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U.N.A. SUPREME ASSEMBLY MEETING

III

In the past two numbers of the Weekly we outlined the general proceedings of the U.N.A. Supreme Assembly annual meeting, held in the U.N.A. home office building, 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City, during the week of March 21, last. We concluded with a report of the manner of distribution of the $3,500 the meeting allocated for various worthy institutions and causes from the U.N.A. National Fund, which is raised from the 2¢ each adult U.N.A. member pays each month as part of his dues.

Now to conclude:

The Supreme Assembly directed the U.N.A. Cultural Committee to arrange for the publication during this year of additional works in English on subjects pertaining to Ukraine and Ukrainians. A suitable sum was set aside for this purpose.

In regards the publication of a Ukrainian-English dictionary, the Cultural Committee was instructed to redouble its efforts in order to have the dictionary come out as soon as possible.

In connection with the current membership drive with its goal of 50,000, the Assembly decided to expand its advertising campaign of the benefits of U.N.A. membership.

In the discussion on the drive, Supreme Secretary Dmytro Halychyn pointed out it was still short of its mark, and therefore he called upon each and every officer and member of the organization to redouble his or her effort to hit that mark, by June 30 at the very latest. Other members of the Assembly made various recommendations in this connection. All of them were of the opinion that the fraternal features of the U. N. A. should be given greater play, not only within the framework of individual branches or communities but regionally as well. Also, more U.N.A. regional conferences should be held, and if possible they should be attended by someone from the Executive Committee, in order to give those present the benefit of his special knowledge in the matter.

In order to attract more young people into the ranks of the association, it was also recommended that it inaugurate this year a series of U.N.A. Youth rallies throughout the country.

In relation to the Svoboda, the Executive Committee was authorized to send circular letters to all branches urging them to increase their advertising in the Svoboda in order to help cover some of the deficit it suffers, as a result of the fact that U.N.A. members pay for the Svoboda the same price they did thirty years ago, when, as everyone knows, all other newspapers cost about five times as much now as they did then.

It was also decided to conduct again this year a drive for voluntary contributions to the Svoboda Press Fund, as was done for the past several years.

Finally, the Assembly authorized its Executive section to arrange for the publication of a 1949 U.N.A. Almanac, especially in view of the fact that the 55th anniversary of the U.N.A. falls on February 22, 1949.

With this and sundry other matters the Supreme assembly meeting was brought to a close by President Nicholas Muraszko, Thursday evening, March 25, 1948.

Ukrainian Booth and Program at Detroit Travel Show Win High Praise

One of the most popular and colorful features of the current seventh annual edition of the Detroit News Travel Show at Detroit's Convention Hall is the Ukrainian Booth, housing the famous Ukrainian art collection owned by the Kochans of Joliet, Ill., and presenting various programs of Ukrainian folk songs and dances, headlined by a band of Ukrainian highlanders (hutsuls), playing the primitive instruments originating in the Carpathian mountains.

The International Village of the News Travel Show is composed of 24 booths, sponsored by 32 different nationalities.

The Ukrainian booth, The News reports, "is one of the best receive by the show's visitors." This show was staged under the auspices of the Ukrainian Federation of Michigan in conjunction with the Detroit branches of the Ukrainian Women's League of America (Soyuz Ukrainok). Besides the above mentioned folk art collection and the highlanders band, the local society Boyan exhibited the folk dances while the local Ukrainian Girls acapella Chorus gave a concert of Ukrainian songs.

Folk Art Exhibit

Reporting on the Kochan exhibit of Ukrainian fine and folk art The News tells of how their collection was begun some fifteen years ago by Mrs. Kochan and her husband as a hobby. It has now grown into one of the most impressive and valuable collections of its kind.

Old wine and brandy bottles which have the date 1642 worked into designs, are no ordinary bottles. They are of wood inside and elaborately engraved copper or brass on the exterior.

There are carved wood candelebra, used for Christmas activities, known to be at least 200 years old. Their priceless church canvasses bear the portraits of Saints Mark, Luke, Matthew, John, Stephen and Gabriel. They also have an oil painting, "Winter Scene," which was a gift of the Ukrainian Museum of which, incidentally, they are members.

Carved necklaces, heavy brass crosses and delicate pipes from the Carpathian Mountains, with a primitive flint and a piece of "spunk," are also in the collection.

The "Hutsul" Band

The Detroit News was also quite taken with the Ukrainian Highlanders Band at the Travel Show.

Harry Koos, organizer of the group, himself appeared in the band, dressed up in an authentic highlanders costume. Besides Koos the group consists of Elia Skrynyk and Dmytro Procyniuk. They featured in last Saturday's night show the instruments "tellinka," "sopeelka," and "dulcimar."

Its Intruments

The "tellinka" originally was made of the bark of a young willow tree. The tone is created by blowing into the hollow bark at one end and the tones are varied and controlled by blowing pressure and fingering the opposite end of the instrument. This produces a simple and plaintive tune. This instrument was usually played by sheep herders.

The "sopeelka" was made of the hollowed branch of hazel nut tree, in which were drilled six holes along the lower end of the instrument.

The Ukrainian cymbal is a string instrument made with strings over a wooden frame.

Costume

The native Hutsul costume which was worn by Koos was all handmade. It is a conglomeration of bright color, with each item of clothing having a meaning. The hat worn by Koos at the affair is gaily decorated with feathers and beads. It is worn only by single men and is destroyed by the women after the marriage ceremony.

BAYONNE, N. J. TEAM CAPTURES NATIONAL UYL-NA BASKETBALL TITLE

Defeats Fine Rossford, Ohio Quint 71-60, After Pulling Out a Hard-Fought Victory from Rochester, N. Y. in the Semi-Finals by the Score of 60-54 . . .

During the weekend of April 3rd and 4th, the Ukrainian Youth League of North America Basketball Tournament was held at the Ukrainian-American club in Rochester, N. Y. Participating were the five best Ukrainian American teams in the country, representing the five major sections of Ukrainian communities in this country, reports Walter Danko, national sports director of the UYL-NA.

The teams participating in the tournament were: the Bayonne, N. J. Ukrainian Boys' Athletic Club (East); Chester, Pa. Ukrainian Social Club (South); Rochester, N.Y. Ukrainian American Athletic Club (North); Monessen, Pa. Ukes (West), and the Rossford, Ohio Ukrainian American Citizens Club (Central West).

Play commenced on Saturday afternoon at 2 p.m. with the Rossford, Ohio Ukes paired off against the Monessen, Pa. Ukes to determine the general over-all Western Sectional champions. This was a nip-and-tuck battle all the way with the Rossford, Ohio Ukrainians, paced by Dave and John Kornowa, eking out the decision, 41-39. For the losers, it was Mike Kunka, who accounted for 12 markers, that excelled.

Rossford, Ohio quintet was then matched with the 1947 national UYL-NA champs from Chester, Pa. in the first game on Saturday evening. When Chester came out with their "grants," there was little doubt in the minds of the fans as to why they won 46 games and lost only 6 this past season. With their height it appeared as though it would be a runaway. And yet, when the game began, Rossford, thanks to Dave and Johnny Kornawa, took the lead and kept it. As a result, the Rossford, Ohio "shorties" swamped Chester by the score 68-53. This was the major upset of the tournament.

In the second game of the evening, Bayonne, N. J. paired off against Rochester, N. Y. This was a tough game for Bayonne, but thanks to the height of Myron Lotosky, 6'5" pivotman from Siena College and Ed "Junior" Kolakowski, 6'3" ace from Bayonne Jr. College, Bayonne came thru.

In the final championship game on Sunday afternoon, Bayonne played Rossford, Ohio. Again it was the Lotosky-Kolokowski-Kucinski-Orlowsky and Chakey combination which did the trick; although Dave and John Kornowa again played brilliant ball for Rossford.

After the final game on Sunday afternoon a victory banquet was held at the Ukrainian American club. Toastmaster was Dr. Wachna of Toronto. Speakers: Ted Shumeyko, UYL-NA Fin. sec'y, and Miss Jean Harasym of Toronto.

Further details and box scores will appear here next week.

Editorial

PIN THEM DOWN

ANY periodical, magazine or daily, like any product, has to sell itself. It must catch the reader's attention, interest and support. To do his, it must be informative, entertaining, educational, generally engrossing, and, at the same time, serve as a guide and inspiration in issues and matters affecting the reader's life and interests.

Obviously, that is quite a job, even for a paper or magazine with scores of reporters, re-write men, photographers, columnists, feature writers and editors, not to mention the capital of grandiose proportions backing it all. What a job that is can be gleaned easily from the fact that so many persons out of ten will pick up (or should we say—buy) some of the best papers or periodicals on the stand, glance through it casually, and then indifferently or disdainfully cast it aside. That is enough to make publishers and editors, and the rank and file, to tear their hair in anger or despair—or both.

Such, then, are the conditions, even in the best of families. However, knowing well the fickleness of human nature, those connected with the publishing business just keep on plugging along and try to make the best of the situation.

And the same applies to the Ukrainian Weekly and to its—shall we say parent — Svoboda. Both are doing the best they can, despite difficulties rarely encountered by publications which are not grossly undermanned nor lacking in adequate financial backing.

The Weekly itself always has been in a most difficult position. And here we do not pause upon material considerations. We have something else in mind. And that is the very structure of the Weekly. Essentially it is a hybrid, attempting to cater to readers of a nature similar to is own—a combination of Ukrainian and American. And exactly here lies the Weekly's chief task—to combine these two elements into one harmonious and productive whole.

The Weekly must, on the one hand, take cognizance of the fact that it is published in an American environment for readers in that same environment. And, on the other hand, it must always remain true to its original purpose, namely, (a) keep our younger, American born generation aware of their Ukrainian cultural heritage, of their obligation to cultivate it and introduce suitable elements of it into the stream of American life as Ukraine's contribution to its development, and (b) at the same the Weekly must constantly keep our younger generation aware of their duty to help their disfranchised, sorely oppressed and terrorized kinsmen in their native land to rid themselves of foreign rule and attain their rightful national independence and statehood.

