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GOOD REPORT GIVEN ON DP'S IN U.S.

MIDWEST STUDY FINDS 'GREAT MAJORITY' ARE ADAPTING THEMSELVES TO NATION

A favorable report on the resettlement of displaced persons in the Midwest was made recently by an employee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference who studied their problems for five weeks.

He is Walter Dushnyck, Ukrainian American journalist, and editor of the "Ukrainian Bulletin," a publication of the Pan-American Ukrainian Conference, with offices in New York City.

As reported in the N. Y. Times, in each of four states surveyed—Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota—it was reported that a "great majority" of the homeless from Europe adapted themselves to American ways with little or no trouble. The percentage ran from 75 to 90 per cent.

After an initial period of difficulty, these persons successfully adjusted themselves to the new life, kept their jobs, found homes and friends and were accepted by the community. They overcame the handicaps resulting from a lack of knowledge of English, loneliness and strange customs, according to Walter Dushnyck, who made the study.

In some areas, however, a substantial number of the newcomers left their homes and jobs, enticed by the prospect of higher wages and a higher standard of living, especially in the larger cities, Mr. Dushnyck added. One of the important causes of dissatisfaction, he went on, was the inability of some displaced persons to meet the demands of farm life.

Minnesota, it was reported, had accepted 4,130 former displaced persons as of June, 1950. Many of these are farmers and housewives. Others include mechanics, professional workers, domestics and hospital attendants.

The great majority of the displaced persons who went to Iowa were placed in rural areas. Their average working wage is from \$95 to \$100 a month, plus milk, butter eggs, chickens, vegetables and other items.

**Accepted in Community**  
"They have been accepted by the American community as a hard-working and God-fearing people and in themselves have greatly contributed to the success of the displaced persons program in this part of the state [southeastern Iowa]," Mr. Dushnyck said.

Ninety-one families, comprising 238 persons, settled in southwestern Iowa. Observers there said 50 per cent were well settled, 25 per cent were satisfactory and another 25 per cent needed additional readjustment.

At least 13,000 immigrants went to Illinois, with 500 going to the Springfield and Champaign-Urbana areas. Mr. Dushnyck said the "overwhelming majority" of the 500 he studied were considered successfully resettled.

Most of the 175 in the Springfield area are employed on farms, although a substantial number, mostly single women, are working as domestics. In Champaign, 40 per cent were employed on farms, with 20 per cent working as domestics and janitors.

In Wisconsin, at least 3,500 displaced persons have found homes on farms and in the cities.

Mr. Dushnyck summed up his findings this way:  
"In addition to their skills and experience, they [the displaced persons] bring along their rich and heterogeneous cultural wealths which will greatly enrich our way of life and culture, as immigration has in the past."

Number of Ukrainians Repatriated

Not long ago the Kiev radio made known the number of Ukrainians repatriated to the USSR. According to these statistics, after the end of the war 1,300,000 Ukrainians were repatriated from Germany, Austria, Poland, France and other countries. These official calculations announced by the Kiev radio cannot be accepted without a great many corrections. According to the moderate Ukrainian calculations, reports the "Ukrainian Quarterly," at least five millions of the so called "Ostarbeiter" (East laborers) were Ukrainians from Soviet Ukraine, Galicia, Carpathian Ukraine, Bessarabia, and Bukovina, as well as the Ukrainian political emigrants, who lived in Central Europe between the two World Wars.

At that time the Western Allies considered the Ukrainians deported by the Germans as fascists and collaborators, and as such they were

subject to persecutions not only on the part of the Soviet Army and the NKVD, but the Anglo-Americans as well. The situation of the Ukrainians from Soviet Ukraine was particularly difficult and dangerous. According to the treaty of Yalta, they were subject to forced repatriation as Soviet citizens. Consequently millions of them were forcefully returned to their "fatherland."

By the middle of 1946 from the five millions Ukrainians in Germany and Austria there remained only 350 thousand. This means that at least 4.5 millions of Ukrainians were given over to the USSR. Therefore not 1.3 millions of Ukrainians were repatriated, as the Kiev radio announced, but three times as many. Only one third of the repatriated returned to Ukraine, however, while about three millions disappeared in the wilderness of the Soviet Union.

Jersey Choral Society Plans Fall Program

The Ukrainian Choral Society of New Jersey will partake in the festivities of the UYL-NA "Echoes of Ukraine." Festival to be held in New York City over the Labor Day weekend.

The group of some 40 voices

under the direction of George Kirichenko Jr., will sing numbers written by Leontowich, famous Ukrainian composer known to our young people for his "Schedryk" (Carol of the Bells) and other songs.

The New York performance will be the inaugural presentation of the group for the forthcoming concert season. It plans to continue its season with an all Leontowich concert in as many cities it can.

The chorus members, who are really sweating it out on Monday nights at the Ukrainian National Home in Elizabeth are planning an outing to either Allentown, Pa. or Scranton, Pa. sometime in August.

PURGES OF PARTY MEMBERS IN UKRAINE

Purges of the "unreliable" elements of the Communist Party in Ukraine have not been limited to Western Ukraine alone. Reports received from Ukrainian underground sources state that in all districts of Eastern Ukraine the purges have been going on for some time under the direction of Z. Serdiuk, Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Ukraine.

UKRAINE IN A SWISS ENCYCLOPAEDIA

In the newest edition of the Lexicon Suisse, published in Zurich in seven volumes, we find a large article on Ukraine. It concludes with information on the Ukrainian Insurgent Army and its fight against the Nazi and Soviet occupation, conducted under the command of General Taras Chuprynka. The slogan of the fighters is: "Freedom to Nations! Freedom to Man!"—We would not have mentioned this article if The New International Year Book 1948 had not termed the Ukrainian Insurgent Army a "band"...

FROM LVIW TO WARSAW

The government of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic in Kiev, on the basis of a mutual understanding with Warsaw, has transferred the monuments of three Polish national leaders from Lwiv to Warsaw: King Jan Sobieski, Kornel Ujejski, a poet, and Alexander Fredro, a dramatist.

(her uncle). The cruise is sponsored by the American College of Surgeons.

Miss Fedan has taken an active part in the Ukrainian Youth League of North America and is interested in Ukrainian folk dancing. She is a member of Branch 296 of the U.N.A.

IN THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION DO IT NOW

Editorial  
THE MILITARY POTENTIAL OF UKRAINE

What to our mind the Pentagon down in Washington, as well as our State Department, would do well to take special notice of is the recent analysis, under above heading, which appears in the current number of the "The Eastern Quarterly," published in London, England. Its author is Lieutenant-General Paul Shandruk, who led Ukrainian armed forces for the liberation of Ukraine in both World War I and World War II. At present Gen. Shandruk is in this country. What he has to say is of particular importance to all of us in these war-critical days.

Summed up his views, that of a recognized leading military expert, are as follows:

The geographical position of the Ukraine is one of the main factors of her military potential. Owing to it the Ukrainian State was able to come into being and maintain itself for several centuries. But for the same reason its existence as an independent State was later destroyed.

Placed at the cross-roads of the imperialistic expansion of Moscow, especially towards the Black Sea, the territories which are ethnographically Ukrainian have very long frontiers—700 kilometers—with Russia, without any natural obstacles. Using military terms, one may say that if the Russians used their full strength (that is to say 100 million genuine Russians), they would be able to post one division along each kilometre of the Russian-Ukrainian frontier, while the Ukrainians would have only one regiment.

The geographical position of the Ukraine requires a clear idea of what the Ukrainian State might be. It must be pointed out that the territory of the Ukraine is part of the geographical complex of the Mediterranean, as the Black Sea is an outlier of the Mediterranean. According to a principle of geopolitics, an area situated in the sea-basin constitutes a whole from the hydrographic point of view—and all Ukrainian rivers flow into the Black Sea. As from the geographical point of view the Ukraine is a northern vault over the Black Sea, it seems a political axiom that securing the existence of the Ukraine as a State is closely connected with the guarantees of political independence of all the nations of the Mediterranean Basin and the establishment of friendly relations between the Ukraine and other nations of this area.

The causes of the downfall of the Ukrainian State in the past must be taken in close connection with the disappearance of the tatar Khanates of Kazan and Astrakhan, the conquest of the Great Don and

Great Novgorod, and the waning power of Turkey. The keys to the possession of the Ukraine are to the East, West and to the North of her.

