UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association

No. 14 JERSEY CITY, N. J. SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1937 VOL. V

THE RIGHTS OF NATIONALITIES

Written picturesquely and with the familiar and vigorous touch of one who actively participated in the events described, "The Great Russian Revolution" (Yale University Press, 1936, 466 p. Illustr.) by Victor Chernov, leader of the Russian Revolutionaries, is a volume well worth reading.

Of special interest to those interested in the Ukrainian phase of the Russian Revolution is Chapter XIV, entitled "The Nationalities Problem," which is devoted practically in its entirety to the Ukrainian movement.

"Self-Determination"

Mr. Chernov's treatment in his book of the Ukrainian national movement is, for a Russian, unusually sympathetic. This can be better understood in the light of the fact that during the Revolution he "recognized the right of every nationality, including the Ukrainian, to self-determination." Yet it must be borne in mind that by "self-determination" he visualized not complete independence but only autonomy within a federated Russian state. In other words, he was a federalist.

Eloquent Reminder

It is Mr. Chernov's apparent belief that had the early Ukrainian demands for only autonomy been fairly treated by the Russian Government and the other forces that were antagonistic to them, then the flame of the Ukrainian national movement would not have been fanned to the point where complete independence became the battle-cry of the Ukrainian people. For this reason also, he belabors, for example, the minority national groups of Ukraine, groups living mainly in the cities, who "tried to evade the eloquent reminder of the Ukrainian village that they were not the real masters of the country, and were just as much immigrants as were the Ukrainians in Great Russia."

Doctrinaires of United Statehood

Mr. Chernov's wrath, however, (if we may call it that), is reserved in this respect for the Russian "doctrinaires of united Statehood (with a big S), idolaters of centralized government; it alone could determine the scope of local and regional self-government by its own 'grace.'... the doctrinaires of economic unity and centralization, of the concentration of the 'fatherlandless' proletariat through the growing concentration of 'fatherlandless' capital."

Rights of Nationalities

Concerning them, Mr. Chernov writes these significant words:

"Both overlooked the fact that if the French Revolution had given to the world the Declaration of the Rights of Man, the Great Russian Revolution must proclaim the rights of nationalities—those living, collective individualities and agents in mankind's cultural history, which no doctrinaire in the world could dissuade from their fundamental idea: man is not for Sabbath, but the Sabbath for man; in other words, national economy and the state are for the people, not the people for the state and national economy." (Italics ours.—Editor.)

Mr. Chernov is especially able in picturing the rift that existed among the Ukrainians themselves for awhile over the question whether autonomy or complete independence should be their goal.

Our Fatherland is Ukraine

When, for example, the Russian Provisional Government treated the early Ukrainian demands coldly or indifferently, then:

"New voices (among the Ukrainians) were also heard, irritated and aggressive. 'Poland's independence has been proclaimed, and Finland's autonomy. Poland was conquered, while we joined Russia as equal to equal. Why have we not more, but fewer rights than Poland?' In this propitious atmosphere chauvinistic (sic!—Ed.) voices sounded. 'All Great Russian, peasants, workers, and intelligentsia are hostile to the Ukrainians.' 'The Ukrainian people have taken an active part in the revolution, but not in order to wait the pleasure of the Constituent Assembly which, without a Ukrainian majority, may refuse us autonomy, as various Soviets of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies are now doing.' 'They tell us that now is no time, that the fatherland is in danger. But what fatherland? Our fatherland is the Ukraine, not Russia. The hour has passed to wait for or beg a favor. We are a power, we too have bayonets.'" (Italics ours.—Editor.)

To those voices of the militant Ukrainian separatists, "Ukrainian Social Democracy sounded a sobering note," saying that "'we must not abandon our ally, Russian democracy, though we disagree with it on some points,'" and that "'Let us watch for the right moment, we are bound to the Russian state by their economic and political bonds.'"

Federation Hopes In Vain

This rift between the two trends among the Ukrainians, however, did not exist long, for the Ukrainian national movement daily gained ground among the masses, while the antagonistic attitude of the Russians towards this movement soon convinced even the most blinded of those who favored federation with Russia that their hopes in this respect were absolutely in vain.

Join Your Local Branch of the U. N. A.

(Today's "Ukrainian Weekly" is concluded in the „Svoboda.")

