressed and names of numerous arrests and deported bishops and priests were mentioned.

The memorandum asked "to bring the genocide methods that are being used by the USSR against the Lithuanian people to the attention of the appropriate organs of the U.N." It was submitted to the Human Rights Commission for consideration.

**The Pan American Ukrainian Conference Memorandum**

The Ukrainian appeal, speaking in the name of people of Ukrainian descent in the United States, Canada, Brasil, Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay, went deep into history accusing Russian imperialism of striving throughout the ages to exterminate the Ukrainian people as an individual nation. Whereas old Tsarist Russia was trying to eliminate all traces of independent Ukrainian culture, art and economy, it stated, the Soviet Union is guilty of a much more atrocious crime, that of a systematic

**First of November Holiday Observed in Philly**

Many Philadelphians attended the Independence Day First of November Holiday, "Lystopadove Sviato" observance at the Ukrainian Hall, Sunday, November 9th 1947. The affair commemorated the historic November 1, 1918 when Western Ukrainian national independence flowered into life—short though it was. The concert was sponsored by the local affiliates of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America. Mr. Stephaniw, as president of the Philadelphia branch, was the initial speaker and spoke briefly on the significance of the holiday.

Mr. Ted Hoptiak's National Choir opened the concert with the "Star Spangled Banner" and sang several songs, among which were "Two Hundred Years Gone By" by O. Koshetz and "Marching Song of the Striltsy" by Hayvoronsky.

A string orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Phillip Dubas, gave excellent renditions of well selected compositions of Beethoven, Strauss, Smetana, Moussorgsky, and Mozart as well as two collections of Ukrainian songs.

The principal speaker, Dr. Longin Cehelsky, outlined the history of the Ukrainian liberation movement from the times of the young Ukrainian National Republic up to the present day struggle for recognition and independence. He stressed the cost in human lives and sacrifices that the heroes of the famous Sitchowi Striltsi

corps endured. He pointed out that such spirit and bravery in the face of overwhelming odds could not die, and must and will yet rule over a free and independent Ukraine.

After a brief intermission, the large audience was thrilled by the fine Ukrainian Cossack Chorus of Philadelphia under the direction of Dr. Steven Sawchuk. Several songs by Hayvoronsky, including "Hear, oh! Brother Mine," and "For My Native Land," arranged by O. Koshetz, were well received, and the chorus was recalled for two encores by the appreciative audience.

Patriotic declamations by Miss Katherine Yarosh and Mr. Peter Tkoch were eloquently delivered.

The Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral Choir, under the direction of Mr. Steven Marusevich of New York, sang, well directed songs, arranged by Hayvoronsky, and concluded the concert with the Ukrainian national anthem.

A commemorative, enjoyable evening was had by all, although there was a bit of criticism concerning the cost of the professional orchestra and the feeling that all of the money should have gone to the Ukrainian Congress Committee instead of in payment for the union orchestra. There were also a few comments that Mr. Dubas should organize an orchestra from the young musicians now available.

K. O.

physical extermination of masses of Ukrainian people.

This is why the attention of the U.N. was called "to the deliberate policy of genocide being pursued by Soviet Russia and its satellites against 40,000,000 Ukrainian people in their native but Red-ruled Ukraine."

**Church Used for State**

After the failure to crush religion through "the notorious Godless campaign," now "the Soviets inaugurated the policy of having religion serve the ends of the state." They dissolved the Ukrainian Autocephalus Orthodox Church, submitting it to Moscow, and eradicated the Catholic Uniate Church. "Its bishops (were) suddenly arrested after the war's end and imprisoned, and all of them are no longer living." Nevertheless the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, the U.P.A., continues guerrilla warfare

against crack bodies of Soviet, Polish and Czechoslovak troops.

The memorandum demanded that: 1) The General Assembly "create an international commission to investigate the situation prevailing in the Ukraine"; 2) "to take appropriate measures to halt the policy of genocide which the Soviets are using in the attempt to destroy the Ukrainian people as a national entity"; 3) "ordinary rights of men be secured for the people of the Ukraine"; 4) the U.N. should take steps to set up in the Ukraine a democratic government representative of the Ukrainian people and responsible to them."

