

# СВОБОДА SVOBODA

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## PREJUDICE RETARDS PROGRESS

(Prize-winning "Svoboda" editorial. Translated from Ukrainian.)

THE Declaration of Independence of the United States, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights are built on one basic principle: All men are created equal. An analysis of the development and history of this country shows that this very principle upon which American life is founded, has made this country a symbol of freedom and prosperity and has raised it to the height of power. World leadership is only a logical consequence.

But there are still many shortcomings. Thus, President Truman, in his speech delivered before the annual conference of the National Association of Advancement of Colored People, held in Washington on June 29th at the Lincoln Memorial, regretfully observed "that there exists in this country prejudice and intolerance which are the source of all other evils." Speaking about "the turning point in the long history of the efforts of our nation to guarantee freedom and equality to all Americans," Mr. Truman declared that "our immediate task is to remove the last remnants of the barriers which stand between millions of our citizens and their birthright. There are no justifiable reasons for discrimination because of ancestry or religion or race or color."

It is a fact that national, racial, religious, social and other prejudices constitute one of the greatest barriers on the road to progress. It is also a fact that these prejudices exist in a greater or lesser degree among all of us. They exist on "Main Street." They exist among old stock Americans. And they exist as well among the new stock Americans, Ukrainians, Russians, Poles, Czechs, Greeks, Italians, Jews and all the others who in the last decades emigrated to the United States, brought with them many of their own prejudices. They could not free themselves wholly from these prejudices even after becoming full-fledged citizens of the United States. Moreover, some of them attempt to transfer these to the younger generation. Taking advantage of all the liberties assured them by the Constitution which was founded on the principle that all men are created free and equal, many of them, nonetheless, would deny these liberties and rights to others. The cause of this and the cause of the arming of all against all, and one of the greatest hindrances to further strengthening of our liberties and at the same time to the increase of our prosperity, as well as the further general progress, are these very prejudices. Among Americans of Old World background these prejudices are mostly "historical," based on the mistakes or injustices of their ancestors. But in America they not only cannot have any justification

## Svoboda Wins Prize

The "Svoboda," leading Ukrainian daily, won second prize in a national contest for the best editorial in a foreign language newspaper in the United States on the subject of overcoming group prejudice, it was announced last Monday, December 8, by the Common Council for American Unity, 20 West Fortieth Street, the sponsor of the contest. The N. Y. Times and other papers reported the results of the contest.

Text of the editorial appears in its English translation on this page.

First prize went to *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*, Italian daily of New York.

for them, but, on the contrary, the removal of them would help to remedy and destroy them in the countries of their origin.

America was built by the common efforts of various ethnical groups and continues to depend on these efforts. The customs and cultures represented and practiced by these groups, the wide scale of rights and the complete freedom and equality guaranteed here by the Constitution, as well as the variety of races, religions and ancestries of American citizens, have made of this country a wonderful mosaic and actually a world in itself. There is no language in the world which cannot be heard in this country; there are not many customs which cannot be seen here; there are no temples of worship which cannot be found here; there is no flag in the world which cannot be seen here, waving alongside the Stars and Stripes. Tolerance, freedom and equal rights unite all people here and create conditions conducive to unprecedented progress in all fields of endeavor. The task and obligation of all the citizens, in their own good interest and in the interest of further progress, must be to heed the appeal of the president: To remove the last remnants of intolerance and prejudice which bars American citizens from their rights.

In the preservation of various cultures and religious faiths, in the practicing of various customs and traditions, group "ghettos" must be avoided. The needs, the sympathies, the desires, the abilities, in short—the problem of every American citizen, is the problem of America itself, and conversely, the problem of Amer-

## Junior Achievement Winner

16-year-old Peter Czap, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Czap, 398 Kerrigan Bld, Newark, N. J., and member of U.N.A. Branch 76, is becoming quite a celebrity for his age. Already he has been interviewed on WCBS' national network on October 17, and over the Mutual network on December 3. The New York Stock Exchange had him as its guest over the weekend, and its president, Emil Schram, awarded him prizes and gifts. Moreover his picture and report of his achievements have appeared in leading New York Metropolitan newspapers, including the N. Y. Times and Herald Tribune, Newark Evening News, the Stock Exchange magazine and various industrial publications.

It all started when Peter, a junior at Newark's West Side High School, and a treasurer of his Junior Achievement company, West Laboratories (359 South Orange Ave.)—they manufacture and sell aftershave lotion and hand cream—together with its president, Catherine Voorneveld, wrote the financial report for his company, which won the first prize in a contest sponsored by the New York Stock Exchange.

This was a nation-wide contest. Along with three other winners, Peter was royally entertained by the New

York Stock Exchange on the week-end of October 17-19. They were given luxurious rooms at the Hotel Commodore, were guests at a luncheon at the Exchange, and participated in a gala evening at Billy Rose's Diamon Horseshoe.

S. Bayard Colgate, chairman of the national executive committee of Junior Achievement, and chairman of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, speaking at the luncheon at the Exchange, outlined the purposes of the program.

Under the Junior Achievement program—which now operates in eleven states and involves the activities of 60,000 persons, including stockholders and adult advisers—companies are formed by young people themselves. There are about 900 such companies in the country. These companies raise their own capital by selling stock at about 50 cents a share. They manufacture their own products and sell them to the public. All the principles of running a corporation are taught the youngsters by a group of older advisers.

Peter's company was capitalized at \$130 through sales of 260 shares. For the year ending last May 31 net profit was approximately 35 cents a share, or \$90.63 in all.

## Young Theatrical Group Makes Debut

The recently organized Ukrainian Dramatic Group in New York, composed of individuals of the younger generation, made a successful debut with its presentation of the well known Ukrainian drama, "Katerina," Sunday evening, December 7th last, at St. George's Catholic Church Hall on East Sixth Street in New York City.

Produced by Bill Gale and directed by M. Skorobohach, the group's offering was enthusiastically received by a capacity audience.

Augmented by several older veterans of the stage, the group's cast left little to be desired in the excellence of performance.

Leading roles were played by

Luba Kowalska, George Gaboda, M. Skorobohach, Olga Zadoretzka, Mrs. Milina, M. Terpak. The supporting cast consisted of Mildred Milanowicz, A. Dubas, and Mrs. Braznik. At the piano was Mrs. Osinchuk.

According to Bill Gale, the group is planning to present other Ukrainian plays in the near future. We hope it selects better ones than Katerina, one that would give the young players fuller opportunity to display their stage talent than did Katerina, which in its youthful days was probably quite nice but now actually creaks with age.

More power to the Ukrainian Dramatic Group. It deserves full support.

ica must be the problem of every American citizen. Prejudices still existing among various groups of American citizens can be removed by good will, by the understanding of our mutual interests and needs. Common social affairs and celebrations, knowledge and deep interest of one another's national characteristics, mutual action in each other's interest, mutual aid for each other's national institutions and organizations, good-will and cooperation in all fields of endeavor—these do not

weaken single groups, but on the contrary they strengthen them in every respect. Moreover, every group must carefully avoid any such action which hurt the feelings, the respect or the interest of another group.

The strengthening of the American concept of freedom and the complete obliteration of intolerance and prejudices of all groups, are today indispensable not only in this coun-

(Concluded on page 7)

# 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.)

(Concluded)

## Skovoroda

ONE hundred years later, Ukraine was blessed by another such defender of the rights of the people—Hrihori Savich Skovoroda, whose steps measured the length and breadth of Ukraine as he walked on foot, like an apostle, from village to village, preaching spiritual perfection and fulminating against the oppressors of his people. His is a great philosophy, which he concentrated in one pithy sentence: "God made all things necessary easy to attain, and all difficult—unnecessary."—Don't you think that this great rule applies more than ever to our day and age?

## Kotlyarevsky

Then comes Ivan Kotlyarevsky who in 1798 begins a new era of Ukrainian literature with his travestied "Aeneid," in which the living language of the people was restored to its honored position in Ukrainian letters. He was followed by a whole array of writers whose chief theme was the social betterment of the people. Mostly all of some twenty better known writers who wrote in the age of Shevchenko, or preceded him, presented a glaring picture of the injustice done to the peasants. Almost each one of them painted realistic pictures of those times when serfdom had reduced the common mass of humanity to an almost animal state of existence. One important fact to remember in this connection is that Ukrainian literature was the first in the world to introduce the peasants, their life, manners and customs, and their problems in the arena of world literature. Another important fact to remember in connection with these writers is that most of them wrote, or preferred to write, in Russian; but only a few succeeded in establishing themselves in Russian literature. And yet they all understood the significance and importance of the popular speech, and were driven, as if by fate, to write in the language of the masses. While their endeavor in the Russian sphere remains insignificant, in their native sphere they shine like stars of the first magnitude.

