



The Ukrainian Weekly

Supplement

Se в З. Д. Америкы; Se Закардоном

Тел. „Свобода“: BERgen 4-0237 4-0807 — Тел. У. Н. Союз: BERgen 4-1016

Se in the United States; Se Elsewhere

WEEKLY: No. 26

JERSEY CITY and NEW YORK, MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1948

VOL. XVI

GOP PLATFORM COMMITTEE GIVES HEARING TO UCCA DELEGATION

The Resolutions Committee of the Republican National Convention, which came to a close last week, afforded a hearing for a delegation of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America on Friday, June 18.

Spokesman for the two-man delegation was Mr. Leo Dobriansky, a member of the UCCA Political Advisory Board. His associate-delegate was Mr. Bohdan Katamay of Philadelphia, also a member of that Board.

Although the hearing was brief, it was of sufficient duration to enable the delegation to present UCCA views concerning the necessity of a free Ukraine in form of a formal memorandum (see page 3) handed to the Resolutions Committee, which was presided over by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., and an oral statement made by Mr. Dobriansky.

In his statement to the Resolutions Committee, Mr. Dobriansky recommended that the following points be incorporated into the Republican platform:

Text of Statement

"As you well know, a large bloc of Americans of Ukrainian birth or descent is in the membership of our Republican Party and in fervent support of its ways of administering government.

"Representing this bloc, we Republicans of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America share with you the joyous prospects of Republican victory this year. But we share, too, your feeling of heavy responsibility in presenting to the American people a platform that will reinforce responsible world leadership on the part of our free nation.

"Toward this end we strongly feel that cognizance must be taken of the following vital facts and points of policy in the platform of our Party:

"(1) righteous denunciation of Russian Soviet aggression in Eastern Europe with full recognition that such aggression did not commence with Finland and the Baltic countries in 1939-1940, but stems back originally to the Russian So-

viet conquest of the independent Ukrainian National Republic in 1920, followed by Aserbaijan (1920), White Ruthenia (1920), Georgia (1921), and Armenia (1922);

"(2) extension of sympathy to these early but little publicized victims of Red dictatorship as well as those of this decade;

"(3) enlightened awareness of the multi-national composition of the Soviet Union and the significant fact that in the vanguard of the nationalities strife there is the Ukrainian nation, second largest Slavic unit extending from the Carpathian mountains to the Caucasus, and possessing enormous geopolitical value in the form of its independent statehood against traditional Russian imperialism, whether white or red;

"(4) the explicit application of the democratic principle of the right of all people to reasonable self-determination, national sovereignty and popular consent to the submerged nationalities of the Soviet Union, especially its largest non-Russian national unit, Ukraine;

"(5) principled inclusion of all European nations in any projected plan for a federated United States of Europe, meaning therefore the nations of Eastern Europe of which Ukraine is an integral part that along with the Baltic, Balkan and Central European states has historically been bound in culture, economics and politics with Western Civilization; and

"(6) prudent allowance for the assistance of interested foreign-language groups in the United States, including the Ukrainian, in the administration of DP resettlement under the direction of the newly constituted commission of three as provided by recent legislation.

"It is our considered opinion, as Republicans, that the tactful incorporation of these points into our Party platform will insure faith of all right-thinking Americans in our ability to form a sound American foreign policy as concerns Eastern Europe."

On Record - by Ted Victor

NEWS NOTES:

New York, N. Y. On Sunday, June 20th, 1948 at the school of Fashion and Design the newly arrived students from Europe produced "An Evening of Ukrainian Song." The benefits were assigned to aid students in the various Displaced Persons' establishments on the other side. It is regrettable that our newly arrived students did not bother to seek the cooperation of established organizations within the city. Had they done so the entire concert could have been improved. Even though the Male Chorus was well trained and interpreted the songs with excellent feeling it too suffered from the poor arrangement of the entire program. I realize that these students would like to impress everyone with their own abilities etc., still the fact remains: Their ideals and our's should be the same basically. In order to further them we must work together. When a concert is produced it must not be produced to further the glory of any one person or of any one group. It must be to further our Ukrainian culture.

productions they must remember that we are Americans first and always. That is why the production of a higher type Ukrainian show means so very much to us. Perhaps if our young DPs were to produce a show entirely in English, equal to our Ukrainian productions they would understand just why we feel the way we do.

Akron, Ohio. The June Nite Whirl sponsored by the Akron Convention Committee of the UYLA was definitely a huge success, reports a friend from Pittsburgh. People came from all of the surrounding communities and all agreed that if the June Nite Whirl was an example of Akron hospitality, well then the coming convention on September 4, 5, and 6th should be worth travelling to the ends of the earth for. No wonder the Akron motto is, "Remember!—September! The Best Convention Ever" in Akron, Ohio.

Pittsburgh, Pa. Things are really beginning to hum around this smoky metropolis. The members of the Greater Pittsburgh Organization are actually asking for more meetings and besides that are making plans for a gala Ukrainian Day Picnic to be held at West View Park on Sunday, August 22nd. Everything from hot

ITALY REFUSES TO SURRENDER 26 UKRAINIAN REFUGEES TO SOVIETS

WILL FIRST GIVE THEM FAIR COURT TRIAL

What may turn out to be a cause celebre is the impending trial in Rome of 26 Ukrainian refugees whom the Soviets want repatriated as "war criminals" and "traitors" but whom the Italian government refuses to give up until they have been given a fair and just trial before the Appellate Court of Rome.

This action is unprecedented and contrary to Article 45 of the Italian Peace Treaty which provides for the automatic extradition of any persons by the Soviets whom they consider as "war criminals" and traitors.

The decree ordering this action was issued by Italy's President de Nicola, dated February 26 last. But since Communist elements were strong in Italy then, it was not made public until May 3.

The twenty six Ukrainian refugees, whose only "crime" is that they refuse to go back "home" because they know what fate awaits them as Ukrainian patriots at the hands of the Reds, are now in a concentration camp on the Island of Lipari, near Sicily.

Rev. Nicholas Kohut, vice-president of the Ukrainian Relief Committee of Rome (Comitato Ukraino Assistenza Profughi, Passeggiata del Gianicolo 7, Roma, Italia), brought the case to the attention of Ukrainian Americans in a letter to the Pan American Ukrainian Conference, the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, Ukrainian Congress Committee as well as to institutions in other countries of North and South America.

Plans have already been drawn up by the above mentioned Ukrainian American institutions to come

to the aid of these twenty six refugees. The well known Refugee Defense Committee, whose director is David Martin, has already signified its intent to help them. It is reliably reported that the Vatican is also interested in the case.

At present the Refugee Defense Committee has established contact in this connection with the Italian Refugee Defense Committee and its most prominent members, such as Bonomi and Croce.

It is necessary to provide the best Italian legal talent to defend the refugees. Likewise appeals on their behalf are being made to various governments and embassies, including our own State Department.

The trial itself of the Ukrainian refugees in Rome will be of great political significance since the trial procedure will be conducted according to Italian law and the defendants will be allowed their own defense counsel. The trial could be well turned into a trial of the Soviet Union itself.

According to reliable information, none of these 26 refugees is guilty of any war crime. Many of them are not even Soviet citizens and have never lived under Soviet jurisdiction. Most of them are Catholics. All of them just simply do not want to return to Soviet Russia ruled Ukraine.

Trivia - - - By Sophia

"QUICK, HENRY, THE FLIT!"

OFFICIALLY, summer is here. That means that June twenty first has passed, and we once again take to outdoor sports, depending, of course, upon the weather. Aha—the weather! Since the topic has been brought up, we must comment, in passing, on the weather and its inclemency. The weather hasn't been very considerate of us humans in the East. The only gifts it has showered upon us came in the form of rain. And it's not as though the lack of good weather is having bad effects on us at the moment, but wait

dogs, beer, sode, amateur contests, to a drawing for some five great prizes is being planned for this day. Mr. Michael Komichak and Mr. Chester Monasterski are in charge of the Amateur contest while Boris Pishko takes charge of raffle. Well, here's your chance to perform. If you think you have talent see Michael or Chester. Or should I say Majors Komichak and Monastersky?

Metropolitan Area. Your's truly now broadcasts twice a week over WSOU, FM. First on your FM Dial. Due to the constant program changes I don't have a definite time allotment as yet. But, if you like good music listen to the WSOU Concert Hall. Naturally Ukrainian music receives a priority so if you would like to hear anything just drop a line to the station in care of Seton Hall College, South Orange N. J. The Concert Hall lasts an hour and so you may rest assured you will hear something you like. When you hear the well known Ukrainian melody from Tschalkovsky's 2nd (Ukrainian) Symphony, you know Ted Victor is on the air,

until later in the summer. Mosquitoes, you know, thrive on dampness.

Everyone, at one time or another, has been plagued by mosquitoes. If you live in the city, there's not enough fresh air for the humans, much less for the mosquitoes; so the mosquitoes either stay away altogether or leave after a brief visit, to seek happier hunting grounds. Although it's beyond me what happier hunting grounds a mosquito could have than a city full of people just waiting to be bitten. But that's the way things are. The heart of New York City has very few of these nuisances, but the outlying areas, including Brooklyn, the swamplands of Queens, the Bronx, etc. can boast of a number of mosquitoes.

These city-bred pests, however, are harmless in comparison to the variety raised in New Jersey, which have a one-way flying range of forty miles. They're known either as B-29's or simply as "New Jersey Mosquitoes," which name requires no further explanation. Of course, they also have a Latin name, but I believe the species must have strengthened recently, as evidenced by its greater resistance and endurance. New Jersey Mosquitoes, as well as being hardy, have well co-ordinated reflexes, for they are gone before you even begin swatting them. Of course, they always leave a few bites as reminders of a recent visit.

Granted that New Jersey Mosquitoes are tough, but you've got to go a long way to find a mosquito which cannot be surpassed. This super-variety is found in the farmlands of central Canada. I'm sure this mosquito has no Latin name, as the strain must be the

Former DPs Give Concert in New York

The New York Ukrainian community had its first opportunity on Sunday, June 20 last, to judge the musical talents of the newly arrived Ukrainian immigrants, the former displaced persons who have been arriving to these shores.

The occasion was the "Vechni Ukrainskoyi Piani" (Evening of Ukrainian Songs) concert presented by the Ukrainian Student Society in New York at the School of Fashion Design.

A mixed chorus, a male chorus, a male quartet, vocalists and a violinist combined to present a well balanced program, which was enthusiastically received by an audience of about 300, of whom a considerable portion consisted of the newly arrived. Proceeds of the concert went to the fund to aid Ukrainian DP students in Europe.

From the musical viewpoint, the best performance was that of the male quartet, consisting of B. Krushelnitsky, Shandra, A. Karpa, and Kekish. Next best was the male chorus directed by B. Krushelnitsky, with the mixed chorus running a close second under the direction of Dr. W. Kalyna. Soloists were Mrs. N. Andrusiv, soprano, and A. Karpa, violinist. Piano accompanists were Mrs. L. Oshchuk and Miss A. Kulchytsky. Mr. B. Barametsky opened the concert with a brief talk about the accomplishments of European Ukrainian students in the international arena, and called for material and moral support of them.

