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Ukrainian School Rite Draws 2,000

More than 2,000 persons attended the dedication of the parochial school of the SS. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Catholic Church of Cleveland, Ohio, held Sunday, November 6 last. The school is located in Parma, on State Road between Liggett and Kenmore Avenues. Classes began November 15, with an enrollment of 135 children. The curricula will conform with the state-approved diocesan system. Four Basilian sisters will teach. Bishop Constantin Bohachevsky, of Philadelphia, who has jurisdiction over the parish and is apostolic exarch for Ukrainians of the Byzantine rite of Galicia, blessed and dedicated the school. Bishop Diocese assiste.

Assisting Bishop Bohachevsky were Rev. Elias Krochmalny of Ambridge, Pa. as deacon, and Very Rev. Stephen Pohutsky of Detroit. Principal speaker at the dedicatory exercises was Msgr. Clarence E. Ellwell, superintendent of Edward F. Hoban of the Cleveland schools of the Cleveland Catholic Diocese. The United States must quickly solve the problem of religion in education if democracy and liberty are to survive, Msgr. Ellwell stated, the Detroit Free Press reports. The pupils attending the new school were transferred from the temporary parish school in the basement of the SS. Peter and Paul's Church, 2230 W. 7th street. Father Dmytro Gresko, pastor of the church, thanked the prelates for the encouragement which made the school possible. Msgr. Ellwell said: "The only full solution to the problem of religion in education is to consider the denominational school a public school serving a public purpose and give it equality of treatment and opportunity with the secularized public school serving a public purpose and give it equality of treatment and opportunity with the secular-

ized public school of the present day."

Religious Need Cited

"There are voices being raised all over this country, Protestant and Jewish, as well as Catholic, proclaiming the need of integrating a balanced and adequate program of religious instruction and moral training into education," he added. Separation of church and state means "no state church," Msgr. Ellwell said. "It has never meant the absolute ignoring of religion by the state, let alone the discouraging of religion."

"On the contrary," he added, "the American principle of separation of church and state has meant the encouragement of all religions but favoritism to none. The atheists and secularists are trying to change the meaning of the formula by incessant repetition of historical inaccuracies, and they will carry the day unless all religious-minded men and women rise up and shout the historical truth, the real American principle that separation of church and state means no state established religion, no favoritism to or discouragement to religion itself as the couragement of any religion but, also, general encouragement to religion itself as the cornerstone of our American liberties."

"Until the day arrives when it is again established as it was once established in our country, we will do what the people of SS. Peter and Paul's Parish have done, we will build schools of our own where we can teach our children about God and what He has done for us in addition to teaching about the enemies of God and what they have done."

The dedicatory program began with a solemn pontifical mass in the church. Following the dedication a banquet attended by 1,100 persons was held in the auditorium of the new school.

Concert in Herkimer, N. Y.

On Sunday, November 20th the St. Nicholas Chorus and Dancers of Troy presented a concert of Ukrainian music and dances in the Herkimer High School Auditorium. The proceeds of the concert were designated towards the American Youth of Ukrainian Descent of Upper New York State scholarship fund. The chorus under the direction of Arch Deacon Nicholas Bryn appeared in colorful native costumes and rendered compositions of various Ukrainian composers and selections from the operas: "Nataika Poltavka" and "Cossacks Beyond the Danube." The dancers under the able direction of Charles Sklaryk performed several spirited folk dances.

Following the concert a very warm reception was given the youthful singers by the local people. The older generation was very much impressed with the work of this Upper New York State League. Following the concert a meeting of the executive board was held during which plans were made for the further development of the League. The committee in charge of the concert was: Pauline Merena, Ann Kryniak, Mike Konick, Walt Semenov, all from Herkimer, and Moxy Merena, Michael Michalsky of Little Falls. Plans were also made for a gala Ukrainian New Years Eve party which also would be sponsored by this active organization.

THE "UKRAINE DANCERS"

The "Ukraine Dancers" performed on the evening of November 15, 1949 for the New York City Young Men's Christian Association at their 97th Annual Dinner at the Roosevelt Hotel. The "Ukraine Dancers" had been selected out of all the International groups which are part of the YMCA. In presenting the dances, Mr. Walter Bacad, leader of the group, in his remarks called to the attention of the more than 700 guests the fact that of all the countries where the YMCA exists and operates, that only in the countries behind the Iron Curtain was the YMCA unable to continue its splendid work. For the Ukrainian people and the other nationality

groups the freedom of mind, body and spirit, which the YMCA, exemplifies does not exist. In the recent elections held recently, the following officers were elected: Leader—Walter Bacad; Vice Leader—John Chepitz; President—Joseph Smindak; Vice-President—Mary Kozak; Secretary—Olga Orchuk; Treasurer—Anne Pukalo. The "Ukraine Dancers" group has rehearsals every Thursday evening at the McBurney YMCA, 215 West 23rd Street, New York City at 8:30 P.M. It is open to membership to boys and girls who are interested in learning and presenting this form of Ukrainian Culture. It is planning to have an "Open House" at the McBurney

Veterans Commend Mrs. Roosevelt

The Ukrainian American Veterans national executive board at a regular meeting held in Newark, N. J. on Sunday November 13, 1949 passed a resolution commending Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt for her stern, denunciation of the false war charges made against the U. S. by the Soviet delegate Ivan P. Demchenko who is a so-called delegate from Ukraine. The following telegram was sent to Mrs. Roosevelt at the United Nations headquarters:

"The Ukrainian American Veterans at their National Executive Board meeting passed a resolution heartily commending you for sternly and indignantly rebuking Ivan P. Demchenko Soviet delegate to the United Nations for his falsely charging that the U. S. was preparing for war against the Soviet Union. Our membership includes veterans from both World Wars and we know full well the undeniable truth of your remarks that

the people of the U. S. have no desire for war with anyone and we are cheered by your vigorous and forthright denouncement of the Soviet falsehoods. "We who are of Ukrainian ancestry know that the Ukrainian people above all desire individual freedom and world peace. War talk and war threats emanate only from the so-called Ukrainian delegates and representatives who are in reality the lackeys of the Soviet director and in some cases do not even know the Ukrainian language. These stooges of the Politburo who are constantly accusing other nations of warmongering while they themselves brandish a hidden sword must be exposed and we respectfully urge our American delegation to the United Nations to continue to bring out the truth in firm, straight from the shoulder talk and forceful action." The message was signed by Walter Shipka, National Commander.

Friendly Circle Lodge Celebrates Tenth Anniversary

In commemoration of a decade of fraternal activity, the Friendly Circle of New York, Branch 435 of the U.N.A., held an anniversary party on November 19th last in the clubrooms of the Pvt. Nicholas Minue Post of the American Legion. Over fifty members and friends gathered for this gala occasion, which was unique in one respect, in that all food and refreshments were "on the house." Besides having an abundance of victuals, etc. to partake of during the evening, the celebrants enjoyed themselves dancing to the strains of recorded polkas, waltzes and jive.

Like most affairs held to observe a significant event, the party took on a serious note when the festivities were temporarily halted for the presentation of felicitations from the Supreme Assembly of the U.N.A. by Mr. Peter Kuchma, member of its Board of Advisors.

At the request of the lodge secretary, Stephen Kuriak, the participants formed in a circle around a table on which was a huge birthday cake bearing ten lighted candles. Mr. Kuchma, who introduced the lodge President, Andrew Melnychuk, addressed the group from within the circle and called attention to the symbolism of the arrangement. He expressed his pleasure in the fact that for ten years the Friendly Circle had steadily grown from a nucleus of seven members, and had continued its youthful activity all during that time, an achievement which many larger branches of the Association find it difficult to attain. He asked the members to continue their efforts in support of fraternalism among younger generation Ukrainian Americans, who, all too often, are absorbed into the stream of American life and disappear from all Ukrainian community activity. Urging all members of the lodge to bring their offspring into the organization, Mr. Kuchma ended his talk with the hope that the Friendly Circle continue to grow and to keep up its activity at the same time.

Among other guests present was the chairman of the New York Me-

YMCA on the evening of Thursday, December 8th, at 8:30 P.M. at which it will present an exhibition of its dances. The guest group for the evening will be the Swedish Folk Dance Circle. Refreshments will also be served.

A Friend

Former Ukrainian displaced persons who upon arriving in this country have made Jersey City, N. J. their hometown, have in the person of Mrs. Sabina Bannon, executive secretary of the local YWCA's



Mrs. Sabina Bannon

International Institute, a friend, a helper, and counsellor who deserves recognition. In helping them to adjust themselves to their new surroundings, to learn the language and customs of their adopted country, and to prepare them to become fine American citizens of Ukrainian origin and sentiments, the Institute and Mrs. Bannon have been of considerable aid to the new Americans.