It will be a decisive test of the moral health of the U.N., whether the new "Little Assembly" will take up the matter of these Soviet crimes and at least express them to the world at large.

**Anthony B. Atar**  
("The Tablet," Nov. 11 1947)

**Definition**

Pickups—A healthy skepticism, like that of a man who looks both ways before crossing a one-way street... The butler entered, a solemn procession of one... The type of mind that would laugh off a Soviet concentration camp as just a spa for tired workers... Work: the curse of the drinking classes... A policeman conducting his traffic orchestra.



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

**ІВАН БУНЬКО**

УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ПОГРЕБНИК  
заряджує погребамн по ціні ган  
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.

**НЕ ВИДАВАЙТЕ ЗАБАГАТО**

Завжди ЩАДІТЬ дешо з вашого забезпечення.  
Ми уладжуємо прекрасний ЦІЛИЙ ПОХОРОН за \$150.00

У випадку смутку в родині кличте:  
**KAIN MORTUARIES, INC.**  
Найбільший український погребовий зарядчик в Америці  
**S. KANAI KAIN, Pres.**  
433 STATE STREET,  
PERTH AMBOY, N. J.  
Phone PE 4-4646

— or —  
УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ПОГРЕБНИК  
86 ELIZABETH AVENUE,  
NEWARK, N. J.  
Phone Elgelow 3-6762  
**ELIZABETH, N. J.**  
225 WEST JERSEY STREET  
Phone: EL 2-3611

**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.: MEIrose 5-6577

1st Annual Invitation  
**BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT**

**Ukrainian American Club**  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

AWARDS: \$250.00 IN PRIZES — PLUS TROPHIES

For further information concerning Tournament write to:

UKRAINIAN AMERICAN ATHLETIC CLUB  
8 Wilson Street, Rochester 5, New York

ATTENTION: TOURNAMENT COMMITTEE

**Ninth Annual Convention**

OF THE

**Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut**

WILL BE HELD

**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1947 at 2 P. M.**

**Sheraton Hotel - New Britain, Conn.**

**ЧИСТИЙ ПЧІЛЬНИЙ МІД**

(ПРАВДИВИЙ)

Пушка 2½ фун. \$1.50. 5 фун. \$2.49.

**СВЯТОЧНА ПАЧКА**

в котрій є 5 ф. меду, 2 ф. опиханої пшениці 1 ф. маку, 1 ф. пшоно, 2 ан. грибів, 2 ан. кмину, наш Альманах з поученням, як це варити, і стінний календар на 1948 рік — все за \$5.95.

Замовлення разом з Монею Ордером шліть:

**SURMA**

11 E. 7th ST., NEW YORK 3, N.Y.

**XMAS GIFT**

Ukrainian Self-Educator ---- \$1.00  
The Key to Ukrainian ---- .20

2 books for ----- \$1.00  
(Send money Order or Money)

**Mr. Honore Ewach**

366 OVERDALE ST.,  
WINNIPEG, MAN., CANADA.

## „БЕЗСМЕРТНИЙ“

В початку весни 1945 р. почали збільшуватись відділи УПА. Всього український молодняк, в якому відізналася козацька кров, єднався під прапори УПА, щоб виконати національний обов'язок. Весна заносилася гарна. По найменших закутках „закарпатської України“ почався вишкіл добровольців УПА. Ворог ще не мав сили опанувати теренів „закарпатської України“, був безрадний. Адміністративну владу перейняли відділи УПА. Населення почувало себе мов у самостійній державі. По селах створено кущові самооборонні відділи (СКВ), що охороняли населення від польсько-більшевицьких банд, що часто нападали на українські села. Вишколювалися відділи УПА, щоб стати в обороні своєї батьківщини. Але в травні 1945 р. ворог очунав, мобілізував нові кадри та почав оперативні дії проти УПА та українського населення.

Неділя, 19. серпня 1945 року, день погідний і теплий. В малому лісі над с. З. таборував відділ молодих під командуванням сотенного Г. Навколо в кожному селі квартирували частини ВП. Згідно з наказом проводу і вищого командування УПА, відділи повинні були конспіруватись та не входити з ворогом у зтяжні бої. Командир скликав цілий командний склад на відправу. Са відправі заявив, що, згідно з наказом вищого командування, щоб не зводити зтяжних боїв з ВП. (ВП — скорочена офіційна назва польського війська), він вирішив відділ розчленувати.