Both choral groups showed evidence of good training, singing with precision, good rhythm, proper nuances, and understanding of the songs, some of which have rarely been heard here. However, they have some to go before they can be considered really fine choruses, especially in the matter of the quality of their voices.

A rather arresting feature of the male group repertoire was that some of the UPA (Ukrainian Insurgent Army) marching songs, although well sung and catching, they were in their melody and style suggestive of Russian partisan song influences.

Although we thoroughly enjoyed the concert we cannot agree with the advance notice listed in the program leaflet that among its "participants is some of the best talent from Europe."

result of long inbreeding, and the inhabitants are too busy with other things to bother with the nomenclature of mosquitoes. As a matter of fact, only visitors are annoyed by these mosquitoes. The local populace seems to be immune to them. After all, if you had purple elephants flying around all day long, you'd learn to ignore them too. And it's a funny thing about these central Canadian mosquitoes—they are on the go twenty-four hours a day. Of course, it's not easy to tell one mosquito from another, so it may well be that they are on eight hour shifts, Mosquito A sending out his brother to plague the public, as soon as Mosquito A's shift is over. In that case, there must be three times as many mosquitoes as I had thought!

I don't want it to sound as though mosquitoes are the bane of mankind. After all, there are other nuisances, such as beetles, flies, wasps and gnats, who also manage to hold their own, but they apparently don't have as good a propaganda office or campaign managers as the mosquitoes.

Now you've been reminded of what you can look forward to this

Editorial

SUMMER READING

Now that summer is here, and with it plenty of time of reading, we suggest that one take in hand some such Ukrainian work as Taras Shevchenko's "Kobzar," or Ivan Franko's "Z Verahyn i Nyzyn," or Hrushevyky's "Popular History of Ukraine, open its pages at random and begin reading it.

We guarantee that before long, one's interest will be caught by some particularly striking passage in it and soon the mind and imagination will be far away from the dull routine of daily existence—perhaps buried deep in the pathos of Shevchenko's poem of mother love, "Naimechka," or overwhelmed by the stark beauty of Franko's cluster of poems on the theme of unrequited love, "Zivale Lystia," or enthralled by a vigorous account of some stirring period in Ukrainian history.

Such a welcome emergence from the summer doldrums, however, will not be the only result of following our suggestion. More important, it may become the introduction into a new world of thought and conception, through which our reader will roam with much delight, for it is a world peopled by characters that are very much akin to his inner Ukrainian self. Their happiness, sorrows, and experiences will be his as well, for each of them is but a composite reflection of his inner Ukrainian nature, dormant in the atmosphere of the different culture in which it exists but in the world conjured by proper reading in Ukrainian growing into vigorous and fruitful life again.

Such an emotional and intellectual uplift that will come from proper reading in Ukrainian, is bound to enrich one's personality

and perhaps give expression to some hidden talents. And so, what was originally intended as only an escape from summer apathy, may turn out to be the making of a new person.

Of course, there is a danger that in embarking upon such reading, our young person may start with a story or poem that is dull, trite and of little literary worth, or with a history that is as dry as the dust that has accumulated upon it. Such stuff is likely to discourage even the most patient reader. He probably won't open a Ukrainian book again for a long time, with the further result that the little knowledge he possesses of the Ukrainian printed word will soon be lost.

Therefore, the greatest care should be exercised that one's venture into the world of Ukrainian literature should be an auspicious one. That means that one should begin reading something that is easily readable and interesting as well.

For a starter we strongly recommend Taras Shevchenko's immortal collection of poetry, the "Kobzar." Written in the simplest manner possible, yet being of the highest literary quality, the "Kobzar" is about the best and easiest entrance into the field of readings in Ukrainian.

Politics - - - by G. H.

THE most important day in the life of the American citizen is the day of presidential election. Next in importance are the national nominating conventions of the major political parties which choose the candidates for the highest office in the country. Sometimes the national nominating convention assumes the prime importance, especially when one political party is in position to sweep the country against all opposition. In such instance the national nominating convention as good as designates the next president and vice-president. Such is the Republican view in this year's presidential election.

As a runner-up the Republican party put on a great show in Philadelphia last week. The injection of circus element into the convention is an American custom more than a hundred years old. In spite of ridicule coming from reformers it will take a major national calamity to do away with the present methods of conducting the conventions.

One thing may be truthfully stated without political bias about the Republican convention: it was more interesting than the Democratic convention can hope to be. Regardless of the platform of each party the main interest of the public is focussed on the nominee for president. The Republicans had several strong aspirants and the outcome of the contest kept the public guessing; the Democrats are tied up with the incumbent whom they are compelled to nominate.

It would be futile to speculate on how the Ukrainians will vote in the coming presidential election. Politicians speak of "Jewish vote," "German vote," and of other nationalities that live compactly and make their vote influence the election. But no one ever heard of "Ukrainian vote," and that is as it should be. The ardent Ukrainian patriot may disagree with this statement but it is only a logical deduction. If our

summer. Aside from the outings to the seashore, picnics, weekends or the lake, and drives in the country, you shall have numerous encounters with these little blood-thirsty creatures that Nature made to spoil your summer. And you'll be calling them something other than their Latin names!

aim is to help the Ukrainian cause, the extent of such aid is contingent on the conditions in America, and it is our duty to vote according to our judgment of what is good for America.

We are Americans first and should be primarily interested in American issues. Ukrainian affairs should be of secondary importance to us. It may be said Ukrainians would be stronger if they all belonged to the same political party, but that kind of strength is deceiving. In order to be strong our influence must be exerted on other Americans in our communities. If our primary interest lies in Ukrainian affairs the other people will be loath to go along with us and our capacity to aid Ukrainian cause is thereby weakened. There should be Ukrainians in both political parties, their choice of party being on the basis of citizen's attitude to party's platform.

Being American first does not mean that one should entirely disregard the welfare of Ukrainians, as is often done by some of our rising young "statesmen." A man who attains a political office and forgets his Ukrainian origin is plainly selfish. His self-interest catches up with him and puts a limit to his advancement. Granted that his own people for some reason failed to support him, he is still morally obliged to give them his services.

The matter of Ukrainian participation in American politics has been sorely neglected. Once in a while one of our kinsmen wins an election to some minor office and we make great fuss over him. But that happens only once in a great while. In general it seems that we have not become politically conscious. Our leaders seem to be pre-occupied with Ukrainian affairs and have no time for anything else. Those who are interested in politics usually forsake the Ukrainian affairs and the support of Ukrainian population. It would be interesting to hear from the Ukrainians who did attain some success in American politics. Their analysis of the situation might awaken the dormant talents among our young generation.

DONATE TO THE UKRAINIAN CONGRESS COMMITTEE FUND DRIVE.

56 Church Street, New York, N. Y.

Memorandum on "Divisia Halychyna"

BY THE ASSOCIATION OF UKRAINIANS IN GREAT BRITAIN, LTD. CONCERNING UKRAINIAN P.O.W. IN GREAT BRITAIN, PREVIOUSLY "SURRENDERED ENEMY PERSONNEL" IN RIMINI, ITALY.

(Continued)

17. During the last part of August and the early part of September 1944, instructions were received to form a new Division and fresh reserves were brought up from the "recruits" who were still being assembled from everywhere.

18. For this "Second Division" the recruiting campaign was all out and spread in every direction. Ukrainians who had been serving individually in other German units were all transferred to the Division whether they wanted to or not. There was "all out" recruiting from labour camps in Germany, Austria and all parts of Western Europe occupied by the Germans, as well as from concentration camps in Germany and Austria, etc., and every means and methods was used to compel every Ukrainian physically fit to join the unit. It will be remembered that during this particular period the Germans were very hardpressed for manpower (for the Eastern front in particular) and all "alien" and non-German man power was being mobilized to the utmost.

19. Training continued during latter part of September and the early part of October. On September 23rd one battalion of the unit was moved to Slovakia where they continued training and in addition their job was to recruit "volunteers" from the Slovak partisans to the Wehrmacht.

20. It is desirable at this point to clear up a fallacy which intentionally or unintentionally is spread to the effect that the Ukrainian Division was used by the Germans to help crush the Warsaw uprising. This is a complete fallacy and cannot be substantiated since from every point of view it was physically impossible for the Ukrainians to have taken part in any action whatsoever during that period. The uprising took place on August 28th 1944 which was shortly after the Battle of Brody. During the time of the rising the Ukrainian Division had just gone through its annihilation and scattered units and individuals were making their way chaotically back to Neuhammer for reorganization. The Division was not reorganized in any form until during the latter part of September.

21. During the months of October, November and December, and the early part of January, the entire Division was gradually moved to Slovakia to continue training. They remained there until the latter part of January 1945.

22. On January 27th, general evacuation started westward in the direction of Vienna and the Province of Corinthia in Austria. In Austria the unit continued training and was also used in mopping up operations against the Tito partisans. The unit remained in Austria from early February until the capitulation in May.

23. During this period, a number of attempts were made to cross over to the British who were coming up from Italy and contacts were established with the British forces. After one such attempt in March, the Germans disarmed the entire unit and placed them under concentration, but with the approach of the Red Army arms were returned.

24. On April 8th, the unit was again in minor action against the Red Army at Feldbach and area.

25. On May 8th the unit was successful in crossing to join the British forces and on May 6th the first official meeting was held with British officers at Klagenfurt. The surrender took place at Klagenfurt, Feldkirchen and other points in the Province of Corinthia. Arms were not removed from the unit; in fact, in many cases more arms were issued and the unit was instructed to cross over to Italy. The move beginning on May 28th ended up (via Udine, Balaria, etc.), at Rimini.

Part III. Methods and Sources of Recruiting and Criteria for "Volunteering."

1. It is a historical fact that the Ukrainians have always strived for

their political independence and have endeavored to take advantage of every opportunity which might give them the slightest hope of making a contribution towards the independence of Ukraine. These efforts were best exemplified during the period 1918-1922 when the independent Ukraine was established and recognized.

2. A fair number of World War I veterans took advantage of the opportunity to get arms and ammunition and additional military training in order to fight against the communists which were always considered as the greater of two evils.

3. A very large number of youth were encouraged to take advantage of the opportunity to get arms, ammunition and training in order to subsequently join the underground partisans.

4. Until the outbreak of war in 1941 the Ukrainians were equally considered by the Russians (Eastern Ukraine), the Poles (Western Ukraine) and by the Germans themselves, as a dissident element that could not be trusted and, therefore, they were not admitted into any of the regular units for military service. Ukrainians took advantage of the first and only opportunity available and possibly hoped thus to form the nucleus of a Ukrainian Army, as they had after the first World War, in order to continue the struggle for Ukrainian independence.