YOUTH LEAGUE SEEKS EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

The Ukrainian Youth's League of North America has announced the opening of executive Secretary, which calls for full time work, at an attractive salary. Aside from his executive secretary duties, he will take care of the league's Trend and Bulletin publications, coordinate sports, cultural affairs, conventions and rallies, handle league publicity, and also be the league organizer. Candidates should contact Eugene Woloshyn, 143 Seth Boyden Terrace, Newark, N. J. for further particulars.

John Eliuk of Hairy Hill

(From the Edmonton Journal) A stirring story is that of John Eliuk, Ukrainian, of Hairy Hill, Alberta, "double champion" at the Toronto Royal. Not because he carried off the premier titles in the oats and barley classes, nor because he had been crowned "oats king" at Chicago last Winter, but because:

- 1. The Hairy Hill district is not considered a particularly good farming area.
 - 2. This was a dry year in that part of Alberta.
 - 3. He has about a hundred acres under crop.
 - 4. He does almost all his farm work with horses.
 - 5. He has been growing registered seed for twenty years.
 - 6. He cleans all his show seed at home in a ordinary handmill.
 - 7. It takes about thirty 10-hour days to prepare one good show sample.
- John Eliuk, we are told, was inspired by the success his seventeen-year-old daughter achieved at provincial junior seed fairs with her samples of barley, oats and flax. Many a father will know just about how he felt—one cannot have seventeen-year-old daughters—or sons either—lordng it over the old man. So this modest, unassuming farmer decided to show the little girl from little Spring Valley and come to Jersey when you want to have the time of your life.

The Ukrainian National Cause and Our American-Born Younger Generation

The recently-held Fourth Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent brings to mind a certain observation concerning the relationship of our American born and raised generation of Ukrainian descent to the national struggle of the Ukrainian people to cast off the yoke of Soviet Russian rule and cruel oppression and to set up their own sovereign and independent state of Ukraine.

Undoubtedly our young people, and that includes those for "whom life is beginning at forty," strongly desire to see the land of their forbears free of foreign rule and tyranny. Undoubtedly, too, they have in their own way contributed something, morally and materially, to the advancement of the Ukrainian liberation movement.

In most instances this aid has been of an indirect nature. Thus, by cultivating in this land of freedom some of the finer aspects of their Ukrainian cultural tradition, by bringing it to the attention of their fellow Americans, they have thereby brought into sharp relief the Ukrainian cultural contributions to world civilization, and, ip-

so facto, the dire necessity for the Ukrainian people to develop their national talents in an atmosphere of freedom so that these contributions may be of far greater proportions and value than they have been to date.

Still direct aid by our younger generation has been of rather small proportions. And this in our opinion is because they have little idea of the realities of the Ukrainian situation. And, what is worse, they somehow escape the urgency of that situation, the sense of awareness of it which if it were present would drive them to do everything in their power to help rescue a people from national and individual servitude of the vilest sort.

Our youth leaders, if they are worth their salt, should give this matter their careful attention. They should acquaint themselves and those who follow them with the facts and the realities, and the ideals as well, of a cause, the national liberation of Ukraine, on the altar of which millions of lives have been sacrificed.

Ten Million Nationalists of Ukraine Disappear

Karl H. von Wiegand, Dean of American Foreign Correspondents recently reported in his nation wide syndicated column that ten million Ukrainian Nationalists have been either murdered, deported or enslaved by the Soviet regime.

It was also reported that the national partisan movements in the Soviet satellite states and the "centrifugal forces" of revolt within Soviet Russia are dying down from discouragement and

lack of support from outside sources. "So declared one of the leading ministers of the Ukraine National Council, which is the Ukrainian Nationalist government-in-exile, during a meeting in Germany recently," writes Wiegand.

The Ukraine Nationalist government-in-exile has its seat in Augsburg, Germany. Some of the ministers work at various jobs to maintain themselves.

Syracuse and Ambridge Donate Books To Libraries

In accord with the resolution passed in Syracuse, New York during the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America Convention over the Labor Day Week-end, two organizations have spoken with action. The Syracuse Convention Committee of the UYL-NA and the St. Basil Branch, No. 181 of the Ukrainian National Association in Ambridge, Pa. have donated books about the Ukrainian people and about Ukraine to their local libraries.

The Syracuse Convention Committee donated three sets of nine books each. One set went to the Syracuse Library, one to the University of Syracuse and the third to Lemoyne College. The Ambridge Branch of the U.N.A. donated one set of these same books to the Ambridge Public Library. Included in these sets are the following books which have been published by some of the finest publishing houses in the country: "History of Ukraine" by Hrushevsky, "Story of Ukraine" by Clarence A. Manning, "Ivan Franko, His Life and Works" by Percival Cundy, "Taras Shevchenko's Kobzar," "The Ukraine: A Submerged Nation" by Chamber-

lin, "Ukrainian Literature" by Manning, "Ukrainians in the United States" by Halich, "Ukrainian Resistance," and the "Spirit of Ukraine."

Their publication was sponsored by the Ukrainian National Association. These two organizations should be commended for taking the initiative, and for fulfilling the resolutions made in Syracuse. It is not enough to say that a local library already possesses these books. All libraries would welcome additional copies and perhaps what is more important, high school libraries should receive these same books. Every organization should make a point of donating at least one set of these books to its high school library. In this manner the children in these schools could learn the truth about the Ukraine and Ukrainians early in life.

Here is an opportunity for each Ukrainian organization to really do something about spreading our Ukrainian culture. Donate a set of books about the Ukraine to your high school library now. Books may be ordered through the UYL-NA, Room 252, 50 Church Street, New York 7, N. Y. or direct through the Svoboda Book Store.

New Jersey Vets to Hold Rally

The National Headquarters of the Ukrainian American Veterans has announced that a Veterans pre-convention Rally will be held on Saturday afternoon February 4, 1950 in conjunction with a dance that same evening which to be sponsored by the U.A.V. Post No. 6 of Newark, N. J. at the Ukrainian Sitch Hall, 508-18th Avenue, Newark. The purpose of the Rally is to get the veterans of New Jersey together to discuss their mutual problems, to make plans to increase their membership, and to prepare for the 1950 National Convention which will be held in New York City in May 1950.

TWO FORMER UKRAINIAN GENERAL GUESTS AT CONGRESS

General Paul Shandruk and Alexander Zahrodsky, former officers of the Ukrainian national armies, were guests at the Fourth Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent. Both arrived recently from Europe as displaced persons.

a thing of two, and to the astonishment of agriculture officials, he has "shown the world." Congratulations, John Eliuk, of Hairy Hill, Alberta.

Among the hundreds of delegates who came to Washington, was Madame Olena Kisilevsky, 76-year old Ukrainian women's leader, representing the World Federation of Ukrainian Women's Organizations. She came from Canada.

All veterans who desire further information regarding the Rally or Dance should contact James Melnychuk, Commander of Post No. 6 at the Ukrainian Sitch Hall or Walter Shipka, National Commander at 59 St. Mark's Place, N. Y.

Hunger as a Method of Terror and Rule in the Soviet Union

My MICHAEL MISCHENKO

Hunger and continual under-nourishment is one of the fundamental methods employed by the Soviet regime to maintain power. Used in various open and hidden ways, hunger is an important political factor in dominating the occupied nations, and ideologically its use is based on the theory of the class struggle. For instance, the pauper-peasant, who refuses to slave in the Kolkhoz, is regarded in the Soviet Union as the enemy of the class, as a Kurkul (Kulak) and a bourgeois nationalist. His private possessions are confiscated and he himself is thrown out into the street without any means of earning a livelihood. More often, however, he is exiled into the remote regions of Asia, and there sentenced to slave labor and death by gradual starvation.

There are psychophysiological results from this chronic under-nourishment in the Soviet Union. Hunger plays a great role in the spiritual and physical enslavement of the individual, and offers a stimulus for slave labor, as well as the maintaining of the existing regime. Friendliness toward the Soviet administration is cultivated under this stimulus of hunger. The standard of living in the Soviet Union, for example, is extraordinarily low, and the Soviet citizen is half starved, but there are special and exclusive stores and eating places for the members of the Communist Party, the collaborators of the M.V.D. (State Secret Police), so-called responsible Soviet workers and activists. It is difficult to join the ranks of the persons fed in such a manner by the Soviet administration, but still it is possible under certain conditions of public behavior—by secret cooperation with the M.V.D., and by special activities in trade unions. Entrance to this special system for the distribution of food supplies becomes a fascinating dream, an ideal to the half-starved population, and very often it is the cause of the development of those moral qualities which seem so strange and incomprehensible to the Western world, and which are so pronounced in the behavior of the Soviet diplomat in the international forum. This re-education of the Soviet individual is called "liberation from decayed bourgeois liberalism and sentimentalism."