To achieve all this, the Weekly must use various methods and a wide assortment of material for its pages, ranging from editorials and articles, stories, news dispatches, special columns, sport news, humor, etc. The task is not easy, owing to the very limited budget upon which the Weekly must operate.

Judging by some letters we receive from time to time, however, some measure of success is being achieved by it. One practical evidence of this is that during the past year or so more of our young people's clubs and societies have been using the Weekly as an advertising medium for their affairs than ever before.

Moreover, the Weekly has played an important role in the postwar revival of our younger generation organizational life. Without its aid, youth group activities throughout the country would have been of an isolated character and little unity amongst themselves would have been achieved.

But it is not the purpose of the Weekly to toot its horn. What it does desire is that our younger generation give it better support. Too many of our young people take the Weekly for granted. That is wrong, and it may eventually lead to certain consequences, undesirable to all.

Aside from asking our readers for more reports on local activities and comments on various issues and problems partinent to Ukrainian American life, we particularly urge them to give the Weekly greater circulation by gaining new subscribers for it. It's an easy matter and the subscription cost is paltry. All that U.N.A. members have to pay for the Weekly is one dollar per year. Non-U.N.A. members pay two dollars per year.

Were the Weekly to get a host of subscribers, it and its readers would benefit greatly as a result. Therefore contact your friends and acquaintances and have them subscribe. Keep after them until they do. Better yet, pin them down and make them do it right on the spot.

On Record - - by Ted Victor

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ALONG with eighteen other fellows I had the pleasure of traveling on Sunday, April 4 last up to Rochester, N. Y. for the National Basketball Tournament sponsored by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. Naturally after driving for some eleven hours in three cars, nineteen fellows can become quite restless and not exactly in the best frame of mind. This condition was not eased when we thought of what probably awaited us. To say the least, upon arriving we were pleasantly surprised.

Instead of a usual dingy Ukrainian national home that one finds in so many cities, we found here a bright, clean and inviting hall. The court for the games was one of the best the boys had ever played on. There was room on the sides for spectators and there were showers, dressing rooms, recreational facilities for all. Besides the team from Bayonne, N. J. there were bus loads of people from Rossford, Ohio, Monessen, Pa., Chester, Pa. No matter when these people arrived, and some arrived two and four in the morning, there was someone from the committee to welcome and settle them in the designated hotel.

During all of the games there was a good turnout of people from Rochester itself, considering that there was no dancing or scheduled socials. The American press had been contacted time and time again by one of the zealous members of the committee, so that before and after the games there was some excellent publicity in all the papers.

After the games on Saturday there were refreshments for teams and guests alike in the basement of the building. After the championship game on Sunday the committee gave a banquet, which was free to all players. When the banquet was finished and the boys were making ready to leave, the the women that had prepared the entire meal made up box lunches for the fellows on their long journey home.

For many this entire situation was something new, something different. A Ukrainian home that was really impressive. A group of people that worked for the good of all; and finally a series of basketball games that were tops in anyone's league. Truly, the people of Rochester should be congratulated for their achievements and they should be proud of the boys and girls that put so much time and effort into making the National Basketball Tournaments of the U.Y.L.N.A. such an outstanding success. I only wish that all of our cities would follow the example set by Rochester, N. Y.

Trivia - - - - By Sophia

AND YOU'RE COMPLAININ'??

USUALLY women are considered by men as subservient to them. Men like to thump their chests (cough, cough!) and shout of their imaginary superiority because of their superior strength. It's not strange to see a woman catering to a man, waiting on him, and in in other ways humoring him, helping him play the role "the boss." But I was in a place today where women served women—not bigger than themselves, nor stronger, but plain, ordinary women. It was in a department store.

All department stores are alike, and yet each is different. Some don't specially tell their employes what to wear, but it was evident from their uniformity that the salesgirls in this store had strict orders to wear nothing but black. They looked like crepe-hangers, but, I suppose, that's one way of differentiating the customers from the salesgirls.

During the course of the day, a variety of piddling women and whimpering children come through a department store. Mothers who have no place to leave their offspring use the store as a nursery, the children smearing the merchandise with their sticky hands while mother tries on a bargain dress. All this while, the salesgirl is rushing from mother to child, trying to make a sale and at the same time attempting to save the merchandise from being decorated with small handprints.

Another type of customer is the finnicky dowager, who inspects every stitch of a potential purchase, and then informs the salesgirl, "Well, I'll see." If she does happen to break down and buy something, she'll go all out and won't spare the expense. (But look for her to bring back the article for exchange tomorrow because a button was sewn a millimeter out of place.)

Another tough customer is the fat lady. Every time she tries something on, she expects it to miraculously transform her into a size twelve. And the salesgirl, loyal to the store, spiels off a harangue on how slenderizing the outfit is. Sometimes the saleswoman deserves honorable mention for her earnest efforts.

So you think your job is bad? What would you say if you had to kow-tow to this motley crew of consumers? Thank your lucky stars that you can go to your typewriter, your machine or your desk tomorrow and work in comparative freedom. (and don't forget to say a short prayer tonight for the poor, tired salesgirl.)

The Last Page - - - by G. H.

"FOUNDLING" joined the partisans with his father during the German invasion. The nickname, given to him by the partisan leader, did not fit the facts, much less the liking of its owner; but the fifteen-year-old little partisan accepted it with resignation and vowed to make his new name respected.

Foundling became a famous partisan. No mission frightened him. Nothing subdued him—except sleep. As soon as the night march began Foundling gave up his pride and, wrapping himself in an old frayed overcoat, crawled into one of the wagons and slept.

But if in the morning a fast courier was needed, Foundling would go and return in good time. When distant points had to be contacted, Foundling did not walk, but rode the trains with a phony pass, and there was no doubt of his early return.

Having returned and made his report, Foundling proudly rejoined his comrades—who regarded him as their equal—and immediately began to clean his oversize pistol which he had no occasion to use on his journey.

This child harbored in him a quality of true and full manhood. Bravery, sense of duty, character—these were so developed in him that the older partisans in recognition kept watch over the child not to disturb his sleep, although after sleep he would upbraid them for this guardianship.

Once on a mission through a forest he fell among unfriendly partisans who deprived him of his pistol. Having completed his business in the city he decided that without a pistol he would not return. Walking quietly into a house where a German was billeted, he saw the kraut sprawled in his after-dinner sleep: a pistol lay on the chair and a "potato masher" grenade on the table. Foundling reached the pistol in a catlike leap, at the same time the German opened his eyes. But Foundling was a real partisan. He released the "safety" on the pistol and pointed it at the German, indicating silence with his finger.

Foundling reached for the grenade, and while the German was changing colors in anticipation of sudden explosion, the boy removed the cap making the grenade harmless. Before the German had time to recover from his astonishment he received several blows on the head from the "harmless" grenade, which put him back to sleep. Foundling continued toward the woods with the innocently stupid look on his face and a pistol under his belt.

The above story is a free and much abridged translation of the story published on the last page of the Ukrainian Weekly last December. It may not be the best story printed on the last page of this publication but it is good enough for the intended purpose. Its purpose is simply to direct the reader's attention to a treasure seemingly hidden on the last page of the Ukrainian Weekly.

Many of our readers have a notion that the last page is printed in Ukrainian language because there is not enough material in English to fill it. The notion is not correct, for since the Weekly is still a supplement of the Svobida, Post Office regulations require that at least a portion of it be published in Ukrainian. Moreover, the last page provides us with interesting reading albeit in Ukrainian language.

For those who are learning the Ukrainian language there is a wealth of material for practice on the last page. It is true that some words are difficult to understand without the use of dictionary. Footnotes may be utilized for giving the English equivalents of such words, and the editors would perform this service if — there were signs of demand for it.

Take a chance then, and explore the last page, see how much of it you can read and understand. The short story tells its story too—the story of our people in their pursuit of happiness. Short stories must be good to be acceptable for they must tell much within a small space. Those on the last pages of the Ukrainian Weekly are rare literary gems.

The Stones Cry Out

The Story of the Destruction by Reds of Ancient St. Michael's Cloister in Kiev

By SVIATOSLAV HORDYNSKY

SINCE the final occupation of Ukraine by the Soviets in 1920, no less than forty churches have been demolished in Kiev alone. Among these were buildings of great historical and artistic value. Some dated as for back as the XI and XII Centuries, others were from the Kozak period. They withstood throughout the ages the attacks of Mongolian hordes, wars with Poland and Tsarist Russia, the so-called "Great Ruin" following these wars, World War I and the revolution, when Kiev changed hands more than once during cruel battles, and when hostile artillery bombarded its historic edifices, only to be demolished in the years that were officially known in the history of Europe as years of peace. They were destroyed by religious and national hatred. There is no trace today of the "Golden Roofed" Cloister of St. Michael from the XI Century, of the Holy Trinity Church of 1184, of the Church of the Assumption on the Podol (the lower part of Kiev) built in the XII Century, and of a long row of splendid structures of the Kozak period, built in the characteristic style, which is known under the name of "Kozak Baroque" and constitutes the highest achievement of Ukrainian architecture. The Cathedral of St. Nicholas erected by Hetman Ivan Mazepa in 1690, the Churches of St. Nicholas Slupsky, from the XVII Century, of Sts. Peter and Paul, 1640, the Bratsky Monastery on the Podol from the XVII Century, were all demolished by the communists. In the demolishing of the Church of the Assumption in the Cloister of the Lavra, which was begun in XI Century and completed in the XVII Century, the Germans had a hand. This is a list of only the most important buildings, though they by far do not complete the list of priceless losses.

The Destruction of "Golden-Roofed" St. Michael's Closter

Amid all this destruction the Ukrainians left most acutely the demolition of the "Golden Roofed" St. Michael's Cloister. It was one of the oldest as well as one of the most imposing edifices of Kiev, not including the Cathedral of St. Sophia, built by Great Prince Yaroslav the Wise in 1017-37. The demolition took place in 1934, and today we are in possession of adequate and authentic information from witnesses and contemporaries of this sad event. Several official documents pertaining to the destruction have already been published. But before we analyze the hysterical frenzy of destruction that led to the ruin of this memorable building, let us first give a short history of it. It is all the more necessary, because lately new information has come to light on the time of its erection and even its name.