5. Slave workers in Germany "volunteered" in order to take advantage of the only opportunity to get out of the slave labor camps.

6. Peasants and the sons of peasants "volunteered" so as not to be "home" when Russians returned, having already experienced Russian occupation in 1939-41.

7. Young men "volunteered" in order to escape being drafted into other German units since the Germans were mobilizing all youth physically fit.

8. Those who were in concentration camps or who were threatened with concentration camps "volunteered," to escape from the threat or the camp.

9. Ukrainian prisoners of war held by the Germans were offered the opportunity to "volunteer" to go into the Ukrainian Division.

10. Ukrainians who had previously been drafted to other German units were offered the "opportunity" for transfer from these German units to the Ukrainian Division.

11. An organized secret plan and agreement existed among the Ukrainians themselves whereby Ukrainians from the underground partisan army "volunteered" to join the Division, took training and deserted again.

12. Frequent raids were conducted by the Germans throughout the Ukraine and all young men picked up during such raids were given the choice of either slave labor in Germany or "volunteer" for service in the Division.

13. Civilian stragglers and camp followers attached themselves to the Division during the move from Slovakia to Austria in order to evacuate themselves before the approaching Red Army.

14. Special "privileges" and the right of evacuation for families and dependants were offered as an incentive to tempt and to encourage sons and husbands to "volunteer" to preserve and save their families and dependants.

15. During their time in Slovakia, young boys who had previously been mobilized for "Fatherland Service" in such duties as anti-aircraft, pioneer corps, light general duties, etc., were transferred to the Division and given an opportunity to "volunteer."

16. German Police and Wehrmacht made regular and periodic raids on villages, searched for youth and drove them away in lorries to "volunteer" for slave labor or military service.

17. During the German retreat, it was the policy of the Germans to forcibly evacuate all males before them. These were either

ABU KASSIM'S SLIPPERS

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by Waldimir Semeyna)

(Translated originally for the Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine published by the U.N.A. 1927-33)

(Continued)

III.

Having gained such earthly treasure
And forgetting his friends measure
Abu Kassim shone with zest.
To display his new gained glory
He had placed the vase with worry
On the window sill to rest.

Then he started meditating—
How should he be celebrating
This event in his life's path.
Give to church or buy a middy?
No, I must be getting giddy!
I know what! I'll take a bath!"

So he locked the house in order,
Tucked the key in girdle's border
And departed for his goal.
Here, when asked to pay admission,
He spat, mumbling in derision,
As if he had bit'n his soul.

In the bath house help's observant:
O'er his boots sweats one quick
servant.
Second's peeling off his coat.
This one rubs his lower members
And the next upon him clambers—
Till his backbone cracked a note.

While the servants hustle, tussle,
With the skinflint's every muscle,
Scrubbing, rubbing with some paste,
Someone strolled up to the miser,
Some friend—Kassim, none the
wiser,
Took him to be such, in haste.

Having greeted one another
They conversed of daily pother.
Then the friend began to smile:
"Abu Kassim, my dear fellow,
Don't you think the time is mel-
low
To replace your boots a while?"

"Look at those unearthly plodders!
In Bagdad they have no brothers;
They resemble fresh cut logs!
You're a man that can afford it;
Get some pumps; throw out these
sordid,
Heavy, and feet raking cogs!"

"True, my comrade," Kassim pon-
dered.
"I, myself, have often wondered
What is best to do with them.
But you know the human feeling!
When I see them my heart's peel-
ing.
For to me they are a gem.

"That's because we live together!
Glancing at them, why, they,
rather,
Still look good from tip to Hd!
Why, then, cast them now asunder
And buy new ones? Such a blunder,
Such a folly God forbid!"

While our Kassim was so talking,
Through the entrance, slowly walk-
ing,
Came a law upholding judge,
All the servants rushed—the
leeches—
To divest him of his breeches...
"I will wash! Let me massage!"

Abu Kassim flushed with anger,
Feeling like a blighted hanger
That's been cheated of his prey,
Then he went to end his mission
While his friend smiled with deri-
sion—
What he thought is hard to say.

mobilized on the spot during the
evacuation or concentrated in points
and then mobilized. All of these
were given an opportunity to "vol-
unteer." All Ukrainian "partisans"
who were captured by the Ger-
mans were faced with immediate
execution or given the opportunity
to "volunteer" for the Division.

18. A few thousand stragglers,
camp followers and deserters from
slave labor camps and other work-
ing units in Austria, attached
themselves to the unit after ca-
pitulation in order to take ad-
vantage of the opportunity to
cross over into Italy.

19. Many Ukrainians from the
Polish Army in Italy deserted to
join their own nationals, prefer-
ring to suffer the same fate, and
often to join their relatives or
close friends. No doubt a certain
number of individual "fortune hun-
ters" and adventurers "volunteer-
ed" for domestic reasons, for per-
sonal reasons in order to find
some "hope" and "security" for
themselves or for their families
and dependants or because they
had nowhere else to go and no
other alternative.

(To be continued)

If his bathing tasted sweetly
Or if he got washed completely
We'll forget without a doubt,
But the judge, it is quite certain,
Swore at servant's hind the curtain
When our Kassim staggered out.
He was putting on his clothing
When his eyes popped out, on noting
That of boots there was no trace.
That a pair of satin slippers,
As if just come from the slippers,
Had been shifted in their place.

Kassim then began to cackle,
"Foxy friend! The dear old gracie!
Scolded me, it seemed, for nought
And while I was washing, bathing,
Took my slippers, which were fad-
ing,
And these pumps for me had
bought."

Such was his imagination,
So without consideration,
Placing faith upon his guess,
Wrapped his feet with same old
tatters,
Donned his new predestined fetters,
And walked out in state of bliss.

But though he's slowly moving
Fortune's rival is pursuing,
Slow but certain with its crawl!
Having mentioned every devil,
From the bath, where he did revel,
Came the judge, as red as beet.

They were putting on his clothing
When his eyes popped out, on
noting
That of pumps there was no trace!
"Stead of slippers, for a cheer,
Two large boots, like kegs of beer,
Had been shifted in their place.

Now the judge was one strict fellow
So he started in below,
"Who has stolen my new pumps?
Who the devil take his ration
And deprive him of salvation
Has replaced them with these
stumps?"

In the building tumult fear!
Whispers sail from ear to ear!
Then in union all cry out
"Now we know their rightful
owner!
Why'th's Kassim, that rich pawner,
That's the culprit—the big leut!"

Two attendants, tall and hale,
Right away took up the trail.
To our Kassim nothing bode
All the trouble that was brewing!
He was happy and was cooling
To his pumps, along the road.

Then the thoughts of Bagdad's
jester
Were checked short by, "Mister!
Mister!
Hey there, Mister, stop a while!"
Turning, Kassim starting gawking
At the knave who was now walk-
ing,
Coming up in friendly style.
"Allah bless you, our dear neigh-
bor!
To locate you was some labor!...
And the lord would have you lead
Your attention to his prayer...
Some rich merchant or soothsayer
'Cause the two of us he sent."

Abu Kassim, far from ready
For such luck, felt bit unsteady,
As he ran with thoughts of gain.
He walked in, all expectation,
When the judge cried out, "Damma-
tion!"
So it's you, you thieving swain!
"Why, you pilferer unsightly!
Hey, attendants tie him tightly
And remove him to the cell!
First relieve him of my slippers,
Then, hang both these pedal nip-
pers
'Round his neck, and tie them well!"

This time Kassim got a cleaning,
Which deprived him of his feeling.
He, it seems, had only joked,
But his beggings and excuses
Only brought some new abuses
From the judge who had him
yoked.

To avoid some more disasters,
He drew out his five plasters,
Which he handed with a grudge.
That's the cleansing Kassim netted
At the bath house, where he
sweated,
And at which he met the judge.

(To be continued)

Which naturally brings to mind
the two little girls who were dis-
cussing their families. "Why does
your grandmother read the Bible
so much?" asked one.
"I think," said the other little
girl "That she is cramming for
her finals."

Yes, I Was There—"Na Rodinye"

By OLESIY ANDRIENKO
(Freely translated by S. S.)

(Continued)

(10)

VALENTIN approached our
group. He too had been as-
signed to our unit. Oksana, how-
ever, had to go with the women.
Newly-married young couples had
to honeymoon out in the open,
in the presence of others.

Terrible as the conditions were
for all of us, those who managed
to find space in the barracks were
certainly better off than those who
had to live out in the open. We
were the "organized"—while they
were "individuals." We were at
least given some food, but the
others were virtually ignored com-
pletely.

One of the first things they made
us do was to drill. We were taught
to march, wheel, sing marching
songs. Then we were given in-
struction in the handling of fire-
arms.

Every day the Commissar in
charge of the camp, Major Pokra-
sov, conducted discussion periods
on such subjects as the political
set-up of the U.S.S.R., or how
it came about that the U.S.S.R.
managed to shatter the forces of
Hitlerite Germany. We fired ques-
tions at him concerning our fu-
ture. What would it be like? He
pleasured us by saying that every-
thing would be all right and in
good order.

"Once you are screened by the
Commission and get through it
all right," he assured us, "then

you'll soon be on your way home."
But now," he added, "you must
not waste your time but spend all
of it in appraising yourself,
your talents and capabilities. For
whatever you possess you will have
to contribute it to the welfare of
your country when you get back.
There was a pause.

"One enemy has been shattered,"
he finally spoke grimly, "and now
we have another facing us?"

"Who's that?" we chorused.

"Why, those cursed Anglo-Ameri-
can capitalists, of course!" he ex-
claimed. "We, comrades, are on
the threshold of a decisive fight."

We immediately sensed that we
were being indoctrinated with the
idea that another war was in-
evitable. In a sense it was a most
dismaying feeling. And yet in a
broader sense it rekindled hope
within us. For if another war
starts, we thought, the Bolsheviks
will never last it this time. And
that'll be better for us. As for
the coming war hardships, well,
we've suffered more than enough
for the past 25 years. Certainly
we could some more yet, especial-
ly since we'll be buoyed by the
hope that eventually we'll get our
freedom.

Meanwhile, Valentin was on the
verge of despair, walking about
distracted. For his Oksana was
scheduled to go to a women's
camp. He tried unsuccessfully to

get Major Pokrasov to let his Ok-
sana to remain with him, but was
rebuffed.

"Why worry about one girl," he
was told, "soon you'll have ten
front line girls to play around
with."

"Yes, I know that," Valentin
replied bravely, trying to look
very grownup. "I know very well
that the very Red Army regula-
tions forbid a soldier to act like
a ninny."

Despite this brave front, Valen-
tin's young heart fairly bled at the
thought that he would soon be
separated from his Oksana.

"Yeah," he continued, "women
are always a lot of trouble. If she
has children, then they demand
that birth certificate." And it's not
easy to get."