On State holidays, the unbelievably drab and hungry Soviet existence, marked with perpetual food shortage, changes suddenly into a time of abundance, when fish, meat, butter, and caviar are available to all. Such periodic, though short-lived moments of abundance serve to revive hopes that perhaps really "life has be-

come better, life has become happier," to quote the words of Stalin, spoken on such an occasion.

When, acting according to the slogan of "brotherly help," the Soviets occupied Western Ukraine and the Baltic States, the occupation troops saw for the first time the high standard of living in those countries and stores full of food products. This was officially interpreted as a malicious demonstration of the bourgeois classes of the respective countries, and as a specially organized exhibition of welfare, for every citizen of the Union has had it pounded for years into his head that the Western nations are starving to death.

After robbing the occupied countries and creating a famine, the Soviets began to supply them with cereals and bread, and transported these products in freight cars decorated with colorful propaganda posters, boasting before the world that the Soviet Union puts an end to hunger—the result of the bourgeois regime.

Even in prisons and concentration camps the heavy weight of hunger may be eased through extra labor by the so-called socialist shock-workers.

Finally, the complete pauperization of the population, with the absence of the most necessary means of livelihood, tends to put the citizens under the complete power of the organs of the state, which extorts spiritual and physical loyalty by threatening to withdraw the opportunity of working and earning bread—the sole means of existence.

Hunger is used as an acute form of repression of recalcitrant nations. The famine in Ukraine in 1933 can serve as a good example. This was the period of the greatest resistance of the Ukrainians to the Soviets. The peasants refused to slave in the Kolkhozes. In reply they were deprived of their remaining food products, which were exported and sold at dumping prices, and as a result the granary of Europe began to starve.

The peasants came in masses to the towns and cities in search of food, but the administration forbade the food stores to sell them bread. Millions of peasants that found their way to the cities fell dying on the roads, thousands lay in the city streets. This was really a huge experimental laboratory for the psychiatrist, but it was forbidden to write or even talk about the famine. Various pathological changes under the influence of hunger could not be the object of special scientific research.

(Continued on page 3)

The U. N. A. Banquet - by G. H.

"To write or not to write"—that is the dilemma confronting this scribe with reference to the report on the third annual banquet held by Wilkes-Barre's Youth of U. N. A. To write about yourself is most distasteful, while to write objectively is most difficult. But the event merits comment because of its success, and the promoters deserve praise for the gigantic work they did to make it a success, so why not write about it anyway?

Youth of U. N. A. began its organized activity two years ago with a banquet, repeated the performance one year later, and now, entering upon the third year of its life, one more affirmed the banquet tradition there was the usual preliminary indecision as to date and place, and these were settled after due deliberation. The banquet was held on November 12th in the parish auditorium. The latter was chosen with the purpose of bolstering the morale in the parish.

The committees were appointed and put to work. Then things began to happen. Photos of committee chairmen began to appear in the local press and continued their appearance up to the day of the banquet. Attorney Joseph G. Tomascik took care that the Ukrainians of this region received more publicity in two months than they had in the last twenty years.

While tickets were being printed and distributed, advertisements were solicited for the program book, the speakers lined up, and the dancing class at the Y.M.C.A. added another night per week for rehearsals. The banquet came too soon, it seemed. There were so many things to do and no time to them. It was a relief when the important day came and the guests assembled—on time. It seemed punctuality was the rule of the day as one number after another on the program clicked off.

"IT'S NEVER TOO LATE"

A gentleman from Pasadena, California became a father for the first time at the age of 35.

A woman of Tacoma, Washington turned in for an \$8 refund a railroad ticket bought in 1918.

A man in Jersey City, N. J. applied for a divorce 27 years after his wife left him on the grounds of desertion.

A woman from Salem, W. Va. paid a doctor for delivering her baby when the child reached the age of 25.

A couple in Crawfordville, Ga. made up and married after breaking off their engagement 46 years ago.

A woman in Iowa returned a Pullman towel to the company after 32 years.

A man in Chicago applied to a

There were speeches and singing, and the main attraction of the were the Ukrainian folk dances, admirably executed by the members of the club under the direction of Steve Paraschak. They had been learning the steps since the second week in July and this was their first public appearance. Dressed in colorful Ukrainian costumes, the boys and girls of the club gave their best efforts to make the evening a success. They succeeded beyond expectation and gave the audience a surprise that is still the talk of the town.

There seems to prevail among our growing generations an idea, or an attitude that the Ukrainians are ingrates and loath to appreciate services rendered to them. The Wilkes-Barre banquet served as proof to the contrary, for it was patronized by more than three hundred guests, which is the all time record for this region. It was actually a U. N. A. affair on a scale never experienced here before. It was designated as testimonial to the Acting Supreme president of U. N. A. and in that respect the theory, that our people are ungrateful, was exploded again. Not only by the number of guests that came to do the honor, but also by the valuable gifts presented to the guest of honor. There was loyalty and friendship evident throughout the evening. Those who despair for lack of recognition from our people may take courage, for they may demand long patience but eventually they do show their appreciation and show it with a bang!

MYROSLAVA

Worth Highlighting

When something is good it is worth highlighting. In this case, it is a particular individual's stand; courage, fight and brotherly-love so admirably displayed for his fellow-countrymen at a Ukrainian National Home meeting recently, that it deserves mentioning once again...

One man rose to state that DP's are not needed here, we do not want them as they are going to take away jobs and cut wages down. Instantly, a young man arose and said "Though I am American born and a good American and it would not seem my job to defend these people, yet I cannot help but think of my father being told 40 years ago that he was not needed in this country. Who is to say who is or is not needed? Who said you were needed? Even if you are not a religious man, you should still believe 'Thou art thy Brother's keeper.' You should still have character and love for your fellowman to treat him as a human and give aid when needed.

We must not forget that repatriation of all DP's to their native Ukraine is the same as a death sentence before a fascist communist firing squad or exile to Siberia to a living death.

Their future, gentlemen, lies in our hands. Will we do all in our power to bring them here or will the Bolsheviks again render their flag with our kinsmen's blood?

For an individual to feel so keenly for his fellowman and for his willingness in wanting to help him, we have high praise for him. He has truly earned it.

New Life, New Toys in Washington

During a recent visit to Washington, a news item with the foregoing title roused my curiosity and found me on my way to The Toy Shop in the Sightseeing, Inc. Building, 1607 Eye Street, N. W., to see the New Life, New Toys in Washington, D. C.

A room in The Toy Shop has been set aside by the Childrens Museum for the Ukrainian DP's to exhibit their dolls (male and female), dressed in costumes of Poland, Podolia and other districts; hand-embroidered tablecloths, place mats, pillow cases, drapes; articles of beautiful, handmade jewelry boxes, cigarette holders, wall plates, picture frames, etc.

railroad for a day's pay earned 26 years before.

A woman from Lock Haven, Penna. cast her first ballot at the age of 96.

A man in Stamford, Conn. leaving high school in his senior year, went back 30 years later and completed the course.

HENRY HAWRYLEW

On Record - - by Ted Vactor

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

With the coming of the cold biting winds of winter, a Sunday afternoon at home is something to be treasured more and more by the person living North of Florida and East of California. Naturally, Sunday is supposed to be a day of rest. I would modify that statement and make it read: Sunday afternoon is a day of rest. For to be perfectly honest with you I don't think anyone gets too much rest on Sunday morning. Getting up for church after being out until the wee hours, is not an easy task. Getting dressed in something of a stupor, rushing "thither and yon" and all the while keeping out of Mom's way as she puts the finishing touches on the Sunday dinner. Finally rushing outside to pull the car out of the garage and then waiting impatiently with the motor running for the rest of the family to emerge from the house. Of course Mom is always first, despite the fact that she has cooked an entire dinner. With a final blast on the horn, sister comes dashing out and we are off. I suppose a good hearty call of "Heighyo Silver" would seem perfectly in place.

After church, stop at the bakery, the center, and home for dinner. Set the table, eat, clear the table, wash the dishes, wipe, and finally after all that, it is Sunday afternoon.