## Shevchenko

Need I say anything about Shevchenko? In him the entire genius of the Ukrainian people is incarnated. He is the compendium of all that made Ukraine what she has been and what she is now. So great, so powerful is his work and influence that one cannot but be proud to belong to the race to which he belonged.

## Franko

Space does not allow us to dwell at any great length on Markian

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(2) Shashkevich who effected a literary rebirth in Western Ukraine (Galicia), or on Yuri Fedkovich who did the same in Bukovina; but one certainly cannot pass over Ivan Franko with a mere mention of his name, because the man looms large before us in his Mosaic stature. For it was he who, like Moses, had led his people out of the Egyptian darkness, out of the land of spiritual bondage into the light of a new day, and for forty years had been their leader. Franko appeared on the scene to find the people a hireling (naymit) who ploughs a field which does not belong to him. Out of this hireling Franko made a pioneer (kamenyar), teaching him to pierce his way through the solid mountain of injustice beyond which lies the promised land. This pioneer Franko inspired with the eternal spirit of revolt against falsehood and injustice. And once the hireling becomes a pioneer, and once the pioneer is filled with the spirit of progress, he grows into a mass of seething humanity and moves like lava from an erupted volcano.

„Розвалилася руїна,  
Покотилася лавина,  
І де в світі тая сила,  
Щоб в бігу її спинила,  
Щоб згасила мов огонь,  
Розвідняючий день?”

(The evil ruin has collapsed, and the lava rushes down. And where in this wide world is there a power to arrest it in its course, to extinguish the light of dawning day.)

## Lesya Ukrainka

And could we even for a moment forget Lesya Ukrainka, that woman whose feeble body was enlivened by a mighty spirit, whose very weakness generated the strength of a legion, and who boldly revealed to her people their sins, transgressions and limitations, and flayed them mercilessly, pounding into them the consciousness of their nationhood. Is it any wonder then that Ivan Franko called her:

„Одинокий мужчина на всю соборну Україну?”

—“the only masculine being in the entire Ukraine”?

## Kotsyubinski

It is always in an attitude of reverence that I approach the glorious work of Mikhaylo Kotsyubinski, because I consider him to be the greatest artist Ukraine has ever produced. Kotsyubinski is a superb and supreme master of Ukrainian prose. In him the ethnographic school that prevailed in Ukrainian literature for a hundred years before him finds its essence. In him also is the essence of all that is artistic, refined and ideal in the Ukrainian genius. One is somewhat at a loss even to begin to reveal this man who, like Shevchenko in poetry, is in poetic prose an incomparable master. All one could do here is give but a smattering of this great author who all his life had been battling against the commonplace. And I heartily admire a man who seeks to rise above the commonplace reality and to reach into the clouds where to build his castles. I admire Kotsyubinski because he is like that Egyptian god whose feet are firmly planted on the solid ground, but whose head is among the stars. Kotsyubinski is the greatest enemy of the commonplace I know.

## His "Dream"

His story "The Dream" begins with the description of a petty clerk who lives in a dirty, muddy town. Day after day, month after month, and year after year he walks down the same bleak, grey streets to and from his dry and dusty work, on the way to which he meets the same ordinary faces. He is yearning for an ideal to brighten his life at least occasionally, but even his home is as uninviting and cold as the town itself. This petty clerk, whose heart is filled with the imperative need of beauty, is at the point of despair. He does not get any understanding from anyone, not even from his wife who is an ordinary commonplace woman, careless about her appearance, and forever pestering him with her dreams and insignificant domestic matters and chores. She does not nag him, no, she simply bores him. No sooner does he arrive home than he is confronted by his voluble wife who never seems to dry up. Time and time again she bores him either with the rising price of potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables, or by insisting on discussing the condition of the barrel which she intends to use for her dills or pickles. All that commonplace talk the man bears with the patience of a martyr. . . . One day, however, he wakes up unusually sprightly and cheerful. He has had a dream. His transformation frightens his woman, and she will not let him rest until he has told it to her. He does.—It seems he suddenly found himself on an enchanted island. High up on a cliff he saw a beautiful woman, extending her arms to the sun. She was a vision of loveliness, as you can well imagine. You can also imagine what happened. And you are right, because the dreamer did get to her, and together they sported through the enchanted, idyllic scenes, enjoying every manifestation of the natural phenomena, forgetful of all else. Their enjoyment goes on for many pages, while the wife listens with jealousy and apprehension. Finally, her anger rising to her throat, she cries out: "Did you kiss her?"—"Yes," he confesses, "I did."—Poor Martha (that is her name) bursts into tears, and although her husband seeks to console her and assure her that he did it quite innocently, merely in a dream, nothing helps. The fact remains that he admitted to kissing her, and that is enough for her. From that time on they quarrel frequently and bitterly, but Martha, however, does her best to brighten herself and the home for him. He has gained his end, his life is finally made beautiful, but at a price . . .

## Stefanik

Finally we come to Vasil Stefanik who in his miniature stories paints a glaring picture of the cruel lot of the peasants. These short stores are real, genuine jewels of artistry, and some of them are worth more than a full-length naturalistic novel. In them Stefanik depicts the sturdy characters of the soil who gain in strength even as they are pounded and crushed in the mortar of their fate. They are strong, hard-crusted individuals who are not afraid of speaking their minds to God Himself.—Stefanik's outstanding creation is old Maksim who, although aged and abandoned by all, still ploughs his field which is often fed by the drops of his blood. His sons have been killed in the war, and he is left all alone to tend his beloved land. It is heart-rending to hear him vent his grief to his Maker. And it is even more heart-rending to see him, in the eve-

ning, kneel down before the image of the Virgin and Christ and say these words:

„А Ти, Мати Божа, будь моєю газдинею; Ти з своїм Сином по середині, а коло Тебе мої сини. Андрій та Іван, по боках... Ти дала Сина одного, а я двох”.

(“And you, Mother of God, be my housekeeper, you and your son in the middle, and my own sons, Andriy and Ivan, on both sides of you. You have given one son, but I have given two.”) It is rarely that one finds anything so powerful in any literature.

The greatest scene in Stefanik's works, the scene one can never forget, is that in which the older, Andriy, comes to old Maksim and says: "Father, we are now setting to fight for Ukraine."—The old man is surprised and asks: "What kind of Ukraine are you talking about?"—And the son pierces a lump of earth and raises it on the point of his sword, saying: "This is Ukraine," and pointing the sword to his chest, he adds: "And here is her blood. We are off to regain our land from the enemy."—and the flash of the sword dazzles the man, who finally says: "Son, I still have a younger one than yourself. Take Ivan also with you for this sacred duty."—And so the sons go off to defend their land, while their mother, supporting herself against a post, looks speechless at their departing forms. At the station, as they are about to board the train, old Maksim says to them: "Don't go back now, and never never forget about me, because I am now all alone in this world. Your mother has died at the gates."—His sons die, leaving him to plow the fields alone, with only God above him to speak and complain to.

## "Grief, My Dire Grief"

And while he follows the plow pulled by a reluctant, decrepit horse, one seems to hear an overtone of a similar grief, and one seems to see the poor widow, the embodiment of the entire land of Ukraine. And this is the overtone heard above the entire music of Ukrainian literature:

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

## "Grief, my dire grief!"

With her brooding thoughts the poor widow has furrowed the field,  
With her dark eyes she has harrowed it,  
And with her thickly streaming tears she made it moist.”)

What are those mysterious thoughts which so potently furrow the field? What is the poor widow really thinking, and what power is it that makes her thinking so substantial? Is that power the never-dying spirit of the race of hardy men and women? Is it the power of the Ukrainian genius? What do you think?

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## EVER BEEN *Hungry*?

Ever been hungry? Not just missing one meal and then sitting down to dinner with a zestful appetite. We mean the hunger very few Americans have known.

On Army maneuvers when the "Blues" captured the kitchen trucks of the "Reds," and the latter did not eat for three days or so, some GIs became acquainted with hunger.

Ask any ex-GI who was a WP in a Nazi or Jap stockade of the endless days of ersatz coffee for breakfast and thin watery soup for supper. Soon you lose ambition, your muscles shrink, you begin to look like a walking skeleton. The day of liberation comes. With your whole body crying for food you attempt to gorge yourself, but can't. Your stomach has shrunk. Unaccustomed to food for such a long time your digestive system rejects it. Yes, ask the GI who was a Nazi or Jap PW.

Fortunately, these men had hope; of liberation. It came. But what of the unfortunate victims of war, the Displaced Persons, who must still endure the tragedy of man's inhumanity to man? Living in a country which mistreated them and now in which they are hated because they

must consume part of the meager local food supply. The constant fear that every day may be his last, fear of being shipped back to the Red Terror where, because of his pro-Free Ukraine sentiments, certain death awaits from a firing squad, or in slave-labor camp in Siberia. Is this what the war was fought for? Freedom from fear, freedom of religion, freedom from want?