"Even if the new mother is of
pure Soviet blood it is hard to get
such a certificate. One doesn't
know where to get them. And yet
if one cannot get them the young
mother is subject under the Soviet
penal code to serve five years in
prison for 'betraying' the 'home-
land.' May the devil take it all.
Of course, I know that that pen-
alty was supposed to stop our wom-
en from consorting with the enemy,
but a lot of our Soviet women, in-
nocent of ever having had anything
to do with the enemy suffer just
the same. Because it's so hard to
get that birth certificate."

(To be continued)

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE UKRAINIANS

(1)

ANTHROPOLOGY is a compara-
tively recent science. Barely a
century and a half has elapsed
since the beginning of its serious
work. The material thus far col-
lected by anthropological science,
while it might seem immense to
some, is, nevertheless, still small,
and what is even more important,
irregular. Concerning some races
and peoples the science has many
thousands of measurements at its
command, while other races and
peoples are known from very few
measurements. For this reason
the science of anthropology is still
a long way removed from an exact
knowledge and perfect description
of different races and peoples.

Even in Europe, where anthropol-
ogical investigations have been
based on a study of the greatest
number of human individuals, the
distribution of various anthropolog-
ical racial characteristics in dif-
ferent peoples and tribes of the
continent were, until recently, very
hard to interpret and to understand.
It is the pioneer work of investiga-
tion of Deniker, Hamy and others,
that has made it possible to divide
the population of Europe into so-
called anthropological races.

No Pure Blooded People

Pure-blooded peoples, all of
whose individuals possess the same
anthropological characteristics, ex-
ist nowhere. Hardly in the most
inaccessible corners of the globe,
are small primitive peoples found
who approach the ideal of pure-
bloodedness. The great civilized
peoples of the earth are all of
them more or less heterogeneous
peoples, and show no uniform an-
thropological type. This is true
especially of the Western and Cen-
tral European cultured peoples:
French, English, Spanish, Italians,
and also the Germans. Continued
commixtures, which can certainly
be proved historically, have en-
tirely eradicated the original an-
thropological characteristics of
these civilized nations. No wonder,
then, that anthropogeography, in
view of these most apparent ex-
amples, has almost given up de-
signating anthropological charac-
teristics as the characteristics
of nations.

But, in considering an Eastern
European nation, such misgivings
of anthropogeographical science
cannot be justified. Just as the
physio-geographic conditions of
Western and Central Europe are
measured by other standards than
those of Eastern Europe, so the
anthropogeographical problems of
this region, too, must be approach-
ed differently. Just as the physio-
geographical variety of Western
and Central Europe gives way to

Eastern European uniformity in
Ukrainian territory, so the anthro-
pological variety gives place to
greater unity.

Vast areas of the Ukraine, even
without any great natural hin-
drance, were always unfavorable
to separation into classes, and did
not encourage the development of
physical differences. And foreign
admixture are almost out of the
question. For the foreign peoples
which, since the earliest beginnings
of history, traversed or even do-
minated the region of the Ukraine,
were first of all too small in num-
ber to make any noticeable im-
pression on the anthropological
type of the Ukrainians. And, be-
sides that, the foreign races—al-
most all nomad peoples—came in-
to the land as fierce enemies, with
whom there existed no voluntary
peaceful relations.

Ukrainians Reveal Much Greater
Uniformity

For these reasons the Ukrainian
nation reveals a much greater uni-
formity in its anthropological as-
pect than the nations of Western
and Central Europe, which, in the
course of history, were visited by
innumerable peoples of the most
varied anthropological types, who
stayed there and were assimilated.
If, therefore, in these peoples, an-
thropological characteristics can
have no particular significance,
the matter is quite different with
the Ukrainians and many other
Eastern European nations. Here,
anthropological peculiarities still
have considerable weight as dis-
tinguishing characteristics of na-
tions.

Investigations concerning the
anthropology of the Ukrainians
began more than a century ago.
But they were made without any
system, in different regions of the
great national territory selected,
quite without a plan, and for a
long time gave no acceptable re-
sults. Not until the 20th Century
was enough material gathered to
at least make it possible to deter-
mine the main anthropological
type of the Ukrainians.

To be sure, according to these
investigations, the Ukrainians, too,
are anthropologically a mixed race,
just as the other nations of Eu-
rope. But the formation of this
mixed race took place in a very
distant prehistoric past and later
admixture have been too insignif-
icant to visibly change the original
racial type of the Ukrainians. From
the Visloki to the Kuban, from the
Pripyet to the Black Sea, the Uk-
rainian people constitute a uniform
anthropological type. This type
has preserved itself in its purest
state in one wide zone which em-

braces the Ukrainian Carpathian
Mountain lands, Pokuty, Podolia,
Dnieper Plateau and Dnieper Plain,
the Donetz Plateau and the Kuban
sub-Caucasus country.

Long Legs and Broad Shoulders

Tall stature with long legs and
broad shoulders strongly pigmen-
ted complexion dark rich, curly
hair, rounded head and long face
with a high and broad brow, dark
eyes, straight nose, strongly de-
veloped elongated lower part of
the face, medium mouth and small
ears; that is the type. Outside the
described main zone of distribution
of the Ukrainian racial type, these
characteristics become less and
less sharply defined altho at all
parts of the ethnographic boundary
the anthropological differences of
the Ukrainians from their neigh-
bors especially from the Poles,
White Russians and Russians, are
very clearly marked.

The mean stature of the Ukrain-
ians is 1670 mm. (one millimeter
equals .0394 inch). Consequently the
Ukrainians are among the tallest
peoples of Europe, and in this re-
spect they surpass their neighbor-
ing nations by a great deal. The
average height of the White Rus-
sian 1651 mm., the Poles 1654
mm., the Russians 1657 mm., of 100
individuals among the Ukrainians,
53 are taller than the average, 47
shorter; among the Poles and Rus-
sians 51% taller and 49% shorter.
Right here we see a great differ-
ence between the Ukrainians and
their neighbors, as well as a great
similarity of these three peoples.

(To be continued)

Bill, with the big chest, was re-
counting his fishing adventures:
"My muscles of sinewy steel were
more than a match for the denizen
of the deep. And at last, after
three hours, exhausted but trium-
phant, I landed this ferocious
monster."

Sam interrupted: "Ferocious
monster! I saw a picture of the
fish you caught and it was only six
inches long."

"All right," conceded Bill, "but
in three hours of fighting a fish
can lose a lot of weight."

"SVOBODA" (UKRAINIAN DAILY)

FOUNDED 1893

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

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter
at Post Office of Jersey City, N. J.
on March 10, 1911 under the Act
of March 3, 1879.

Accepted for mailing at special rate
of postage provided for Section 1193
of the Act of October 3, 1917
authorized July 31, 1918.

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

UCCA MEMORANDUM TO REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

A delegation of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, consisting of Leo Dobriansky of New York and Bohdan Katamny of Philadelphia personally delivered June 18 the following Memorandum to the G.O.P. Platform Committee of the Philadelphia Convention.

In the course of the hearing that was granted the UCCA delegation, Mr. Dobriansky orally cited the cardinal points of the Memo. Text of his oral statement appears on page one.

Text of the Memorandum

"The Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, representing over one million Americans of Ukrainian descent, sends its greetings to the Republican National Convention. We wish it success in the endeavor to make the best possible choice of a presidential candidate.

"However, even the best candidate must have a strong platform. In these days of post-war confusion and international diplomatic strife, it is not an easy task to formulate same. Mindful of its obligations towards the welfare of this country, the Ukrainian Congress Committee respectfully submits this memorandum to the delegates of the Republican National Convention and to its policy making board to serve as an aid in the task of drafting the party platform.

"More than three years have elapsed since the end of World War II. It appeared that the democracies, who stand for freedom of mankind, had won a victory over totalitarianism, over the forces of slavery. It seemed that the leaders of the victorious nations would now be free to concentrate their time and energy on the establishment of such a state of international affairs that would spare humanity from a repetition of the recent horrors of war. It seemed that now the victors would lay a solid foundation for the free development of all peoples in permanent peace and security.

These great hopes did not materialize. The peaceful reconstruction of Europe and the world as a whole seems to be more distant than ever. The efforts of our country to put into practice the principles for which we fought have encountered stubborn resistance from those who thrive on distortion of facts and creation of chaos and strive to utilize the victory so dearly won for the expansion of their reign of dictatorship and oppression. With cynical indifference to the meaning of democracy and the significance of the Atlantic Charter, the Soviet Union has proceeded on its task of subjugating Europe and boycotting our reconstruction efforts. For the sake of a possible understanding and peace, our government has been lenient, but now the time has come when further leniency would mean the desertion of our principles. The time has come for a clearly defined United States foreign policy, especially with respect to eastern Europe.

Urges Calling of Soviet Bluff

"The Ukrainian Congress Committee of America respectfully recommends that the Republican National Convention call the Soviet bluff and in the interest of the welfare of this country as well as durable world peace and stability incorporate into its platform a plank recognizing the fundamental principles of freedom for all peoples and nations, including the Ukrainians who have fought for their independence for centuries. This struggle reached its culmination in 1919 when the Ukrainian People formally declared their independence and established an independent Ukrainian Republic. Immediately attacked by the Communist dictatorship, the young Ukrainian Republic was eventually overthrown and the new Moscow-appointed rulers set up the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic and commenced their task of fitting the free Ukrainians into the atheistic totalitarian mold. From that moment life in Ukraine has been one prolonged martyrdom for the Ukrainian people. Despite all this, the democratic instincts of the Ukrainian people encouraged them to make all possible sacrifices to drive out the German invader even though they knew what an inhuman regime awaited them with the return of the Red Army. In spite of past experience, these tyrannized people dared hope that the victory of the democratic powers could not help but bring about improvement in their national lot. Together with the rest of the world, they dared hope for the principles of the Atlantic Charter to be put into effect and together with the rest of the world they faced disappointment.

Why a Free Ukraine Is Necessary

"The establishment of a free and independent state within the Ukrainian ethnographic boundaries would be the only just and proper solution to the Ukrainian problem. The establishment of such a state is an indispensable element to a lasting peace in Europe. Otherwise, Ukraine, as in the past will continue to be the "tinder box of Europe" constantly seething with unrest and discontent and ever a drawing card to would-be conquerors. The result can only be a situation that is a menace to the peace of the world. It is self evident that an enslaved, oppressed, ever discontented country of 45 million people is a permanent danger to the peace of Europe. Any power occupying Ukraine dominates eastern Europe and threatens peace. Only an independent Ukraine can restore the balance of power to this section of the world and can insure a long and lasting peace.

These facts and opinions our Committee presents to the Republican National Convention for consideration in the belief that in this way it contributes its utmost to the cause of democracy and world peace and the esteem and security of the United States of America." (Signed: Stephen Shumeyko, Pres., and Eve Piddubchesha, Sec'y of U.C.C.A.)

Youth and the U.N.A.