Коли почав западати сумрак, з місця постою вирушив відділ юнаків. Цьому відділові юнаків доручено час облави перебути в кривці. Команду над юнаками перебрав командир Лагідний, що виконував функцію сот. виховника. Це було в лісі над с. Б.

20.8 на світанку, як збудилися зі сну, розділилися по кривках. До однієї кривки пішов командир Лагідний, і стрільці: Леськів, Теплий та рій ройового Нежонатого. До другої кривки пішов ройовий Горевий із своїм роєм.

Ворог почав з артилерії обстрілювати ліс. Ми вже були зорієнтовані, що сьогодні, певно, буде облава на цю ділянку лісу. В кривці темно. Стрільці не при звичаєні до кривки, кожний эле себе чуває. Деякі попоїли, закурили й полягали спати, інші жартують, бо сон їх не бере. Восьма година. Мов кризь сон, чути на поверхні землі рух і крики. Відразу зорієнтувалися, що це ВП. Всередині всі збудилися. Відчиняється вікно з кривки при вході і чути голос: „Бандора, виході!“ В той час, коли большевик відчинив вихід, із середини вискочили два стрільці: стр. Яструб і стр. Лис. Польські комуністи кричали: „Виходзіть, ніц вам не бендзе!“<sup>1)</sup> Всі мов завмерли, ніхто дальше не відзивався. Розлючені бандити кинули до середини дві гранати. Почало бракувати повітря. Один з ВП стає над входом до кривки, звертається до вих. Лагідного. Насамперед заявляє, що він поручник ВП, просить, щоб вих. Лагідний вийшов сам і дозволив стрільцям. Поручник каже: „Ви естесьце тераз под зем'ю, а ми на земі. Ваше жице ест в наших ренках“<sup>2)</sup> Лагідний: „Неправда, брешете! Ви вбиваєте невинних людей і грабуєте. Ми вам живими не піддамося“.

Поручник почав злоститись: „Ну і так вшисце погінеце“<sup>3)</sup>

Вих. Лагідний відповідає спокійно: „На це ми приготовані“. Поручник: „Я пану даем еше 10 мін. до намисленя“<sup>4)</sup>

Вих. Лагідний каже, що він живим не піддасться. Стрільцям наказує вийти, беручи до уваги ще всілякі можливості, що може пошастить їм якое утекти або, може, наші по дорозі їх відіб'ють, сам криє їх відворот. Коли останній стрілець відійшов далі, тоді Лагідний викинув гранату одну на ліво, другу направо і почав стріляти з МП. Поручник став кричати: „Не уцкаєш, класць сен на земі і стшеляць!“<sup>5)</sup> В той час користають з великого замішання стрільці, і декому вдається пробитись. ВП залягло і почало стріляти до кривки, бо думали, що Лагідний буде втікати. Але він лишився в кривці, бо рішився згинуть всередині. Лагідний захуває записки і літературу, щоб не попали ворогові в руки.

За хвилину поручник дає наказ: „жуцаць гранати“<sup>6)</sup> і до кривки входом і виходом полетіли гранати, тільки всередині чути було вибухи та виходили клуби диму. Вкинули 20 гранат. Всередині дим починає дувити. Тоді Лагідний змочує хусточку, прикладає до уст і лягає на землю. Хвилька перерви, думають, що він уже не живе, дим трохи вийшов. Очунавши, Лагідний підійшов до входу, викинув гранату й стріляє з МП. ВП знову відскочили від кривки, за хвилину знов почали стріляти і кидати гранати до середини. І це не помогло. Він живе! Постріли втихли.

В вузькому коридорі, що вів до кривки, появилося слабеньке світло. Мабуть, хтось із ВП лізе до кривки побачити, чи він живе. Хтось із ліхтаркою в руці обережно прокрадається. Лагідний, що мав у руці пістоль, готову до пострілу, стріляє три рази в того осібняка, і цей з криком подається назад до входу. Лагідний робить барикади із стрілецьких плащів та наметів і затикає діри до кривки, щоб його не вразили гранати. ВП починає знову кидати гранати й стріляти. По вибуху гранат він бере протитанкову гранату, обережно підходить вузьким коридором і викидає її на поверхню. В той час падає ворожа граната до середини і ранить його в руку і ногу.