A food package from America to these people alights new hope. "Someone cares! We are not forgotten! That great productive country America, where people are free to enjoy life, and liberty and the pursuit of happiness... they care!"

Or do they?...

Come on young American of Ukrainian descent, soften up a little! But for the Grace of God, and the fact that your parents came to this country before all this happened, you too might be suffering a similar fate. No one is ordering you to give anything, but, by all that's Holy, by all that America represents, by all that civilized moral codes teach, we must help these victims of war, our Ukrainian brethren, the Displaced Persons.

## The Driver and the Mare

By M. YATSKIV

(Translated by C. H. A.)

Although she was old, asthmatic and lean as a brake, she nevertheless pulled a wagon with a heavy load. From hard labor and malnutrition her eyes became covered with cataracts and she could see only as through a sieve. The road was uphill. The nag so strained her forces that her back was curved, and she breathed heavily with a sound similar to a distant wood-sawing. She would stumble and fall. Her skin had wrinkled up at her knee-joints; blood dripped from her cracked lips and from the wounds which had hardened into crusts on her back and haunches. She wanted to stop for breath, but the driver beat her bones

so hard that they appeared to show from out the skin. He was driving her on and screaming like one possessed. He knew that if she stopped she would not move again from the spot even if one were to cut her bit by bit. And she was all dripping from fatigue, as if she had just emerged from water. But not for long will she be able to stand the beatings. She trembles and hardly drags one foot after another, while the whip handle sounds hollowly against her skeleton.

The sly man saw that he could do nothing by simply beating her. So he changed his method:— He snatched a handful of hay, gave it to her to smell and stuck it under the harness, to the side of her head.

The nag made a few hurried steps, trying to reach the hay with her lips, but in vain did she twist her neck. It is so near, it tickles her nostrils with its fragrance! And the separate stems which stick out in front of her very eyes seem to her even thicker than the whip handle.

The driver again changed his meth-

(Concluded on page 6)

Members of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America or not, have your club sponsor an affair for Relief, pass the hat around at your next club meeting, do something to help! Mail these donations to the Relief Drive Committee of the Youth League, Box 106, Jersey City 3, N.J.

DANIEL SLOBODIAN,  
President, Ukrainian Youth's  
League of North America

## More Activity - - - - - by G. H.

REGARDLESS of what is said by others, the fact remains that the U.N.A. is the backbone of all important organized efforts of American Ukrainians. If an undertaking is on a large scale, the support from U.N.A. assures its success; if it is a local enterprise, it taps its virility from the local members of U.N.A. The reason for this is easy to see: U.N.A. is founded on the principle of sacrifice—sacrifice of money and toil for the common good.

The young members of U.N.A. are learning very slowly this principle of sacrifice. When a young man no longer looks to his parents but pays his own dues, he has learned a very important lesson in sacrifice. Similarly, attending Branch meetings, playing on U.N.A. ball team, working on a committee—these are only a few instances of sacrifices which call for money or effort or both.

As the year 1947 is rapidly approaching its end, there is a remarkable revival of activity in the U.N.A. Branches. A glance at the announcements in *Svoboda* and the *Ukrainian Weekly* is enough to convince anyone that the days of inactivity among our membership are behind us. The important fact in this revival is that our young members are in the center of things, for without them any revival would be impossible.

At the same time it must not be overlooked that the number of our young people actively involved in organizational work is merely "a drop in the bucket." There are almost forty-eight thousand members in the U.N.A. Every month brings more than a hundred new adult members into the organization, and these are mostly young men and women. Do they show any signs of activity in their Branches, or are they only dues-paying members? It seems that only a small, very small at that, proportion of our membership is engaged in any social function conducted by the U.N.A. Branches.

The same diagnosis goes for our Branches. Too many of them are dormant, content with getting a new

member now and then, collecting dues and letting nature take its course. Dame Nature, however, is relentless. Either the organization be up and doing, in which case the members profit socially and the Branch grows, or it becomes dormant and quickly deteriorates when there is no social life in it. Young members need activity and social life, and the branch must provide it for them; otherwise they will seek diversion elsewhere and become only dues-paying members. There is no attraction in a lifeless Branch for prospective members among the young people.

An organization of forty-eight thousand could do wonders in any field of interest if every member were active. One of the purposes of U. N. A., stipulated in the articles of incorporation, is to provide social life for its members. In fulfilling this obligation to its members U.N.A. goes as far as it is possible—by bringing them into mutual association in their Branches. The rest is up to them—to provide the means and the methods for their social outlet within the framework of their Branches.

To achieve that purpose there is a need of leadership in many of our Branches. Even that could be remedied if our members would attend their Branch meetings and make an effort in that direction. This is the month when our Branches go through an election of new officers. This is the month of the yearly meetings, and every young member ought to attend his if he wants his Branch to be progressive. Re-elect the officers who have been active, and replace the other kind, and you will put your Branch on the road to a living year instead of one of mere existence.

Working for the Branch means a sacrifice of time and effort. But our young members would be willing to give that if they realized that they could have all the fun they want in their U.N.A. Branch, without searching for fun elsewhere, if they all contributed toward making their Branch active.

## Trivia - - - - - By Sophia

### New Americans

THE mass of recent arrivals of Ukrainians from Europe brings to mind other mass immigrations, on a still larger scale than that of today. Although most of us did not live through the earliest immigration, we have heard stories about the hardships encountered by these Ukrainian immigrants, and many an amusing incident has been laughed at time and again.

The earliest immigrants, those of the late nineteenth century, had the most difficult time. When an adventurer was brave enough to leave his native Ukrainian village for far-off America, the farewell he was given by the congregation of villagers was comparable to a religious pilgrimage. Laden with gifts, he rode for three full days until he reached the port of embarkation, where he was to get aboard an ocean liner—no mention was made of the fact that he was to travel steerage. Our adventurer braved storms at sea, disagreeable food, and "mal de mer," a malady which seemed to affect the digestive systems of his fellow passengers as well. Whereas the Italian, German or Hungarian immigrant dreamed of an America with gold-paved streets, our Ukrainian immigrant visualized a Utopia with fences made of kobassa.

On arriving in the fabulous land, many of the newcomers were disappointed. Their former intentions may have been to make a quick million and hop the next boat back, but after catching glimpses of a few of the more unpleasant spots, the idea of the "quick million" was immediately abandoned. Uppermost in mind was the thought of getting back to the thatched-roofed hut which Ivan had left behind. But you can't book passage back unless you've the money to buy the ticket, and our hero soon discovered that you don't make money unless you work—kobassa fences or no kobassa fences. And so, in one way or another, the newly-arrived Ukrainian got to the mining district of Pennsylvania. There he succeed-

ed in getting a job in the mines for \$3.50 a week, (you can tell this was pre-John L. Lewis,) and living with so many other miners in such a small space that they likened themselves to herrings in a barrel. In the daytime, the night shift would occupy the beds, and at night the day shift got its shuteye. The sleeping hours were devoted to dreams of the fresh air and healthy living the miners had once known.

Many immigrants stayed in New York and other large seaboard cities, taking on any jobs which a knowledge of English was unnecessary, among them window cleaning and dishwashing. The "weaker sex" took lighter jobs, such as scrubbing offices while the city slept, or domestic service. Despite all these hardships, memories are selective, and although it's hard to forget some of the unpleasanties, it's much easier to remember the humorous incidents, such as the times when innocent immigrants, suspected of some misdemeanor and unable to defend themselves by their inability to utter one word of English, found themselves in jail for the night. Sometimes being in jail, despite the humiliation, was better than spending another cold night in the park.

Looking back on all these seeming injustices, it's hard for our "old" immigrants to extend sympathy to recent arrivals of the past few years, who appear to have luxuries unobtainable to the immigrants of 1900. And yet, having had the same feelings themselves, our "older" immigrants are not apt to discourage the newcomers, because as time passes, they too shall look back on their first years in America and be able to laugh at their own stories.

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## 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)

### Succour in the Nick of Time

AFTER having got rid of the Tartar, Pavlush decided it would best to return to Kodzhambaku, for now he was far off his contemplated route, and his chances of reaching Ukraine were very slim. More than likely he would run into other Tartars, and these might not be so easy to fool as had been the last one. Also, Pavlush knew that if he returned on his own volition, his punishment would be far less severe than if he was captured and brought back. Perhaps at some later time another chance of escape would offer itself, he thought. Accordingly, he turned his horse's head and started back.

Back in Kodzhambaku, in the household of Suleman and his son Mustapha-Efendi, excitement reigned, for Pavlush's escape had been discovered early in the morning. A herdsman had dashed in on his horse with the news. Mustapha was furious, and immediately ordered pursuit. He gave strict orders that when Pavlush was caught he was to be brought back immediately and given 100 lashes with a wire tipped scourge, and then sold to the first slave dealer.