WAGNER WINS GRAND KNIGHT POST

Marcel Wagner, a member of Branch 270 of the Ukrainian National Association, located in Jersey City, N. J. was elected to the office of grand knight of Jersey City Council, Knight of Columbus, in a hotly-contested election that culminated three week of fierce campaigning by both sides. According to The Jersey Journal, Wagner, an assistant corporation counsel for Jersey City, defeated Edward T. Dillon by 41 votes. Over 700 votes were cast in the balloting at the Columbian Club. Wagner drew 392 to Dillon's 351.

Stephen J. Magura, a member of U.N.A. Branch 287 of Jersey City, and secretary of the Jersey City Lions Club, was elected advocate in the same election. Both Wagner and Magura are active in Ukrainian circles in Jersey City.

NEW U.N.A. BRANCH IN MINNEAPOLIS

A new youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association was organized this month in Minneapolis, Minn., through the efforts of Dmytro T. Dmytro T. Biletzky. The new group, known as American Ukrainian Youth of Twin Cities, was designated as Branch 402 of the U.N.A. The charter members included 6 adults and 9 children.

The officers of Branch 402 are Fred T. Melek, president; Anne Boyko, treasurer; Elko Perchysyn, secretary.

Young people in Minneapolis who are interested in the new youth branch should write directly to the U.N.A. Main Office for additional information.

Landis Graduates from Cooper Union

Michael Landis, a member of U.N.A. Branch 287 of Jersey City,

THE BOYS' CLUB OF NEW YORK

Great men accomplish great things. This may well be said of Edward Henry Harriman who built a railroad empire. What may well be a greater contribution to his country is that he founded The Boys' Club of New York which has been providing needy boys in low income areas with an opportunity to become happier healthier and better citizens.

10,000 Ukrainian Boys Have Been Its Members

Among them are a great many Ukrainian boys. Of the 300,000 boys which have passed through its doors, about 10,000 of them have been Ukrainians.

In 1876, when the neighborhood now being served by The Boys' Club of New York was worshipping as its heroes Kit Burns and Johnny Allen, both of whom boasted of being the wickedest men on earth, E. H. Harriman, understanding the influence of the environment upon the characters of the boys growing up in it, organized The Boys' Club of New York. Renting a basement on East 9th Street and interposing some of his friends to provide leadership, he worked on the idea that being a boy requires no experience but a boy needs guidance and training to be a good one.

Today, The Boys' Club of New York has grown to two large buildings, one on East 10th Street, the other on East 111th Street. Over 6000 youngsters of all ages racial backgrounds and religious beliefs comprise its current membership. Of these 6000 boys, more than 200 are Ukrainians. Each night, over 3000 boys who might otherwise roam the streets as hoodlums, take part in the club program.

Form of Activities

The vital part of The Boys' Club story is not a matter of history alone, it lies in the irrealizable force of its activities. The boundless energy of boys 6 to 18, exerting itself in all directions, is still being capped and funneled into usefulness. The same diplomacy and skill in handling adolescents in search of maturity, goes on endlessly. There is no such thing as a normal day in the club's agenda. The staff of The Boys' Club realizes the towering possibilities of a boy's imagination and the quenchless urge he has to put it into play. Variety of program provides the spice they demand. For the younger boys there is the game room with a wide assortment of games, gym and swimming periods, free movies, fun nights, pet show contests, little sister contests, parties of endless variety, and a vast number of activities which are organized on the spur of the moment to provide a constructive channel for the bursting energy of the boys. The adolescent boys are provided with a varied program to satisfy their urge for companionship and group activities. Street gangs are brought into the club intact and are entered into competition with other gangs. Before long, the significance of the term 'gang' is lost and boys call themselves athletic clubs. Boxing, wrestling, basketball, volleyball, and swimming contests are taught to the boys with emphasis on the rules of sportsmanship and the art of give and take. The art class, photography class, woodworking shop, plastics class, and drama productions are activities which is so strong in adolescent boys. Many of the boys make these hobbies a means for their living upon becoming men. So it happened with Irving Berlin, famous songwriter, Benny Leonard, retired lightweight champion of the world, Lou Pagliaro, world's champion in ping-pong, Irving Reiss, Hollywood producer, George Gershwin, famous composer, to mention but a few.

The youngest members, comprising the largest group, fill the game room with a bedlam of youngsters on the march, from the moment the club's doors open at 3:00 P.M. until closing time which, for them is 9:00 P.M. and 11:00 P.M. for the older boys. It is still an axiom of successful management that merely opening the the doors of a building, no matter how beautifully equipped it may be, is not enough to get boys to use it. It must be made more attractive than the usual haunts, secret hideouts and neighborhood stamping ground lying in the daily orbit of young adventurers.

rooms with a bedlam of youngsters on the march, from the moment the club's doors open at 3:00 P.M. until closing time which, for them is 9:00 P.M. and 11:00 P.M. for the older boys. It is still an axiom of successful management that merely opening the the doors of a building, no matter how beautifully equipped it may be, is not enough to get boys to use it. It must be made more attractive than the usual haunts, secret hideouts and neighborhood stamping ground lying in the daily orbit of young adventurers.

Ukrainian an Ass't Director

Club leaders, such as Peter Capra, Executive Director, Paul Lenchuk, his assistant, Earl Kohler and Rogers Lawrence, respective Directors of the uptown and downtown branches of The Boys' Club of New York, through experience with East Side conditions, keep each new flock of boys coming. They get into the thick of conditions as they exist and wrestle with all kinds of factors. In doing so they have built up solid relationships with schools, churches, and police departments. No attempt is made to duplicate the functions of these public institutions. Bringing them to proper focus in youthful minds is, however, a continuing effort.

The Carey Camp

The money to carry on the work done by The Boys' Club of New York comes from voluntary contributions given by public spirited citizens who realize that the future of this nation lies in its youth. The Boys' Club gives to its youngsters everything they want in recreational activities except trees and grass. These are provided them at William Carey Camp which is located 90 miles from New York on Long Island Sound. Owned and operated by The Boys' Club of New York, the 100 acres of the camp accommodate 1200 youngsters between July and August, providing them with two weeks out of fifty-two of country living. At camp, the boys play in grassy fields, enjoy salt and fresh water swimming, hiking, good food and lots of it, fresh air and sunshine, and cool nights for sleeping. These are not charity cases. The boys pay nine dollars for their vacations but it takes 25 dollars more to get them away from the hot city pavements and pay the costs of their vacation. The 25 dollar difference is provided by public contributions, and will send one boy to camp for two weeks. \$12.50 will stake one boy for one week. All contributions should be sent to the Boys' Club of New York, 287 East 10th St., New York, N. Y.

Fisher's Island Camp

A camp for older boys between the ages of 15 to 18 is operated by the Boys' Club on Fisher's Island in New York. This is a summer work camp and the boys who come here work part of the time caddying at the Fisher's Island golf course. While at this camp they get an opportunity to meet people who come from different levels of society and therefore gain a different outlook from that which they have learned on the East Side. When the boys aren't working they enjoy camp experiences such as swimming, hiking, playing basketball, handball, golf, and volleyball.

The Boys' Club of New York is more just a building. It is a club which boys know is theirs and which they can always have a good time. They pay from 30 to 50 cents a year to belong. To repeat, more than 300,000 boys have passed through its doors, 10,000 of which have been Ukrainians.

PAUL LENCHUK, Assistant Executive Director

was graduated from Cooper Union in New York at recent commencement exercises. He received a degree in electrical engineering. Landis completed a 6-year night term at Cooper Union, which was interrupted by his induction into the U. S. Army. All the members of his family, his mother, sister, and four brothers, are members of Branch 287.

JOIN THE UKRAINIAN NAT'L ASSOCIATION. DO IT NOW!

UKRAINIAN SELF-EDUCATOR
BY
HONORE EWACH, B.A.
PAGES 91—PRICE \$1.00 AT
"SVOBODA"
BOX 346, JERSEY CITY 3, N. J.

OPEN DRIVE TO AID DP's



The Ukrainian parishes of Utica, Rome, Herkimer and Little Falls, N. Y. opened a drive June 13 for the relief of Ukrainian displaced persons. This regional drive is part of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee Drive. The regional drive was opened by the above pictured persons, who met in the Sts. Peter and Paul's Church in Utica. From left to right are: Paul Smolka, Little Falls; Anthony Shanayda, chairman, Utica; Michael Rappaport, St. Johnsville; John Herbowy, secretary, Utica; Rev. Michael A. Yarosh, Rome; Dr. Walter Gallan, executive director, United Ukrainian American Relief, Philadelphia, and Rev. Joseph Bodnar, Pastor, Sts. Peter and Paul's Church.

WEEKLY BANTER

"Mrs. Duffy and Mrs. Cohen met one day after not having seen each other in months.

"Ah noo, and how ar-r-re ya' Mrs. Cohen? And I hear that both you-r-r darther and son are married noo. How are they?" asked Mrs. Duffy.

"Well," answered Mrs. Cohen, "my girl, she has a fine husband. She has breakfast in bed every morning, doesn't have to leave even a little finger to do housework. Every afternoon she goes shopping for fine clothes—or plays bridge. My little girl, she is a regular lady."

"Moi, and isn't that just foine. And how's your-r-r son?"

"Ah, my poor Sammy. He didn't do so vell, Mrs. Duffy. His wife, she is no goot. She dun't get up

till noon, and the house is, you should excuse de expression ah pig pen! she is spending all her afternoons at the bridge parties. She's a regular no account!"

There was a rich old gentleman sitting in his wheelchair beside an open window as a shapely lass walked by, displaying a comely figure.

"Quick, Jenkins," called the old gentleman to his valet, "Bring me my teeth, I want to whistle."

A mother rang up the doctor. "Come round to our house at once, doctor!" she pleaded. "One of my children has swallowed a penny!"

"Right," said the doctor, "how old is it?"

"Eighteen-ninety-three," was the prompt reply.

They were standing at her doorway at the end of their first date. She had resisted his affectionate advances all evening successfully, but finally relented by granting him a gentle good-night kiss.

"That's your reward for being a gentleman," she murmured sweetly.

"For all my wasted labors," he muttered, "that's no reward—just workman's compensation!"

The trainer of a horse that was never in the money called over a new jockey early one morning. "This nag is going stale," he advised. "He needs a stiff workout. See what you can do with him."

"Yes, sir," said the jockey "You want me to ride him around the track?"

The trainer sighed. "No," he corrected, "just run in front and pace him."

Make your plans now to attend!

The Ukrainian Youth's League

OF NORTH AMERICA

will hold its

11th Annual Convention

LABOR DAY WEEKEND

September 4-5-6th

at the Mayflower Hotel

AKRON, OHIO

By attending you will have the opportunity of taking part in the convention deliberations upon some of the most urgent issues confronting young Americans and Canadians of Ukrainian descent.

You will also have the opportunity of enjoying a round of social affairs, featured by a Welcome Dance, and a Grand Banquet and Ball, at which you will have the pleasure of meeting old friends and making new ones among the many hundreds of delegates and guests who will congregate at this great conclave from all parts of the U.S.A. and Canada as well.