From the geographical point of view the Ukraine should be considered as a base from which should start the political and military efforts of all nations subjugated by Russia. On possession of the Ukraine depends the control of the Black Sea; this territory could check the Russian invader advancing towards the South and to the Near East; from this territory may be threatened all Russian operations in the Caucasus, one of the main sources of Moscow's technical supplies. Indirectly, across Turkestan, the Ukraine can check Russian operations directed towards the Middle East, with all its riches, oil wells above all.

The geographical position of the Ukraine is also very important in considering the strategic possibilities of invasion by the Russians of Western Europe. The vast Ukrainian territories, easily accessible from the Black Sea, provide good opportunities for the penetration and grouping of important forces against Russian imperialism. For all these reasons the Ukraine has justly been called, by Western political writers, "the Achilles' heel" of the U.S.S.R.

The topography of the Ukraine presents no obstacle to the invasion of Russia. With modern military technique, the rivers flowing from North to South would not interfere with military operations. There is no danger that the Ukraine might be threatened from other centres, provided that the Ukraine is on friendly relations with her neighbors. This is very important, as otherwise the Russians might avail themselves of the antagonism between neighboring countries for the purpose of establishing there their "places d'armes." The depth and extent of the Ukrainian territory is quite adequate for the use of modern methods of invasion and of strategic air forces.

The geographical position of the Ukraine, from both the political and military points of view, demands that in preparing and carrying out operations consideration should be given to a possible adversary from the North.

The geographical factor of the military potential of the Ukraine should not be considered apart from political and other factors, as its own value is of a purely negative character. It should be counterbalanced by achievements in the political field and by enhancing the importance of other factors.

THE UNITED NATIONS

There has been great disillusionment in this country over the United Nations. The high hopes for world amity and civilized solutions of international difficulties that were held out when the organization was created have not materialized. And so, in many minds, a feeling has arisen that the UN is a dismal failure, and that it might as well follow the League of Nations into oblivion.

But there is another side to this great question. It was well expressed by Raymond Moley in one of his newspaper columns when he wrote: "It is to be hoped that public opinion in the United States will modify its pessimism concerning the United Nations... Walter Lipman... made the strong point that the United Nations is the only means by which Asiatic interests can be mobilized in the interests of security. That is because the remaining independent Asiatic nations must themselves participate in stabilization, and in so doing work side by side with the nations of the West."

"Our own stake is enormous. We must not forfeit the assets of the Japanese potential or neglect the Philippines. For once the Soviet appears in the warm waters of the Pacific, it will develop sea power and challenge our position in the entire ocean.

"The United Nations must do or die, and if it dies, civilization everywhere will be in grave peril."

UN has brought together the nations of the world, and the vast majority of them are on the side of the West. Countries with a total population of something like a billion people have formally expressed, through the UN, their opposition to the communist invasion of South Korea crisis arose.

The UN has protected our own position in Korea. There we are acting, not just on our own hook, but as an agent of the UN. We are following exactly the provisions of the UN charter, which are to block aggression wherever it may appear. We are, therefore taking on the job of policeman in that tragic little country.

It may be a long time before the world learns what the Korean war will lead to. In the meantime it has cast a brilliant light on the ineffectiveness of our vacillating policy in Asia. It also seems to have shown up some startling failures—we were taken completely by surprise, our intelligence apparently could not have been poorer, and we did not realize how well prepared for war the Korean communist were. However, as Herbert Hoover said, we have made our decision, we must abide by it, and everything that is necessary to win must be done. For us to lose in Korea would be the final shattering blow to American and United Nations prestige throughout the world. This is what the Russians are hoping for. It would be the greatest victory the Soviet Union could gain.

Markian Shashkevich's Monument Destroyed

The Austrian press has reported that the Soviet authorities have dynamited the monument of Markian Shashkevich, Western Ukraine's outstanding poet and pioneer in the national rebirth of that section of Ukraine. The monument was erected by the Ukrainians in his native village of Pidlyslia in Western Ukraine.

Ironically, the monument survived the regimes of the Austro-Hungarian empire, Czarist Russia's occupation during World War I, the Polish domination between 1920-1939, and the German occupation. The Soviets, confronted with the symbolization of Ukrainian national freedom, inevitably applied their favorite and indispensable antidote: liquidation.

A Gestapo Dignitary — Chief of Iro Police

Last December the chief of DP police for the III Area in Germany was recognized by the inmates of former concentration camps as a former high Gestapo-man in Lwiv who caused the death of several prominent Ukrainians. Among them were the leader of Ukrainian underground Ivan Klymiw and one of the most talented poets Oleh

Olzhyeh. Both were shot by him personally. His real name was Wilhelm Wirsing, and he possessed the false papers of a Baltic refugee. It took a long procedure to have him arrested, as the German police declared it had no right to arrest a DP, and the American authorities said that all prosecutions of former Nazis are already ended.

ART STUDENT TO TAKE SOUTH AMERICAN CRUISE

Miss Justine Fedan, daughter of Mrs. Mary Fedan, proprietor of the John Fedan & Co. Stores of Fifth Avenue, Pa. has completed arrangements for a cruise to South America.

Miss Fedan, who is a graduate of Arnold High School, studied at the Marywood Seminary at Scranton, Pa. and since her graduation from the Arnold High School, has completed two years in Commercial Art at the Mercyhurst College in Erie, Pa. During the summer of 1949 she took special courses at

the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Canada.

At Mercyhurst she was a member and took active part in the Arts Club; the French Club; and the Janis—Dramatics Club.

The South American cruise which begins in the early part of July will take her to the Island of Trinidad, Rio De Janeiro in Brazil, Santos and Sao Paulo in Uruguay and Buenos Aires in Argentina. She will be accompanied by Dr. John Skweir, Esq., of McAdoo, Pa.

Thistles

By DANYLO MORDOVETZ
Translated by MARY GABODA

(Some time ago I came across a literary journal entitled "STEPPE" with the subtitle, a "Khersonian Belles Lettres Review," and published in Saint Petersburg in the year 1886.

—but I always kept thinking about my orchard and my periwinkle. And when my years of learning were over I went home.

In my orchard there grew a cruciferous periwinkle vine. But this was long ago, so long ago that it is hard to remember.

They took me to another school—farther away. And what they did not teach me there. Seven years I spent in that school and like that Samylo Kyshka I did not see God's world for seven years but I never forgot my orchard and my periwinkle.

But no—there was an orchard and a cruciferous periwinkle vine. And there grew in that orchard a green willow tree, covered with thick leaves and right beside the fence there grew a guelder rosebush and under my very window—a cherry tree grew—such a curious tree it was!

And then my years of learning were up. I had learned a little—how big the world is and what good and evil goes on in it. And I went back to my periwinkle in the orchard.

And I would listen and make my way at once where my periwinkle trailed. How I loved it and tended it!

And the willow had grown big, big—and the rosebush covered the fence and the cherry tree had reached the eaves. But my cruciferous periwinkle was spreading, spreading...

And when winter came and the orchard was covered with snow, I did not feel sorry for the willow tree, nor for the rosebush nor for the cherry tree—but how sorry I felt for my periwinkle! Would it come back to life when the water began to drip from the eaves when the willow and cherry trees and rosebush had turned green?

Life was sad without my native language and without my green willow—but still sadder without my cruciferous periwinkle. I studied for four years. Oh God. And what they did not teach me there? And on the fifth year I flew back to my Ukraine.

And lo! Spring is coming—spring is here and water drips from the eaves and I run into the orchard...

(Concluded on page 3)

The Woman Under Soviet Misrule

By SULLYMA

(An address forwarded and read at the 49th Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, held in Boston last month)

It is noteworthy that among the reconstruction of the post war food production the first place belongs to the reconstruction of distilleries according to the Soviet official publication.

national social revolutions in 1917-20 really granted the women unlimited possibilities. But the Bolsheviks have contributed their burdensome part here to turning these achievements into burdens for the women. The Soviet Government has made the woman equal with the man, as regards efficiency of work, amount of work, conditions of work, endurance. This is not spoken about publicly. The Soviet propaganda does not boast of this, but this is really true.

According to the post war five year plan 144 distilleries are planned to be reconstructed, whereas only 68 bread factories are to be rebuilt. It is comprehensible: the alcohol monopoly has always been the most profitable article of the state budget of Moscow. By intoxicating the men with vodka Moscovites are trying to increase the financing of its armaments according to the five year plan it is planned to manufacture cotton cloth less than a meter per person in 1950, the same for silk, and less than two and half pairs of hosiery for one person.