It's History

Until recently historians were of the opinion, that the church named after St. Michael, and mentioned in the Lawrentian Chronicles and those of Ipaty, was built in 1108 by Prince Svyatopolk II, the grandson of Great Prince Yaroslav the Wise. However it was also known from the old chronicles, that the son of Yaroslav the Wise, Great Prince Isyaslav-Dimitry, built a church somewhere in the vicinity of St. Michael's, before that church was started. During the Mongolian raids, when many structures in Kiev were ruined, one of the two churches disappeared, and in later times there was no evidence which of the two remained and which was ruined. However the documents from the XVI Century associate the remaining church with that of Saint Michael. Some of the later authorities of the XVII Century, as for instance, Saphonovich in his "Small Chronicles" of 1672, even began to connect it with the times of the legendary Michael—the first archbishop of Kiev. Beginning with the XVI Century the church gained in renown, and was visited and described by many foreign travelers of the time. The emissary of the German Emperor, Eric Lasota in 1594, saw it and mentions its mosaics in the apse and dome and the frescoes on the walls. It was described by the well known French scientist and constructor Guillaume LeVasseur de Beauplan in 1650 and Paul, the Archdeacon of Aleppo and emisary of the Patriarch of Antioch in 1654. Beginning with the XVII Century, the church was renovated by the Great Hetman Bohdan Khmelnitsny, who built the side domes and finally under the Hetman Ivan Mazeppa it received its external appearance of Baroque.

Some art historians, as the Russian scientist D. Aynaloff, tried to identify St. Michael's with the church built in honor of St. Mimitry of Thessalonika, but there was no definite proof. Finally, not long ago, Professor P. Kurinny proved, that the Church, known since the XVI Century as St. Michael's, was actually the church of St. Dimitry, erected in 1054-78 by Prince Isyaslav-Dimitry, and therefore, it was only a few decades younger than the cathedral of St. Sophia—the most prominent surviving monument of ancient Ukrainian architecture.

At First a Two-Story Structure

At first this cloister-church was a two story structure, with three apsides and five domes. Its oldest parts were the east side, with the apsides and the west side with two towers—one of which had stairs leading to the upper choir gallery. Four old pillars in the forms of crosses supported the main dome. In the XVII-XVIII Centuries, the northern and southern walls were removed, two side naves were added, the gold plated domes were renewed and two more added. Among the interior decorations, the most valuable were the mosaics in the main apse, that represented the Holy Eucharist. In the center the image of Christ with an angel appeared twice, and from both sides of the altar advanced rhythmically the Apostles. The Eucharist was flanked on each side with figures of St. Dimitry and St. Stephen. The rest of these apsis and walls were covered with frescoes which were covered with a layer of mortar, and were rediscovered only after 1808. Only a part of them survived, but it is very possible that with the demolition of the building, undiscovered frescoes on the church walls were forever lost.

Mosaic Inscriptions in Ukrainian

It is characteristic, that the inscriptions on the mosaics were not only in Greek, but in Old Ukrainian as well, whereas the mosaic inscriptions in St. Sophia are still only in Greek. On the basis of the old chronicles, historians conclude that the mosaic and prescoes in St. Sophia were made by foreign artisans and those in St. Michael's were made by local artisans, all the more so, as no chronicle mentions foreign artisans as taking part in this construction. Historians are of the opinion, that in the XI Century the local artisans were still unable to undertake such a high artistic assignment as in the Cathedral of St. Sophia; this became possible in the following century. However, as the architect Oleksa Povstenko points out, these historians sadly erred in their dating. Povstenko generally inclines to regard the mosaics and the frescoes of St. Sophia also as partly the work of local artisans, and defends this thesis rather convincingly, by emphasizing Old Ukrainian traits found in these works, such as the costume, the way of life depicted in them, and the similarity of many artistic elements to Ukrainian folk art.

In any case the possibility, that the artisans, who worked for Yaroslav the Wise, worked later for his son in the Church of St. Dimitry, brings up all sorts of interesting artistic parallels and suggestions, that can throw a new light on this history, of the Byzantine

(Continued on page 3)

SHEVCHENKO—THE ARTIST

By ROMAN CHAPELSKY

[Address delivered on Sunday, April 5, 1948 at Taras Shevchenko Concert, Elizabeth, N. J. in conjunction with showing of 30 slides illustrating the poet's paintings and scenes from his life]

IN comparison with the pseudo-classic and stiffly academic contemporary painters, Shevchenko's artistic works might be called revolutionary. He negated this fancy estheticism of artists of his day who saw life through the prism of Greco-Roman classic art. He was more a realist, and the first one in the east of Europe to portray realistically scenes like the Russian prisons and the 'Katorha' (the slave labor camps for exiles), the interior of the camp on Lake Kos Aral and the prisoner's transit camp.

At the same time, he enriched Ukrainian national art, painting many motifs from peasant life and and history, of which he made a cycle of engravings called "Picturesque Ukraine." Paintings of "A Peasant Family," 1845, "The Village Council" depicting a traditional evening assembly of peaants discussing the day's happenings, and finally the famous "Blind Kobzar," were made during his work for the archeological expedition. While in his student years, he painted such academic subjects as the "Death of Socrates" or "Alexander the Great." Later, he painted scenes from Ukrainian history, as for instance the "Foreign Envoys to Bohdan Khmelnitsky." The realism in the latter was so convincing and true to life that it influenced not only Ukrainian art, but Russian as well.

His Art of National Character

This national trend in Shevchenko's paintings is the most important trait of his art. In his time almost all the more talented Ukrainian painters, and musicians, because of the prevailing political conditions, served either the Russian or Polish culture in order to escape persecution and more easily to attain fame. Shevchenko was the first great Ukrainian to show the true way to serve his tragic country and this dangerous road was to be traveled by many prominent Ukrainians in the coming generation.

With his life and his work, Shevchenko renewed not only Ukrainian literature, but led Ukrainian artists onto the wide and busy highway of European Art.

Still the immense import and influence of Shevchenko's poetry eclipsed for a long time the other phase of his artistic ability—his painting. It can be easity said that an understanding of his pictorial art began to grow only with the first years of our century. Before that time it was appreciated merely as an interesting artistic sideline of a great poet, having no separate significance of its own.

But within the last few decades, the art critics have approached Shevchenko's paintings from an entirely new angle. They proved that Shevchenko's brush was completely independent from his pen, having in common only the guiding and creative hand of the same spiritual individuality.

Art Was His Primary Interest

Shevchenko himself considered his painting "the noblest aspect of my miserable existence" in exile. Thus, when one becomes sufficiently acquainted with his life and memoirs, it is not difficult to understand that art was his primary interest and that his dreams and thoughts were channeled in that direction. Although he attained fame through his poetry, his attitude and reactions to life were those of a painter rather than a poet.

When he writes of his poetry, he does so sparingly, saving his eloquence for his art. And no wonder, for his fate was closely connected with his art. Through it he became a free man, and finally joined the leading ranks of the Ukrainian as well as Russian elite.

His life's road was strange and very closely interwoven with his painting. From the time of his boyhood, spent in wandering from one doubtful provincial painter to another in search of elementary learning, he was ceaselessly charmed by, and attracted to, painting. This attraction, like a magnetic force, drew him to the Academy of Art in Petersburg, where the galleries were hung with the most famous contemporary paintings.

We receive fairly accurate accounts of these first artistic ventures from Shevchenko's novel "The Artist" and his autobiography. In the story we read of the unexpected career of an obscure apprentice who rose from painting fences and roofs to be the favorite pupil of the painter Bryulov, who was at that time the most prominent Russian artist although himself of French heritage.

How His Art Career Began

The artistic career of Shevchenko began thus: He was a serf belonging to the nobleman Engelhardt. One night when the master returned unexpectedly from his travels, he caught Shevchenko in the library copying by candlelight the engravings from his books. This resulted in a flogging for the child artist. Concluded on page 3)

BOOK REVIEW

MANNING, CLARENCE A., The Story of The Ukraine. New York: Philosophical Library, 1947. Pp. 326. $3.75.

There is an increasing number of historical books on the Ukraine. In his bibliography Dr. Manning lists eight which have appeared in the last seven years. This is a very modest number in view of the fact that the Ukraine has a population greater than France and an area greater than that of Germany, and in addition occupies a position in the Soviet Union of immense strategic and political importance. As with every nationality group which has been submerged, its reappearance in recent history has been surrounded with swirling clouds of propaganda. It is no easy task to assess the shape of truth which lies behind these clouds but some attempt must be made for there is no part of Europe which deserves closer attention. This book is not a complete history but is rather an extensive essay or an appraisal. It is a story which stresses the highlights of history in order to emphasize some essential points of view.

Author's Deep Sympathy For Ukrainians

Dr. Manning approaches his study with a profound sympathy for the Ukrainian people. Like most historians of the Ukraine he has been struck by successive tragedies which have dogged the fate of the mass of its inhabitants, and in contrast, the indomitable cheerfulness, courage and industry which they have shown in the face of adversity. The author has a wide knowledge of the Ukrainian language and literature. This is a great advantage since language gathers to itself all sorts of historical evidence and a people's literature is as fathful a record of their spirit and outlook as is the recital of battles, laws and institutions. Also apparent in this story of the Ukraine is Dr. Manning's conviction that the struggle for Ukrainian freedom is not an isolated contest but is part of the present world crisis where the forces of liberty and humanity are on the defensive against a world wide conspiracy to re-establish absolutism. He is under no illusions as to the ruthlessness of the process which is at work in the Ukraine. "A democratic people is being remodelled to serve the purposes of a strictly regimented regime. Its past is being written for it. Its present is being controlled. Its future is being planned." Nor is he under any illusions as to the need to revivify the principles upon which American and Western Christian civilization has been based. Unless the western society has lost its faith, and exhausted its intellectual resources in the field of social sciences there is no need to regard a temporary situation, buttressed as it may be by all the appearance of power, as a final and inevitable state of affairs. Thus the author looks upon all Ukrainians struggling for freedom as natural allies and devoted friends.