When Pavlush rode in later on during the day, the pursuit had already gone after him. He was immediately seized and thrown into a dungeon under the house. The captives ominously shook their heads, for they knew what awaited him. When Mustapha learned that the boy had returned on his own volition, he relented, and gave order to have Pavlush scourged only 20 times. The scourging was to be done outside the house, in the "mydaan," so that all other captives would see it and profit thereby.

When Pavlush was informed of this by one of the captives who brought him some water and a crust of bread, he experienced not even the slightest tinge of fear. He had already resigned himself to his fate. And yet, he felt sure that Virgin Mary would aid him in some manner. So, without a worry on his mind, he fell soundly asleep.

Tired by the flight, Pavlush slept like one dead. He was not awakened until the following morning. The sun had already risen high, when the door to his cell was thrown open by Ibrahim the renegade, who motioned him to follow.

Still under the influence of sleep, Pavlush followed the overseer up the winding steps until they reached the courtyard. The blaze of sunlight drove the last vestiges of sleep out of him. Led by the renegade, Pavlush rapidly crossed the courtyard, through the open gate, and out into the crowded busy "mydaan." He immediately perceived that all trading and business had ceased, and that all were crowded around the center of the "mydaan," waiting to witness the scourging. A mass of captives testified that Mustapha's order that all captives witness the scourging as an example to them was thoroughly obeyed.

Having reached the center, Pavlush glanced around. He perceived among the captives the kind face of Ostap Shvydky. The latter had tears in his eyes, for he hated to see such a mere boy be punished so. Pavlush gave him a reassuring smile.

Keeping a tight hold on Pavlush, the overseer raised his other hand to command silence. After a hush had fallen over the assemblage, he began to recite in a loud voice the charges against Pavlush, his punishment, and concluded with a warning to the captives that far worse would await them if any attempted to escape.

Pavlush fell strangely unafraid. He calmly regarded those around him, and perceived in the window of Mustapha's home the figure of Mustapha himself. Apparently the latter had appeared to personally inspect the punishment, and to see its effect upon the captives.

Just as Ibrahim was finishing his long-winded harangue, a commotion appeared at one end of the "mydaan," in the direction of the gate. Necks craned around to see who it was to dare Mustapha's displeasure by interrupting these proceedings. The answer was not long in coming. A body of horsemen, led by an imposing man whose rich livery proclaimed him to be a mullah in the employ of some very high dignitary, cantered towards the center of the "mydaan." Everyone gave way before these strangers.

Spurring his way towards the center, the leader imperiously signalled to the overseer to cease his bellowing. Even Mustapha craned his neck to see better his brows beetling in displeasure at this interruption. They quickly resumed their placidity, however, when the mullah began to announce in a sing-song fashion his identity and mission.

"Hear ye! all ye unbelieving giaours! My master, his highness the Grand Vizier, the Khan's comrade—may Allah grant him long life—bade me in his merciful kindness to inquire of you unbelieving slaves if there be any among you who hath knowledge concerning the present whereabouts of his beloved son, Mustapha-Aga, who left his revered father's ancestral home last summer in command of a warring expedition to Ukraine, there to smite the unbelievers and bring eternal glory to Allah and to his prophet Mahomet. If there be one or any among you who knows where his highness Mustapha-Aga can be found, then he shall be richly rewarded. But whosoever withholds such information, then he shall suffer a most painful death."

No sooner did he finish, than another Tartar from his retinue translated the same into the Ukrainian language.

## Ukrainian Nuns Open College

Former WAC Becomes Student; Relates History of Order

By MARY E. GRADY

The first group of Ukrainian women with whom I had close personal contact consisted of refugees and displaced persons. That was in Germany in 1945. At that time, I was a member of the U.S. armed forces, and had no idea I would later find myself studying at Manor College, Fox Chase, Pa., under the guidance of Ukrainian Catholic nuns, with their mother tongue as one of my most enjoyable subjects.

The Sisters of St. Basil the Great represent the oldest religious order of women in the Catholic Church. To the pleasure and excitement which the first few weeks in college hold for any student, Manor College has added, for me, an extra touch of the unexpected—an introduction to the knowledge of the inspiring history of the Byzantine-Old Slavonic Rite. This beautiful rite is observed by the Sisters in their chapel as it has been consistently observed by Ukrainian Catholics since the days of their conversion.

The Sisters of St. Basil first came to the United States in 1911, at the request of the late Most Rev. Ortynsky, then Bishop of the American Ukrainian diocese. Their mission was to labor among the Ukrainian Catholic people of this country in both parochial and charitable work.

### College Established

After establishing their Motherhouse in Fox Chase, a suburb of Philadelphia, the Sisters received many candidates from among the American-born women of Ukrainian descent which enabled them to spread throughout the country teaching and working among their people. Today the Sisters have many missions in such cities as Pittsburgh, Detroit, and Chicago.

Even before he was through, in a flash Pavlush recollected a scene from last summer, indelibly impressed in his mind:—The battle between the Kozaks and the Tartars—the escaping Tartar horseman—Semen the the Helpless's noose sailing through the air, bringing the fleeing one to the earth—the discovery that he was a Tartar noble—Mustapha-Aga!

Pavlush stepped forward.

"I know where your young master can be found," he said, in the Tartar language.

The mullah looked down upon him with an expression of disbelief.

"How can you know, when you have been here a long time already?" he demanded.

The overseer Ibrahim, bent in double before the mullah, assured

In 1930 they opened St. Basil's Academy in Fox Chase on the same grounds where this year they realized their long ambition and established the college.

Manor College is affiliated with the Catholic University of America. Its curriculum includes full liberal arts and home economics courses. As stated before, it includes Ukrainian in its list of studies, which language is recognized as the key to the varied Slavic tongues.

The background history of the Order of St. Basil the Great helps to give an understanding of the scholarship and character-building ability of the nuns. In keeping with this, it is noteworthy that the Sisters have placed the college under the patronage of St. Macrina, natural sister of St. Basil and the foundress of their order. This holy woman, born in the early fourth century, holds the distinction of being the first to have lived under monastic rule as set forth by her saintly brother. This rule is followed today by many Religious throughout the world.

St. Basil, one of the great doctors of the Eastern Church, has been given credit for the perfection of the religious life as we know it today and we are told it was from him that the great St. Benedict received his idea of monasticism in the Western Church.

The Ukrainians with whom I associated abroad were mainly displaced persons suffering from the aftermath of the war. It is heartening to find that, here in America, Religious of Ukrainian descent are in a position to open a new college.

("The Tablet," Catholic weekly, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1947)

him that Pavlush was here only a short time.

"Yes? Then tell us where he can be found! And if you lie, I'll have your tongue torn out!" he commanded.

"Not to you, but to your master will I tell," Pavlush said boldly, as a sudden idea struck his mind.

The mullah ill-concealed his displeasure at this, but turning to the overseer said briefly,

"This young captive will accompany me to the Grand Vizier."

An audible sigh of relief was heard from several captives, for now they knew that Pavlush had escaped punishment.

"Mount that horse, and come with us," the mullah ordered Pavlush.

Pavlush was quickly let loose, but before mounting he stepped forward under the window from which Mustapha was looking, and with a bit of mockery in his voice asked,

"Do you still desire that I be beaten now, or is it your pleasure to wait until I return?"

Mustapha frowned heavily at this impertinence, but he was powerless to do anything, for Pavlush was now in the custody of one who represented far greater power than he had.

Pavlush laughed outright in his face, and, mounting his horse, rode off with the mullah and his followers.

(To be continued)

## Ukrainian Xmas Cards



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## Appears As Concert Soloist

The Wright Junior College Community Band presented its Annual Popular Concert, Friday, December 12th, at 8 p.m. in the Wright College Auditorium, 3400 North Austin Ave., under the direction of Captain John H. Barabash. The 95 piece band was composed of the Wright College Band and prominent instrumentalists of the community.

Capt. Barabash is a well known Ukrainian American band leader.

One of the featured guest soloists was Miss Elva Joan Barabash, 2830 North Parkside avenue, daughter of Captain John H. Barabash, who at 15 is an accomplished pianist. She played Grieg's Piano Concerto with band accompaniment. Elva Joan has appeared in several concerts and recitals in Chicago. She is a 2A student at Steinmetz High School.

At the age of 8, Elva Joan was presented in a recital by herself by the Chicago Conservatory of Music in Kimball Hall. Since then she has appeared in many recitals, concerts, and other public functions. At the age of 10 she became the pupil of the famous and distinguished artist and teacher Howard Wells and today she is considered one of his foremost talented pupils. Elva Joan, or Donia as she is popularly called, is also an honor student at high school and has held a place on the honor roll all through grammar school and high school. She is a member of the Children's Dept. of the U.N.A.