Women Coal Cutters
Whoever wishes to convince himself of the truth of this may read the novel "The Miners" by Igrishev, published in the Soviet Magazine "Znamiya" of 1948. You see there that women just as men do in the coal mines as coal-cutters in the Donetz coal mines. Early in the morning at 5 o'clock she goes down deep into mines. There in stifling air, among the coal dust that gets into the lungs and through the pores into the body, she bores the coal rock holding the pick that weighs more than 10 kilograms. All her body shakes automatically with the movement of the borer driven into the rock by electricity. And in such conditions she has to be a Stakhanov

worker and compete with the man. After the war the Bolsheviks carried out a mobilization of young men and girls to work in the mines of the Donetz basin. The mobilization was to be carried out on the basis of socialistic enthusiasm, as selfmobilization. In reality it turned out to be a hunting for young men and women. In Zhmerinka a young man was shot during one of these huntings when trying to escape.

(To be concluded)

MUSIC - - - by Olga L.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

One of our great masters, familiar to almost everyone, was Ludwig van Beethoven, born in Bonn, Dec. 16, 1770. His father was his first teacher and from him he learned both violin and clavichord. At school he was shy and uncommunicative and cared for none of the ordinary games of boys.

right ear was completely gone, truly a great tragedy in his life. In later years he became completely deaf. Can any one imagine anything more tragic than to compose such wonderful music and not being able to hear it? But despite this handicap Beethoven continued writing symphonies, sonatas, operas, concertos for piano and violin, etc. The last three years of his life he was composing incessantly. In his 55th, his health began to fail. He caught a severe cold and was forced to go to bed. During this time he had many visitors come to his home. Neither Beethoven himself nor any of his friends were aware of the fact that death was near for the great musician.

When Beethoven was 17 years of age, a big event took place in his life—his first journey to Vienna. There he met Mozart who predicted that in due time the world would hear from Beethoven. Ludwig did not remain long in Vienna because his mother grew ill and he had to hasten to her bedside. She died soon afterwards.

On March 24, 1827, (two days before his death) he received the Sacraments of the church, and about one o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, he sank into unconsciousness, and a distressing conflict with death began which lasted the rest of that day, the whole of the next, and until a quarter of six on the evening of the 26th.

Later B. made the acquaintance of a certain Count Waldstein, an amateur musician, who used to visit him, gave him a piano and in many other ways sympathized with him. In 1805 B. wrote the grand sonata Opus 53, dedicating it to the count, which became the well known "Waldstein Sonata."

As the evening approached, there came a sudden storm of hail and snow, accompanied by a flash of lightning and a crash of thunder. So great was this crash, that it even roused the dying man. He opened his eyes, clenched his fist, and shook it in the air above him. This lasted but a few seconds, and then the hand fell, and the great composer was no more.

No story would be complete without telling the readers something about the great musician's love life. Beethoven was a great favorite with the ladies of his time. He was constantly in love, and though his taste was very promiscuous, yet most of his attachments were for women of rank. Many of his sonatas were dedicated to various ladies of his time.

Beethoven died on March 26, 1827. He was 56 years old. The funeral took place on the 29th and was attended by an immense mass of people, including all the musicians of the city. The crowd was so enormous that soldiers had to be called in to force the way, and it took an hour and a half to pass the short distance from the house to the church. His monument consisted of a large flat stone covering the grave, surrounded by an iron railing, the usual emblem of eternity, and the simple name "Beethoven."

Impressions - - - by Wm. Shust

On a day in summer when the wind is warm the feeling of content and satisfaction usually takes the place of all other sentiment.

When the sun casts envious glances at lazy, rolling clouds; When the colors of the world reach unbelievable grandeur;

On any summer day when warmth is seasonable and smiles come easily something inside of you sings out.

And, when a heart cries out to the universe but originality does not come forth.

If you are a simple heart, content with the easily accessible, the natural reaction to a beautiful day in summer is either laughter, song, or dance—perhaps all three. But for those of a poetic and intellectual bent, beautiful summer and its wonderful effects poses a problem.

Then is a time for sadness—a haunting sadness that comes only in summer.

The Myth of Slavic Unity

(To be continued)

Side by side with this there came the question of the written language. Along with Eastern Christianity, a part of the Slavs received the Church Slavic language, a variation of a dialect spoken in the neighborhood of Salonica. It gave to the Slavs who employed it the opportunity to develop their culture far more rapidly than in the West. It rendered accessible to them in a tongue which they understood the wealth and the resources of Christian civilization and literature and they made good use of it. Still it was at best an artificial form of speech and after its first abundant fruits, it became rather a drag upon the people, for it did not prove itself adaptable to the newer needs of the day, but its influence was finally checked only in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when for the first time the vernaculars were brought into literature.

of literature than were the stereotyped form of Church Slavic with its strong religious traditions.

At the same time, as proof of the vitality of various Slav peoples and their degree of separation from one another, there never arose either in the East or West any author who was able to appeal to more than one nationality. There was no one like Chaucer who in Canterbury Tales, brought together the English dialects. There was no Dante who did the same for Italian. There was no Luther who by his translation of the Bible into German set the pattern for all of his successors, even if they differed with him religiously. Perhaps the writings of Jan Hus came closest to this conception but his influence was largely confined to Bohemia and Moravia and the later Czech thinkers as Comenius found as sympathetic support in England and Sweden as in any of the Slavic lands. The same was true in Poland, where no one of the sixteenth century writers advanced their influence across the political boundaries of the country.

On the other hand, in the West, there was little or no attempt for centuries to create a vernacular literature. Those people who could read and write, used Latin, as they did elsewhere in Western Europe. The chronicles, etc. were all in Latin and it was not until the domination of Latin was ending, that adventurous spirits began to write in their own languages. Yet literary progress, once the tide had set in, was more rapid among the Western and Roman Catholic Slavs, for the newly formed languages were much better as media

"As we face our problems today and consider their nature we measure the severity of those problems with the degree that we have drifted away from the simple principles with which we began. We can recognize the degree we have changed when the definition of a liberal is a man in Washington who wants to play the Almighty with our money."—Dwight D. Eisenhower,

On Record - - - by Ted Victor

SUMMER CAMP

After hearing so much about the importance of Summer camps for children of all ages I was naturally quite anxious to observe one of these fresh air institutions in operation. Of course I had no idea whatsoever as to what one did at Summer camp outside of swimming, fishing, eating and sleeping. Therefore it was with open mind and curious feelings that I set out together with a friend of mine last weekend to visit Camp Arewa nestled in the mountains of Pennsylvania.

ed that the bus for Lickdale had gone and there would not be another for quite some time. Off unto the highway I went and started hitching to the best of my ability. In no time at all I was picked up and deposited in the sleepy hollow of Lickdale and picked up once more a local farmer for a further trip up to Camp Arewa.

The weekend of July 15th, and 16th was rather damp here in the East. Earlier in the week I had inquired as to what trains went up to Lebanon, Pa. I made fatal error from the very outset, a fact I was to rue over and over again. It seems as though out of three trains leaving for Lebanon during the day one of them made a point of stopping at every whistle stop, cow crossing and local pub. A trip that ordinarily takes but four hours managed to stretch into seven for us. The dirt flew and the hot breeze blew through the nearly deserted train. (Seems as thou everyone but we knew about this monstrosity of the rails) Finally at long last, after hours of tortured travel we managed to drag ourselves into the most welcome station in Lebanon.

The rain had stopped, but everything still dripped, and that, of course, was just ducky. Come to think of it, even a duck wouldn't think of it, even a duck wouldn't make myself a comfortable as possible under the circumstances and waited expectantly for something to happen. Alas, I was doomed to disappointment for the first few moments. I could see no one at first, but I felt like a patient upon an operating table. I soon learned the reason why. Peeking through an opening in the work shop attic were several score pairs of curious eyes. In no time at all I knew what it was like to be stared at by girls of ages no matter where I went. I couldn't take one false step into any of the buildings or tents for no men were allowed. Too, I didn't know where I was supposed to go, and where I was supposed to stay. I decided upon the safest course and stood in the wide open spaces until some sort of human contact past the age of sixteen was established. Between rain drops I managed to see the old swimming hole, six horses for riding (alas I could only see their hind portions since they were parked with noses forward) and the rec. hall. I had lunch together with the entire camp and even learned some new songs which were sung before and after the meal. Seems as though each camp has its own private repertoire of songs and some of them are really something. Ping pong, walking and walking and looking at everything rounded out the day's excursion for us. It was then that I realized that the kids actually could never enjoy themselves at these camps as much as adults. I personally think it would be a good idea if we could go to work as children and then when we get older to get ourselves packed off for Summer camp. I know I would be willing to trade places with the lowliest camper at this date. Still there is nothing like it and a few weeks in camp do build sound minds and healthy bodies. No matter whether it is Camp Arewa, or Camp "Zaporozhe" or Camp Hochje-Koochie, the purpose are the same. Children who never get out to them miss a great deal. We owe it to the kids to send as many of them out as possible.