There are certain essentials needed in order to have a relaxing Sunday afternoon. If you don't have them, then you are missing a

great deal and I don't think that you can ever truly enjoy the pleasure of complete relaxation. First of all; you must have a radio, the Sunday papers, a nice warm comfortable room, congenial company, and something to nibble on when you get hungry. Curl up in your favorite chair, take off your shoes and start reading the papers. Let the winds blow, the frost bite and rains pelt the last few leaves on the gaunt, naked trees. Let your paper fall for a while, listen to the music. Listen and absorb each beautiful strain as your eyes, gazing through the window, behold a young blustering winter at play. Relax, lean back and doze off into that world of half sleep and half wakefulness. Awaken, read a bit more and then perhaps talk with your companion, who likewise has been enjoying this perfect Sunday afternoon. It has often been said that if two people can enjoy each other's company on a Sunday afternoon such as I have described above, they can live together for many pleasant years. Perhaps it is so. For when one relaxes, the true nature of a person comes forward. Why not relax this Sunday? You have six other days of the week during which you can work, play and accomplish material things. Take this seventh and enjoy it as it was meant to be enjoyed. Go to church in the morning and relax in the afternoon with your music, reading and friend. You will cherish the memory of it for years to come.

ments as to what types and quantities of her remnants the women could put to good use. (Probabilities of conducting a Ukrainian language or sewing class for adults in Washington were also discussed.)

This Ukrainian art shop is its infancy. There are many disappointments to be experienced. Among those already presented were the following:

1. Although two Washington papers, The Washington Post and The Washington Daily News, each carried two large photographs and a news item, according to the women, my companion and I were the first of Ukrainian descent to visit the shop. Is there no interest to promote this culture?
2. The women felt that perhaps Americans were slow to appreciate handwork—the patience and man-hours that go into such work. Those who do, unfortunately, cannot afford themselves the luxury of such articles. However, just a visit to the shop will at least prove an active interest.
3. They are anxious to know whether they can keep a suffi-

cient working turnover of materials and, at the same time, realize a fair profit.

Blessed are they who have found their work; they have work, a life purpose; they have found it, and will follow it. Labor is life.

The foregoing quotation carries much weight. However, these people must, at the same time, build their homes and support their families. Remember—all that we send into the lives of others comes back into our own. So, all of you who can, won't you help to encourage this New Life, New Toys in Washington. ANNE DUBLAK

"A DISTINGUISHED PIECE OF WORK"

says Dr. Raymond Leslie Buell, scholar, historian, author, about

A HISTORY of UKRAINE

By MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY
Edited by O. J. FREDRIKSEN
Preface by GEORGE VERNADSKY
PRICE \$4.00
SVOBODA BOOKSTORE

THE NIGHT VISITOR

By LES MARTOVYCH

Translated by DR. PERCIAVAL CUNDY

"You can say what you like," contended Vasyi N. with his companions, "but I know from my own experience that reason itself is incapable of protecting a man from fear. I was once so terrified that the whole day thereafter I lay in a high fever. Nothing availed to help me, neither scepticism as to the existence of ghosts nor resignation to a belief in a future life."

It took place during the summer time. Maybe about fifteen years ago during my university years. For several nights before I had been sleeping, as they say, on one ear only. It happened to be one of those happy periods when all my comrades were getting money one after the other. We were continually on the carousel until morning. I seemed to be walking on someone else's legs. When it came to four or five o'clock in the morning, I could no longer hold out and I used to steal out of the tavern and stagger home.

The thing happened one night around midnight. I took off my things and sat down at the table. I was so worn out that I was too sluggish to rise and lie down in bed. To tell the truth, I felt no particular need of sleep, only a dreadful weariness. Sitting all bedogged at the table, I stared intently at one single spot without

seeing anything, absolutely nothing at all. From sleepless nights, alcohol, tannin and caffeine, I had become nervous in the extreme. My skin was almost constantly twitching and quivering.

I felt as though my mind was drowsing or rather half-sleep. But one indefinable impression, about which I knew nothing in my waking moments, crept over my whole being. Memory seemed to have left me entirely, and instead, I imagined things I had never experienced in life at all. It seemed as though I were being reminded of some fantastic sort of life. Something that had occurred long, long ago, but which I had lived through. But it was ordinary, everyday kind of life.

Suddenly I was reminded of my friend Ivan who had died three years before. It was not so much that I thought about him, but rather that he appeared to me. He stood before me, sickly, emaciated, with sunken eyes, and the high color of the consumptive. Precisely as he was when I last saw him.

It brought me to myself. My mind awoke, and that other indefinable impression disappeared completely and with it all the fantastic visions dissolved, just as in a dream which one cannot recall, although one is well aware that one

has been dreaming something.

I began to think about my school-fellow Ivan. He had been my greatest friend. His life had been the story of every peasant youth who manages to get into high school. He was the son of a landless farm laborer who had to learn his living by day labor on the soil. Ivan, of course, was persecuted in high school. They were always telling him that he belonged in the pig-pen, not in high school. But all the same he stuck to school. The whole time he lived by scholarships or by tutoring on the side. He was stricken by consumption while still in high school and died six months before he would have matriculated. He never had a moment of pure, unalloyed happiness the entire length of his brief life. Holidays and vacations were more unpleasant for him than the time he spent in school. Whither could he travel, where could he go for a change? And he was a timid fellow. He had not the courage to ask anyone for an invitation.

I saw him about a month before his death. With almost every word he panted and coughed. Every few steps he had to stop and rest. And the thing that struck me most was that he did not talk about it to me, but simply said that he was getting better and would soon be all right again.

After his death I felt such sorrow and grief that I felt that nothing could ever console me for his loss. However, it so came about that

I was not only consoled in regard to him, but what is more, I completely forgot about him. I now thought over all his life and about his friendship with me, and was amazed to discover that I could no longer stir up the least particle of grief over him.

Yes, it would seem that even in this life we can cross the river Lethe. We no longer cherish the same sincere feeling for that which we once held dear in our days of youth. It would seem as though that particular 'I' sinks, drowns, dissolves, and in its place a new 'I' comes into being. Perhaps, when we pass into that other life beyond the grave, it may be that no trace of our present 'I' will remain.

In order to summon up a little sorrow for my dead friend (it seems to us that by grieving we can bring some relief to the dead) and to aid it by calling up some vivid memories of him, I became sensible of a strong desire to look up the letter which Ivan had written me while still in the sixth class. The thing happened during the vacation and Ivan informed me that he intended to visit me.

I rummaged among the papers on the table and found the letter, already somewhat yellowed and written in uneven, upright characters. I gazed at the letter a long time. There it stood written:

"Dear Vasyi,
"I cannot stand it any longer at home; I am coming to visit you this Thursday, the 21st. I will ride with a neighbor who is going to

the town to market, and I will come across someone from your village who will give me a ride. Wait up for me till midnight, because if I do not get a ride, I will come on foot for sure.

"Yours, Ivan."

A sudden fear fell on me; the date agreed exactly, it was precisely the 21st then. If anyone had opened the door just at that moment, I am certain that I should have jumped up of the third storey window.

The letter stiffened in my hands and the written characters seemed to me to turn into a swarm of infuriated bees who every moment were darting out of the paper directly at my eyes and stinging me. My own breathing strangled me. I awaited something terrible to happen. It was a fear such as a man would surely experience who is standing rooted beneath an overhanging rock which threatens every moment to break off and fall.

Now I drowsed, now I stiffened, now I lost consciousness, all in turn. But I surely felt an impression, inconceivable in a healthy state, I felt that I was touching and seeing my friend Ivan. Yet it seemed so natural to me, so much a matter of course, that not the slightest doubt as small as a grain of mustard seed rose and stirred within me. Not only was it that I was touching and seeing him and that I could describe what he was like, but I also knew what he wanted, why he had come and what

he was aiming at.

Yes, he had come to visit me again, but not at all with friendly intentions. He was seething with hatred toward mankind, boiling with rage and a thirst for vengeance. These feelings of his had devoured the tiny, almost imperceptible feeling of friendship of his part. For what indeed in his life was the value and significance of the trifle of joy which he had experienced through my friendship compared to the incessant oppression, hopelessness, and despair which he had suffered without cease from his fellows, from the whole world? It is true that he passed across the river of oblivion, but his hatred for mankind and thirst for revenge had eaten so deeply, so painfully into his very being that it had carried over and settled in his other 'I'. That other 'I' was seeking for human beings and had sought out first of all, of course, the one man with whom Ivan had lived on the closest terms.