Last spring Donia appeared at a music festival playing Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasy" with the Wright



ELVA JOAN BARABASH

College Band accompaniment and was such a huge success that she was requested to appear with the same organization again. She will also play the same Grieg's Piano Concerto with the Steinmetz High School Orchestra on December 11th.

The band played popular compositions including Bennett's, "From Africa to Harlem," "Rhapsodic Revolution," Gould's "American Salute," Hoagy Carmichael's "A Rocking Chair," and Padilla's "El Relicario." Also included was Mozart's, "Marriage of Figaro," Wagner's Introduction to Act III of "Lohengrin," and "Overture of 1812" by Tchaikowsky.

## On Record - - - by Ted Victor

A FEW weeks ago I had the pleasure of attending the Ukrainian Youth's League Rally in Pittsburgh, Pa. I shall not attempt to describe the entire affair. That has been well taken care of in the Ukrainian Weekly and will be in the forthcoming issue of the UYL-NA's Ukrainian Trend. I shall merely make a few comments and offer a few opinions concerning the musical portion of the Pittsburgh Rally.

The concert was presented on Sunday afternoon before a full house in the McKees Rocks' National Home. Taking part in the program were the following: an a cappella chorus, a Ukrainian folk dance group, a baritone soloist, a soprano soloist, a young violinist with his younger brother accompanying him on the piano, an orator, two speakers, plus an able master of ceremonies. Glancing over this list of participants, it seems difficult to believe all the complaints about the lack of talent in Pittsburgh. Yet such was the case, the people of Pittsburgh just didn't seem to realize that they were capable of doing something out of the ordinary. Naturally it would be wrong to over-emphasize this one concert. It was just a concert, but it could have been something more.

The concert was held in a national home that did not have any window shades or curtains to keep out the brilliant sun. This prevented the utilization of lights which do much

to enhance the beauty of any sort of performance. The stage was small, not adaptable for dancing or choral singing. Besides that a row of plants directly in front of the performers was distracting and prevented the audience from viewing the intricate steps of the dancers. Despite these conditions I feel certain that no one failed to realize the real potentialities of the program.

The chorus under the able direction of Mr. Ted Kotula was a very pleasant surprise. Despite the short period they had been organized, the chorus members showed a good deal of discipline. Throughout they sang sensibly and with a definite feeling for the music. Especially good were the group's pianissimo passages in many of the songs. Certainly it would be a pity if this group does not continue to sing and strive to better itself. I'm not alone when I say that there is no reason why Mr. Kotula's chorus should not become one of the best in the country.

I shall not go into further detail concerning the entire affair. Instead I should like to venture this opinion. If the talent that took part in the Pittsburgh Rally Concert had been utilized in a different manner, the results would have been short of phenomenal. An equipped auditorium, a few simple sets, etc. But mainly a will to work on the part of everyone would have turned just another concert into something new and interesting.

## Youth and the U.N.A.

### 15-Year-Old U.N.A. Member Killed by Car

One of the most diligent pupils at the St. Catherine's Collegiate, Annie Yarmola, 15, was struck by a car in the afternoon of December 2nd, as she alighted from a bus in front of her home. She was rushed to the St. Catherine's General Hospital in the city ambulance, but died of her injuries at 9 P.M., the same day.

She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Yarmola, R. R. 2., St. Catherine's, Ontario, Canada. The accident occurred on the Lake Shore road, a mile and a half east of McNab. It was reported that the girl had stepped off a bus, walked around behind it, and stepped into the path of a car driven by Ernest Fast, 18, also of R. R. 2. Fast told Provincial Constable Jack Sharratt that he saw the girl get off the bus and slackened speed, thinking the girl would wait. When she stepped into the path of the car, he had no time to stop.

"I just saw her books fly into the air," sobbed Annie's little sister, Olga, 8, who was waiting on the lawn for her sister to return home, and saw the accident happen. The little girl was half-hysterical.

Dr. J. L. Poirier said the victim died of shock and concussion. No decision regarding an inquest has been reached.

At the St. Catherine's Collegiate, where Annie had been a student in Grade 10 Commercial, Principal W. J. Salter announced the sad news of her death the next morning to the assembly. He took the occasion to warm the pupils again to observe precautions.

Annie's teachers said she was one of the most studious pupils they had.

Last year she had to be asked to reduce her work. Although she had permit to allow her to help at home, she asked permission to come to school on rainy days to receive as much education as possible. Her marks last year made her an honor student.

Funeral services were held from the home of her parents on December 5th. A high mass of requiem was sung in St. Catherine Church. Interment was made in Victoria Lawn cemetery.

The late Miss Yarmola was a member of Branch 427 of the Ukrainian National Association since June 30th 1945. She was insured for \$500 under a juvenile 20-Payment Life certificate requiring a monthly contribution of \$1.04. Even though Annie was a member only for two-and-one-half years, during which time only about \$30 was paid on on her U.N.A. insurance, her beneficiaries will receive the full face value of \$500.

### U.N.A. PASSES 48,000-MEMBER-SHIP MARK

During the month of November no less than 362 new members were admitted into the U.N.A.—195 children and 167 adults—boosting the total membership of the fraternal benefit society to the all-time high of 48,001.

All efforts are being made to increase the membership to 50,000 in the shortest possible time. Every branch of the U.N.A. was given a quota to fill, and several of the branches have already fulfilled their obligations by organizing the necessary number of members.

The current membership campaign of the organization is gaining momentum, and every indication points

## An Olympic Possibility

By IVAN J. NAKONY

Senior Women's Individual Track and Field Champion of Canada, 1947,—that is the latest achievement of Miss Sylvia Fedoruk, young Ukrainian Canadian. Her life's story is a success story, with the crowning event a dream possibility—she may represent Canada in the 1948 Olympics!

She was born in Canora, Sask., and entered Scotland School at Wroxton, Saskatchewan. Public school was an opening for bigger and better things.

In 1941, Sylvia took up residence with her parents at Windsor, Ontario, where she attended the Walkerville Collegiate. Here her athletic and academic recognition began. For three consecutive years she received the highest athletic awards for all events except swimming. Upon graduating in her fourth year of high school she was awarded the Hon. Paul Martin Medal and a four hundred dollar scholarship for retaining for four consecutive years the highest academic marks in her classes and the highest athletic awards.

In September, 1946, Sylvia entered the University of Saskatchewan in the College of Arts and Sciences, with the intention of graduating in honors in Physics.

As soon as all her classes were straightened out she began her women's sports try-outs. It did not take more than a week before she was on the University of Saskatchewan Women's Senior Basketball team. In the Western Canada Inter-Varsity Track Meet in October she threw the Javelin and Softball farther than any varsity or high school girl in Western Canada.

That was not enough to this energetic girl. She was appointed Women's Sports Editor of the University newspaper "The Sheaf." The Alpha Omega elected her as the University Greystone representative. In April, 1947, the Women's Athletic Board elected her as one of its members, where she will hold office for the next two years. She was on the University of Saskatchewan Senior Women's Basketball team, Huskiettes, which won the Western Inter-Varsity Women's championship at Edmonton in February, 1947.

But—that is not all. After April exams in 1947, the University announced that she had won the First Year University Scholarship in Arts and Science for 1946-47.

What an athlete! What a brain! What a girl! However, her successes which started in high school, continued in university and, branching out of the province, have now reached dominion status.

On July 25th and 26th, 1947, Sylvia represented Saskatchewan in the Dominion Inter-Provincial Track Meet held in Edmonton. There she participated in and won the following awards:

Women's Javelin Throw—1st in the Dominion of Canada.

(Concluded on page 6)

## New England Ukrainian Basketball League to Meet

A meeting of this district league will be held this Sunday afternoon, December 21, at 2 p.m. at St. Mary's Club, 25 Beach St., Bridgeport, Conn. . . . Steven Moniuk of 60 Beacon View Drive, Fairfield, Conn., is director of this district league. It is hoped that all clubs will send representatives to this organizational meeting . . . To date, two teams have already signified their intentions to join. They are: Woonsocket Uke Vets (Tony Basan) and Bridgeport St. Mary's (Steve Moniuk). Other colonies and clubs that should be represented are: New Britain Vets, New Haven, Hartford Cossacks, Terryville, Ansonia, Medford and Providence. **Let's go you New Englanders, let's organize a Ukrainian Basketball League.** Address all questions to Director Moniuk or to the writer, Walter W. Danko, Sports Director, of UYL-NA, 347 Avenue C, Bayonne, N. J.

### THE UKRAINIAN YOUTH LEAGUE AND BASKETBALL

Much space in this paper has already been taken up by this writer in reporting the progress of all the UYL-NA's district basketball leagues. Well now is the time, I believe, to present our plans for organizing all Ukrainian basketball competition in these areas to all you sports-minded Ukrainian clubs.