There was a car waiting to greet us, thanks to kid sister Gloria. Of course it was a bit disconcerting at first to learn that there was no room left for a male in the guest house. Being a veteran of many a trip throughout our United States on various UYL-NA excursions I hustled myself off to the nearest hotel and a night of rest and quiet. Before actually going to bed however I went for something to eat and a glance at the prosperous town of Lebanon. Much to my surprise I discovered that it was a soldier town and that old feeling of hanging around the corner, having a beer at the local bar and in general envying any fellow fortunate enough to find a species of the opposite sex came over me. It was with sudden realization that I came to and remembered that I was visiting. Thanking all goodness for my good fortune and taking one more look at my "civies" I went to sleep for a much needed rest.

Sunday morning, not bright (it was pouring) and not early I got up and made ready for my jaunt to Camp Arewa. With a limited amount of information as to the exact location and name of the town near which the Camp was located, I set out with light heart but muggy package and perspiring body. Much to my dismay I learn-

We Can Help Now

Very often we wonder how we can help our oppressed kinsfolk abroad. We can help by voicing our national problem now when little nations around the world are being attacked. As Ukrainian American born, we are enjoying the opportunity of free speech, granted to us. Let us use this privilege for the good of our country and those in Ukraine. Let us tell our fellow Americans of the plight of our kinsmen there; of their subjugation by the Communists; of the Rusification of our people and of their stubborn refusal to be assimilated; of the atrocities being undergone by them, and finally of our people's great patriotism and heroic struggle for their national and cultural survival.

MYROSLAVA JOIN THE U. N. A. DO IT NOW!

"SVOBODA" (UKRAINIAN DAILY) FOUNDED 1893
SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One year ----- \$ 3.00
Six months ----- \$ 2.00
Ukrainian newspaper published daily except Sundays and holidays by the Ukrainian National Association, Inc., 51-83 Grand St., Jersey City 3, N. J.
Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Post Office of Jersey City, N. J. on March 10, 1913 under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for Section 1103 of the Act of October 3, 1947.
Authorized July 31, 1948.

# Ukrainian Culture Change

(The Natural Process and Rational Techniques in Culture Change among Ukrainians in America)

By PROF. STEPHEN MANCHUR

(To be continued)

## V. APPRAISAL OF RATIONAL AMERICANIZATION AND UKRAINIZATION POLICIES PRACTICED OR ADVOCATED.

We are now in a position to evaluate in terms of the correlation, or lack of it, between the typical popular policies—(really not "policies" inasmuch as they have seldom been tried but rather are suspended in the ephemeral periphery of sense grossly called "public opinion")—and the desired ends. Put in another way, we shall discuss the relation which actually is between purposes and consequences in what we shall term deliberate or national attempts at "Americanization" or "Ukrainization" which actually have been tried or at least were or have been advocated. And this subject, as the others, we are by reason of space forced to treat but in general outline.

### 1. Americanization "Programs"

The Ukrainian—as was usually the case with other immigrant nationalities—first came to the attention of that part of the American public known as the "social workers." This was natural inasmuch as the Ukrainian was generally found in that economic class which, by virtue of the condition of living imposed on it by the American economic structure coupled with its occupational background, was always facing problems which the bare income it got could not solve. The social worker came in, in periods of depression, or some personal crisis and, as much as he or she could, applied some palliative to the immediate situation. There was little philosophy behind this, except the desire to help and the realization that if at least this palliative remedy was not administered, much more acute problems would be created for American and Ukrainian-American society. There was, then, no altruism in this, except perhaps in the individual social worker. The wealthy contributors of these agencies which hired and financed the social worker were "generous" out of the realization that this generosity was a cheaper price for them to pay than to allow these problems to become aggravated. It is not until recently—when the Ukrainian has entirely

abandoned the "social agency"—that the social worker had any sort of professional training to do anything more than pay the routine call to a problem family. The purpose, at the same time, was to help the family, to tide it over and emergency, to keep it from being entirely submerged. In this sense, the social worker was a small help in the immigrant's adjustment problem, but only a small help. The social worker understood neither scientific social practice based on scientific social theory, nor did he understand the specific problem of the immigrant. This aiding the economic status of the immigrant, insofar as that was the case, through social work, was, however, a step in the right direction, inasmuch as this was tackling the problem of culture change at the root.

An important, not intended, effect of social work was that it

demonstrated to others that social work was a fairly effective mode of gaining the immigrant's friendship and good-will. The religious proselytizer, then, adopted this technique of gaining converts: they were going to teach the immigrant "practical Christianity" by practicing it themselves. Most denominations found it easy to become glorified social workers in any case; having become bankrupt in their old theology and realizing that it could not be resurrected, the preachers adapted themselves to the struggle for existence by turning social workers of a sort, though still with the ostensible intent of saving souls. This coterie of well-meaning gentlemen even became convinced that a "good American" must be of their denomination, and hence to them, Americanization became synonymous with conversion to their particular creed, implicitly if not explicitly. The consequence of this policy has been a handful of "converts"; the process of conversion to the individual has usually entailed heart-aches and serious disorganization to the family.

(To be concluded)

## THISTLES

(Concluded from page 2)

then I saw a burial mound standing in the fields—just like a kozak mound! And beyond the mound, far away stood a high mountain. All around it was waste, waste... "What is this?" I asked. "Where the mound stands now, once stood Troy. And that mountain is the one on which the gods once sat and played with golden apples." Ah! No longer does that Troy or those gods exist. Out of the living gods they have fashioned bronze and marble ones and scattered them over the whole world like poor slaves; and they deprecate the Kozak graves. What kind of fate is there here? Poor Hecuba! Poor one! And I still don't say; What is Hecuba to me! Although she was not my aunt, but once I cried over the fate of Hecuba and Patrocles. And I began to wander again—roaming over the world, just like that cursed Marko in Hell. And the sea carried me for a long time. Oh for a long time! The sun would rise out of the water, cross the sky and sink out of sight in the other side of the sea. No land—and no ports; only

water and sky. And I was carried over the sea like Aeneas after the fall of Troy. V Finally we reached an unknown shore, where stood tall palm trees and where the sun shone over one's very head and it was hot as in hell. And so Danylo had found his fate in hell! And so it was hell; look at the devils walking about—black, black! "Is this hell?" I asked. "No," they said. "This is Egypt." For goodness' sake! There were once Pharaohs here and Egyptian bondage. What kind of fate can one find here! Perhaps there where the tall, tall pyramids stand. Where to find that fate! But misery built those pyramids. And now they plough the fields with the gods of Egypt, the gods Sezostiv and Apisam. Plough, plough! Perhaps you will plough yourself a fate. But I shall go to find mine elsewhere. Where shall I seek? I shall go there where the sun rises. And I went to the sun over the

Therefore, its moral law triumphs, Ukraine will be a free and independent nation state. While the book contains a great deal of historically informative material, no objective historian will accept it as history. At best, it is highly romanticized history, completely devoid of critical judgment. In contrast to above critiques, O. Halecki, the eminent Polish historian, presents a more favorable review (Annals of American Academy of Political and Social Science, Vol. 253, Sept. 1947): "In a subsequent edition a few errors should be corrected and the bibliography possibly enlarged but, as it is, this newest story of the Ukraine will certainly contribute to a sympathetic understanding of one of the most difficult problems of eastern Europe." Maurice Hindus (Saturday Review of Literature, May 17, 1947) reviews as follows (an excerpt): "Professor Manning... has written a complete and full bodied history of Ukraine as there is in the English language. The book bears evidence of indefatigable research and of overwhelming though often partisan sympathy for the Ukraine. The writer is lucid and brisk, which makes the book highly readable." W. A. Kalenich (Library Journal, Vol. 22, March 1947) presents the following criticism from his review: "Rise and fall of Cossacks is interestingly related and their interrelation with Ukrainian history is fully told for the general reader. This book points out once again that a definitive history of Ukraine with notes and sources is still lacking for the English Reader. Recommended." (To be concluded)