ALSO

In conjunction with the convention and at the invitation of the Akron Ukrainian Youth's League Convention Committee the N.Y.-N.J. METROPOLITAN AREA COMMITTEE (an affiliate of UYL-NA)

will present

"Vechernitsi"

The hit of the famous First Spring Festival of Ukrainian American Youth held in New York City in 1947.

A number of outstanding younger generation artists from both this country and Canada will take part in this colorful presentation of Ukrainian songs, music, dances, and drama. There will also be a Grand Concert.

BETTER MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS EARLY!

Hotel Reservations
MISS DOROTHY SUDOMER
c/o Hotel Mayflower
Akron, Ohio

Publicity and Information
MISS SOPHIE KUDERA
1172 Herberich Avenue
Akron, Ohio

For further details watch these pages.

М. Хвильовий.

АРАБЕСКИ

(Уривки).

Город. Я безумно люблю город. Я люблю виходити ввечері із своєї кімнати, йти на шумні бульвари, випивати шум, нюхати запах бензоду й тоді йти на закриті квартали, щоб побачити японські ліхтаріки — так, здається — в трикутниках цифр: будинок, на розі №: горить. Я люблю, коли далеко на дальніх міських левадах ринуть трамвай: щось неможливо вгадує цей рип, щоб повстали переді мною теплі образи, як хрустали дороги, як прозора — фантастичні ліденці (коніки), що я їх уже ніколи не побачу на базарі. Тоді я люблю Еспанію, тому, що вона далека, тому, що я фантаст, тому, що я пізнаю і кохаю город не так, як інші, тому, що город — це Сервантес Сааведра-Мігуель, тому, що в битві при Лепанто, тому, що в полон до алжирських піратів. Тому, що підходить до мене Марія і каже:

— Ніколя! Я читала сьогодні еспанські новели, і я скажу: Мартінес Сієрра — моя радість, бо в його новелях маленька музика, мелодія слів, як оркестра моєї душі, коли у вишине садка моєї чумацької країни жевріють зорі: падають на ягоди кризь темну темряву літньої синюватої ночі й падають на ставки, щоб прозвучати. Мартінес Сієрра — маленька флейта, веснянка дум про далеку Еспанію.

Ми зупинились на мосту. Гримить повінь. Над рікою важкі весняні хмари. Тоді Марія дивиться на далекий вогонь, що горить на костюлі і творить поему. Гримить повінь. Над рікою важкі весняні хмари.

Ніч. Весна. Міст. Марія.

О, Мартінес Сієрра! Тобі, музичному музикантові, твоїм новелям, де звучить така широка й радісна весна, де міриди міриадів голубих метеликів над гармонією моєї душі — тобі шлю із своєї чумацької країни привіт. О, Мартінес Сієрра! Не тільки те захопаний у звуки, фарби й запах слова — я теж естет. Я вірю, що наші душі зійдуться десь у міриадіх міриадів голубих метеликів, у цій голубій хуртовині, коли серце так енергійно стисне, наче таємна мавка розказує океану казку, коли в океанах горять жемчуги, як горить сонце на шляхах моєї чумацької надзвичайної країни. О, Мартінес Сієрра! Про що розповідь тобі? Чи розкажу тобі, як співають наші дівчата біля шведських могил, коли пісня з буряків як сіроока жура, як геніальний Леонтович у бур'янах комо степового краю? Чи розкажу тобі, як повільно кодою бредуть круторогі воли з молочної фарми? Чи сплету тобі вінок із польових дзвоників — з подій: як була, як пройшла, як гриміла, як народжувалася молода епоха? Шла м'ятежна епоха? Шла духмяна романтика, і нечутно ходили в борах тіні середньовічних лицарів. Бігли вітри із Сходу — сторожі і тривожні. І тоді в аулах моєї голубої Савойї стояв гул. Через перевали, з азійського степу, з глухої тайги, летіли: депеша за депешою.

О, Мартінес Сієрра!...

...Коли цвіркуни на далекому зруйнованому курорті починають мовчазний концерт, тоді за косяком в порту горить маяк. Маяк блимає, булькає, погасає на мить, і знову за косяком в порту неможливо привабливий вогник. Тоді далеко серед морської мертвоти реве пароплав і несе людей, їхні муки й сподівання в інші краї, у виноградну даль.

— І от, поет з тієї божевільно-незрівняної країни, що, як золота осінь, димить на твоїй патетичній душі, пізнав сірого чортика й тісно жив з ним і не в сенсі банально-сентиментальної нудьги, а так, як може жити художник. Він був страшний нехаба, але він міг тільки жевріти і то в тайзі, і то для утилізації обмеженого кола часто обмежених людей. Поет знав, як далеко одійшов запах тобленічів-старичків бур'янів, що прекрасно пахли після „Гайдамаків“ і „Катерини“, як далеко і „Тіні забутих предків“, і все, що хвилювало юність, а тепер залишило тільки сірого чортика. Поет знав, що в історії народів його божевільно незрівняної країни, що, як золота осінь, димить на твоїй патетичній душі, найважливіше на першу півсотню літ одведено силою рабської психіки тільки два рядки і то першим; і на ці два рядки ніхто й ніколи (аж поки пройде півсотні літ) не зверне уваги. І поет, що кризь огонь своєї інтуїції побачить нові береги, загине, як Катерина на глухій дорозі невідомості.

...Тоді біжить коник моєї фантазії по першій сніговій дорозі, і летить від його копит діаманти сніжнок. У далекому бору, що леде маяччя, дід мороз трусить білою бородою, і якась фантазмагоря навкрути. Під столом сидить кішечка і муркотить про радість морозного дня. Над оселею здіймаються димки й плывуть у тьме небо. І ніхто не розкаже мені: що це?

Повз одинокі оселі, що біля моря, іде залізниця — тупик. І на тупику, коли вийдеш увечері слухати, як приливає море, бачиш зруйновані вагони, розірвані снаряди, бачиш руїни.

То пройшла махновщина і зникла в стеловій тирсі, як загала про дику татарву. Увечері, коли на малому лимані кричать чайки і десь важко сідають баклани, над морем стоїть чіткий місяць і грає чіткими веслами на поверхні синьої води. На березі, як хрустали, мелуза. Кажуть, мелуза горить, коли йде іграми. І це, як древні сказання. Тоді в пустельному кутку приморської полони рибалки підводять чайку над кайорою, беруть невід і йдуть в море.

Міцнішає вітер. Вітер із моря. У порту прориві пароплав, але враз замовк: він сьогодні не піде за хвилюри, бо збирається на ніч небажана буря. Кайора метулася на обрії й раптом зникла. Тоді з одинокі рибальської хати вийшла мати й дивилася в море. І підійшла до неї ще молода жінка, і вони довго стояли на березі.

І сьогодні море казиться, і казяться піщані береги в хуртовині камінців, але це останній шквал. Даль жене табуні: вали і греблі хвиль розкидають бісер. Сходить сонце. І одинокі рибальські посолюк зустрічає його золотих вершин тишею.

Пошана до вищого рангу. Американський офіцер флоту, що вийшов на пенсію, дістав місце в секретаріаті одного університету, але це не заважило йому дуже пишати своїм колишнім рангом. Я кось до нього зайшов один юнак, що сказав: „Пане, я прийшов записатися до вас!“

— Тільки не пане, — відповів той. — Називайте мене: пане капітане, — юначе!“

Юнак подивився на нього кілька секунд і відповів металічним голосом: „Тільки не юначе, називайте мене: пане полковнику!“

Довідавшись про одруження одного генерала, Клемако сказав: „Тепер йому доведеться воювати на два фронти!“

...Да*) і я собі подумав, а дівчина, а дівчина ж кому достанеться... — Васька на хвилинку замовк, щоб змочити пересохлі губи горілкою. Він обтерся рукавом брудної спецовки, випляв в мене свої спіяна помутнілі очі і вів далі: „...як би ж хотів чоловіком був, а то ж гавкун...“

— Гавкун! — несподівано гримнув Васька і кинув кулаком об стіл — да, а я ж її любив, як може тільки сам себе люблю. Особливо любив. Як п'яний! І знаєш, її було за що любити! Талант! — Васька навіть вгору зняв п'яну руку і над головою похитав пальцем, бо тому сьорбнув ковток і продовжував це хриплим голоном:

...то правда, як той казав, що всяка дівчина у вісімнадцять літ має талант. Я знаю — суцзя правда! Ну, а Надя, я все про Надю, мала такий талант, такий талант! Особенний! І щоб ти знав, отой талант і погубив її...“

— Вона співала. Ех, якби ти чув, як вона співала! Ну, як соловей, тільки іще солодше, як жайворон, тільки іще фігуральніше, або як зозулька, тільки іще плаксивіше. Та хто її не знав — Борова! Надя Борова!

І я тобі скажу, що й вона мене сперва любила любля. Отак положити свої пальчики мені на плечі, а сама пристальні очі загляда і каже:

— А все таки, яке страшне у тебе, Васька, рило... і, знаєш, іменно, рило... — і личко своє булово скорчить — скорчить, мовляв, дивись, який бридкий. Аж сміх мене не раз возьме. А вона все так само, якби уся задумана, каже:

— А душу, душу маеш бл... городну, таку возвишену... за душу, каже, і люблю тебе, а то б... — і тільки булово зідхне.

Кажись, всі знали — Надя Борова з талантом. І всі казали їй, мовляв, талант! Я й сам услый раз казав — талант! Заміть, не ти заміть, — ось де начало гібелі, ось де причина бедствій всім! Да! Ти тільки слухай і поймаєш.

А началося все, як записалась Надя в клуб. Конечно, клуб — хороше діло, но... Заміть, з тих пор вона, як не нормальна стала. Мені казало, що вся її душа, любов і так далі, одним словом — все тепер пішло у горло, і я боявся, щоб воно зовсім не вискочило.

Що вже тоді я під клубом не вистояв! Ніч і дощ, а ти, як проклятий, один, як палець обрубаний, переминаєшся з ноги на ногу й тільки прислухуєшся. А з верхніх вікон тільки „а-а-а“ та „бе-бе-бе“. То він таким баском — „бе-бе-бе“, то вона, якби передражняючи його тоненько — „бе-бе-бе“.

Він з города приїздив. Заміть, брочки кльози, широкий галстук, в талію піджак і морда в красних п'ятках. Професор! Бакаліст! Словом, дрянно... Уже з останнього сеансу люди розійдуться, уже й ліхтар над входом кривий Стьопка погасить, а вони вчаться й розповідать, а я, як спасення чекаю, коли вже кінають... А дочкається, так тоже радости не дуже. Тільки й скаже:

— О, чуєш, Катька тепер співає... Вона на горлі! Арнольд Вікторович казав, що на горлі! Він казав, що в мене колосальна дияфрагма... Ти чуєш — чуєш, як в горло дура заганяє! Природи нікой!