Book May Be Read in One Evening

This book may be read in the course of a single evening. For the benefit of American readers reference is made to parallel movements and events in American history. The reader will not get the full complexity of the historical situation with respect to the Ukraine but he will get a good outline. He will get the impression that the story is not yet fully unfolded but he will not be able to envisage what the next chapter is going to be. In the present day when there are many drives for freedom, as well as drives for power it is difficult to prevent the international situation from deteriorating into anarchy. Yet anarchy, as Ukrainian history itself shows, is the greatest foe of freedom. Thus the free world is faced with a difficult problem. One part of the problem is presented in this book.

GEORGE W. SIMPSON
University of Saskatchewan
(Journal of Central European Affairs, Vol. 7 No. 3, Oct. 1947)

Youth and the U.N.A.

JOIN THE U.N.A.!

The Ukrainian National Association, having formed several more new branches in recent months, now has 466 chartered assemblies with a total membership of close to 49,000. The U. N. A. is much stronger than ever before, and is offering more in the way of benefits and advantages. Being a fraternal order, the U.N.A. deals in fraternal life insurance. Its certificates compare very favorably with those of larger companies. Where these larger concerns offer insurance, however, the U.N.A. offers insurance and fraternalism; this means that its members enjoy the benefits resulting from its democratic system of government. All the members have a voice in matters pertaining to their branches and the U.N.A. itself. They associate and fraternalize with persons of their own nationality, which promotes good fellowship and encourages the promulgation of Ukrainian culture. The younger members may participate in U.N.A. sports, receive student aid, receive The Ukrainian Weekly, English language periodicals and books, and enjoy additional privileges such as mainting their own branches. In short, the U.N.A. is an organization worthy of the support of all serious-minded, conscientious Ukrainian - Americans and Ukrainian Canadians.

That the certificates issued by the U.N.A. are among the best obtainable should not be doubted. The recent examination of a $500 20-Year Endowment policy issued by a large insurance company to a 20-year-old girl showed that dividends are payable when the policy becomes five years old, and that it cannot be surrendered for cash before the fifth year. In addition, there was a clause stating that the premium would be increased after the fifth year. Comparing this policy with a U.N.A. 20-Year Endowment certificate we have the following differences: dividends are given after two years . . . not five; cash surrender after three years . . . not five; the premium is not increased at all. In addition, the premium is lower on the U.N.A. certificate, yet the cash surrender value is higher. This is just one illustration of the merits of U.N.A. insurance, but should be sufficient to arouse the interest of any person who desires the best protection for his hard-earned money.

Looking at it from all angles, the U.N.A. is a good investment.. Why not join now? For information pertaining to insurance certificates, rates, branches, benefits, or any other subject, write directly to the U.N.A. All questions will be answered promptly . . . there is no obligation of any kind. Write for the facts concerning the largest Ukrainian fraternal organization in the United States . . . the Ukrainian National Association, Inc.

THE PEN PAL CLUB

Miss Mary Falinsky, R. F. D. No. 1, Oriskany, N. Y., a member of Branch 58 of the Ukrainian National Association, recently submitted the following letter:

"I am greatly interested in The Pen Pal Club. I am 22 years of age, five feet six and a half, a member of the choir and youth club, and would like very much to hear from other boys and girls and their clubs."

Mary is the third person to respond to The Pen Pal Club idea announced here some weeks ago. To date, all three Pen Pals are girls and all three reside in New York State. Let's hear from some boys . . . and other States besides New York! All letters intended for publication should be addressed to Theodore Lutwiniak, c/o U. N. A., P. O. Box 76, Jersey City 3, N. J. In the meantime be sure to write to Pen Pal Mary.

The purpose of this club is to acquaint U. N. A. members with each other via the mails. We print your letters and interested readers of the Ukrainian Weekly will write to you. Its as simple as that! Keep the club going by sending in your letter for publication.

Dear Homemaker - - - by P. D.

THE BUFFET

WOULD you like to entertain a large group of people in a small apartment or house? You can. Try the Buffet Supper. "Oh, but men find it hard to manage; they don't like it," can I hear you saying? Oh yes they will, if you remember to use a simple menu and practice some of these ideas. For real enjoyment and success, keep these two principles in mind. Food should be easy to serve and easy to carry.

Let's look at these ideas from many angles. Have you ever seen embarrassing moments caused by drippy food or food that scattered all over? Avoid them. Use food which is easily picked up, is in one piece, and is not drippy. Chopped relishes, preserves, chops, fish with bones, stew are all on the black list. Omit them. Instead use food which is easily eaten and easily served such as meat loaf, pressed chicken, or small thinly sliced ham roll-ups for your main course; molded jellied salads for the salad course; layer cake, angel food cake, one that's not drippy, or cup cakes for the dessert course. Serve hot rolls that have already been buttered in the kitchen.

Why not remember to leave room on the Buffet table between platters of food? It's permissible. What's more, your guests will think highly of you because of your thoughtfulness. Some guests find it very helpful to place their plates down in serving themselves. You can also make it easier if you remember to provide sample silverware next to each platter of food.

Have you ever seen people fumbling with napkins and silverware while at the same time trying to put food onto their plates? Be a considerate hostess. Avoid this 3-ring circus and calamity. Place the silverware and napkins in such order that these will be picked up the last.

Ever been dissatisfied with coffee that's been too strong or too weak? Make coffee full strength and a pitcher with hot water along side of it for those who prefer weaker coffee. Treat your guests to a good cup of coffee and you'll certainly be remembered on their next invitation list.

Setting Up the Table

Have you ever wondered about the way you set your Buffet table? Stacks of plates piled sky high; salads and desserts already dished out on plates on the table; too much silverware placed on the table like flying birds—these are tabooed. Buffet service is not be confused with the impersonal cafeteria line-up. The Buffet style of serving is one way of home dining. This implies setting an atmosphere of congenial warmth and leisure, with efforts made to avoid any resemblance to commercial expediency. One can always eat in a cafeteria, but one wants to dine at home. Replacing silware, plates, and foods is the answer to the problem of serving on a large scale with small facilities.

Have you been to some Buffet Suppers where you felt very welcomed? Wasn't it because the hostess was engaged in greeting you and others; in making you feel welcome and glad that you came; and in seeing to it that you were having an enjoyable time? Yes, of course! Perhaps you can also remember being at other homes where the hostess seemed more concerned about her food than about her guests, for whom she never had any time. That's inexcusable! To achieve a happy medium, why not have a friend take full responsibility in seeing that the table is kept replenished. You'll do it for her when she's entertaining. But remember to tell her to be sure to being in a full platter before a nearly empty one is taken out. This will prevent guests from experiencing the embarrassing situation of being left stranded with plate in hand no food. Be a wise hostess. Entertain simply, but more often. The most priceless ingredient in the recipe of a successful evening is the spirit of warmth and hospitality.

For the Lenten Season

Now that the Lenten season is with us, have you been having problems with fish cookery? If prepared and served with skill, fish can become one of the meal treats that can bring the sparkle of variety to your meals. Try new recipes and the different kinds of fish from river, lake or ocean, including fish in quick-frozen form. Remember that fish is cooked to develop flavor, not make it tender. Fish is tender in the raw state and it will toughen, shrink, and dry out if overcooked. Serve it at once, piping hot from oven or pan. Use a tangy and colorful sauce with the fish and garnish with lemon slices or wedges and parsley. You'll be pleasantly surprised with the many bouquets of praise that will come your way.

Remember to spring clean your medicine cabinet. Cornell University specialists at the College of Home Economics advise that for the protection of your family discard any old medicines, liquids or tablets that have been on hand for months. Never try to use a prescription that your doctor gave you for one thing to try to remedy another!

Another thing, don't make that cabinet a carry-all for insect powders and so on. Keep it only for medicines. While you're at it, you might check to see that you have a generaus supply of cotton, bandages, and adhesive on hand.

If you must keep poisonous liquids in the cabinet, label them carefully. Tie a rubber band around the neck of the bottle, or stick pins in the cork. Then if any member of the family grabs the bottle by accident in a hurry, he'll have a warning.

Robert L. Stevenson spoke wisely when he said, "There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it behooves all of us not to talk about the rest of us." Let's take stock of ourself and renew our efforts to practice the precious gem of this thought.

There is much richness of thought in this verse written by Adah Lyle Kidder.

"If in the busy, daily round
We, thru each hour, could see,
The value of the commonplace
How different life would be!"

Besides reading these English language papers, read the Ukrainian as well.

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"At Shevchenko's Grave" Tableau by Elizabeth, N. J. "Boyan" Choir.

"New Look" for an Old Custom

By MILDRED MILANOWICZ

It was not to be an ordinary Shevchenko concert. That much was apparent weeks ahead of the event, mostly from the surprising enthusiasm and excitement prevailing among the young choir members of the Elizabeth, N. J., Boyan Choir. It was apparent, too, from the animated conversations about screens and projectors, about authentic costumes and appropriate materials, about co-ordinated programs and more rehearsals.

Nevertheless, despite the advance rumors, the Shevchenko Memorial Concert sponsored by the youth of Elizabeth, N. J. and given on Sunday evening, April 4th at the Ukrainian National Home, was a pleasant surprise and a refreshing treat. The very appearance of the simple but striking printed programs presaged an evening arranged with both thought and care. And so it proved.

The program, under the direction of Daniel Slobodian was planned to integrate highlights of Shevchenko's life and career into a meaning for Ukrainian youth of today. Divided into four parts and preceded by a prologue which set the theme of the concert, the program covered Shevchenko's boyhood, his works as an artist, the poet as champion of Ukraine's freedom, and finally, his "Last Will," a tableau at the Bard's grave.

An Unusual Opening

A friendly audience of 250 were somewhat taken aback to see such a startling departure from the decades-old traditional Ukrainian form of Shevchenko concert, when they beheld, in the Prologue, young Michael Kornas and John Nalepa indulging in the typically American pastime of playing "catch" on the stage. Typically Ukrainian-American, however, was the amusing bi-lingual conversation used as the short playlet unwound, and brought in the third allegorical character of a Kobzar, played by Michael Procak. The audience quickly grasped and applauded the message of the youth, that Shevchenko is still being "rediscovered" and understood by the newest generation of Ukrainians, and that his teachings of freedom, equality and justice will always be good, because it is based on truth.