## YOUTH and U. N. A.

THE U.N.A. YOUTH RALLY

Several times during the years preceding World War II successful youth rallies were sponsored by the more ambitious branches of the Ukrainian National Association. These affairs attracted wide attention; they drew large crowds and received much publicity and did much to promulgate the aims and aspirations of the U.N.A., the largest and strongest Ukrainian fraternal benefit society in the country. As a result of the rallies many young American Ukrainians were attracted to membership in the U.N.A., and others, members and non-members alike, became familiar with the facts concerning the organization. These affairs produced other results, too, such as mutual cooperation between the members of the various branches, which in turn promoted fraternalism, one of the main principles upon which the institution was founded. Speaking matter-of-factly, a U. N. A. youth rally is fraternalism in action. At such an affair one receives the genuine feeling that he is part of something really important and worthwhile; he realizes his U.N.A. membership means something as he and his fellow members cooperate and participate in the rally. Fraternalism ceases to be a mere word and becomes full of meaning. Youth rallies accomplish much, simply by promoting this spirit of fraternalism. Now that World War II is over and U. N. A. members everywhere have turned to their normal ways of living, there should be bigger and better U.N.A. youth rallies! The Supreme Officers of the U.N.A. would very much like to see the younger members take as great an interest in the organization as they did before World War II. It is a fact that interest was extremely low throughout the war, but this was a natural and expected result. It was thought that interest would return by leaps and bounds soon after the end of the war, but interest is actually returning very slowly. Nothing would quicken interest as much as several youth rallies in different parts of the country, and the time for such rallies is right now, and the sooner the better.

### How to Arrange One

How does one go about promoting a successful rally? First, the sea—a distant road, even the Kozak boats never ventured this far. I reached the shore. Oh God! How men's feet have worn down the stony shore, where they landed, for this was a holy shore, the Holy Land. And where else should one seek his fate if not in the Holy Land! I got out. And there were palms here like in Egypt. And farther away there were mountains, and beyond the mountains—the holy garden where they persecuted Christ. And here I was in the holy garden. Oh God! how sad and sorrowful it was! And it seemed that as I walked here, I heard His voice: Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgement, than for you. Oh, Mother of God! May God grant no one such a fate. VI Where shall I seek my fate? In the dark forests or in the open fields? I did not find you where the sun rises, perhaps I shall find you where the sun sets? And I followed the sun—to a place they call Europe. Oh, Europe! How beautiful and how proud of your civilization! And where is your fate? Is it in those museums, or in those cathedrals, or in those fields where there is no longer any space to plough? All is ploughed up! and nowhere does the cuckoo call. And I wandered over that Europe, following the sun's path until I came to the end of the earth—to Finis Terrae and nowhere did I hear a cuckoo sing, or find my fate. And I remembered my peri-

matter should be brought up at a regular U.N.A. branch meeting. The officers of this branch should then contact officers of other local branches who in turn contact their members, asking them to attend a meeting of the combined branches. At this meeting a rally committee consisting of every interested young member should be formed. This committee then meets as often as possible; it should elect its chairman, secretary and treasurer, and plunge into work immediately. The committee does all the work. It contacts speakers for the rally session, selects an orchestra for the rally dance, arranges for hall or assembly room (usually in a hotel) as well as the ballroom, prepares the necessary program, arranges for the printing of tickets and other material, and attends to advertising and publicity. A lot of work is involved and many discouraging problems will turn up, but a really ambitious committee can clear the way for a successful U.N.A. youth rally, and that alone is worth the effort. A youth rally usually includes a rally session, a banquet, and a dance. There was a two-day affair in Newark, N. J., on November 26 and 27, 1938, which included a concert in observation of the Ukrainian First of November Holiday; but a one-day affair is considered best for all practical purposes. If the rally committee could arrange a ball game between two U.N.A. teams as part of its program, so much the better. Admission could be charged for the banquet as well as for the dance; admission may be charged for the ball game, but the charge for this event should be kept at a minimum, if possible. These charges are necessary as the rally must pay for itself. It should not be necessary for the branches sponsoring the rally to provide funds to defray expenses. A successful rally is one which pays for itself. Should there be an excess of funds it should be equally divided and deposited to the accounts of the branches concerned. The U.N.A. Will Help The Ukrainian National Association will help the rally committee in every way possible. Advertisements in both the Svoboda and The Ukrainian Weekly will be inserted free of charge, and both papers will publicize the event as much as possible. Also, the U.N.A. will print throwaways free of charge and cooperate on other printing jobs. The rally committee may depend on the U.N.A. Main Office for every aid and consideration within its means, and will send one or more representatives to attend the affair in an official capacity. It will be interesting to see what U.N.A. branches and which city will be the first to sponsor a U. N. A. youth rally following the publication of this column. There have been very few postwar rallies, and it most certainly is about time the young people attempted something really worthwhile. U.N.A. youth rallies are definitely necessary as it is the best way the youth can demonstrate their loyalty and interest in the organization that is all-out for them—the Ukrainian National Association. T. L. winkle, my green orchard, and I flew back to Ukraine. And I heard the cuckoo calling in the meadow. "Cuckoo, cuckoo, how long shall I live?" I asked. She raised her wings, flew away and laughed. Kyh-kyh! And I ran into the meadow to my guelder rosebush, where once the nightingale sang. All of a sudden beyond the orchard I heard the young boys and girls singing. Oh, I thought to myself, I shall listen to my heart's content and cry. How many years have I not heard my native tongue? And such songs as we have in Ukraine, there never have been and will never be in the whole world. I listened more closely—and they were jabbering in Russian: The sun is setting The brushwood is fading... I listened, listened—and the tears dropped one by one on my grey beard. Was this the song I had waited

## UKRAINIAN SPORTS NOTES

By WALTER W. DANKO

Detroit, Michigan.—The Ukrainian Youth's League of North America just about wound up its Sports Program for the year with the materialization of the Detroit District Council's Summer Sports Rally this past July 4th Weekend. Coupled with a series of fine social affairs were the UYL-NA's National Softball, Tennis and Golf Tournaments which were the primary athletic attractions of the rally. A memo from Andrew Wicherek, the UYL's sports director in the Detroit area, to this writer, lists the following winners in each event: Softball—The St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Orthodox Veterans Club of Cleveland, Ohio defeated the very game Toronto Ukrainians by the score of 6 to 4 to capture national honors. Golf—(Low Grass) 1. Andrew Palke of Rossford, Ohio. 2. Ed Palko of Rossford, Ohio (scored a hole-in-one); 3. Peter Gurski of Detroit, Michigan. (Kickers) 1. F. N. Proch of Rossford, Ohio; 2. W. Huhelick of Detroit; 3. Joe Gurski of Detroit. Tennis—Mens Singles; Pete Young of Detroit, Mich.; Mens Doubles: Orville Kowalchuk and Kenneth Angyal, both of Detroit; Womens Singles: Mae Hryniuk of Toronto, Canada; Mixed Doubles: Daria Wasiewicz of Chicago, Illinois and John Lyebuk of Detroit. Getting back to the activities of the UYL-NA's Sports Department, tentative plans for next year are already being formulated and will be presented to all interested and sports-inclined Ukrainian youth clubs at the Sports Session which will be held in conjunction with the UYL-NA's 13th Annual Convention this coming Labor Day weekend (September 2nd, 3rd and 4th) at the Hotel Commodore in New York City. Anyone wishing additional information can obtain all available literature by contacting the writer. Enuf said! New York City.—Call it the luck of the "Irish" or the luck of the Yanks, but the local National Football League grid squad has come up with one of the outstanding catches of the season in Mike Swistowicz of Notre Dame University. A 5-11, 200 pounder who was the Yanks' fourth draft choice, Mike sent in his signed contract after a conference with coach Red Strader during the mentor's recent coast-to-coast signing trip. A letter-winner the past four years at Notre Dame, the new Yankee rookie was one of Frank Leahy's most versatile and dependable performers. He played both halfback and fullback on the offense and spent most of the '49 season as a defensive half. A graduate of Chicago's Tilden Tech, where he captained the football, baseball and track teams and made All-State in football in '44 and '45, Mike started at right half for ND in '46. He moved to full when the two top men were injured and later went to left half to replace the injured Terry Brennan. As an added note, his dad is quite active in Ukrainian affairs as he is on the executive board of one of the leading