ANOTHER SIDE OF PUSHKIN

The year 1937 marks the centennial of the death of Alexander Pushkin, the greatest of Russian poets. Numerous celebrations are being held in his honor even here in America, for his fame is indeed that wide. The Ukrainians too, have seized this occasion to write highly of him—as a poet. For did not Shevchenko himself pay tribute to him as such?

Yet there is another side to Pushkin, one which the world is little acquainted with, but one which the Ukrainians and even the Poles have good reason to remember him by.

This other side is his chauvinism, a chauvinism that extolled a brutal system that made Russia the prison-house of nations, a chauvinism that has caused him, champion of the former Russian aristocratic imperialism, to become the "national poet" of the present-day Soviet Russian totalitarianism.

It is true, of course, that there was a time when Pushkin bitterly attacked the ruling caste of Russia, even the czar himself, for their oppression of the common people and for their reactionary policies. Yet, it is worth noting here, this was during the earlier stages of his life, when the titled classes refused to regard him as anything more than just another writer of verses, when the African blood within him (begotten of a maternal ancestor) aroused a certain coolness towards him, and when he was still in sympathy with the young Liberals of his day, for which he was even banished out of his native land.

Following this banishment, however, Pushkin became a different man—a reactionary.

For it was he, Pushkin, who in his poems now began paying tribute to those czars who did the most to further enslave the various peoples within their empire. It was he who praised even such a despot as Nicholas I, who ruthlessly suppressed in 1825 the so-called Decembrist Uprising, which had as its object the securing of certain social and cultural reforms. And even though among those Decembrist, (Puritans of the North, he had earlier called them) that were shot and hanged, there were some of his friends, yet this did not prevent him from praising this despot who was responsible for their death.

It was Pushkin, also, who in poems threatened annihilation to any enslaved nationality under Russia that dared to strike for its liberties. Those, for example, who aided the Polish revolutionaries in their attempt to free Poland, were warned by him that—in defense of Russian "unity" the whole country, from Finland in the north to the Caucasus in the south, would rise in arms against them. Yet, on the other hand, the Caucasians too, were warned to desist aspiring for their independence, but to bow in submission before the "sword of Russia."

This extreme chauvinism in one whose genius-like qualities should have elevated him to become a great champion of the oppressed and down-trodden, like Taras Shevchenko, manifests itself even more clearly in his famous poem "Poltave," which deals with the great battle by that name in 1709, when Peter the Great of Russia managed to defeat Hetman Ivan Mazeppa and his ally Charles XII of Sweden, and thereby quelled the Ukrainian revolt for freedom. Here, as in the other instances, Pushkin loses sight of a people struggling for the attainment of their freedom. All his poetic gifts of expression are on the side of their oppressors. Small wonder then, in view of all this, that despite their high respect for Pushkin the poet, the Ukrainians cannot have a similar respect for Pushkin—the man.

And as could be expected, this chauvinism of Pushkin has not gone to waste today. For the present rulers of that prison-house of nations, the Bolsheviki, despite all their international slogans and hollow championings of the oppressed common people, have adopted Pushkin, the chauvinist and nobleman, as their own, and, what is more, have ordered all their subject nationalities to regard him—also as their own.

SHEVCHENKO AS ETCHER AND PAINTER

(Concluded)

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SHEVCHENKO'S PORTRAITS OF HIMSELF

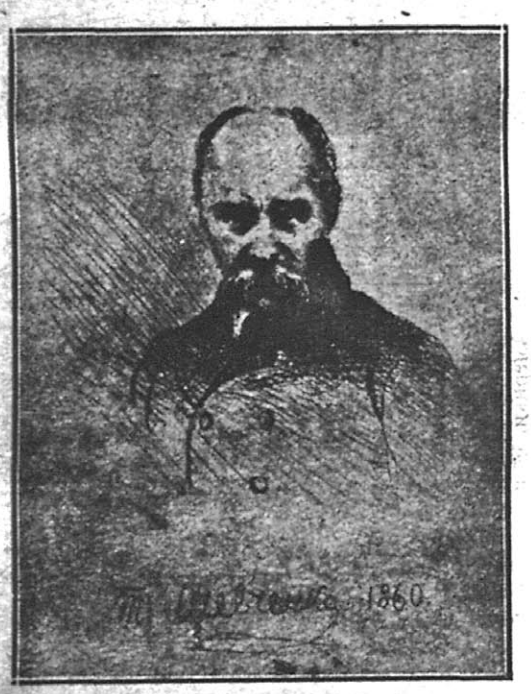
A very interesting group of paintings and drawings by Taras Shevchenko constitute his portraits of himself. There have been preserved for us a considerable number of them. There are paintings in oil, drawings in pencil, and etchings, —all an ample proof of the great interest of the artist in himself.