Лагідний, ще притомний, але ослаблений, ліг на землю. Думає про те, щоб не втратити свідомости, щоб часом ВП не забрало його живим. Думає також про те, чи стріляти в себе чи ні.

Нагло зауважив частину виходу розкопану, побачив денне світло. В тому місці, де лежав Лагідний, ще не було розкопано. Тим часом кривку розкопують дальше й починають розбирати там, де лежав Лагідний. Коли розкопали, один зауважив Лагідного. Другий каже: „Попатш, чи ма броне“<sup>7)</sup> (Один із командирів носив чорну бороду). Почувши ці слова, Лагідний бере в руки пістоль й гранату, ховає під голову, МП кладе коло себе з лівої сторони і вдає неживого. ВП радіє, що Лагідний вбитий, один вояк з ВП звертається до поручника: „Пане поручнику, я муше зцьонгнонць бути, бо мое подарте“<sup>8)</sup> Поручник дозволяє. Вояк стягає з нього чоботи й подає нагору. Відтак забирає МП, що лежало коло нього, але Лагідний не рухається. МП та-

<sup>4)</sup> Я даю вам 10 хвилин до надуми.

<sup>5)</sup> Не утікати, кладіться на землю і стріляйте.

<sup>6)</sup> Кидати гранати.

<sup>7)</sup> Поглянь, чи має бороду.

Федір Одрач

## ЗІРКА

(Уривок)

Землю покрив вечірній сутінок. За господарським садом, в ставку, рохкотали жаби. Десь у сусідському хуторі, на хаті, клекотів бузько. Надворі всевладно панувала весна.

Зірка лежала на сні в клуні, побіч неї рівно віддихала подруга Віра, з якою мала вона спільно працювати. Спати Зірці не хотілося. Пестила в руках „шістку“ і думала. А думи, немов хмаритині затягли її душу. Безупину в її уяві просувалися рідні, близькі обличчя. Багато з них впало від німців та червоних. Хто ж ще їй залишився з найближчих? Мати, єдина мати! І враз Зірка почувалася п'ятилітньою дитиною, що так міцно прагне маминих пестощів. Властиво була ще майже дитиною. Тільки війна прискорила її зрілість. Їй захотілося заплакати, поклавши голову на мамині груди. Але матері не було біля неї. Залишилася сама вдома, мов зів'яла билина в городі...

Стерла долонею піт з чола і міцно заплющила очі. Хотілося їй витиснути з очей сльози, але дарма, очі були сухі. Серце закаміяло, до краю виповнене горем.

Праворуч тихо лежала Віра. Вона спала спокійним юним сном, перші дні туги по рідних давно вже відійшли від неї. — Тверде підпільне життя, безнастанна боротьба з ворогом, загартували її. Таких дівчат Вір чимало було в Україні. Прирікши себе боротьбі за волю, вони зрікалися родинного тепла і материнських пестощів та йшли в ліс. Виконували найтрудніші завдання розвідниць, санітарних сестер, — зв'язкових кур'єрів та пропагандисток. — Проховзувалися поміж ворожими колонами, заглиблювалися у польські ліси й доручали „грисси“ командирам повстанчих загонів. Багато їх гинуло, а на їх місце

приходили інші і праця йшла з попередньою натугою.

Зірка заплющила очі й хотіла заснути. Але сон не чіплявся її. Стягнула брови й намагалася про ніщо не думати, але думи-нахаби роєм лізли до її голови. Десь далеко було чути глухі зриви. За дверима клуні, на подвір'ї почав вити пес.

Минула північ. Зірка широко відкритими очима дивилася вгору. Було темно. Її вуха ловили найдрібніший шелест сніа, найменший шерех за стіною. За хутором, на дорозі, тихо заскрипів віз. Задудніли кінські копита, віз зупинився на подвір'ї, під клунею. Зірка легенько штовхнула Віру.

— Чуєте, подруго. Якийсь віз зупинився на подвір'ї.

Віра потерла очі і почала слухати.

— Зірко, відбезпеч револьвер! — шепнула. — Будьмо наготові.