І ось в такому роді — горло і Арнольд Вікторович, Арнольд Вікторович і горло — аж слухать тошно. Бувало слухаєш і думаєш — корала — тура — дура — дура... Ну, та як скажеш?

А прийдеш до неї, мамаша тоже, як сумашаєч.

— Ну, Вася, наконец Надічка в хороших руках! Спеціаліст! Консерваторіа! А вись шофером... Кажу, аж тошно слухати! І став я помічати, що Наді кудно зі мною. Що ж, глотка у мене груба, така, що тільки водки просить, і понятия нікотого, і даних ніяких на Паторжинського... Шофер і нікотрих перспектив.

А тут і провожати Надю став Арнольд Вікторович. Признаюся, тоді не знав, куди й діватися — і так, якби все

лише — ноги, руки, голова... Словом, дурак-дураком став! І случилося! Я стояв під клубом, а він підійшов до каси і, чую, у віконце каже — „два, последний ряд, десятичасовий сеанс“. Узня білети, здачі пощитав, потребував недодаданий п'ятяк і змився.

Ну, думаю собі — два! Останній ряд! І в їхню сторону поїз! Так не оставлю... Ха-х-х! — отак все в голові мені попуталось — і „бе-бе-бе“, і спеціаліст, і „ме-ме-ме“... А сам підходжу до каси, кладу п'ять рублів і кажу, мовляв, ось п'ять рублів, останній ряд, останній сеанс, тільки дивись, щоб разом з тим фраером... І здачі не нужно!

Ех, знаєш, з трепетом душевним ішов на той останній сеанс. Приходжу, а їх нема іще. Ну, думаю ще „бе-бе-бе“, вправляють. Ше до начала четверть часа. Прийдуть! Сідаю і сиджу. Коли це чую, через уся залу з першого ряда до мене Митька Гарбузов кричить:

— Здоров, Васька! А я забив тобі один секрет по секрету передати, що... — і тут він отак трубою ладі склав і, сволоч, на всю залу, — що твоя співала з гавкуном знохалась!

Конечно, в залі заіржали. А я, як поскубаний, як з шланга пожежного водою поблизкий, сиджу і кулаки затискаю. — Думаю — з гавкуном, іменно, з гавкуном. Ловко сказано, не?

Ну, тут уже і світло погасило. Чую через ряд сунуть. Усідаються. Він коло мене сів, а вона за ним. Ну, все в порядку, думаю! Вони мене не бачать, а я уже слухаю... Спочатку мовчали. Робили вид, що на екран дивляться, якби й дійсительно було на що дивитися — якийсь доклад, якийсь завод показували і план-переплан так його так... Потому чую: він шепотом до неї каже: мовляв, талант у тебе, Надічка, і так далі, і ти, моя Дорога, прекрасна і ненаглядна, но... зоборт зобортом... Мовляв, із тебе може іще Ливчененко — Волгемут вийти. Словом, уське іскуство-паскудство і так далі. Конечно, я всього не чув, но суть, суть саму поняв... Він шепоче, а я оттаким потом обдиваюсь і чую, що уже й сорочка до дукри лишилась... А вона усе мовчить. Думаю — на все согласна. Не витерпів я тоді й кажу йому:

— Закрий же ти свою плювальничку, мішаєш тут кіно дивитися!

А він:

— А ти хто, що тикаєш? — Кажу, закрий плювалку, бо як тикну!

У залі заіржали, до нас почали повертатися. А він до мене шепотом:

— А ви читали в газетях о борбє с худіганством, а? Та я на суд подам і год вам припаять? а?

— На! — припав я йому кулаком по губах, аж зуби його почув, і кажу: — а маєш, ти, гавкун! Припаять!

У залі зареало — електрику, давай електрику! А я уже на нього навадився і мну, аж гудзики летять і крутяться!

Ну, дали електрику. Чую Митька Гарбузов кричить:

— Так його, так його гавкунда зайждаженого! Вже третю зводити! Вий, знаю його! Он Катька з лузом уже лаять!

Ну, та інші розборонили. Помню, мене держали за руки, а я іще ногою трахнув його. Аж присів Арнольд Вікторович, та все руку до спухлої губи, як компрес, прикладає і так форменим бараном дянучаєш. А з Надею щось в роді обморочка.

Був суд. А на суді все й обнаружилось. Усе на чисту воду й вийшло! І те, що ми

...Тоді біжить коник моєї фантазії по першій сніговій дорозі, і летить від його копит діаманти сніжнок. У далекому бору, що леде маяччя, дід мороз трусить білою бородою, і якась фантазмагоря навкрути. Під столом сидить кішечка і муркотить про радість морозного дня. Над оселею здіймаються димки й плывуть у тьме небо. І ніхто не розкаже мені: що це?

Повз одинокі оселі, що біля моря, іде залізниця — тупик. І на тупику, коли вийдеш увечері слухати, як приливає море, бачиш зруйновані вагони, розірвані снаряди, бачиш руїни.

То пройшла махновщина і зникла в стеловій тирсі, як загала про дику татарву. Увечері, коли на малому лимані кричать чайки і десь важко сідають баклани, над морем стоїть чіткий місяць і грає чіткими веслами на поверхні синьої води. На березі, як хрустали, мелуза. Кажуть, мелуза горить, коли йде іграми. І це, як древні сказання. Тоді в пустельному кутку приморської полони рибалки підводять чайку над кайорою, беруть невід і йдуть в море.

Міцнішає вітер. Вітер із моря. У порту прориві пароплав, але враз замовк: він сьогодні не піде за хвилюри, бо збирається на ніч небажана буря. Кайора метулася на обрії й раптом зникла. Тоді з одинокі рибальської хати вийшла мати й дивилася в море. І підійшла до неї ще молода жінка, і вони довго стояли на березі.

І сьогодні море казиться, і казяться піщані береги в хуртовині камінців, але це останній шквал. Даль жене табуні: вали і греблі хвиль розкидають бісер. Сходить сонце. І одинокі рибальські посолюк зустрічає його золотих вершин тишею.

Пошана до вищого рангу. Американський офіцер флоту, що вийшов на пенсію, дістав місце в секретаріаті одного університету, але це не заважило йому дуже пишати своїм колишнім рангом. Я кось до нього зайшов один юнак, що сказав: „Пане, я прийшов записатися до вас!“

— Тільки не пане, — відповів той. — Називайте мене: пане капітане, — юначе!“

Юнак подивився на нього кілька секунд і відповів металічним голосом: „Тільки не юначе, називайте мене: пане полковнику!“

Довідавшись про одруження одного генерала, Клемако сказав: „Тепер йому доведеться воювати на два фронти!“

...Коли цвіркуни на далекому зруйнованому курорті починають мовчазний концерт, тоді за косяком в порту горить маяк. Маяк блимає, булькає, погасає на мить, і знову за косяком в порту неможливо привабливий вогник. Тоді далеко серед морської мертвоти реве пароплав і несе людей, їхні муки й сподівання в інші краї, у виноградну даль.

— І от, поет з тієї божевільно-незрівняної країни, що, як золота осінь, димить на твоїй патетичній душі, пізнав сірого чортика й тісно жив з ним і не в сенсі банально-сентиментальної нудьги, а так, як може жити художник. Він був страшний нехаба, але він міг тільки жевріти і то в тайзі, і то для утилізації обмеженого кола часто обмежених людей. Поет знав, як далеко одійшов запах тобленічів-старичків бур'янів, що прекрасно пахли після „Гайдамаків“ і „Катерини“, як далеко і „Тіні забутих предків“, і все, що хвилювало юність, а тепер залишило тільки сірого чортика. Поет знав, що в історії народів його божевільно незрівняної країни, що, як золота осінь, димить на твоїй патетичній душі, найважливіше на першу півсотню літ одведено силою рабської психіки тільки два рядки і то першим; і на ці два рядки ніхто й ніколи (аж поки пройде півсотні літ) не зверне уваги. І поет, що кризь огонь своєї інтуїції побачить нові береги, загине, як Катерина на глухій дорозі невідомості.

...Тоді біжить коник моєї фантазії по першій сніговій дорозі, і летить від його копит діаманти сніжнок. У далекому бору, що леде маяччя, дід мороз трусить білою бородою, і якась фантазмагоря навкрути. Під столом сидить кішечка і муркотить про радість морозного дня. Над оселею здіймаються димки й плывуть у тьме небо. І ніхто не розкаже мені: що це?

Повз одинокі оселі, що біля моря, іде залізниця — тупик. І на тупику, коли вийдеш увечері слухати, як приливає море, бачиш зруйновані вагони, розірвані снаряди, бачиш руїни.

То пройшла махновщина і зникла в стеловій тирсі, як загала про дику татарву. Увечері, коли на малому лимані кричать чайки і десь важко сідають баклани, над морем стоїть чіткий місяць і грає чіткими веслами на поверхні синьої води. На березі, як хрустали, мелуза. Кажуть, мелуза горить, коли йде іграми. І це, як древні сказання. Тоді в пустельному кутку приморської полони рибалки підводять чайку над кайорою, беруть невід і йдуть в море.

Міцнішає вітер. Вітер із моря. У порту прориві пароплав, але враз замовк: він сьогодні не піде за хвилюри, бо збирається на ніч небажана буря. Кайора метулася на обрії й раптом зникла. Тоді з одинокі рибальської хати вийшла мати й дивилася в море. І підійшла до неї ще молода жінка, і вони довго стояли на березі.

І сьогодні море казиться, і казяться піщані береги в хуртовині камінців, але це останній шквал. Даль жене табуні: вали і греблі хвиль розкидають бісер. Сходить сонце. І одинокі рибальські посолюк зустрічає його золотих вершин тишею.

Пошана до вищого рангу. Американський офіцер флоту, що вийшов на пенсію, дістав місце в секретаріаті одного університету, але це не заважило йому дуже пишати своїм колишнім рангом. Я кось до нього зайшов один юнак, що сказав: „Пане, я прийшов записатися до вас!“

— Тільки не пане, — відповів той. — Називайте мене: пане капітане, — юначе!“

Юнак подивився на нього кілька секунд і відповів металічним голосом: „Тільки не юначе, називайте мене: пане полковнику!“

Довідавшись про одруження одного генерала, Клемако сказав: „Тепер йому доведеться воювати на два фронти!“

Олександр Смотрич

ГАВКУН

...Да*) і я собі подумав, а дівчина, а дівчина ж кому достанеться... — Васька на хвилинку замовк, щоб змочити пересохлі губи горілкою. Він обтерся рукавом брудної спецовки, випляв в мене свої спіяна помутнілі очі і вів далі: „...як би ж хотів чоловіком був, а то ж гавкун...“

— Гавкун! — несподівано гримнув Васька і кинув кулаком об стіл — да, а я ж її любив, як може тільки сам себе люблю. Особливо любив. Як п'яний! І знаєш, її було за що любити! Талант! — Васька навіть вгору зняв п'яну руку і над головою похитав пальцем, бо тому сьорбнув ковток і продовжував це хриплим голоном:

...то правда, як той казав, що всяка дівчина у вісімнадцять літ має талант. Я знаю — суцзя правда! Ну, а Надя, я все про Надю, мала такий талант, такий талант! Особенний! І щоб ти знав, отой талант і погубив її...“

— Вона співала. Ех, якби ти чув, як вона співала! Ну, як соловей, тільки іще солодше, як жайворон, тільки іще фігуральніше, або як зозулька, тільки іще плаксивіше. Та хто її не знав — Борова! Надя Борова!