In the ensuing first part of the concert, the hardships and suffering of Shevchenko's boyhood as a serf were graphically described in English by Kay Marech, youthful choir member who seemed to understand and sympathize with the youth who was determined to learn the art of painting despite heavy obstacles. The choir, under the direction of Prof. Michael Yadlowsky, sang "Spring Song," "A Kozak March," "Orphan's Lament" (Oy hore Kalyni) and "A Star Tumbled from Heaven." Introduced in English too, through a public address system in an interesting and amusing manner, the songs were nicely rendered and showed understanding of both text and music.

A scheduled tableau depicting an incidendent in Shevchenko's 13th year, titled "Oksanna and the Dream of Freedom" failed to materialize but the disappointment was dispelled by the lively and graceful execution of the dances Kozachok and Hopak Kolom, by choir members. The applause following the first part of the program was evidence that the audience was glad they came.

Talk on the Poet as Painter

A striking departure too, from the usual presentation of Shevchenko only as a poet, was the talk given by Roman Chapelsky in the second part of the program and printed elsewhere here in the Weekly, on "Shevchenko—the Artist." The talk was illustrated by pictures projected by Roman Milanowicz, new addition to the Elizabeth community, who also provided pleasant interruptions with his popping flash-bulbs when taking pictures of the event. The pictures of paintings by Shevchenko, as well as pictures of the decree exiling him, and many scenes from his life, helped the narrator show a new and illuminating facet of the life of Bard, whom most Ukrainians have been accustomed to think of as a poet who also painted, rather than as a man who did realize his life's ambition of becoming artist. This "New Look" in Shevchenko concerts obtained by highlighting the little-known side of him as an artist, could portend a new interest in the dulling round of observences and its success in Elizabeth may well be duplicated by other communities.

Part three of the program was ably interpretted by Mr. Myron Pinkowsky, recent young arrival, who spoke on Shevchenko as a Champion of Ukraine freedom. Using flawless Ukrainian, Mr. Pinkowski followed the influences in the poet's political life and illustrated Shevchenko's convictions with quotations from his Kobzar. This recently arrived intellectual from Ukraine, understanding American youth, and immediately offering his cooperation, assured them and his audience in Sunday's talk that Shevchenko's message to his people: to love Ukraine and to fight for her freedm, was being heeded even today by the UPA-ites, young heroes in the Ukrainian Insurgent Army.

Forming a complementary frame for this talk were the choir's songs, "Maxim, the Kozak Zalizniak," "The Despoiled Grave" and "Live on Ukraine." Fitting climax to the third part was the energetic sword dance, executed by handsome veterans. The audience fondly applauded these young men, who, they recalled, once participated in a similar performance at the World's Fair in New York.

The "Mohyla"

The final section of the program was performed around the simulated grave of Shevchenko. A good word may be said for the handsome replica of the real cross, constructed by a choir-member. Nadia Pinkowska, with her recitation of "At the Grave of Taras," made the audience aware that all share in the hope that soon Taras' dream of a free Ukraine will be realized and his grave will be the scene of jubilant rejoicing instead of sorrowing. The young and attractive Mrs. Pinkowska, also a recent arrival, is to be complimented on her diction, her sincerity and her fine interpretation.

The Boyan Choir ended the concert with a tableau "At the Grave" and with the singing of Shevchenko's "Zapovit." A moving scene with good lighting, good grouping and good singing, was somewhat marred by faulty pronunciation, and by the glaring incongruity of notes held sky-high by some choristers. Traditional was the opening and the closing of the concert with the American and Ukrainian anthems.

The Boyan Choir is to be complimented on their handsome appearence in Ukrainian costumes, which showed not only their special efforts to achieve a spic and span "band-box" look, but reflected their good taste in matching becoming and well-fitting apparel.

A collection netted $137.50 for Ukrainian Relief.

Readers of the "Weekly" can recall the many reports printed over the years, on Elizabeth's all-out efforts in various relief drives and patriotic or cultural ventures that were usually surprisingly successful. The recent all-out effort on the part of Elizebeth's youth too, to stage a different and successful cultural event, rates a deep bow and is a compliment to their bow and is a comp iment to their ingenuity and intelligent cooperation.

Shevchenko the Artist

(Concluded from page 2)

Nevertheless, noticing that Shevchenko liked to draw, the master planned to profit by it. For this reason, he took Shevchenko to Vilna to learn painting from the Italian portraitist, Lempi. Later he transfered him to Petersburg to study under the decorator, Shirayev, where the young artist was taught the fine technique of painting roofs and fences. Because these "studies" took up his whole day, he had no time for actual artistic exercise, so on bright moonlit nights he went to the Summer Garden in Petersburg to make drawings of the statues.

Here he was once found by the artist Soshenko who took an interest in his work. Soshenko then brought him before Hrichorovich, the director of the Academy of Fine Arts, through whom he gained admission to the gallery of classic casts only after closing hours since he was a serf and not allowed to enter the Academy. It was there that Bryulov discovered his talent.

Becomes a Free Man

To buy Shevchenko's freedom, Bryulov painted the portrait of a well-known poet and sold it at an auction for the high price of 3,000 rubles. But the bargain for this brilliant mind was not so easily closed, for his master, finally enlightened as to his worth by the interest of such great men, was reluctant to give up his slave. At last he gained freedom on April 22, 1838, at the age 24.

On the very next day he entered the Academy, a student of Bryulov, where he remained until 1845, graduating with special honors. It was during this period that he developed an interest in the Ukrainian scene, and painted Ukrainian subjects.

In the spring of 1845, Shevchenko left Petersburg and traveled through the Ukraine with an archaeological erpedition which made drawings of historical Kozak relics. He painted the "Hamaliya" for his poem of the same name.

In the early part of 1847 Shevchenko planned to go to Italy to further his studies in art. The fiancee of the artist's friend, Kulish, was to finance the journey from her dowry. At the same time, Shevchenko was nominated professor of art at the University of St. Vladimir in Kiev.

Arrested and Exiled

But fate had decreed otherwise.

On April 5, 1847, he was arrested, deported to Petersburg for trial, and sentenced to ten years of exile with the Penal Battalion in Asia.

And so Shevhenko found himself in the Kirghizian Desert on Aral Sea. From there he wrote, "If Raphael himself came to life here, in a week he would die of hunger or hire himself out as a Tartar goatherd. A tribunal under the command of Satan himself could not give such a vicious and inhuman verdict, while the soulless executioners of the sentence follow it with revolting precison. The Roman emperor Augustus, though a heathen, exiling Ovid, did not forbid him to write, but Mikolai, a Christian, forbade me both to write and to paint."

But his spirit was undaunted and under cover Shevchenko, the artist, went on. His poems he wrote in this booklet the size of his palm which he hid in the flap of his boot, hence its name "Zakhaliavna knyha" or "Boot Flap." Painting was not so easily concealed, but he took advantage of a geographic expedition which hired him to make surveys, thus managing to do occasional art work.

Freed in 1857

But again fate intervened and he was transferred to a camp on the Caspian Sea where he lived under unbelievable conditions, tormented by harsh military drills.

Meanwhile, his friends began to take steps for his return. At first they were unsuccessful, but finally in 1857 he was pardoned and allowed to return. Shevchenko came back, not the energetic and strong youth he used to be, but a weary and haggard man.

His journey back to Petersburg by way of the Caspian Sea and the Volga River was a road of victory along which he was hailed as a martyr of truth. During this journey, he made many new and prominent friends among whom was Aldridge, the Negro actor who so brilliantlyy portrayed Shakespeare's "Othello." Aldridge and Shevchenko became friends, having much in common: They both spent their childhood and youth in slavery, both had attained freedom through their own talents, and through these talents both had reached the pinnacle of fame.

Once in Petersburg and again a free man, Shevchenko returned with energy to his beloved work, painting and writing. Because of his distinguished work in engravings, he was made an Academician of the Imperial Academy of Arts. But his hearth, undermined by the hardships and abuse of his exile, broke; and he died in 1861. Friend carried his body in Kaniv on the Dnieper, where he lies buried under a memorial mound raised by peasants and serfs, his people out of whose midst he rose to attain everlasting fame. M. C.

Vet News Roundup

For the information of World War II veterans studying in colleges and universities, Veterans Administration lists the three rules which govern admission to VA hospitals.

They are:

(1) Priority is given to those veterans who require immediate hospital attention because of an emergency condition. They are entitled to a bed at once.

(2) Those veterans who have service-connected disability also are entitled to prompt admission to a VA hospital.

(3) Veterans who have non-service connected injuries or ailments are entiled to hospital care if they state that they are unable to pay for private medical care, and if a bed is available in a VA hospital to take care of them.

Requests for admission should be made to the nearest VA office or hospital.

One out of every three World War II veterans has taken some form of education or training under the G-I Bill or Public Law 16 since both laws went into effect, Veterans Administration said today.

More than 210,000 World War II veterans entered training under the G-I Bill and the Vocational Rehabilitation Act (Public Law 16) for disabled veterans during January, Veterans Administration reported.

Two-thirds of them, or 147,300 began studying in schools and colleges. Another 48,300 started training on-the-job, while 14,700 entered institutional on-farm train-training.

During the same month, more than 281,000 veterans completed or discontinued their training.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I have a discharge from the draft of World War I. May I consider myself a veteran?

A. For the purposes of laws adadministered by Veterans Administsration in order to be classified as a veteran, you must have had active military service during a time of war. A discharged draftee is not considered to have had such service.

Q. I received a pension as a Spanish-American War veteran's widow. I remarried and my second husband is now dead. Am I eligible for a pension again as a widow of the Spanish-American War veteran?