Our first job is to set up district organizations in all Ukrainian populated areas—therefore, we have designated the following areas as districts: 1. New England, 2. New York City, 3. Northern New Jersey, 4. South Atlantic, 5. Scranton-Wilkes-Barre, 6. Upper State New York, 7. Toronto, 8. West Pennsylvania, 9. Ohio, 10. Detroit, 11. Chicago, and 12. St. Paul. With these designations completed,—persons of known calibre were approached to help organize competition in their respective areas. With the result, that the following have been appointed UYL-NA district sports directors (I will enclose their addresses so that any interested clubs can contact them):

#### East—

New England Ukrainian League—Steven Moniuk, 60 Beacon View Drive, Fairfield, Conn.

New York City Ukrainian League—Ted Dusanenko, 1142 Coll Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

New Jersey Ukrainian League—Eugene Wadiak, 35 Mary St., Carteret, N. J.

#### North—

Upper New York State League—William Hussar, 291 Hudson Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Toronto Ukrainian League—Jean Harasyn, 378 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

#### South—

South Atlantic League—Dietric Slobogin, 2154 North 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wilkes Barre-Scranton League—Ted Wozniak, 1532 Second Avenue, Berwick, Pa.

#### West—

Western Pennsylvania League—Andrew Kritsky, 933 Summit Avenue, Monessen, Pa.

In Ohio, Detroit, Chicago and St. Paul, appointments have yet to be made. . .

Meetings were called, and are still being called, to further organize these district leagues. This is why I always stress these gathering in

my articles, because I know for a fact that before any national organization can be formulated—all the district area leagues must first be set up—reasonably sound.

With all these leagues being set up—a standard constitution was drawn up by this writer and an advising committee. To these by-laws all the teams in the UYL-NA district leagues will have to abide by. This will more or less standardize Ukrainian competition.

Provisions governing all phases of league play were included in these by-laws along with one important factor—all leagues must complete their regular schedules by mid-February. The reason? Well, sectional playoffs are being planned for the East, North, South and West—Participating in these playoffs will be the champs of each respective district league, and these playoffs will be held on February 21 and 22 (Washington Birthday) in each of these 4 sections. Here is an example of what is being planned for the Eastern Sectional Playoff. Following is a tentative schedule:

#### Saturday, February 21—

- (A) 7:00 P.M. New England Champs vs. New York City Champs.  
(B) 8:30 P.M. New Jersey Champs vs. Guest UYL-NA Team.  
10:00 P.M. Social.

#### Sunday, February 22—

- 1:30 P.M. Finals—Winner of Game vs Game B.  
7:00 P.M. Banquet (plans are being made to obtain big-name Ukrainian Sport Stars for this affair).  
9:00 P.M. Sports Dance. . . .

Sounds good?—The winners of all four (4) sectional will then converge to one central city, where the nationals will be held. (Bids are open to any interested cities who wish to hold the National Tournament. For details, write to the National Sports Director).

This is our basketball program. With a fair amount of cooperation and help, all these plans should unquestionably materialize. So if you team isn't entered into one of our district leagues, do so now—because only teams participating in our district leagues will be eligible to play in any of our post-season sectional and national tournaments. Remember any kind of club is eligible to enter, whether Veteran, Choral, Church, Fraternal or Social—the only stipulation is that it must be Ukrainian.

WALTER W. DANKO,  
National Sports Director  
UYL-NA

### OLYMPIC POSSIBILITY

(Concluded from page 5)

Women's Softball Throw—1st in the Dominion.

Women's 8-lb. Shotput—2nd in the Dominion.

Women's Discus Throw—3rd in the Dominion.

In recognition of her brilliant athletic feats, the T. Eaton Company presented her with their trophy for Senior Women's Individual Championship in Canada.

In early summer of 1948 Sylvia will compete in the Dominion Olympic Track Trials. If she equals the Dominion standards, she will be invited to participate in the World

## U.N.A. Bowlers Compete in Jersey City

The eighth in the series of bowling tournaments sponsored by the U. N. A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N.J.-N.Y. area took place on Sunday, December 7th, at the Bergen Square Recreation alleys in Jersey City. All eight member teams were represented, and the general feeling among them seemed to be that of satisfaction to resume competition again after a layover of two weeks. With only six more sessions to go to the end of the season, the men are looking forward to a gala dance to be held on January 10th at the Ukrainian Home in Elizabeth, N. J. which will culminate the first U.N.A. sponsored venture in organized bowling competition among its members and friends. The results of the matches held on December 7th produced several surprises. Branch 435 of New York lost one of their men in the New York traffic and had to bowl with four men, but their girl cheering section was present in full force. The cheering section evidently curtailed the activity of the Perth Amboy "Vets" Team "B," since New York won two games. A. Semkow with a 408 set was the steady key man for New York, while P. Gadek, who throws one of the fastest balls in the League, was the high man for the "Vets." J. Pawluch's 180 in the final game enabled the boys from Perth Amboy to obtain their lone victory.

Branch 14 of Newark suddenly trounced Jersey City by winning two games, losing the second by only eight pins via the handicap route. The Molinsky Brothers & Co. had several secret bowling sessions on the "lanes" prior to this match and they really had plenty of power. "Big Noise" Laszek and the Jersey City cheering section couldn't cope with Branch 14 performances and they quieted down to a whisper in

the final game when Branch 14 had 785 to 655 for Jersey City.

B. Magalus, with a 198 in the big game and a 505 set led Branch 14, being ably supported by M. Molinsky who had 200 in the final game and a 489 set. R. Krychkowski had 436, thereby leading the Jersey City tem, and Laszek managed to make 161 in the second which was responsible for the lone Jersey City win.

Perth Amboy "Vets" team "A" bowled with two men "blind" but managed to win one game from Irvington as W. Telis bowled 213-179-212 to make a 604 set, a new league record for high singles three-game set, beating the old mark of 590 by M. Kobran of Elizabeth. Irvington came through to win the final two games when they bowled 822 and 809. This was a local record for Irvington since 822 is the highest team game they have bowled. M. Lytwyn with a 497 set was outstanding for Irvington. M. Zaleski had a 173 and 478 set which was his best performance thus far.

The Penn-Jersey Club of Newark outclassed Elizabeth Sitch by winning the final game by three pins after they split the first two. M. Gawdun, the "Speedball King" of the league and J. Trybus, the anchor man, both doubled in the last frame to produce the Newark victory in the final game. J. Trybus, with a 476 set was high man for the Penn-Jersey Club. P. Kardash was high for Elizabeth with a 190 in the lone second game victory and a 526 set.

It certainly seems like it is going to be a close race for first place in the bowling league, and no team as yet is recognizable as a sure winner. The progress of the Penn Jersey Club in the second half should be closely followed as they have the potentialities for a strong finish as evidenced by their close victories over the league leaders.

### U.N.A. BOWLING LEAGUE

#### Team Standings

	Won	Lost	Per-cent	High Game	Total Pins	Average
1. Sitch, Elizabeth	13	6	.750	914	18931	789
2. Jersey City, U.S.C.	16	8	.667	863	17149	715
3. Penn Jersey Club, Newark	13	11	.542	882	18387	766
4. "Uke" Vets P.A. team "A"	12	12	.500	827	18028	751
5. Irvington C. & S. Club	10	14	.417	822	17123	713
6. Br. 435 U.N.A., N. Y.	10	14	.417	811	16075	670
7. "Uke" Vets P.A. Team "B"	9	15	.375	750	16071	670
8. Br. 14 U.N.A., Newark	8	16	.333	785	16352	681

TED OHAR

### DRIVER AND MARE

(Concluded from page 3)

exhausted, she again lowered her head:

The driver changed his method:—He pulled the hay from under the harness, ran up a step or two and held out the turf to her. The nag exerts the remainder of her strength, trudges onward the best she can, but the hay continually flies away from her, while the road steadily rises upwards.

Heavy clouds stand massively above. It seems as if God had cursed and destroyed the entire world, and left only this driver and the old nag as an eternal memory of the destroyed creation.

When they finally found themselves on top of the hill and were about to descend on the other side, he gave her the hay, but she reeled

and dropped to the ground. In her death convulsions she stretched out her legs, inhaled several times so deeply and with such difficulty that her head seemed to split, and finally she died.

In her glassy eyes there were tears, and in the features of her head was reflected an age-long hell of suffering.

Once upon a time she was a fine and strong mare, she served the Emperor and, to take her place in his service, she gave birth to younger ones.