The sickness, the disease, which had driven Ivan into the grave, had by no means frustrated the development of his other 'I' but rather it had become in him what venom is to the serpent.

This night visitor of mine was furious at me because I was not tortured by sickness, was not infected with disease, was not going out of my mind because of it. At any moment he could have done me mischief, inflicted on me an evil, unheard of before, done secret-

ly and by stealth. Even when I least expected it. Perhaps. And I waited for the blow and wished only that it might not fall now, that it might not come suddenly, at once...

How long could I have waited thus? I do not know. But after again began to filter through the window and spread over the walls until the household articles in the room began to cast their daily shadows on the floor.

The light of the sun, however weak it may be, always strengthens the physical organism and awakes the resistant spiritual forces within it.

Likewise I came to myself also. I threw the letter on the table and lay down on the bed without undressing and spent the whole day lying there in a high fever.

I do not believe in any superstitious fears, but I would not, for anything in the world, dare to read at night my friend Ivan's letter were I alone in the house.

"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.

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Hunger As a Method of Terror and Rule in the Soviet Union

(Continued from Page 2)

In the "land of socialism," where everything is anticipated and planned, there dare be no famine. Therefore the press did not mention it, even when dying thousands blocked the thoroughfares of the cities. No statistics were recorded, no medical nor food aid was given, and all offers of help from Western Europe, and Western Ukraine were refused. The hospitals, where only a few had the rare luck to find themselves, as it was strictly forbidden to accept any cases of starvation, (which was not regarded as a disease), did not issue any reports and were not allowed to give starvation as the cause of illness and death.

The changes in the human organism, and especially in the nervous system, under influence of hunger, cause grave disturbances in the mental structure of the individual and various pathological irregularities in his psychic activity. Hunger ruins the sources of energy in the human body. It uses up all the necessary stores of sugar and fat. It exhausts the organism; the skin takes on a sickly earthen color and is covered with wrinkles, the starving human aches from hour to hour, and even infants look like very old people. Their eyes become very large, immobile and of an austere calmness. The dystrophic processes frequently causes the drying up, of the inner tissues until the human body becomes only a skeleton covered with a tightly stretched skin. More often the feet, hands and face swell. The skin cracks, and the wounds fester. The organism weakens and loses all healing capacity, and the slightest activity causes exhaustion. The organism loses all its strength and uses up its entire energy and all its proteing merely by performing its fundamental functions—respiration and the circulation of the blood. The nervous system is weakened and coordination of all physical processes, becomes disorganized. The heart wears itself out in its natural functions and its beat quickens at the slightest exertion, until breathing becomes a difficulty. The pupils of the eyes dilate. Finally hunger diarrhea sets in. The extraordinary physical abuse causes the heart to stop by the paralysis of the vagal nerve. This happens frequently during walk-

ing, while climbing stairs or trying to run.

Starvation becomes the immediate cause of psychic changes of the personality and brings about psychic and nervous disorders. The nervous cells and the cerebral physiological processes, which are the basis of individual experience, thought and consciousness, grow steadily weaker. In ordinary life personality is formed by various factors in the surroundings of the individual. In the formation of experience, modern physiology of the brain attributes particular importance to the intensity and meaning of external phenomena (Pavlov, Sherrington, Protropov). The so-called reasonable, socially adequate activities of the human being express outwardly that part of its experience that is equal to the functional force of the nervous cells. The decrease of the sensity of the cortex of the brain under the influence of hunger causes it to react slowly to ordinary impulses; at the same time trivialities acquire a disproportionate importance and throw the starving individual out of balance, upsetting and exciting him. It is known fact that the hungry human being is extraordinarily excitable and emotionally unbalanced.

In the early state of starvation, as well as under the influence of chronic undernourishment, the hypersensitive of the nervous system subjects the human being to all sorts of hallucinations. The intellect as well as the critical sense weakens, memory fails, will-power diminishes and thoughts begin to wander. The masses accept more easily the propaganda of a happy life, the idea of class antagonism, faith in a better future, the certainty that the land really belongs to the peasants and the factory to the proletariat. Is it any wonder that the Soviet regime keeps its nations in a chronic state of undernourishment? But insofar as this state is not permanent and the administration live in continual dread of bloody revolution of repressed masses, the method of chronic hunger is reinforced by other forms of terror: prisons, concentration camps and mass deportations.

(To be concluded)

A LETTER TO A WEEKLY COLUMNIST

Indeed, "a written word will last much longer than one spoken". For this reason, as you wrote in your column, we as officers of the St. Nicholas' Chorus and Dancers wish to express our thanks for the commendations you bestowed upon us.

Under the very capable direction of our dear friend and choral director, we feel we shall rise to greater heights than our pre-war group had attained. We have already begun our climb up the ladder of success. This past Saturday evening, we presented a program of entertainment at a testimonial dinner. If the ovation the groups received was any indication of the success we can attain, we are confident we shall go far in spreading the music of the Ukrainian people. At the dinner several men of prominence among whom were Rep. Byrne and Asst. District Attorney of N.Y.S. who congratulated us on our performance and stated we should be proud of our heritage and culture derived from our parents' native land. Their final gesture of approval was an offer for the choral group to perform over radio station WTRY.

As you know we have also received a request from the AYUDUNYSS to repeat our convention concert at Herkimer on the 20th. Prior to the concert the group will sing at church services in Little Falls.

We acknowledge with grateful appreciation the time and talent devoted to our group by so many individuals. Seldom do our concerts end when we leave the stage. Like all fun-loving Ukrainians (and he who is a Ukrainian always loves fun) the group always manages to get together to foster a great deal of friendship at its post-concert appearances. The greatest benefit we have derived from our

THE UKRAINIAN FOLK BALLETS' CONTRIBUTION TO MINNESOTA'S CULTURE

By K. ANDERSON

Minnesota's curtain of time is drawn back to the year 1932, revealing a scene in Holland elementary school located in Northeast Minneapolis. It is after-school hours and a timid little nine-year-old girl diligently washes the blackboards in her fourth grade classroom. The teacher approaches her and says:

"Katie, I'd like you to learn a short Swedish Christmas carol with two other Scandinavian girls, so that you may sing it on the P.T.A. program at its meeting next week. I know by your last name, Anderson, that you are of Scandinavian extraction. Are you willing to learn it?"

"Yes, Miss Nystrom," Katie replied. "But I am not of any Scandinavian descent."

"What nationality are you then, Katie?" asked Miss Nystrom.

The blood rushed to the shy girl's face in a purple and red blush. "Now I've done it," she thought to herself. "I'm not ashamed of my Ukrainian extraction, but I don't want to tell her what I am because hardly anyone has ever heard of the Ukrainians, and she'll probably start asking me a lot of questions as to what and who they are, just as everyone else does. No one in this school has a nationality like mine, so I'd just as soon not tell her."

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Miss Nystrom continued her interrogation. "How did you get that Scandinavian name then? Are you English, Irish, German, etc.?" She went on and on naming other nationalities while this shy little girl continually nodded her head in the negative. Thoughts whirled in Katie's mind. "As to my last name, my folks had it changed to a simpler spelling upon their arrival to America. But how much longer is she going to keep this up? I wish she'd stop asking me all these questions!"

"Well," the teacher, "I'd like to learn this Swedish song anyway." And then she walked away. In her timid manner, Katie went about washing the last of the blackboards, then went outdoors to "clap the erasers."

What truth there was in Katie's thoughts. At that time, hardly any Minnesotans had heard of the Ukrainians or were aware of their beautiful and extremely rich national folk lore. Very few persons knew of the national dances which occupy a very important part of the life of Ukrainians, just as do the songs and beautifully hand-embroidered costumes.

There were only two Ukrainian churches in the Twin City area, and both were located in Northeast Minneapolis. Katie's family were members of St. Michael's Ukrainian Orthodox Church, and there she attended classes for children—which taught the Ukrainian language, songs and catechism. This school for youngsters was held in the church recreational hall three times a week in the late afternoons and Saturday mornings. It was on one such occasion that pupils of this school were introduced to two visitors—Mrs. Johanna Brouillard (Pastushenko) and Mr. William Salamandyk. Both of these individuals had recently returned from Detroit, Michigan, with their families to take up permanent residence in Minneapolis. They, together with Mrs. Brouillard's two sisters—Marjan LePore and Olga Bredsten—had been among the fortunate to have had the opportunity to attend the Vasile Avramenko dancing school in Detroit.