A. Yes, if you meet the other requirements of the law and regulations.

Q. May I receive death benefits for my husband and my son?

A. Yes, if both were veterans and you are otherwise eligible.

Q. What proof is required to obtain death compensation or pension for an illegitimate child?

A. Acknowledgement in writing, signed by the veteran, or evidence showing he has been judicially ordered or decreed to contribute to the child's support or has been, prior to his death, judicially decreed to be the father of such child, or evidence satisfactory to the Administrator of Veterans Affairs that the veteran is the father of such child.

Q. Is it necessary that a child, in custody of the widow, file a separate claim for compensation?

A. No.

Letter to the Editor

In reference to the article, "Russian Easter," by your columnist G. H., in the Weekly of March 29, 1948, it in my opinion fell below standard.

There are a few things I would like answswered: Why did Pope Gregory XIII have the Julian calendar changed? What great changes did the change accomplish? Did it do what it had intended to do? Are we (the world) not in the same position that we (the world) were in then? Why don't we change it so that all mistakes are corrected?

The questions above are nothing, but the article recommending that Ukrainian holidays be made to coincide with the Gregorian calendar is heart-breaking.

Did the whole world agree with Pope Gregory's calendar? Of course, no. Some agreed later. Yet, today the Jews and Chinese are keeping their's. Why? These people are not afraid and keep their heritage in the open.

As a matter of fact, we (the Ukrainians) also agreed with the Gregorian calendar, inasmuch as we now accept the time of the year (365 days, 5 hours, 49 minutes, 12 seconds), only we have continued keeping our Easters and other Holy days in the same nineteen year cycles that was started before the Gregorian calendar.

I want to show you an example of how the old lingers: In England (London) every year the Lord Mayor of London appears before the people he governs, and during his appearance great festivities take place. Pageantry takes hold of the whole town, floats, elephants, ancient dress, etc. This ceremony was established sometime during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and yet remains unchanged. Many of these old things grow stronger in the years. Why? Because the people support them, and there is where a lot of us have failed.

The article shows that some of us do not know what side to be on. Yet the only side is our own, and that right now is the Julian calendar, for it belongs to us, and no one else can claim it. It is like the oil used to supply the wick with fuel to give light, and with our difference of holidays we may be able to help put Ukraine in the "lime-light," and maybe, even increase it into a golden light.

And that title, "Russian Easter"! Instead of trying to help the Ukrainians, it downs them. Now is our chance to better demonstrate that we are Ukrainians and hereby gain greater prestige.

Do you know that people would have more respect for the Ukrainians if we fight for what is ours, than to give up because we fear?

According to G. H., if the first step is to change the calendar then you know that others will follow. He will next want us to have our mass in Latin, then an organ, and thus do away with the singing that is so much part of our rich Ukrainian heritage.

The youths that left our church did wrong, and are not much use to the Ukrainians.

Here is another problem I would like to see solved: There has been talk at the United Nations that a world calendar be created, different from the Gregorian and Julian. How then would we celebrate our religious holidays if this was done?

In a poem by James Russell Lowell, "The Vision of Sir Launfal" there is a fine example for all of us. It is about a knight who is in search of the Holy Grail. In his vision he sees himself go haughtily from his castle, but returns humble and forsaken. When he wakens from his vision, he sees that the Holy Grail is in his own castle, that is, after he helps those who need help. You don't have to go elsewhere for something better, because if you take the trouble to look, and you will find the best in your own.

Our own Taras Shevchenko in one of his poems says:

My brothers, read and ask,
And other people's ways seek,
But do not fall away from your own.

DANIEL STEC, JR.
136 Rector Street,
Elizabeth 2, N. J.

ROSSFORD U.N.A. BASKETBALL TEAM TAKES LEAGUE TITLE

Michael Andryc Jr. of Rossford, the Ohio U.N.A. Sports Director, reports that the Rossford Ukrainian National Association Basketball Team romped to a ninth straight victory to take the Coast League championship of the Toledo Amateur Basketball Federation. The event received headline publicity in the sport pages of the Toledo Sunday Times. The undefeated U.N.A. boys have only to erase second-place Bob's Hamburgs to assume an unblemised record.

Another team, the Rossford Ukrainian American Citizens Club, also consisting of U.N.A. members, annexed its eighth victory in ten starts to capture the American League championship honors in the Toledo Federation. Three reasons for successful campaign of the Rossford U.A.C.C. are the Kornowa brothers, David, Paul and Johnny, all of whom gained city-wide honors while playing with the Polar Bears; Johnny took honors for being the most valuable man after the Ukrainians won the Mid-Western Tournament recently.

Both the Rossford U.N.A. and the Rossford U.A.C.C. teams are entered in the city championship tournament.

The Kornowa Brothers—David, Paul and Johnny.

What They Say

Lieutenant-Colonel Jerry M. Sage, chief of the field contact branch, civil affairs division of the European Command, speaking in New York:

"At international conferences we are constantly asked this question: 'What is the United States going to do about (displaced persons)' The Belgian representative said to me: 'My country has a population density eight or ten times as great as your country's, yet in the last ten months we have taken twice as many D.P.s from your zone in Germany as you have in the past two years.'... Shall we turn these victims of the Germans back to their persecutors? Shall we force them to return to their Communist-dominated homelands? Shall we, with the help of taxpayers from other countries, maintain them indefinitely in Germany? Or shall we do our part in helping to re-settle them in the United States, where they rebuild their lives and at the same time reduce the burden on... the American taxpayers? The problem is for (Americans), speaking through Congress, to decide."

John Foster Dulles, Republican adviser to Secretary Marshall, in a message to the National Council for a Permanent Fair Employment Practice Commission:

"Most of us in the United States believe strongly in free enterprise, but sometimes we forget that freedom and duty always go hand in hand, and that if the free do not accept social responsibility they will not remain free. The right of our enterprise to be free will in long run depend on whether free enterprise recognizes a duty to provide men with equal opportunity. Industrial freedom cannot indefinitely survive as license to discriminate against ment because of their race, color or religion."

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THE STONES CRY OUT

(Continued from page 2)

style in Ukraine. This negates simultaneously the previous hypothesis. It also destroys the hypothesis of D. Aynaloff (in the review "Belvedere," Vienna, 1926, No. 49), that one of the creators of the mosaics in St. Michael could have been the well known painter and mosaic St. Alimpy, about whom we know that he traveled from Kiev to Constantinople to learn the art of mosaics. The "Pechersky Pateryk" mentions that in 1089 he worked on the cathedral of the Pechersky Monastery under Greek artisans, and "learned from them." But at that time he would have been about 20 years of age—and could not have possibly helped decorate the church of St. Dimitry.

(Courtesy "Nkrainian Quarterly, published by Ukrainian Congress Committee of America)

(To be concluded)

Н. Похмурський.

ДОЖИДАННЯ

...Візьми ж, мати, піску в жменю
Та посій його на каменю.
Як той пісок житом зійде,
Тоді син твій з війська
прийде.

(Нар. пісня.)

Почалося воно з того часу, як наші хлопці стали пробиватися з Краю... Тоді старенька імость з IX-ого бльоку раптом воскресла! Тоді вона злізла з піддашшя, на якому коротала решту днів самотинню, доживаючи віку, от — завішена на бантах ластівка, що відблукалася від стада, знесилена, знекровлена, неспосібна до дальшого льоту. Це була неабияка новість, коли одної днини вона з'явилася на таборовому подвір'ю, — ця, чи інша кумонька-цокотуха побожилася б, присягнула б, цю стареньку вже давно Бог викреслив із Земської Картотеки, а вона он як метушиться!

Випростана, як вислужений генерал, а білоголова, в чорній старомодній сукні, підпираючись на ходу на паличці з дорогою, кістяною ручкою, штигулькала від бараку до бараку, приставала до кожної громадки з кожним перестрічеиим вдавалася в бесіду:

— Ви ж чули, мої милі, ви ж знаєте, що двадцять тисяч наших соколиків, наших героїв вирвалося із горла діяволові і пробиваються сюди, до нас ідуть, до нас линуть наші вірли непоборні! І прилинуть мої милі, всі до одного! Ви ж бачите, що Боже Провидіння має їх у своїй ласці та й природа тримає з ними руку: відколи рушили в похід — аби вам один сльотливий день, мої милі, а все соняшно, все погідно! Це вже так Бог дає навмисне, щоб вони посухому до нас прийшли, а не місили розкалі-болота та не поневірялися в негоду...

— І все гадаю, що між тими двадцяти тисячами — мусить бути і мій Андрій! Що Господь змилосердиться хоч над одною, дитиною, про інших — і не згадую, знаю, що пропали, — сини, зяті, дочки і невістки, вся багатолюдна сім'я перестріляна, вивішана, запроторена на каторгу... Але ж той, останній з роду і найменший... Ще дитиною був, мої милі, і на 17-ий йому не переступило, як витягнув з-під подушки якусь страшенну залізяку і подався з хлопцями в ліс, навіть теплих шкарпетків не назув, а такий податливий був на перестуду... То вже, хіба, того останнього Господь мені збереже, захистить і осінить ласкою своєю та приведе сюди з тими іншими нашими войовниками коханими.

Що ж, співрозмовці не перечили, щей поквапливо притакували: — так, так, розуміється, пані добродійко, — але не дивилися їй у вічі і про себе своє гадали. — А старенька імость не знаходила собі місця, дожидаючи, з жвавістю смотрика ввихалася поміж людей, а наслухувала, а підслухувала, а що пишуть, а що говорять, а що передавали по радіо, жадібно, аж захланно ловила вухом, серцем, всією істотою кожну звісточку.

Аж як розійшлося широко світами, що перша Чота Безстрашних переступила три кордони і боєвим порядком вмаршувала на Баварську Землю, тоді старенька, не втерпіла, стала виходити синові назустріч!

Далеченько, само собою, вона там не зашкандибала, трохи оподалік від табору, на погорбець, де блискучі асфальтові магістралі з'їздилися шумно на великий мітинг, схрещувалися звіздоруким розпуттям і розбігалися притьмом у чужі світи. Тут вона зупинялася, бо куди ж далі йти? — захекана, з астматичними рум'янцями, така безпомічна, безрадна, справді-беззахисне дитинча, що згубилося в горах... Гіллястий бук вистрілював знечев'я в піднебесся і палахкотів яскравою позолотою осені, немов би офірне багаття, — а під буком отим стояла придорожня лавчина. Отут вона сідала, спирала зап'ястки й бороду на кістяну ручку та й докірливим поглядом здоганяла шляхи-розстаї, що повтікали від неї та поховалися горами, як би гралися в „хованку".