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Olympics to be held in London, England, during July and August, 1948. ("Opinion," Winnipeg, Canada)

## Southwestern Pa. Basketballers to Set Up Regional UYL-NA League

We are taking this means to inform all sports-minded Ukrainian American youth in the Pittsburgh district that a meeting is going to be held on Saturday afternoon, December 20th, 1947, at 3:00 o'clock in the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, for the purpose of setting up a Ukrainian basketball league in this district.

The League will be known as the Ukrainian Basketball League of Southwestern Pennsylvania, and it will be affiliated with the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

Since the time which we have is getting short, we are taking this media, besides making as many direct contacts as possible, to extend this invitation to each and every Ukrainian organization in the Pittsburgh area, be it a social, benefit, choral, veteran or church group, to send their representatives to the meeting.

Whether your organization or club is presently sponsoring any type of sport or not, and whether or not you are an officer in your organization, we sincerely hope, that there will be someone in each community to feel himself to be enough of a Ukrainian to see that someone from his group, club, organization or community be present at the meeting. We make this wholehearted appeal because our time is very limited and because it is impossible to personally contact all organizations, their officers and those who manage the sports activities for their organizations, where sports prevail.

You community may be one of those in which it is practically impossible to secure a basketball court, either for practice or for scheduled games. But we wish to point out that you are not alone in this respect. Should this be the condition in your case, please do not let it deter you from attending this meeting.

There is much to discuss but our space is limited here. However, we do wish to point out one thing more, and that is, that every organization will be starting out from "scratch." So as long as there is any possibility of a team being formed where you are, and if you are Ukrainian-minded, and would like to see a better understanding and more activity among our people, here then is an opportunity to do something about it. We know that among other communities, which we may not have at our finger-tips at the moment, there are young Ukrainians in Pittsburgh, Aliquippa, Ambridge, Arnold, Altoona, Beaver Falls, Butler, Carnegie, Derry, Ford City, Homestead, Jeannette, Johnstown, Lyndora, McKeesport, McKees Rocks, Monessen, New Castle and New Kensington and Wilmerding.

We do hope that every one of these communities will be represented by at least one organization. It would be a shame if all other districts organized (and they are going to) basketball leagues and we in Western Pennsylvania failed.

This meeting is called by and will be in charge of Andrew Kritsky, Sports Director of the Western Division of the UYL-NA, 933 Summit Avenue, Monessen, Pa.

### SVOBODA EDITORIAL (Concluded from page 1)

try but in all other countries as well. Only America is able to safeguard the freedom, peace and prosperity for the world. First of all, however, she must show this world "practical evidence that we are able to put our own house in order." We must strengthen our Democracy and demonstrate to all other nations that freedom is the best means for unity and progress, for peace and prosperity. Complete tolerance, cooperation of the racial, ethnical and religious groups of America, may induce the countries of their origin to reconsider their relations and take steps accordingly. Not by the support of antagonisms or prejudices on the soil of America, but by tolerance, by the practical realization of American principles of the equality of man, will they be of best service to other nations. It would help them banish the main cause of wars and perpetual misunderstandings.

This is "the turning point of American Democracy in world history," of which Mr. Truman spoke. Accordingly, the first and sacred task falls on the racial, ethnical and religious groups of America. By removing the last remnants of prejudices they would help Uncle Sam in the realization of his greatest mission in the world's history: To help all nations to create and to safeguard freedom, lasting and just peace, and at the same time to create the most essential condition for economical prosperity and cultural progress.

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

### PHILLY STREAK STOPPED

After opening this Basketball season with three consecutive wins, the Philadelphia Ukrainian American Quintet went in reverse by failing in three home games on November 9, 10, and 13.

The Chester Ukes, thanks to their height, began the string with a 72-44 conquest. Next, the South Philadelphia Warriors, with much speed and deception, chalked up an 86-64 thrashing. Thursday November 13th, the third defeat was given by the Kowalski Post 49-43 in a hotly contested match.

Winning stride came when all of the Gold and Blue Wave routed Panthers A. C. 74-20 on Monday November 17th. Again every Quaker Ukrainian scored in a 65-42 spanking of the Sokols Club on Thursday but were upset by the same squad on Saturday, November 22nd, 55-42 on the latter's court.

Woodstown, New Jersey Merchants' 20 points in the final period was not enough to win in a 74-70 triumph for the locals on Monday night, November 24th.

Millville Ukrainians handed Philadelphia their fifth defeat of the campaign 63-53 on November 30, a Sunday encounter.

The following evening with only five men in action, the Ukes were whipped by McCann Dairies, 53-44.

On Thursday night, Joe Pistun smashed his own record by collecting 41 hay-makers while his mates were breezing by Camden-Philadelphia Armenians, 67-41. Two days

later, Saturday, December 6th, the Sokols Club again was toppled 41-36.

Sewell A. C. gathered twenty-seven markers in the fourth quarter to easily edge out and hand the Ukes their seventh loss 59-47 against eighth victories.

John Nagurny,  
Diet Slobogin.

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## СУСІДИ

Пилип був Степанові найближчим сусідом, однолітком і — неперимиримим ворогом. Чому воно так склалося, важко сказати. Та воно вже так якось водиться, що найближчі сусіди звичайно або найкращі приятелі, або найгірші вороги.

Ото ж з Пилипом було це останнє. Ще їх батьки якось ворогували: то грядка, то кури, то пліт, — ніби навмисно підлазили й пакостили, щоб за них сусіди сварилися. То так перейшло це і на Пилипа.

Політичних спорів у них не було ніколи. Політикою Пилип не цікавився, залишаючи її зовсім Степанові, що то змалку вже возився з книжками та газетами, як баба зі ступою. Оженившись, Пилип дбав про хату, про їжу для себе, жінки й дітей, — й тільки. В читальні бував часом; але те, що там говорили, йому одним вухом входило до голови, а другим виходило. На те й дав Бог два вуха.

Класової боротьби між ними теж не могло бути: обидва вони були „пролетарі“ хатина, город, дві скиби поля і — по три дитячі роти, що безупину їсти хотять. Степан то раз сміявся в читальні з тої біди:

— Ми, — каже, — обидва бідні ось чому: Стоїмо собі раз вечером біля наших воріт, аж дивимось — де старець. Ну, як же українській душі не прийняти старця на нічліг та не накормити його? Прощу я його до себе, а Пилип до себе. А він подивився на нас і каже: „Ви зробили, як Христос навчав. Ба жайте собі за те, що хочете, а станеться“. І лице його зяєніло дивним світлом. Я подумав та й кажу: „Дай мені, святий чоловіче, таку корову, щоб денно десять літрів молока давала і десять літрів сметани і двічі в рік телілась“. „Добре!“ — І чую, а позад мене заричала корова. А Пилип тоді каже: „А мені, — хай так: я вже для себе не хочу нічого, тільки так зроби, святий чоловіче, щоб Степанові та корова зараз здохла“. — Ну, — кінчив Степан свій жарт, — і ми залишилися далі обидва бідні.

Єдине те, за що Пилип міг свідомо плекати бажання пімсти на Степанові, трапилось недавно. Пилип, як сказано, політикою не цікавився. Але, як оце в друге повернулися Совети і йому, біднякові Пилипові, дала комуна аж три гектари панського поля, і то зовсім задармо, то Пилип почув до них величезну вдячність. Він хвалив їх на кожному кроці. І от одного разу запросили вони його зі собою на мітинг до сусіднього села. Прийшли, а людей повна читальня, чоловіків і жінок. Говорив голова сільради, говорив делегат компартії, а потім казали говорити йому. Так він оповів, як то йому зле жилось колись, а як добре живеться тепер.

— А все те дав мені наш Сталин, наш батько, наш учитель, наш...

Він урвав, бо забракло йому слова. І в тій хвилині почув, як стара жінка, що сиділа в першому ряду, зареготалася. Він подивився збентежено на неї і — стало йому якось неприємно. Глянув ще раз на неї і помітив, що в жінки лице — побрите... Пилип перевів свій погляд на політрука, потім знов на жінку. Політрук пішов за його поглядом, задержав свій зір на жінці і — зблід.

— Говоріть, говоріть, пожалуйте! — сказала вона, сміючись глумливо. Йї голос ніяк не виглядав жіночим.

Пилип не тямить вже, як то було потім. Він знає лише, що політрука і двох енкаведистів, що були з ним, пустили „в роти“, а йому всипали десять танди гарячих, що ще до сьогодні пече, коли почухається в те місце.

— Тобі б те саме, що он тим! Але ти все ж — українська кров! То на перший раз черкнемо тільки в спину, щоб у голові засвітилося.

І черкнули, здорово! Пилип присягнув би, що голос дідугана, командира повстанців, що говорив це, це голос — його сусіда Степана. І за те він може бажати пімсти.

\* \* \*

Закінчення прийшло несподівано і несподіване для обох.