Avramenko's Dancing Groups
Vasile Avramenko is balletmaster of Ukrainian dances, and after World War I he came first to Canada and then to the United States where he organized dancing groups wherever there was a sizeable Ukrainian community. Since there were relatively few Ukrainian families in the Twin City area, as compared with the larger settlements in the Eastern United States, the opportunity for organizing a dancing club was not immediately afforded the local Ukrainian community.

Meanwhile, the parents of these Ukrainian school children, who migrated to the United States and Minnesota from "the old country", remembered some of these dances quite well, and they were anxious that their children, born in America, should know something of the cultural heritage of their ancestors. Therefore, one hour a week from the Ukrainian school classes was set aside for the teaching of these folk dances to the pupils, under the instruction of Mrs. Johanna Brouillard and Mr. William Salamandyk.

Then the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 attracted many Twin City Ukrainians to the special Ukrainian Day program. There they witnessed several hundred costumed participants in many Ukrainian national dances and were very enthusiastic over the performance. This exhibition made them determined to establish a dancing school in their own community.

Mr. Avramenko was immediately invited by Mrs. Pauline Haydak and Mrs. Marie Procai to organize such a school in the Twin Cities. In the later part of August Mr. Avramenko visited St. Paul and Minneapolis and solicited the support of several families. The school was definitely organized by the early part of October 1933, mainly through the efforts of two instructors from Avramenko's school—Mr.

Youth and the U.N.A.

WILKES-BARRE U.N.A. YOUTH CLUB

In last week's column we presented a report on the banquet and ball sponsored by the Youth of the Ukrainian National Association of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., as a testimonial to Gregory Herman, acting president of the U.N.A. This affair was a success, attracting a crowd of 300 persons; it was extensively publicized in the Wilkes-Barre newspapers.

With the cooperation of John Zwarycz, Joseph G. Tomascik, Mildred Dobrianski, and other hard-working young people interested in the success of the U.N.A. club, we have succeeded in obtaining some of the pictures which appeared in the local press. It is our opinion that the youth of Wilkes-Barre have one of the most active U.N.A. clubs in the country. We think the club deserves the commendation of U.N.A. members everywhere, and we hope that young people in other localities will strive to follow its example.

Last week we published the picture of Metro Orral, general chairman of the banquet and ball. We now wish to present:



Miss Irene Terefenko
17-year-old soprano soloist, who starred with her rendition of vocal selections



Michael Malischnik
president of the club, who served on the speakers committee and handed the presentation of gifts to the guest of honor.



Miss Phyloretta Horoshko
chairman of the speakers committee.

W. Blondinenko and Mr. R. Fenchynsky.

Formation of the Twin Cities Group

Dancing rehearsals were held twice a week—on Tuesday and Thursday evenings in the recreational hall of St. Michael Church. Later the Ukrainians from the St. Constantine's Greek Catholic church were invited to join in the dancing school and practice was then alternated between the two recreational halls. The first pres-

U.N.A. BOWLING LEAGUE LEADING CLOSE RANKS

By STEPHEN KURLAK

What may turn out to be a three-cornered race for top-high hours in the U.N.A. Bowling League of the Metropolitan N. J. N.Y. Area, seems to be indicated by the results of the last few weeks' Friday night tournaments. With the St. John's Catholic War Veterans of Newark in the lead almost from the beginning of the bowling season, and the U.N.A. Branch 14 running a close second, followed by the aggressive "S" team of the Jersey City Social and Athletic Club in third, the outcome apparently will not be decided until the last few games of the 33-week schedule.

Although the St. Johnmen had pulled ahead of the field by five games two weeks before, the results of last Friday's matches showed that their lead had been whittled down to only two games over the challenging Branch 14 team. In their match against the Ukrainian American Veterans, also of Newark, the St. John's keggers, whose best bowler for the evening was dependable Luke Janick with a 518 series, won two games without a shadow of a doubt, and lost one likewise.

A new league record was established for the team three-game series when Branch 14 rolled up a total of 2,469 pins in its one-sided match against Branch 272 of Maplewood. While the latter team was only able to score games in the 700's, the second-place Newarkers rolled over 800 in all three games, Steve Zartin and Victor Romanyshyn being the mainsprings with sets of 539 and 538, respectively.

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION BOWLING LEAGUE

Team Standings

	Won	Lost	High 3 Game	Total Pins	Aver.	
1. St. John's C.W.V., Newark	26	7	856	2412	24960	756
2. U.N.A. Branch 14, Newark	24	9	876	2469	25378	789
3. Jersey City S.&A. Team A	21	12	825	2406	24663	747
4. Irvington Ukrainian Eagles	17	16	809	2270	24060	729
5. U.N.A. Br. 272, Maplewood	16	17	808	2306	23871	723
6. Newark Ukrainian Veterans	16	17	793	2251	22948	695
7. U.N.A. Br. 381-DYA, N.Y.C.	15	18	782	2256	23607	715
8. Jersey City S.&A. Team B	13	20	816	2170	22068	669
9. U.N.A. Branch 435, N.Y.C.	11	22	796	2296	22903	694
10. St. George C.W.V., N.Y.C.	6	27	748	2087	22080	669



Joseph Radko
chairman of the entertainment committee.



Miss Rose Slawich
member of the U.N.A. Dance Ensemble of Wilkes-Barre and a committee worker.



Michael Galaida
assistant chairman of the entertainment committee.

Wilkes-Barre demonstrated what a really organized and cooperative young group can do in promulgating the spirit of fraternalism. The U.N.A. Youth of Wilkes-Barre have earned the recognition of the local newspapers as an important part of the community life of the town. Such clubs are a credit not only to their respective towns but to the Ukrainian National Association as well.

T. L.

were able to give small performances. In the fall of 1933 the American Legion of St. Paul, together with the Cosmopolitan Club, presented an American rally featuring, among other nationality groups, the Ukrainians dressed in their colorful native costumes. The songs by the Ukrainian National Chorus, together with the folk dances, enchanted the audience. This was the first official introduction of the Ukrainian folk dances to the Minnesotans. From that day on their popularity with the American public became more significant. (To be continued)

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Герман Гесце.

Нарціз і Гольдмунд

(Уривок.)

Якимсь таємним почуттям відгадував Гольдмунд і таємницю свого мистецького ества, своєї любови до мистецтва, своєї часами дикої ненависти до нього. Не думкою, а почуттям відгадував він у багатьох випадках подібності, що мистецтво було поєднанням батьківського й матірнього світу, духу й крові; воно могло початися в найчуттєвішому й привести до найабстрактнішого, або взяти початок у світі чистих ідей і скінчитися в найживішій плоти. Усі ті мистецькі твори, що справді шляхетні і не лише добрі штукарські іграшки, а сповнені нічною таємницею, як, наприклад, майстрова Божа Мати, усі ті справжні й безсумнівні мистецькі твори мали в собі цей небезпечний сміх дволичности, це чоловічо-жіноче, це поєднання гону й чистого духовости. Але найкраще виявила б це дволичність Сва мати, якби вдалося йому вирізувати її.

У мистецтві й житті для мистецтва бачив Гольдмунд можливість примирення своїх найглибших суперечностей або чудового, щораз нового виразу роздвоєння своєї істоти. Але мистецтво не було чинним дарунком, його не можна було здобути задармо, воно коштувало дуже багато, воно вимагало жертв. Понад три роки Гольдмунд офірував йому найвище й найпотрібніше, що він знав поруч із насолодою кохання: свободу. Бути вільним, бджукати в безмежжях, провадити свавільне мандрівне життя, стояти осторонь і бути незалежним — усього цього зрікся він. Хай інші вважають його примхливим, неслухняним і досить свавільним, коли він часами з обуренням залишає майстерню й працю — для нього самого це життя було рабством, що часто обридало йому до нестерпности. Не майстрові мусів коритися він, не майбутньому, не природній потребі — а самому мистецтву: Мистецтво, це зовні чисте духове божество, жадало так багато дрібязкових речей! Воно потребувало даху над головою, воно потребувало знаряддя, дерева, глини, фарб, золота, воно вимагало праці й терпіння. Йому офірував він диму свободою лісів, п'янку далечинь, терпку насолоду безпеки, гордість убозства і мусів принести нові й нові жертви, задихаючись і скрегогучи зубами.