Вона обережно підвелася і немов кішка — на чотирьох, повзла до стіни. За нею повзла Зірка. Залягли за сном і спрямували цівки своїх револьверів до дверей.

— Без моєї команди не стріляти — коротко шепнула Віра.

Хтось ззовні натиснув двері. Відчинилися. Блімнула електрична лампочка. — Дівчата пізнали Пилипа, команданта повстанчого загону.

— Ось де ви! З вас, Вірко, правдивий командир. А Зірка, бачу, теж відважно тримає свою „шістку“.

— Не смійтеся надто, друже. Щастя, що вас пізнали, а то дістали б трохи олова за шкіру! — зажартувала Віра.

Пилип розділив дівчатам „грисси“ і — сказав:

— Поспішайте, подруги, вже по дванадцятій.

За кілька хвилин дівчата були вже готові до дороги.

кож подає нагору. Пізніше бере його за ліву руку, бо праву з пістолем він тримав під головою. Каже: „М'ял zegарек і нема, певне гдзесь сховал“<sup>9)</sup> Далі каже до поручника: „Он ма еше ренце цепле“ — „То ніц не шкодзі, бо недавно забіти, еше двух до сьродка і вицьонгнонць на гурі і зробіми коло него ревізієн“<sup>10)</sup>

Як почув це Лагідний, зривається й стріляє три рази з пістолем в того вояка, який стягав чоботи. Цей падає на землю. Два постріли послали наверх і ранить поручника. Ранений поручник дає наказ: „Жуцаць гранати і по 10 центиметруф, стшеляць!“<sup>11)</sup> Лагідний перескакує в другий кут кривки. ВП починає четвертий раз кидати гранати і стріляти, але це його не вражає. Пораненого поручника забирають і виходять.

Лагідний почув, що відходять, вільно віддихнув.

Над кривкою спокійно, лише чути, як падає дощ. Підождавши, Лагідний помаленьку виходить з кривки, прислухується, нема нікого. Звертає назад до кривки, забирає записки і літературу, а на вбитому воякові залишає записку: „Я живий і здоровий, шукайте мене“. Вихо-

<sup>8)</sup> Пане поручнику, я мушу стягнути з нього чоботи, бо мої подерті.

<sup>9)</sup> Мав годинника і нема, певно десь сховав.

<sup>10)</sup> Він має ще теплі руки. — То нічого не шкодить, бо він недавно був убитий; хай увійде ще двух до середини, витягнуть його наверх і переведемо в нього обшук.

<sup>11)</sup> Кидати гранати і стріляти по 10 центиметрів.

дить босий з пістолем в руці.

Дощ падає далі. Темно. Лісом він заходить до крайньої хати крисілка с. Б. Господар йому говорить, що в селі є ВП. Але він не зважає і просить господаря, щоб його заховав. Тоді господар заховав його, добре вкрив, і він зараз заснув. Збудився аж над ранок, як господар приніс йому їсти. Коли збудився, почув сильний біль неперев'язаних ран, що дістав від ворожої гранати, і попросив господаря, щоб повідомив, що він поранений. Зв'язок було тяжко встановити, бо ворог розפורшився по терені, нікого не можна було знайти. Два дні рани не були перев'язані і почали сильно пекти. По двох днях господар повідомив кущову санітарку, що була в с. Б. Вночі 23. серпня прийшла санітарка, обмила й поперевазувала рани. Через неї висилає штафету, щоб повідомити бунчужного Соколенка, де він перебуває. Другого дня вона знайшла бунчужного й доручила йому штафету.

Соколенко, довідавшись про цей випадок, бере з собою ройового Лозу й поміж ворожими стежами та заставами вони продержались до с. Б., в селі взяли коня і, не зважаючи на небезпеку, перевезли пораненого до приготуваної кривки. Під доброю санітарною опікою Лагідний, полежавши в кривці два тижні, — вийшов і почував себе дуже добре.

Не один раз сотні героїв дивились смерті в вічі й боролись, але Віра й відвага спасла їх.

(У. Трибуна) Чот. виховник.

<sup>1)</sup> Виходьте, вам нічого не станеться.

<sup>2)</sup> Ваше життя в наших руках.

<sup>3)</sup> Ну, і так всі погінеце.