Ukrainian fraternal organizations in the USA... Another Ukrainian lad whom the New Yorkers have garnered is Paul Dubensky of Brooklyn, New York who played four seasons at Temple University. This past season, Paul was one of the top "chuckers" in the collegiate ranks. Here's hoping that this new Ukrainian duo continue to perpetuate the fine reputation of the Ukrainians in pro football which was initiated almost 20 years ago by the greatest gridder of them all—Bronko Nagurski! Sheepskin Parade: Supplementing the list that appeared in this column a few weeks back, this writer takes pleasure in adding the following Ukrainian college graduates who received their degrees this past month. They are: Joe Levitzky of NYC who was awarded his Master's degree in Chemical Engineering from New York University; Taras Koeniuk of Elizabeth, N. J. who received his Master's degree in Mechanical Engineering from the California Institute of Technology; Francis Shatynsky of Hillside, N. J. who was awarded a Bachelor of Mechanical Engineering degree from the Newark College of Engineering; Anthony Srejska of Bayonne, N. J. who received a B.S. in Business Administration from New York U. and Metro Romankiw, also of Bayonne, who was awarded a B.S. in Journalism degree from New York University... I can't help wondering what the actual figure of Ukrainian college graduates would be if a thorough survey were conducted. Boxing Brief: Roman Barchuk, flashy welterweight who performed quite frequently, until recently, around the Metropolitan area is a Ukrainian Displaced Person now residing on the lower East Side in NYC. A few weeks ago, in a semi-prelim bout, the scrappy Uke sustained a broken nose and will be sidelined for quite a spell. Here's wishing him a quick recovery and plenty of good fortune in all his future pugilistic endeavors. From Our Mailbox: A week or so ago a letter was received from an apparently keen Ukrainian baseball fan by the name of Mike Olynyck of Brooklyn, New York. His chief request was a lengthy story on Mike Goliat, young Ukrainian second sacker for the Philadelphia Phillies. Well, so it will be. For all concerned, a survey is currently being conducted and a great number of players in organized baseball are being approached to ascertain their lineage and also a few facts pertaining to their background. Those we especially have in mind are Goliat, Walt Dropo of the Boston Red Sox (I contacted this slugging rookie more than 3 years ago when he still was only the captain on Connecticut University's football team. Then, he "thought," he was a Ukrainian or something very close to it but he wasn't sure. This uncertainty was verified by a definite Ukrainian on the team, Steve Comkowsky of Shelton, Conn.), Bill Seneca of the Chicago Cubs, Joe Collins of the New York Yankees (news releases claim him to be of Eastern European ancestry), Andy Semnick of the Phillies, Eddie Stanky of the Giants plus a host of others. As soon as some positive result precipitates from this survey, writeups will be forthcoming. Then again, if any of you readers know of any Ukes in organized baseball from the minors to the majors, drop me a line. My home address is 347 Avenue C, Bayonne, N. J. All information will be gladly accepted.

## THE STORY OF UKRAINE AND ITS CRITICS

(To be concluded)

In attacking Petlyura, Max Beloff reveals his own bias and makes a gross understatement. Gen. Petlyura is often attacked on the grounds of anti-semitism but this has been disproved particularly by A. D. Margolin, a Ukrainian Jew who functioned in Petlyura's cabinet. Activities of irresponsible peasant guerrilla bands cannot be attributed to Petlyura. To have delved into a detailed economic and social aspect of the history of Ukraine, Clarence Manning would have detracted from his intended presentation of the history of Ukraine—for a popular style, when burdened with statistical data, can only lose its appeal to the average American readers for whose digestion the volume was presented. Despite the fact that only eleven items appear in the bibliography, these are enough to challenge a reader to explore more detailed bibliographies which can be found for instance in Hrushevsky's and Doroshenko's histories of Ukraine. These have been greatly supplemented by subsequent works that have appeared, such as I. Morchuk's Ukraine and Its People A serious student would have investigated these works before offering remarks that tend to give a false picture of a limited bibliography on Ukraine is not a result of twentieth century machinations, but has its historical roots in Kiev-an Rus, and thus its history is centuries old. Max Beloff's review appeared in History (The Journal of the Historical Association of England) published in London (Sept. 1947,

Vol. 32), and the damage done cannot be minimized. This is one area (England) in which a pro-Ukraine influence should exist but it is quite evident that among the Slav scholars of the Slavonic School of Studies at the University of London, very few have a luke warm attitude toward Ukraine. Unfriendly reviews were also presented in two American learned periodicals—The American Historical Review and The American Political Science Review. The influence of these periodicals cannot be overestimated for both are the respective official organs of the historians and the political scientists of America. The following excerpt is from the review presented by D. Fedotoff White in the American Historical Review (Vol 53, Oct. 1947). "In his introduction, penned with the fire of political pamphleteering, the author states, 'If in the future Ukraine does not receive its just dues, if the Ukrainians fail to win the benefits of the Four Freedoms, it will be only because history has reversed itself and mankind in the midst of unparalleled scientific development has lost its hopes, its aspirations, and its power of moral advancement...' The volume is well written and reads with the ease of a novel. The apparatus of notes is absent and the bibliography consists of eleven titles." In the American Political Science Review (Vol. 41, Aug. 1947), Alex. N. Dragnich writes: "Clarence A. Manning's The Story of Ukraine is a disappointing book. Its thesis, expressed throughout, is that moral law and nation are synonymous.

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# СИРІТКА ГАЛЯ

В однім селі, край битого шляху, жив щасливо багатий селянин з жінкою та донечкою Галею. Жили вони спокійно і тихо. Але зла доля захотіла, щоб померла Галина матуся.

Посумував батько рік-другий та й порішив одружитися бо тяжко було вести самому господарство. Взяв він за дружину одну вдовицю, яка мала троєх доньок: Старша з них мала тільки одне око, середня — два, а наймолодша — це й третє око на чолі. Зажили вони разом.

Незлюбила мачуха свою пасербицю. Не знала, чим їй дошкулити. Тяжке було життя бідної сирітки Галі. Тільки й мала розради, що йшла в хлів до корови Рябухи, яку її мати виплекала, пригорталася до рябухи і плакала нишком. І батько не звергав більше уваги на свою бідну донечку, а тільки обдаровував та зодгав самозадоволення прибраних доньок, а для Галі мав тільки прикрі слова.

Як стало Галі 14 років, послала її мачуха худобу пасти. А щоб часу даремно не марувала, наказувала їй це й кужель прести і то так багато, що бідна насилу встигала. Коли не виконувала Галя своєї роботи, то мачуха її дуже карала.

Одного ранку зібралася Галя виганяти худобу на пасовисько. Нараз виходить мачуха, виносить вовну для прядіння та й наказує:

— Гляди ж, попряди цю вовну! Ось на тобі й шпичі. Виплетеш батькові рукавиці. Дивись мені, не лінуйся, а то бита будеш і їсти не дістанеш! Ось тобі на обід шмат хліба, а води з джерела напшся...

Взяла Галя працю і похилила голову. На пасовиську встала вона до праці, а сльози, як рясний дощ, капають з її очей. Раптом відчула Галя, що хтось с за її спиною. Оглянулася: це Рябуха. Озвалася до неї королева людським голосом:

— Не плач, Галю, не сумуй. Я тобі допоможу. Влізь мені в ліве вухо, а через праве вилізь, і вся твоя робота буде закінчена...

Послухала Галя Рябуху. Зробила, як та порадила. І дійсно: лежать уже готові рукавиці та залишок прядива. Галя має змогу відпочити.

Вечері, як повернулася додому, віддала Галя мачусі рукавиці і рештку прядива. Дивується та, але й словом не обізвалася, дала Галі повечеряти.

Наступного дня задала ма-

чуха Галі ще більше праці. Пригнала на луки Галю худобу, сидить, відпочиває. Потім пролізла Рябусі через вухо — і робота зроблена!...

Отак щодня вона робила. Злоститься мачуха. Догадується, що хтось допомагає Галі. Але хто?