Чорна імостина з'ява наробила тарараму серед довкілля: перепудила купу дроздів, що завзято концертували в межиріччях та й ще збентежила не абияк дівчаток із недалекого міжнаціонального табору, що приходили на нагорбець виводити свої ігри й хороводи.

Та, згодом, і діти, і Боже птаство звикли до Чорної Пані, як звикли вже раніше до запустілої каплички з вибитими шибками і до крилатого Розп'яття, що розпустило руки, як би хотіло пригорнути ввесь світ до себе. Дрозди розважали імостину тугу веселим тріскотінням, а діточки щось чи не шости націй приносили їй з левад альпейські фіялки і клали на коліна, а потім бралися за ручки і йшли кривого танцю, ретельно намагаючись перекричати одні одних мельодійними співанками їхніх батьківщин.

З цяцькованих серцями і на зелено розмальованих баварських домиків виходили німкені, з отакими волями, йшли у ліс збирати хворостиння, а проходя мимо здоровкали стареньку імость: „С'Готт!"... „С'Готт!" — і з-під ширококрисих капелюхів слали їй співчутливі погляди немов би читали з її очей і їм добре знайому тугу вижидання...

...А тоді була осінь, пам'ятна осінь 1947-ого, осінь неймовірної краси й райдужних кольорових оргій в одній альпейській кітловині! Гігантні колони гір грали, жахтіли теплими кобальтами і перламутрою, і срібно-іскристими капітолями підпирали випнутий над світом урочистий балдахин з незайманного блакитного шовку. А на схилах, обніжжях — мур за муром, стіна за стіною височіли у фіолетово-імлистому замисленні смерові й ялівцеві бори, ніби незлічені гурми, розмоленого люду на величавій, піднебесній Богослужбі, що її сам Бог править, а всі святі сослужать, а всі янголи діяконують... А долами-передолами, розійшлися смарагдові полонини й пишні луки, ген, аж до узлісь і гаїв, що горіли від яскравих пожарів туго насичені кривавo-золотистими охрами і циноброю... —

На тому весіллі всіх кольорів з усіми веселками — сиділа імость неначе дуже-дуже вбога та й ще непрошена своячка, таким скорбним контрастом цуралися тієї пишноти її сумна старість, самотність безсилля і мукою набрекли очі. А тут, ніби зумисне, щоб додати серцю жалю скрізь, по всіх дорогах, герцювали безжурні, заваліяцькі хлопці в оливковій уніформі, — танцювали в своїх „джіпах" і „джемсах", ковзались на шипучих гумах по чорному склі асфальту, висвистували, вигейкували і показували блакитному небу розсміяні обличчя й білі, здорові зуби.

...Гей, а нікотрий з тих удальців якось не здогадався, щоб підобрати по дорозі на свою славну машину імостинного сина, може й до смерти замученого небувалим рейдом, що ноги десь, може, змордував до крови, оббиваючи тисячі доріг та бездоріж... —

І даремне дожидала його мати до обіда, і сполудня, і в надвечір'я...

А коли вже розігралася монументальна міжгірна містерія заходу сонця, а потухли смолоскипи гір, що їй присвічували, і селединова куртина вечора спустилася на світ, — тоді старенька імость, не діждавшись сина, в мовчаливому супроводі тіней чимчикувала на своє самітне піддашшя.

А там, серед ночі, відвідували її дивні гості...

Сни, ясні сни приходили в гостину до кімнатки на піддашші, до срібноголової імості, що засипали з перевтоми таки так, сидячи в кріслі, з опущеними долі руками і з клубками вовни в подолку... Сни добродійні та ласкаві, що втихомирювали біль душі і приносили хоть на мить уявне здійснення нездійсненого на яві. Сни — дикі гуси в перельоті, сни — ключі журавлині, сни — білі лебелі брали стареньку імость на легітні крила і несли попід зоряне піднебесся, понад грайморе верхів, що в мерехтливій місячній піні купались, несли ген, туди — де лише сердешна туга і мрія і сон мали доступ... Несли в загірний, зазоряний, заобрійний золотий Рідний Край, в тихе подільське село на старосвітське приходство, що визирало з-поміж білих лип, вуликів, георгіній і косатої фасолі...

...Несли, несли... —

— Вас, мої діти, мої милі односельчани, чи маленькими вигнала війна в світ, ви може і не пам'ятаєте, що був колись у нас такий прадавній звичай: як навістила село суша, туча чи недорід, тоді люди йшли просити пан-отця, щоб покропив поле свяченою водицею... І сниться мені, мої милі, нібито наше село, плебанія, все, як живе стоїть мені перед очима, — знайомі лиця, знакомі люди, — а всі ходять чорні від журби і горя, бо настала небувала суша — діди внукам про таке лихо не переказували! Вигоріли збіжжя і трави, і повсихали дерева, і показали свої мертві дна студні й колодязі, і впав помір на худобу, а голод на людей...

— Й оце, ніби, бачу, зібралася сільська знать: війт, писар і присяжні і всі крокують повагом на приходство, а пан-отець, мій покійний чоловік, як живого його бачу, стоїть на ґанку, часослов читає... Підійшли, поздіймали капелюхи, вклонилися йому — ніби покійному чоловікові, тай кажуть: Отче духовний, рятуйте нас і дітей наших, впала на нас люта кара, прогнівився Бог на світ та на людей... Були страшні війни, пролито безмір'я крови, і від пролитої крови земна маточина стялася рогом і не родить, а від передсмертних голосінь пострілянних, помучених, помордованих — скам'яніло небо і не пропустить краплі дощу на окаянну землю — Одіньте отче, світлі ризи, підемо по полі з свяченою водою, а чей облагаємо Бога хоч молитвою а чей випросимо в нього спасенного дощику.

— Оце ж ніби, бачу, — одягає мій покійний чоловік світлі ризи, епітрахіль, фелон, що його дівчата на свято Царя-Христа вигаптували та й каже людям: виносьте, правовірні християни, з церкви святість: хай дівки беруть фани, а парубки хоругви, а дітям дайте дзвінки, а сестрицям свічки, а старші браття хай візьмуть хрест і патерицю.

— Розібрали люди святість і рушила процесія поза старий цвинтар на загумінки, ба дивлюся, приглядаюсь, мої милі, а це, ніби, не одна процесія з нашого села, а наче всі процесії з усього світу згуртувалися на царинках, а народу — тьма, видимо — невидимо!

...Йде, йде несамовитий людський здвиг, аж земленька ячить, а тут вам такий темінь, такий морок налягли, як би хмара сарани впала чорною паддю і загатила світ від краю до краю, і згасила сонце, і день, і промінь всякої надії... Йде, йде лячна ота процесія, а свічі не горять, а куряться цвийтарним чадом, а чорні корогви звисли до долу, як крилля мертвих птахів, а дзвони одчаяно бевхають, немов би з підземних яких дзвіниць, а звідусільне шепотіння мольб — із тисячів уст, із тисячів грудей, — як шум стоголосого мрячного бору, або невидні руки велетенських вітряків-стрясають чорним повітрям, підриваються в чорне небо, та небо-німе-невблагне, мовчить немов закляте!

— Вийшла процесія в чисте поле, аж бачу — перед нами ніби виросла височенна гора й густенний ліс загородив путь. А тоді мій покійний чоловік перший паде навколішки, а за ним ввесь мир, й одна молитва, один спів, одне ридання здіймаються під небо:

„Од повітря, глада, огня і войни сохрани нас, Господи!"

...І тоді, з-поза тієї височенної гори та з-поза того густенного ліса ніби вдарила ясність, та така златлунна, промениста, світлорука, що всі люди так і ахнули в один гогос: Ах, дивіться, чудо, чудо! Люди, браття, сестри, бийтеся в груди, сповідайтеся пан-отцеві з гріхів, прощайте один одному провини ваші, бо це ж на наших очах Господь творить несосвітнє чудо, або гряде кінець світа!

...Коли ж дивлюся, а з тої ясности златолунної виступає в славі світлий Лицар на білому коні, — не то св. Архистратиг Михайло, не то Юрій Переможець, а сам у шоломі, в срібно-литій зброї, з шаблею-лискавицею в руці... Коли ж дивлюся, — а це не святий Михайло, і не св. Юрій, а мій Андрій! — його ріст, його подоба, його очі розрадувані — розіскрені, хлоп'ячі, всміхаються до нас, вітають нас, мене і батька!

— Тату! кричу покійному чоловкові, — Тату, та це ж наш Андрій! — А ввесь народ підхопив великим голосом: Та це ж наш Андрій!!

...Коли ж бачу, вступає мій Андрій в гльорії небесній на самий вершочок цеєї височенної гори, вступив — а тоді як блисне шаблею-вогневицею — розколов небо на двоє! А від цього блеску ми всі посліпли і поглухли і попадали ницьма, як приголомшені тараном! А тоді — як розтворяться небесні челюсти та як зринуть животворними, цілющими потоками дощу! Осанна! Осанна!... Ріки, ручаї, стави небесні прорвалися з лотоків і затопили потопою вигорілу замучену землю, аж застогнала розпучливо і з полегшею, як щаслива ота породільниця, що збулася вагітного плоду!... А де впала крапля дощу — там ряснів ряст, а де впала друга — розквіталося „боже тіло", а за третою, за четвертою — хвилювали голубі сади і колосилася пшениця, а люди христилися, били поклони і цілували святе болото і доливали своїх щасливих сліз до тієї чудотворної зливи...

Після днів лютої покори — прийшов день — як Великдень, настала Радість, якої ще не зазнала наша Земля!