Якусь частину втраченого він повертав знову, трохи мстився за рабський порядок і посидючість свого теперішнього життя в деяких пригодах, зв'язаних з коханнями, у бійках із суперниками. Уся сперта дикість, уся затамована сила істоти виривалася цим запасним виходом, він став відомим і страшним набіякою. Раптом занатав нападу в темному залуку по дорозі до якоїсь дівчини чи повертаючись із танців, дістати пару ударів палицею, блмскавично обернутися й перейти від оборони до нападу, сопучи притиснути до себе заспано-

го ворога, садонувати його кулаком під бороду, поволокти його за волосся або порядно притиснути за горлянку — усе йому добре смакувало і на якийсь час лікувало його темні прирастості. Жінкам це теж подобалося.

Усе це шедро виповнювало його дні, і все мало певний сенс, доки тривала праця над докінчував свою працю. Надійшла та ранкова година, коли фігура була готова. Гольдмунд приніс мітку, пильно замів шопу, обережно вичистив рештки дерев'яного пилу з волосся свого Іоана і довго політ стояв перед ним, годину й ще довше, урочисто сповнений почуттям дивовижно великого переживання, яке в його житті могло б повторитися ще раз, але могло й лишитися єдино неповторним.

Подібне хвилювання в серці міг відчути чоловік у день свого одруження чи в день посвяти в лицарі, жінка по перших пологах, — висока посвята, глибока серйозність і вже одночасно таємний страх перед тією хвилиною, коли це високе й неповторне буде пережито й упорядковане і його прогине буденне чергування днів.

Він стояв і дивився на свого друга Нарціза, учителя своїх юнацьких літ; а той стояв з зосереджено піднесеним обличчям, в одязі й ролі гарного улюбленого апостола, з виразом спокою, посвяти й благоговіння, що мало вираз нерозквітлої брудниці усміху. Цю чорною, побожною й одуховленому обличчю, цій стрункій і легкій постаті, цим граційно й побожно піднесеним довгим рукам не були невідомі біль і смерть, хоч вони й сповнені були юністю й музикою; але ім чужий був розпач, безладдя й обурення. За цими шляхетними рисами, могла бути радісна чи журлива душа, але вона була чиста, але вона не терпіла дисгармонії.

Гольдмунд стояв і оглядав свій твір. Його огляд почався з побожного захоплення пам'ятником своєї першої юності й дружини, але кінчався бурею турбот і важких думок. Тут стояв його твір, апостол може лишитися і може ніколи не буде кінця його вічному розквіту. Але він, що створив це, мусів тепер попроситися з своїм твором; уже завтра він не належатиме йому, не чекатиме на його руки, не ростиме й не розквітатиме більше під ними, не буде рятунком, утіхою й змістом життя. І, як здавалося йому, було б найліпше сьогодні попроситися не лише з ним Іоаном, а одночасно й з майстром, містом і мистецтвом. Він лишився з порожньою душею. Він не має що робити тут; у його душі не було образів; образ людської Матері був ще недосяж-

A Preview Concert
OF UKRAINIAN CHORAL SOCIETY OF N. J.
G. KIRICHENKO, Jr., Director
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4th, 1949
8 P. M. Sharp
AT THE UKRAINIAN HOME
214 Fulton Street, Elizabeth, N. J.
Program consists of 14 songs by the Choral Society. 3 songs by duette of D. Seary and K. Kowalczyk, solo by M. Kirichenko, and Ukrainian Dances under the direction of S. Avramenko.
Admission 85 cents

Притиснути до себе заспано-

Ів. Керницький.

„НАРІКАЙЛИ”

(3 оповідань „Старого Імгранта”).

Розповідав мені Волта, моєї сестри Теклі сина, — він, значить, служив при Нейві, а тепер робить за формана при будові гавзів на Лонг Айленд, — розповідав мені одну таку історію... Ай донт нов, ци вона є ріллі тру, бікоз наш Волта, ю нов, коли щось оповідає, то любить трохи прибрехати. Але то вже не моя річ. Знаєте, як казали в старому краю: за що купив за те продаю.

Велл, — це було так:
Приїхав на будову Волтів бос та й каже:
— Лисен, Владзіу, тут зараз прийдуть до роботи три свіжі хлопці, ю нов — такі, з дисплейсид персон, може навіть твої земляки. Такі робітники, як вони, мені не доконче лю-

бий йому, ще довго ні. Мав він тепер знову полірувати фігурки янголів і вирізувати орнаменти?
Він відірвався й пішов до варстату майстра. Тихо вступив він і заупинився біля дверей, доки Ніклявс зауважив його й обізався:

— Що, Гольдмунде?
— Моя фігура готова. Можете ви, перш ніж підете до столу, зайдете й поглянете на неї. Охоче йду, зараз же.

Вони пішли разом і широко відчинили двері, щоб було видноше. Ніклявс давно вже не бачив фігури й не завважав Гольдмундові про догдувати працю. Тепер він оглядав твір з мовчазною увагою: його зосереджено обличчя було гарне і ясне; Гольдмунд бачив, як у його суворих синіх очах з'явилася радість.

— Гарно, — сказав майстер, — дуже гарно. Це твоя іспитова праця Гольдмунде, тепер ти вже скінчив науку. Я покажу твою фігуру тим із цеху й вимагатиму, щоб вони за неї видали тобі свідоцтво майстра, ти заслужив його.

Для Гольдмунда цех не мав великої вартости, але він знав, яка висока хвала звучала в словах майстра, і радувався.

Обходячи повільно ще раз навколо фігури Іоана, Нікляс мовив, зігнувшись:

— Ця постать сповнена побожністю й ясністю, вона поважна, але повна щастя й спокою. Можна думати: її створила людина, що в її серці дуже ясно й радісно.

Гольдмунд посміхнувся.
— Ви знаєте, що в цій фігурі я відтворив не самого себе, а свого найближчого друга. Це він надхнув образ ясності й спокою, а не я. власне, не я був тим, хто створив цей образ, а він вложив мені його в душу.

— Могло бути й так, — мовив Нікляс. — Як повстає подібний образ, це лишається таємницею. Я не смиренний, але шуму сказати, що довершив багато творів, які далеко поступаються перед твоїм, не мистецтвом і пильністю, але правдою. Та ти сам добре знаєш, що подібний твір не можна повторити. Це таємниця.

— Так, — мовив Гольдмунд, — коли фігура була готова і я поглянув на неї, я подумав: щось подібне ти не зможеш створити знову. І тому, майстре, я думаю, що скоро знову піду мандрувати.

Здивовано й незадоволено подивився Нікляс на нього, в нього, в його очах знову з'явилася суворість.

— Про це ми ще поговоримо. Для тебе тепер мала б тільки починатися праця, справді ця хвилина негода на те, щоб утікати від неї. Але сьогодні відпочивай, а на обід будь моїм гостем.

Позабрали вони шафлі, пішли сідати пісок. А той третій, „Рачкіс-Пачкіс“, сідів біля тачок і не каже на ніг, не закладає жадного комплейн, ю нов — ще й собі поспивує.

Ну, Волта стоїть з боку і ваює, як вони сідатимуть той пісок... Сі, зразу брали по півшафлі, як Волта казав, енд ден — щось собі поміркувай і ні-

б'ється, бот сильно просилися і я взяв їх на спробунок. Я їм плачу дождж 75 центів за годину. Що будуть годіи, хай роб'ять, а ти — тейк кер над ними. Я віддаю їх під твою руку.

Ол-райт, нема, нема — приходять. Сі, то зразу пізнати вчених людей; найс лункінг, підголені і в краватках, ну — джентелмени, да-цо. Двох, сказати б, мидел-сідж, битвін сорок і п'ятдесять, а третій — може був таксамо застарій, а може трохи молодший, бот черствій за тих двох, ай мін — мускулістий і на твари загорілий. З вигляду — ніби грік, ніби маляр, щось лайкдаєт.

Приступають вони до Волти і представляються. Сюр, один був наш, український, а другий поляк, бот оба з Галичини, навіть — з того самого повіт! Той польський мав нейм Мостовіч і був коліс за капітана при вуланах, а наш якийсь інакше називався, бот дес ти сейм у старому краю це була велика шіншка: лоєр та й ще посол, ай мін, по-нашому, конгрессмент, ю нов?

Ол-райт, ці два представились, файно-красно, подали Владзіові руку, а той третій, що подобав на гріка, джост сказав своє нейм — „Рачкіс-Пачкіс“, ци щось лайк дат, енд ден — поплював у жмені, вхопив тачку з циментом і попер аж задудніло!

Ну, щож, каже Волта, ніби, до того нашого і польського: — Сі, я то розумію, що ви — вчені люди і до такої роботи не звикли, бот ай кен нот гепп іт. Я стою на тому пляцу за формана енд мушу дати вам якийсь заняття. Бот я вам не розказую — робіть се, чи те, пробуйте самі, що здужаєт.