В понеділок вона послала з Галею пасти худобу свою старшу однооку доньку, щоб та довідалася, хто допомагає Галі. Попасила худобу до обіду. Пообідала Галя сухим хлібом, а одноока смачними пирогами. Наїлася вдовина донька і втомилася. Почала Галя співувати:

Спи, очко,  
спи, засни,  
і дівчинку  
не буди...

Заснула одноока. Влізла Галю Рябусі в ліве вухо, а вилізла в праве — і вже по роботі. Надвечір, як настав час гнати худобу додому, збудила Галю свою доглядачку. Прийшли додому.

— Що ж ти бачила? — питає свою однооку доньку мачуха.

— Нічого, — я заснула, відповіла та.

У вітторок послала мачуха з Галею свою двооку доньку та наказала добре слідувати.

На обід витягла Галю з своєї торби сухаря, а двоока — ковбасу та хліб. З'їли кожна своє. Заспівала Галю знову свою пісеньку:

Спи, очко,  
спи, друге,  
і дівчинку  
не буди...

Заснула двоока. Галю побігла до Рябухи. Пролізла крізь вухо — і знову все готове! Пригнали ввечері худобу додому.

— Моя донечко, що ти бачила? — питає мачуха.  
— Ой, нічого, — відповідає двоока. — Як натомилася, бавлячись, що пообіди заснула та проспала до вечора.

В середу вийшла з Галею до худоби триока. На цей раз Галю мала тільки сухий окрас, а мачухина різні ласощі.

Спи, очко,  
спи, друге,  
і дівчинку  
не буди, не буди...

Заспівала Галю, а за третє око і забула. Те ж око не заснуло і побачило, як Галю підійшла до Рябухи, залізла в ліве вухо і вилізла через праве і робота була зроблена.

Як ввечері повернулася, питається мачуха:  
— Донечка моя люба, що ти бачила?...

Розповіла триока матері про все, що бачила.  
Як усі посідали вечеряти, мачуха почала умовляти свого чоловіка забити Рябуху, бо вона, мовляв, уже стара і молока дає мало, крапельнику. Шкода було чоловікові корови, але жінка так солодко, люба та переконливо його просила, що згодився.

Прокралася тихенько Галю в хлів до Рябухи. Обіймає її та заливається гіркими сльозами; оповідає, що вранці мають забити її любов корову, її єдину розраду.

— Не плач, — каже Рябуха, — все це так мусять бути. Але коли мене забудь, не їж мого м'яса і жадної страви, що готована на моє м'ясо, а збери кістки і закопай їх в саду біля плоту, що повз нього іде битий шлях...

Забилу Рябуху. Не їла Галю нічого, як Рябуха навчила, тільки збирала її кісточки і закопала біля плоту.

Весною виросло на тому місці деревце. Через два роки воно вже було досить велике і високе та покрилося рясними квітками. Влітку деревце мало багато яблук, але не простиж, а золотих, таких, що всі, хто проходив біля нього, задивлялися. Але ніхто не міг зірвати яблочки. За ці три роки Галю стала гарною, великою дівчиною, роботящою і моторною, тільки не мала вона сирітка в що вбратися, бо мачуха дбала лише за своїх доньок.

В одну чудову літню днину повз сад проїздив на гарному коні молодий красунь-лицар, чудово зодягнений, а зброя на нім блищала золотом і самоцвітами. Зупинився біля плоту, подивився на яблунку, й забажалося йому мати золоте яблучко. В той час мачуха з доньками і Галею були в саду. Галю полочала горюдину, а ті приглядалися та наїказували. Покликав лицар мачуху:  
— Прошу вас, зірвіть мені одне золоте яблучко.  
Підійшла мачуха та не змо-

гла дістати до гілок.  
Тоді промовив лицар:  
— Хто з дівчат зірве мені золоте яблучко, ту візьму собі за дружину.

Покликала мачуха доньок. Щойно вони підійшли, яблунка поподімала свої гілки, і ні одна з них не змогла зірвати золотого яблочки.

— Покличте на ту дівчину, що поле грядки, — попросив лицар.

— О, ні, — відповіла мачуха, — вона не досить гарно вбрана, щоб показуватися на очі такому пану...

— Покличте! — вже наказує лицар.

Що робити?! Покликала мачуха Галю.

Як підійшла наша сирітка до яблунки, та нахилила свої гілки; Галю зірвала всі яблочки, — повний фартух, — і піднесла лицареві.  
— Взяв лицар у Галі яблучко, а на палець надів їй перстня і назвав її своєю нареченою. Через три дні відгуляли весілля. І зажила Галю щасливо до самої своєї смерті...

Народно казку переповіла  
**ВАША БАБУСЯ**  
(„Українець-Час“)

Іван Е. Стаєв

## Петро Підпільник

(Фрагмент з підпільної боротьби за державність)  
(Продовження)

2)  
За вікном втихала курява. Тиснув твердий мороз. Співали друзі півні...

Петро вертав домі. Він ішов крутою доріжкою, що вела до його двору. Два свіжі ривчакі від саней лишилися у снігу, мов залізничні рейки, що позначали слід до його хати. Де-не-де лиш ледь-ледь примело снігом.

Петро зупинився. — Ага, я знаю чий це слід — шепнув в собі і скочив на узбіччя. Глибокими слідами добивався до лісу. Потім понад зав'язаний яр підкрадався під свій двір.

Чуйні собаки занюхали господаря здалека, і почали скавувати — рватися до нього. Петро підійшов до кудлатого Бровка, а він підскочив весело спершись лабами на його коліна, хвостом вимахує, пищить, якби про щось розказував йому, страшенно але щасливо. Петро погласав весело Бровка і довгим скоком підбіг до сней.

— Ганко!.. — притиснем голосом кличе. По кімнаті чути спішні кроки. Відкрилися двері. — ...Петре, Петрусь! вертайся, лишай нас, лишай діти, йди кудиш, — сховайся, бо за тобою приходили, тільки що були — трьох у хаті і під кожним вікном стояв енкаведист, докруги обіста обставили були... о, матінко!.. і впала в рамена плачучи.

Петро з жалем глядів на розпачливу жінку. Потім мовчазно, зайшов у другу кімнату, де спали діти, подивився в сонячні личка сонних жебонат, поклав теплий поцілунок на уста Ганки. — Працдай... — і натягнув пружину „штаєра“, — вискочив на двір.

Мороз щипав у лице, мов кліщики. Петро не відчував холоду, він розглядаючись до вруги, йшов сніговієм, за плавець по воді. В очах мінлились платяні сніги, а він ішов, ішов швидко до сусіднього села, щоб скритись...

На небі гасли зорі. Ріжкатий місяць ховався за вершини лі-

сів. На сході жеврлі пляма сходячого сонця...

Не бачили діти батька тиждень і другий. Дарма, що Ганка потіпала малят — батько приїде сьогодні, завтра, позавтра... багато іграшок принесе, та... діти не дждалися, батько не приходив.

А вечора одного неспрошений гість у хату загогив. Давав дітям цукорки, цяцки обіцяв, плавав за Петром; чи був, коли, коли знову приїде?... та діти мовчазливо дивилися на потвірну маску, страхалися її. Вони хоч не розуміли його, але як би душевно відчували, що це той „гість“, через якого вони не бачуть свого батька.

Петро Підпільник ходив по селах, його приймали і перешовували добрі люди, ним піклувалися.

Іноколи, рідко дуже ноччу, він обережно, тихо підкрадався під свій двір, наслушався, потім на хвилину впадав у хату, заглядав у рум'яні личка сплячих дітей, гомонів з Ганкою і зникав...

Енкаведівські гади нишпорили за Петром по всіх усядах, робили скриті засідки, шукали сліди, та все даремно було. Петро був обережний, як вівірка. Він прямо, як голуб між яструбами — вививався між москоськими лакеями.

Одного разу, навіть наткнулися були вже на нього. Петро йшов залізницею, вони побачивши — гнались погоней за ним, як розгнуздані коні. Петро добіг до лісу, скрився за дерево, випрямив праву руку і гризно гаркнув „штаєр“. Як сполохана дич на стрім голові, тікали міліціонери, боячись цільних куль, що спалися із лісу.

Вже те привело до крайньої люті енкаведівських комісарів, та свою пімсту рішили покласти на життя родини.

Ніч була темна... Дрімали села й ліси... То ту, то там перегавкувались собаки.