• • •

...І тепер я знаю, мої милі: — цей сон — був віщий сон! — Через невидні світи, незримі простори мій син дав мені знак, щоб й не побивалася за ним і не виходила щораня зустрічати його на чужі, розстайні шляхи... Бо він — і так сюди не прийде, бо його місце — не тут, бо ще не збулося його Призначення, ще проклятий морок висить над нашою Землею і меч Месника та Переможця ще його не розколов і не роз'ярив святих заграв...

І тепер, мої милі, я вже не піду туди, на пагорбець, виглядати мого сина з далекої дороги і хай мені Бог простить, коли воно гріх: — я навіть не буду надіятись на його щасливе вороття і не буду за нього молитися ні давати на боже!

А тільки благатиму Господа, щоб ув останній годині смерти, яка, гадаю, не за горами, ще раз показав мені сина, таким, яким я його бачила сьогодні в сонній з'яві: як опрозорений славою, в світлій лицарській зброї підіймається до висот і мечем вогненноруким розтинає Морок Ночі над уяремленною Батьківщиною. (Час).

ТУРНЕ З БАНДУРИСТАМИ

Синій автобус котиться яблуневою алеєю. На перехресті доріг показник. На мить машина зупиняється, і з неї виходить Дядя Вася, щоб подивитися, куди „рихтує" (як він каже) на Гановер. Дядя-Вася — це адміністратор капелі бандуристів ім. Шевченка. Так його в цьому колективі звуть всі — не тільки молоді, а й старші за нього віком. І він не сердиться. Взагалі в капелі ніхто ні на кого не сердиться, за винятком шофера, що завжди бурчить, коли в авті курять.

Синій автобус котиться 1000 км. — із самого Інгольштадту, що лежить десь там на Дунаї. Відома капеля бандуристів під керівництвом талановитого музики і оригінального композитора Григорія Китастого вже ось місяць перебуває в турне по таборах англійської зони. Незабаром капеля святкуватиме свій ювілей — 25-ліття свого творчого існування. І це турне ще встигне увійти в підсумок її невтомної діяльности і творчих перемог.

Вже відбулися з високим успіхом концерти в таборах Ганноверу, Мюнстеру, Гайденав, Зеедорфу та інших „українських" міст і селищ північної Німеччини. А зараз їдемо в інтернаціональний табір Фаленпост. Кажу „їдемо", бо я також вирішив „прокотитися" з цими милими людьми, що складають собою мов би одну сім'ю.

Я ніби їду в своїх справах, і вони переді мною щирі і відверті. Вони діляться зі мною своєю убогою пайкою, яку дістали в попередньому таборі на дорогу: оселедець, кусень цибулі чи шматок підозрілого сиру, а потім „турецька" цигарка „на десерт".

Я з першого дня перебування з ними відчув і зрозумів, що колектив капелі матеріяльну сторону ставить на останнє місце. Трапляються такі табори, в яких дістали на обід лише хліб та каву. Але ніхто й натяком не нарікав. Дрібниці. Головне — бандура, пісня. Провезти їх цим синім автобусом в найглухіший табір, щоб розрадити душу засмучених земляків, окрилити надію, напоїти вірою в краще прийдешнє. А між чужинцями популяризувати нашу невмирущу кобзу, нашу найкращу в світі пісню. Це головне, чим живе капеля. І з першим, і з другим завданням капеля цілком впорується. Це стверджують і вщерть переповнені залі таборових і міських (німецьких) театрів і ті гучні бурхливі оплески, і пориваючий „біс", і (не зважаючи на таку пору року) свіжі квіти, піднесені кобзарям з гарячою подякою...

А ось і Фаленпост. Це інтернаціональний переходовий табір, звідки ДП чекають корабля, щоб вирушити в чужі світи, шукаючи порятунку. Велика концертова заля, що вміщує понад 1000 осіб, вщерть переповнена. На концерті присутні люди десятка національностей. Тут, крім українців, і німці, і балтійці, і англійці, поляки, серби, жиди, румуни і інші. Капеля виступає з багатою різноманітною програмою: колядки, козацькі героїчні пісні, історичні, ліричні, жартівливі та пісні сучасних наших поетів, які Гр. Китастий поклав на музику. Концерт проходить з незвичайним успіхом. Чужинці в захопленні. Наші земляки з гордістю поглядають на чужинців, — мовляв, дивіться, які ми! А один поляк з гіркотою доводив, що вони, поляки, теж так уміють, але біда лиш в тім, що в Польщі забули свої бандури...

Ось виконують славетного „Байду" (музична обробка Гната Хоткевича). Як прекрасно заспівує соліст Ф. Погорілий, що має непересічний бас-октаву і високу школу виконання!

Другий відділ починається сольовим виступом, відомого в Україні оперового співака М. Горохова (баритон). Акомпонує йому квінтет бандур в складі найкращих бандуристів капелі.

А як молодо й чаруюче звучать голоси ветеранів капелі — досвідчених бандуристів п. Панасенка (тенор) і п. Міняйла (бас). Ці майстри-кобзарі мають за собою 25-літній артистичний стаж.

З молодих солістів особливо помітні Д. Цюра, В. Рихтовський (тенори) та співак В. Олешко, які мають для свого голосу ширші можливості.

Закінчується концерт маршем Ів. Багряного „Вставай, народе" (муз. Китастого). Тричі відкривають завісу, бо заля гримить „біс" і публіка й не думає підніматися з місць. — „Україна" на трьох мовах оголошує схвильований конферансьє, — слова Багряного....

За куліси прийшли старші англійські офіцери, керівник місцевого ІРО й інші авторитетні гості. Вони хочуть особисто подякувати кобзарям, які зворушили їх і примусили задуматися про Україну. Англійці частують кобзарів цигарками і кажуть зрозуміле всім „окей". Дядя-Вася подає їм книгу вражень, в яку полковник записує своє враження.

Другого дня капеля їде в гості до Митрополита Полікарпа, щоб отримати благословення на далеку путь. Владика дякує кобзарям за колядки, які ті в його квартирі проспівали, й дає кожному подарунок — псалтир і ікону.

— Це вам на дорогу разом з моїм благословенням, — щиро каже він, — хай підтримує вас Господь у вашому великому національному ділі.

...І далі, далі котиться синій автобус. Хай чує весь світ, як гучно звучить козацька бандура про свою батьківщину.

„Лежить Україна — велика руїна, тужить дівчина і месника жде".

С. Рибалка.

Гамбург — Гановер.

Павло Миргородський.

СТУКАЛА ГІЛЬКА...

Сестрі Наді.

Ніч розгойдана, вітряна. Тіні зірвались з причалів, снують.

Пливуть місячні плеса, як крига у повідь, вигинають вилиском голубі озера на леваді.

І крику пугача не чути...

Клечана ніч.

Стукала гілка в вікно, а вона вже й не спала.

Може то Олексій постукав? Та й дверима рипнула й у сінях постояла — чи не озветься. Сама озватись-спитати не сміла, бо почує Маруся — дочка єдина — вкоротити стане, щоб і не поневірялась по ногах. А що люди скажуть? — батько з фонту прийшов, а вони обидві сплять, здорові.

І двері ось відчинились, і увійшов. Вона холоне — так це все наяву. І кінець столу сів.

А голова важка, не звести очей глянути, озватись. „Марусе!" — кличе. Про неї мовчить. Чи гнів поклав за що, а чи дочка в більшій шані.

Прогуркотіло авто шляхом, аж хата ахнула. Мигнуло вогнями в напільнім вікні і — пропало.

Осяяній ночі ні кінця ні краю, як тим думам-сподіванням отуманеним, — пливуть голубими озерами, одпливають.

А впаде зірка зерном яримперестиглим, і здається — то хазяїн її до двору вертає — цигаркою світить у вікнах.

Було йшов-повертався, а вона в темній хаті виглядала. Кидав цигарку біля порога, сідав до столу задуманий та безсилий, з артілі приходив. Світла не велів світити, бо очам важко. Ганяв пісні скалки по мисці при вікні та й клав ложку.

— Х-ха!! а темні тіні ані здригнуться по кутках.

Та й засинала, як чула, що він уже спав...

— Ти б, Марусе, не спала, прийде батько, та й що воно з того, що ми спимо? — тихо озвалась та прислухалася.

Прийшов хто? — схопилась Маруся та тривогу тамувала руками на грудях стиснутими.

— А то гарно, мамо, що діл татарником натрусили, бачите, пахне.

— Батько наш любив, щоб так пахло...

Маруся затиснула уста в подушку та почула свої сльози солоні й зайшлася. Затаїла і мову й дихання.

Зачепить вітер гілку під вікном — тремтить осиковий лист... Снують тіні.

Колись, як ще можна було, рубає Олексій клечіння в лузі, а їй сокира дзвенить було, — як склянки дзвенять, коли чарки б'ють на весіллі молодим на щастя.

...А брав сорочку білу проти неділі, то все казав, що сонцем пахне.

— А то тому, що свіжа, бо в березі прана.

Стукала гілка в вікно, вітром розгойдана, а вона вже й не спала...

СМІХ — ЦЕ ЗДОРОВ'Я

— Мамо, можна мені тут поплавати?

— Ні, дитино, тут занадто глибоко й вода холодна.

— Алеж тато плаває?

— Так, люба, зате він застрахувався.

•

— Подивіться на фото моєї дівчини. Ах, яка вона чудова! Вона невимовно чудова дівчина. Вона впала в мої обійми просто з неба.

— Вона так виглядає, немов би впала при цьому на обличчя.

•

— Чи ви вірите в переселення душ?

— Ага, це якраз моя найбільша турбота!

— Чому турбота?

— Бо, розумієте, якщо я вирішу стати після смерти, наприклад, псом, то моя дружина обов'язково вирішить стати блохою.

•

— Від сьогодні я став забобонним.

— А що?

— Чорні коти приносять нещастя.

— Що трапилося?

— Минулої ночі мій брат наступив у темряві на чорну кітку, упав, розсипав усе срібло і збудив власника мешкання.

•

— Коли моя дівчина дивиться мені в очі, час зупиняє свій біг.

— Нічого дивного.

— ???!!!

— Кожний годинник зупиниться, глянувши на ваше обличчя. (Пу-гу)

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