І я тобі скажу, що й вона мене сперва любила любля. Отак положити свої пальчики мені на плечі, а сама пристальні очі загляда і каже:

— А все таки, яке страшне у тебе, Васька, рило... і, знаєш, іменно, рило... — і личко своє булово скорчить — скорчить, мовляв, дивись, який бридкий. Аж сміх мене не раз возьме. А вона все так само, якби уся задумана, каже:

— А душу, душу маеш бл... городну, таку возвишену... за душу, каже, і люблю тебе, а то б... — і тільки булово зідхне.

Кажись, всі знали — Надя Борова з талантом. І всі казали їй, мовляв, талант! Я й сам услый раз казав — талант! Заміть, не ти заміть, — ось де начало гібелі, ось де причина бедствій всім! Да! Ти тільки слухай і поймаєш.

А началося все, як записалась Надя в клуб. Конечно, клуб — хороше діло, но... Заміть, з тих пор вона, як не нормальна стала. Мені казало, що вся її душа, любов і так далі, одним словом — все тепер пішло у горло, і я боявся, щоб воно зовсім не вискочило.

Що вже тоді я під клубом не вистояв! Ніч і дощ, а ти, як проклятий, один, як палець обрубаний, переминаєшся з ноги на ногу й тільки прислухуєшся. А з верхніх вікон тільки „а-а-а“ та „бе-бе-бе“. То він таким баском — „бе-бе-бе“, то вона, якби передражняючи його тоненько — „бе-бе-бе“.

Він з города приїздив. Заміть, брочки кльози, широкий галстук, в талію піджак і морда в красних п'ятках. Професор! Бакаліст! Словом, дрянно... Уже з останнього сеансу люди розійдуться, уже й ліхтар над входом кривий Стьопка погасить, а вони вчаться й розповідать, а я, як спасення чекаю, коли вже кінають... А дочкається, так тоже радости не дуже. Тільки й скаже:

— О, чуєш, Катька тепер співає... Вона на горлі! Арнольд Вікторович казав, що на горлі! Він казав, що в мене колосальна дияфрагма... Ти чуєш — чуєш, як в горло дура заганяє! Природи нікой!

І ось в такому роді — горло і Арнольд Вікторович, Арнольд Вікторович і горло — аж слухать тошно. Бувало слухаєш і думаєш — корала — тура — дура — дура... Ну, та як скажеш?

А прийдеш до неї, мамаша тоже, як сумашаєч.

— Ну, Вася, наконец Надічка в хороших руках! Спеціаліст! Консерваторіа! А вись шофером... Кажу, аж тошно слухати! І став я помічати, що Наді кудно зі мною. Що ж, глотка у мене груба, така, що тільки водки просить, і понятия нікотого, і даних ніяких на Паторжинського... Шофер і нікотрих перспектив.

А тут і провожати Надю став Арнольд Вікторович. Признаюся, тоді не знав, куди й діватися — і так, якби все

лише — ноги, руки, голова... Словом, дурак-дураком став! І случилося! Я стояв під клубом, а він підійшов до каси і, чую, у віконце каже — „два, последний ряд, десятичасовий сеанс“. Узня білети, здачі пощитав, потребував недодаданий п'ятяк і змився.

Ну, думаю собі — два! Останній ряд! І в їхню сторону поїз! Так не оставлю... Ха-х-х! — отак все в голові мені попуталось — і „бе-бе-бе“, і спеціаліст, і „ме-ме-ме“... А сам підходжу до каси, кладу п'ять рублів і кажу, мовляв, ось п'ять рублів, останній ряд, останній сеанс, тільки дивись, щоб разом з тим фраером... І здачі не нужно!

Ех, знаєш, з трепетом душевним ішов на той останній сеанс. Приходжу, а їх нема іще. Ну, думаю ще „бе-бе-бе“, вправляють. Ше до начала четверть часа. Прийдуть! Сідаю і сиджу. Коли це чую, через уся залу з першого ряда до мене Митька Гарбузов кричить:

— Здоров, Васька! А я забив тобі один секрет по секрету передати, що... — і тут він отак трубою ладі склав і, сволоч, на всю залу, — що твоя співала з гавкуном знохалась!

Конечно, в залі заіржали. А я, як поскубаний, як з шланга пожежного водою поблизкий, сиджу і кулаки затискаю. — Думаю — з гавкуном, іменно, з гавкуном. Ловко сказано, не?

Ну, тут уже і світло погасило. Чую через ряд сунуть. Усідаються. Він коло мене сів, а вона за ним. Ну, все в порядку, думаю! Вони мене не бачать, а я уже слухаю... Спочатку мовчали. Робили вид, що на екран дивляться, якби й дійсительно було на що дивитися — якийсь доклад, якийсь завод показували і план-переплан так його так... Потому чую: він шепотом до неї каже: мовляв, талант у тебе, Надічка, і так далі, і ти, моя Дорога, прекрасна і ненаглядна, но... зоборт зобортом... Мовляв, із тебе може іще Ливчененко — Волгемут вийти. Словом, уське іскуство-паскудство і так далі. Конечно, я всього не чув, но суть, суть саму поняв... Він шепоче, а я оттаким потом обдиваюсь і чую, що уже й сорочка до дукри лишилась... А вона усе мовчить. Думаю — на все согласна. Не витерпів я тоді й кажу йому:

— Закрий же ти свою плювальничку, мішаєш тут кіно дивитися!

А він:

— А ти хто, що тикаєш? — Кажу, закрий плювалку, бо як тикну!

У залі заіржали, до нас почали повертатися. А він до мене шепотом:

— А ви читали в газетях о борбє с худіганством, а? Та я на суд подам і год вам припаять? а?

— На! — припав я йому кулаком по губах, аж зуби його почув, і кажу: — а маєш, ти, гавкун! Припаять!

У залі зареало — електрику, давай електрику! А я уже на нього навадився і мну, аж гудзики летять і крутяться!

Ну, дали електрику. Чую Митька Гарбузов кричить:

— Так його, так його гавкунда зайждаженого! Вже третю зводити! Вий, знаю його! Он Катька з лузом уже лаять!

Ну, та інші розборонили. Помню, мене держали за руки, а я іще ногою трахнув його. Аж присів Арнольд Вікторович, та все руку до спухлої губи, як компрес, прикладає і так форменим бараном дянучаєш. А з Надею щось в роді обморочка.

Був суд. А на суді все й обнаружилось. Усе на чисту воду й вийшло! І те, що ми

...Тоді біжить коник моєї фантазії по першій сніговій дорозі, і летить від його копит діаманти сніжнок. У далекому бору, що леде маяччя, дід мороз трусить білою бородою, і якась фантазмагоря навкрути. Під столом сидить кішечка і муркотить про радість морозного дня. Над оселею здіймаються димки й плывуть у тьме небо. І ніхто не розкаже мені: що це?

Повз одинокі оселі, що біля моря, іде залізниця — тупик. І на тупику, коли вийдеш увечері слухати, як приливає море, бачиш зруйновані вагони, розірвані снаряди, бачиш руїни.

То пройшла махновщина і зникла в стеловій тирсі, як загала про дику татарву. Увечері, коли на малому лимані кричать чайки і десь важко сідають баклани, над морем стоїть чіткий місяць і грає чіткими веслами на поверхні синьої води. На березі, як хрустали, мелуза. Кажуть, мелуза горить, коли йде іграми. І це, як древні сказання. Тоді в пустельному кутку приморської полони рибалки підводять чайку над кайорою, беруть невід і йдуть в море.

Міцнішає вітер. Вітер із моря. У порту прориві пароплав, але враз замовк: він сьогодні не піде за хвилюри, бо збирається на ніч небажана буря. Кайора метулася на обрії й раптом зникла. Тоді з одинокі рибальської хати вийшла мати й дивилася в море. І підійшла до неї ще молода жінка, і вони довго стояли на березі.

І сьогодні море казиться, і казяться піщані береги в хуртовині камінців, але це останній шквал. Даль жене табуні: вали і греблі хвиль розкидають бісер. Сходить сонце. І одинокі рибальські посолюк зустрічає його золотих вершин тишею.

Пошана до вищого рангу. Американський офіцер флоту, що вийшов на пенсію, дістав місце в секретаріаті одного університету, але це не заважило йому дуже пишати своїм колишнім рангом. Я кось до нього зайшов один юнак, що сказав: „Пане, я прийшов записатися до вас!“

— Тільки не пане, — відповів той. — Називайте мене: пане капітане, — юначе!“

Юнак подивився на нього кілька секунд і відповів металічним голосом: „Тільки не юначе, називайте мене: пане полковнику!“

Довідавшись про одруження одного генерала, Клемако сказав: „Тепер йому доведеться воювати на два фронти!“

...Коли цвіркуни на далекому зруйнованому курорті починають мовчазний концерт, тоді за косяком в порту горить маяк. Маяк блимає, булькає, погасає на мить, і знову за косяком в порту неможливо привабливий вогник. Тоді далеко серед морської мертвоти реве пароплав і несе людей, їхні муки й сподівання в інші краї, у виноградну даль.

— І от, поет з тієї божевільно-незрівняної країни, що, як золота осінь, димить на твоїй патетичній душі, пізнав сірого чортика й тісно жив з ним і не в сенсі банально-сентиментальної нудьги, а так, як може жити художник. Він був страшний нехаба, але він міг тільки жевріти і то в тайзі, і то для утилізації обмеженого кола часто обмежених людей. Поет знав, як далеко одійшов запах тобленічів-старичків бур'янів, що прекрасно пахли після „Гайдамаків“ і „Катерини“, як далеко і „Тіні забутих предків“, і все, що хвилювало юність, а тепер залишило тільки сірого чортика. Поет знав, що в історії народів його божевільно незрівняної країни, що, як золота осінь, димить на твоїй патетичній душі, найважливіше на першу півсотню літ одведено силою рабської психіки тільки два рядки і то першим; і на ці два рядки ніхто й ніколи (аж поки пройде півсотні літ) не зверне уваги. І поет, що кризь огонь своєї інтуїції побачить нові береги, загине, як Катерина на глухій дорозі невідомості.

...Тоді біжить коник моєї фантазії по першій сніговій дорозі, і летить від його копит діаманти сніжнок. У далекому бору, що леде маяччя, дід мороз трусить