Петро в селі Д., втомлений нічною мандрівкою, намагастся заснути. Ні, не спиться, якійсь передчуття мучать його, він неспокійний. Щось тривожне непокоїть його душу. — Може Ганка або діти хворі? — думає. — Завтра ноччю навдаюсь зарився в солому, натяг плаща на голову, — вже дрімас... Та перервав йому сон зв'язковий, що пригнався зі штафетою. Сумну вістку передає: „... в селі В. ноччю більшевняк забрав 14 українських родин... Вислака була в

# Там, де сміх і радість

(З вражін на оселі у Бабилоні)

І цього року знову, як і минулорічних ферій, О. О. Василяни, на припорушення О. Протоїгумена М. Маркова ЧС ВВ і за благословенням Впроев. Кир. Константина Богачевського, відчинили у Бабилоні (Лонг Айленд) у власному прегарному домі, ваканційну оселю для українських дітей.

Осело відчинено 4-го липня ц. р. дуже вчистоту. Привезено з Нью Йорку дітей автобусом. У місцевій церкві о. Протоїгумен відправив Службу Божу та виголосив до дітей і присутнім батьків щире й відсерця слово.

Дітьвора, вернувши із церкви до оселі та пообідавши, розсипалась по просторій площі — з гамором, зо сміхом і молодечим криком, що лунав поїд сніяву неба й тремтів у ясных променях сонця. Діти осельчани, які вже були минулого року, — а є вони знову тут трохи не всі, бо майже 80% — як „старі практики“, пігнали на річку, на човен: інші на острів, ще інші на місток — диких качат годувати: а деякі, як вівірки, на дерева вдрапалися. Закрипіли гойдалки по цілорічному спочинку, захитались „реєй“, загомоніло коло ховзанки. „Нові“ осельчани не думали залишатись позаду у своїй дитячій нестерпності — волі до руху, до сонця, до повітря. І закрипіло!

Цього року введено деякі зміни на оселі, безумовно — до кращого. Найперше, дивись, три неділі, призначений для хлопців, а серпень — для дівчат. Цих ваканцій дітей на оселі збільшилося: усього 78 хлопців, деякі з них а знизкою, хоч оплата, \$2 денно, на американські відношення не висока. Далі, є зміни в порядку дня і в самій системі порядку: Крім навчання (релігії, історії, географії) і співу, дитячих вільних і спортивних гор, що було й минулого року, заведено ранню руханку, виправ. Перед обідом, ввечерю, перед вечірною молитвою є збірля й команда „відчисли!“ та й двійками — перед ідою помивши руки — входить до їдальні, чи на простору салю до молитви. Кожної середи, п'ятниці — ну, й неділі і свята — ранком діти слухають Служби Божої. Та й серед наставників має дітьвора більший, ніж минулого року, вибір і добір. Крім о. Володимир Гавліч ЧСВВ, який є головним управителем оселі, є й о. Омелян Тимочко ЧСВВ, о. Мелетій Войнар ЧСВВ, о. Ієсдор Когут ЧСВВ, дбайливі і щирі опікуни оселі. Найрухливіший, усюди привяний, усміхнений і рішучий є п. Ми-

цілому повіт... На двірці Г. В. стоїть великий ешелон... Ваша дружина з дітьми теж у вагоні... Ешелон під міцним ковчосом енкаведистів...

В Петрові замер дух... Він зірвався, схватив пістоль... йду... я не дам... я не дозволю забрати свою дружину і діток на холосту смерть... Я покажу їм, але в руки живий не дамся... З гранатами пошматую злодіяк, розбійників... Навіщо забрали мого життя, моя щастя, мою кров... — Ух, прокляття їм!.. — з руки випав пістоль і застряг у соломі. Петро стояв, мов заворожений... Ніби якийсь голос шептав йому: „... далеко... пізно... не йди ти не визволиш їх... ти загубиш лише свої життя, згубиш дітей малюк... Останься...“

Петро невинно вислухав того голосу, сів і потону в глибокі думи...  
(Локінчення буде).

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кола Курчак, який увесь день не спускає з ока хлопців, оскільки це йому вдається, бо всі вони, хлопці, як явни, як блискавка — рухливі. До помочі — то доглянути в господарстві, за чистотою, то буфету для дітей і — в неділі — для їх батьків і гостей, є ще брат Мартиніян ЧСВВ — він добрий, услужливий дитям, поблаглиний. — Про добрий і частий харч дбають пані: Стефа Гевко, А. Ракоча-Телепко, С. Винник і п. Мудра з Бабилону, які помагає її кривнячка, Ліда Войнівська.

Питаюся малюк моїх приятелів із минулого року:  
— Що це нового маєте цих ваканцій на оселі? —  
— О! — кричить один із них, — маємо ось цього — і показує мені Джова Дрвола! Він із нас усіх найпотужніший і кремізний! Дивіться, як по-доброму й з-горі милосердно глядять на нас! А вже наймилосісніше ставиться він до Ігора Петринги, він бо найменший і усюди здоганяє нас; ми вже йдемо на вечерю, а він обід кичає!... Всі регочуть — і Джов та Ігор заливаються сміхом.

Найменшого, бо семирічного рожденця, як і його батько, Америки, питається по тижні його мама:  
— Я заберу тебе до хати, ти тут нудишся!...  
— Но, Ай лайк ит! Верескне і до гурту біжить.

Одна з мамів каже: хочу попропатись з моїм Ігорком. Він бідняк, тільки сьомий рочок має і це нікуди не був без мене. Попроцавись, мушу зникнути неспостережено, щоб не розплакався за мною.  
— Ігорцо! дай, хай поцілую тебе, бо вже мені пора вертатись до хати! —  
Ігорцо швидко наставив мамі уста до поцілуку — й сугульнув до гурту розбавлених дітей, а мама... відійшла зі сльозами на очах. От, такий то Ігор Котлярчук, а з ним всі інші хлопці. Єдиний, хто вудить і сумує за матомо, то мавля Гойдин — це він щиро заявляє й не соромиться, бо хто ж може бути любийши на світі? Мама!...

Заходимо до середини будинку оселі. Всюди чистенько, свіжо помальовано, поміто. Розміщення у кімнатах — виділине ще як минулого року. Де було минулих ферій 3-4 ліжка, тепер 2 ліжка. Дітей приміщено й на долинні, на партері, в просторій ясній салі і в прибічний „лівокругліт“.

Хлопці запроваляються бути самостійними: самі ліжка собі застеляють, (хто сам не може, тому помагають); до стола і до гурту, ті старші, по черзі подають. У кожній більшій кімнаті є один із них „старший“, який слідкує за чистотою, за спокоєм у годинах тиші й спочинку.

Є одна невігода, й батьки з цим не скриваються: три тижні ваканцій для їх дітей — такі за-мало! І бажають, щоб продовжити бодай на один тиждень, бо оселя для дівчат і так починається щойно 30-го липня.

Петруся Піка, який сидить на дереві, і якого не зворухує гра на п'яно Юрця Савицького, — який, бодай покищо, вже абсолютно влізав в конкуренцію батькові! — питаюся:  
— Петрусь! Чую, що апетиту не маєш? —  
Повернув до мене голову, зареготався очима і спокійно, з глумом процівив:  
— Я вчора вивин на обід шість молока, бо були такі, що не хотіли пити!  
— Ну, ти! Але інші хлопці, чи мають такий апетит, як ти? —  
— Певно, що мають! Хоч не п'є молока, то щось іншого з'їсть погідно. Бо я — все мело!

Петрусь має досить цієї „міщанської“ розмови зі мною і подається у простори верховитя старого, розлогого клена, оглядаючись обережно, чи на його біді не надіжде п. Курчак, чи о. Гавліч чи хто інший з заряду оселі.

А над Петрусем жовтодзьобий кіс останніми передвечірними тонами процав сонце, що заходило за обрій. Пролунав дзвінок — збірка, „відчисли!“ й двійками до великої галі й тут, перед іконою Спасителя, пливе вечерня молитва. По ній — за нарид: „Боже, вислухай благання!“ — і: по кімнатах! — Ще по всіх ваннах плюскає вода — найменшим настоятелю помагають ми-

тись, старші самі приводять себе до чистоти. І ще — покрикне Орко Покладок, то заміється Грицуньо-добряга, то адавано захроне-застогне Макарушка — засипляє оселя.

## ПОШУКВАННЯ

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