„Товариші з міста“ казали Пилипові виїхати в ліс по сіно. Але, як він повертався з ліса, то на возі, зарившись добре в сіно, їхало п'ять енкаведистів. А як він заїхав до стодоли, вони злізли й обережно скрадаючись в сумерку надходячої ночі, перейшли до Пилипової хати.

— Сьогодні він вже нам попадеться! — казали вони, споглядаючи на Степанову хату. — Скінчиться! Затріпаеш ногами на шнурку!

— Ну й розгулялись ті кляті хахли!... „Україонці“... Германця розбили, а тих невинних мажоринців не зліквідуеш. Усе тобі вилізе: „Петлюровці“, а тепер „бандеровці“. А все ті самі.

— Нічево, — сміється рудий, — ще один тридцять третій рік устроїмо і вкоськаєм. Будуть хати танцювати, як ми скажемо! Пилип знав, про що йде, знав і — помагав. Воно й селові буде краще, як Степана повісить. Бо й пощо ці повстанці, та УПА і те все? Тільки руйнація сіл і людей. Та ж Україну вже маємо, землю теж, ну — і свободу. Ніде такої нема, бо всюди капіталісти. Тільки в СРСР!...

— Прийшов!... Трьох їх!... — сказав пошепки той, що виглядав крізь мале віконце на Степанове, подвіря. — Витається з жінкою.

— Ну, хай привитається і попрощається заразом, — відповів другий, — бо потім з нами привитається, сволоч, українську його мати!...

Пилип виглянув і собі крізь віконце і побачив на заслоні сусіднього вікна Степанову тінь, що зливалася в обіймах з тінню його дружини, а потім дітей. Пилип перевів свій погляд на тих п'ять постатей, що кругом нього і — враз почув, що в нього щось обірвалося в душі, що там діється щось незрозуміле для нього. Він слухав чужої мови цих озброєних людей зразу байдуже. Та нагло якось їх лайка і глум з „україонців“, „мазепинців“, „петлюровців“ і „бандеровців“ зачепили щось незнане в його внутрі. Мабуть таки не все те, що в читальні входило в його вуха, вийшло другим. А може воно вже споконвіку було десь там у куточку його селянської душі і шойно тепер озвалось?...

— Готовсь! скомандував старший. — Я заатакую звідси, а ви всі на двір! — Останній акт хуторянського україонства! — посміхнувся рудий. Постаті кругом Пилипа поворухнулися обережно. Але в тій самій хвилині сталося щось неждане. Буря, що зірвалася в душі Пилипа, прорвала гать. Одним рухом вирвав він рудому автомат і — пів серії набойв перетяло командира групи, а другої пів серії розскочилось осами по решті присутніх. Рудий,

Вол. Ш.-Орленко.

## ПІД КРИЛАМИ НОЧІ

(Оповідання-спогади).

...Над нами ніч безрадісна осіння. Куди йти? Кудюю нам тікати?... Сточені вусюди катом ми... Коли не смерть, так вічні грати Проклятої гюрми!"

О. Олесь.

Вечоріло. З синіх верховин, навпростець ярками, через рудки і видолінки підкрадався вечір до гірського села.

З мокравин і річок підгір'я гнав вітер у гори табуни вечірньої імлі; вона старанно зарівнювала землю своїм сірим килимом, покривала яри і видолінки. Тільки горді, величаві верховини Карпат не були покриті.

На привиклих до гірського терену конях — три бойовики: Володимир, Роман і Славко. Вони обережно пробирались до Лавочного: мали договоритися з отаманам тамошньої бойовики про спільну акцію проти ворожої групи, що тероризувала і без того вже зубожілі села. На зворотньому шляху треба їм було з'єднатися з чотою Чорного і роззброїти мадярський загін, що охороняв міст на гірському шляху Сколе—Тухолька—Мадярищина. За всяку ціну висадити міст і цим унеможливити відступ німецьких і мадярських військ.

Наступала серпнева ніч. Темна, як воронові крила, тиха, мрійлива ніч Карпат.

Проїхавши кількадесят кілометрів, дали коням нерепочинок. Було тихо. Навіть гілля дерев не ворухилось. Вітер, нагасавшись за цілий день по всіх усюдах, десь спочивав тепер у підніжжі гір.

— Друже хорунжий! — озвався Славко, — ти був у Полтаві?

— Був, — відповів Володимир.

— І в Каневі?

— Так, і в Каневі довелося бути.

Володимир розповідав про Наддніпрянщину, про Київ, Полтаву, Канів, про Дніпро, про широкі степи України, що розкинулись ген-ген далеко, а на них хвилюється ковиль, дрімують козачі могили, перешіптуються з буйновіями про славу минулу...

На світанку вони під'їздили до невеликого гірського села, розташованого на схилі гори.

Проїхавши через яроч, тільки вступили в смірековий кругляк, коли спереду пролунав грізний оклик:

— Стій!!!

Сказано паролі. Коней залишають біля чатів, а самі з провідником ідуть до отамана.

В зруб побудована дерев'яна хата, як орлине гніздо, примостилася на грядях стрімкосхилої гори. Світло пробивалось крізь заслону вікон — не спали.

— Блукаємо, хочемо знайти загублене... (пароль) — проговорив Володимир.

— Горе тій чайці, чаєчці небозі... (пароль) — відповів отаман — кремезний чоловік, років на сорок сім.

що йому Пилип вирвав автомат, відскочив у темний кут. Пискливому дзвонанні автомата відповів зойк пістолі. Все закрутилося, зашуміло, стіни, стеля і долівка затанцювали дивний танок...

Пилип догаряв, але був при повній свідомості. Він дивився на свого сусіда Степана усміхаючись:

— Заопікуйся моїми дітьми! вони — українці!

А потім, глянув на автомат і сказав своїй дружині:

— Захочай добре! А як наш найстарший підросте, — дай йому це! — (Вісті.)

— Ви голодні, хлопці? — запитав він, а привітна господиня (отаманова дружина), не чекаючи відповіді, поставила на стіл смачну вечерю.

Другого дня ввечері Володимир, Роман і Славко під'їздили до пастушного літинка, де їх чекав чотар Чорний із хлопцями. Поділились на дві групи. Чорний і Славко з однією частиною пішов обходом у село роззброювати мадярський загін; Володимир із другою — пішов висаджувати в повітря міст.

Раптом із лісу почувлись крики. Чорний послав двох бойовиків на розвідку. Володимир також почув їх і заліз із своїм відділом у придорожньому рівчаку, так само виславши одного бойовика до Чорного.

Повернувшись, посланець доповів, що за пів кілометра від мосту стала німецька колона: тринадцять возів і біля двадцяти солдатів. Передній віз застряг у вибоїні, і німці не можуть виїхати.

Чорний вислав трьох бойовиків із кулеметом на засідку до мосту, щоб, на випадок спротиву мадяр, не допустити німців на допомогу.

На міст наскочили раптово. Мадярський вартовий падав, притиснутий кулею з пістолі. Ще мить — і сильний вибух міни потряс повітря, відкликаючись далеко в горах. Міст, охоплений клубками чорного диму, падав у річку. Володимир із хлопцями біг туди, звідки долітали сердиті кулеметні черги.

— До кулемета! На допомогу! Скобець і Чмола там. Біля них, із розкиданими руками, ниць лежав труп...

Постріли, і знов вибухи гранат. Тріск німецьких „емпі“ припиняється. Вісім німців захоплено в полон, кілька валяється в багнюці, решта втікла в ліс.

Кілька бойовиків із Романом залишаються біля німецької колони, інші поспішають на допомогу чотарові Чорному.

З піднятимі вгору руками, вряченими від страху очима, бліді на обличчях, стоять біля воріт обеззброєні мадярські „катуні“ (солдати). Повстанці поспішно вантажать на вози пакунки і зброю. Чотар Чорний сидить на землі і перев'язує собі ногу.

— Зачепило... — каже він Володимирові, — один биків син через вікно кинув гранату... Мене і Гурлая зачепило...

...Біля вогню лежав молодий, вродливий хлопець із розкритими синіми очима. На чоло недбало зсунулось пасмо золотавого волосся, а під оком закипів кров'ю слід від кулі. Це був двадцятидворічний повстанець Славко Корбут.

З сумом схилиються над тілом друга голови повстанців.

— Спи, Друже наш, вічна пам'ять Тобі. Ти любив Україну і віддав усе за неї... Спи, Друже наш...

Пройдуть роки, розвіються чорні хмари, і на оновленій землі заклекотить нове життя.

Раннім ранком, як сонце зійде над задуманими шпильми гір, дівчина-пастушка вижене худобу на полонину і, плетучи вінок, заспіває пісні про українських повстанців. З широких степів Наддніпрянщини прилинуть буйнові, шубгатимуть понад верховинами Карпат, шепотітимуть із хвоїнками про невмирущу існу славу... (Шлях Молоді)