Ол-райт, взяв той польський тачки в руки, тай не рушить з місця. Взав наш, посунув пару футів — мах! — тачки пишцінували ним на землю.

— Ізі, ізі, — каже Волта, — не позабивайтеся до мари, бо наше мені того тролюю!. Не тоїйте тачок, то не є для вас робота. Беріть по пейлові і носіть воду до бочки.

А вода була трошки офсайд, отак задалеко, якби два блаки ходу; ю нов — крек уже прокопано, тільки пайпи не були сконектовані. А як машина молола цемент, то воду носили руками.

Ол-райт, позабирали вони пейли, носять воду. Обернули може три рази, туди і назад, ого! вже гуд-бай! Попріли, позадихувались, стогнуть, обтираються хустинками.

— Вашимери? — питає Волта. — Вже'стєся помучились?
— Ой, помучились, пане форман, страшно помучились! — бількаються сіромахи. — Ми, кажуть, не годні так тяжко робити. Ми собі гадали, що в Америці індустрія стоїть високо і не треба води носити... Тай ще, кажуть, така сакраментська гарячка... Дайте нам пане форман, таку роботу, щоб у холодку!

Окей! — каже Волта, — я вам дам роботу в холодку... Лук — там стоїть таке сито, що пісок пересіває. Гов гед, побавтеся трохи піском. Джост не беріть, борони Боже, по повній шафлі, а так, по половинці... Так робіть, аби було гуд фор ю.

Позабрали вони шафлі, пішли сідати пісок. А той третій, „Рачкіс-Пачкіс“, сідів біля тачок і не каже на ніг, не закладає жадного комплейн, ю нов — ще й собі поспивує.

Ну, Волта стоїть з боку і ваює, як вони сідатимуть той пісок... Сі, зразу брали по півшафлі, як Волта казав, енд ден — щось собі поміркувай і ні-

чого не беруть, джост махають порожніми лопатами... А потім, видно, і то їм навкучилилось, бо цілком заступаючи роботу, поспирался на шафлі і балакають.

Наш, український каже:
— Так, так, пане капітане! Нема що казати — гарний обходимо юбілеуш!
— Який юбілеуш? — питає поляк.

— А ви що, не пам'ятаєте? Таж недавно минуло десять років як ваша Польща видала Гітлерові войну!
— Гм, то у вас, пане посъле, щось, ніби, пам'ять шванкуе... То не Польща видала Гітлерові войну, лише та каналія — напала на Польщу.
— А чого ви з ним задираєтеся? Хотів коритаж — най би був брав. Сі, а тепер не маєте ні хати, ні коридора, ні сіней, ні селеру, натігн.
— Ой, так, так! — зігнув поляк і замовк. — Мей бі — не був задикуватий і не хотів починати суперечки. Бот наш присилвся до нього, як оса, та й все дюг! та й дюг!
— Сі, каже, ото вас вирихтували ваші аліянти! Вже нам, українцям — нема жалю, бікоз нам і так зробили рекламу, що ми — „фашисти“, але ви — такі були вірні союзники, і свій говермен мали в Лондоні, і воуляли дідько не знає де, — і до чого дослухалися: до тачок і лопати...
— Ой, так, так! — застогнав поляк. — А наш далі ріже його без ножа:
— Таке було моцарство і трисло — гей булька на воді. Вже нам, українцям, хоч нема жалю, бо ми не моли держави і нічого не втратили, але ж ви, хвалилися, що нідного гузника не даєте собі відпороти...
Видав гзадка про ці „гузники“ трохи поляка вколола, бо почав відригатися:
— Сі, каже, то ми, поляки, не є ворі, бікоз ми вже мали державу, мали своїх королів та президентів, — а ви, українці, нічого не мали, не маєте і не будете мати! Ви джост, що знаете, то — проголосити державність, але вже втримати — не даєте ради!
Ну, така бесіда, то знову нашому не пішла в смак, бот не показує по собі злоти, а починає собі кптити:
— Сі, каже, то правда, що ви мали королів, але їх миші з'їли!
Йой, май Гад, як поляк це почув, то який жаль взяв його за серце, що трохи не розплакався!
— То ви нам, каже, Польщу розвалили! Ми файтувалися на фронті, кров свою проливали, а ви нам ніж у плечі встромили!
Енд ден — як тоді наш його присяде, та давай йому цабанити:
— Що ви, каже, крейзі? Ми вам Польщу завалили?... А звідки взялося в німецькому плені 45 тисяч наших українських бойсів? Ваші штабові офіцери поховали за пазуху штаби золота і повтікали до Румунії, а наші бойси боронови Львів до останку перед русскими і німаками! І так — як довга наша і ваша історія, ми ол тайм наставляємо за вас дурні голови. Хто вам зробив „чуд над Віслоу?“ Ми! Хто зробив „чуд під Грунвальдом?“ Ми!... Ми вам робимо „чуда“, а ви нам — паціфікацію!
Тепер поляк трохи змітигу-

вався, почав собі шукати ескюз:

— Пане посъле, каже, я знаю, в нас не було порядку... В Польщі панувала диктатура: то правда, але, признайте самі, який ще люди клигали... Як вас польський поліцай взолив по зубах, то щось трохи вилетіло, а решта стил залишилася, бот, коли вас гештапівець замалоував, то вже гуд бай!... Сюр, була Береза Картузка, але з Берези люди виходили живі, а вже, скажім, з такого Майданку, чи Освенцима, оф корс, звідтам виходили на волю, але через комин крематорії!... Тай вам самим, пане посъле, не було ту бед... Що-місяця йшла вам красна пенсія — тисяча злотих на руку, трені і трамвайні мали за дурно, із канцелярії щось капнуло — якийсь в'язався кінці до купи, ні?...
Видно, що поляк промовив нашому до серця, бо пан посол зігнув та й каже:
— Сюр, коли вже вибрати між холерою, чумою і шкарлятиною, то хай би там була шкарлятина...
Так і стало, на тій шкарлятині, бо власне прийшов час на лонч і Волта сказав:
— Ол райт, бойси, коман істі.

Посідали вони істі оба разом, а той третій, що возив цемент, присів собі трохи з боку. Сі, видно, що мав добрий екзерсайс коло тих тачок і змахався некаждь, бо кинувся на сандвіч, гей вовк! А нашому і польському щось натінг не смакує, джост воду л'ють, а стогнуть, а нарікають!... На стару іміграцію...
„Пане посъле, каже поляк, те вшистке наше родакі, цо тутай е, то саме ковбове!“ Гм, каже, наш, ба мої, що, ліпші?.. Енд ден — скритикували цілу Америку: що в Нью Йорку стріти не позамітани і п'яні боми лежать на сайдвоках, що дівки сидять в коршім разом із хлопцями, а бойси на вулиці боли грають... Сі, так вони собі нарікають, а той третій сідів закладає за драбину... Вже три сандвічі спорув, батлю молока випив, а ще кейк витягає... Аж нашому і польському досадно стало!

— О, такому, то гуд! — зігнув поляк. — Моцний, як мула, нічим не журиться, мйе апітайт! — що йому біда зробити!... Цікаве — зим такий чоловік міг бути дома?
— Певно каміння товк на гостинці, або бочки з оселдими вантажив на трока! — це так наш, український.
А той наівся, пообтирався, закурив собі файку і приступає до націнх.

— Ескюз мі, каже, панове, ци ви не будете скитальникі?
— Є, мискитальникі, — помахали тамті головами.
— Да цо? Бо я також скитальник! Я буду дуже глед із вами запізнатися.
Велл, рад-не-рад, встає поляк перший, подає руку, представляється:
— Мостовіч, капітан Войска Польського.
Встає і наш, каже своє нейм, а накінець додэе:

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— Пане посъле, каже, я знаю, в нас не було порядку... В Польщі панувала диктатура: то правда, але, признайте самі, який ще люди клигали... Як вас польський поліцай взолив по зубах, то щось трохи вилетіло, а решта стил залишилася, бот, коли вас гештапівець замалоував, то вже гуд бай!... Сюр, була Береза Картузка, але з Берези люди виходили живі, а вже, скажім, з такого Майданку, чи Освенцима, оф корс, звідтам виходили на волю, але через комин крематорії!... Тай вам самим, пане посъле, не було ту бед... Що-місяця йшла вам красна пенсія — тисяча злотих на руку, трені і трамвайні мали за дурно, із канцелярії щось капнуло — якийсь в'язався кінці до купи, ні?...
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