Why this should be so might be a subject of an interesting study. This preoccupation with himself by Taras Shevchenko might be due to the influence upon him of the famous Dutch painter and etcher Rembrandt, whom Shevchenko studied, loved, and imitated. It might be due to some peculiarities of his character, still not elucidated in its fullness. Or it might be due to Sevchenko's specific experiences, especially to the fact that living in exile, not permitted to paint or to draw, he was of necessity thrown back upon using exclusively himself as his model.

The illustration on the right reproduces one of the earliest self-portraits. The original is an oil-painting. Painted in 1843, it shows a youthful painter in his later twenties. In rendering the personality it is below the etchings.

Of two other oil portraits of himself extant, the second illustration reproduces a section of the portrait painted by Taras Shevchenko during his participation in the so-called Aral expedition. Shevchenko appears here dressed as a private in the disciplinary battalion.

Of the etchings, one of the most popular with many is the portrait which catches the artist in the very act of creation: Shevchenko is portrayed here while drawing himself. He is evidently looking into the mirror, illuminating himself with a candle which he is holding in his left hand. On the scroll of paper on the etching it is written very plainly: T. Shevchenko 1860. A sharp reproduction of this etching portrays well the tenseness of the searching gaze of the draftsman at the face in the mirror. The appearance of the face permits us to suppose that the etching might have been made in 1860 out of another drawing, which was made some time in the past.



This supposition is confirmed by the two self-portraits also dated 1860. One of these portraits was destined to become the best-known etching portrait. It represents Shevchenko dressed in a fur-coat and a typical Ukrainian furcaq. It is a peculiar kind of burliness mixed with kindness that looks at us from this portrait, with its piercing eyes.

While here the sitter succeeds in concealing before us the ravages of the sickness in his body, in the next portrait here reproduced, those are frankly revealed. In it we have a really sick man, prematurely aged, who looks at the world less with interest than with a horrible accusation.

The last illustration reproduces one of the three bearded portraits of Shevchenko. It antedates the two mentioned last. It portrays Shevchenko before his release from disciplinary battalion. Therefore, it portrays Shevchenko as a "saldat." It is drawn with pencil on paper, and presents us a haggard face, with deeply grooved forehead and the balding skull. A strange smile plays in the eyes and around the lips of this shaggy man reduced by brutal punishment to the status of a mere slave. It was destined to be popular with artists, and the Ukrainian sculptor Alexander Archipenko took from it the cue for his conception of Shevchenko for the Detroit Museum when he sought to render the prophetic role of Shevchenko in the history of the Ukrainian people.

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YOUTH TODAY

FREEDOM AND FEAR ABROAD

"The parental control of children is a perennial topic," writes the Manchester Guardian Weekly.

"It is obvious to all who were young thirty or forty years ago that the children of today in this country are allowed more freedom than they experienced. It is also agreed that this change is beneficial, but how far that extra freedom should extend is by no means clear. To give adequate freedom while retaining reasonable control is better than the old-fashioned control through fear."

"Freedom, unfortunately, is, for the time being, submerged in some European countries where boys and girls have become the chattels of the State and the schools its nurseries."

BLINDNESS A HANDICAP?

Blind since childhood, Mark Shoesmith, 25 years old, has mastered the art of chiseling and whittling compositions out of stone. His sculptures, on their own merits, have been considered creditable pieces of art by sculptors.

He has been for the last five months a student at the Roerich Museum, in New York City, with a fellowship at the Master Institute of United Arts.

When he was a lad of 12, living on a cattle ranch in Idaho, Mr. Shoesmith and another boy were playing one day with a dynamite percussion cap. It exploded and he lost his sight. Despite this accident, he was able to go through high school in three years, after which he went to the University of Oregon. In his senior year he became interested in sculpturing.

A COURSE THAT IS A SUCCESS

Vassar College, in Poughkeepsie, New York, reports the full success of one its courses: five weeks ago the College started that course, and the interest of the students still did not diminish. The speaker talks about an hour, after which those who so desire may leave, and yet most of them stay for another hour to ask questions.

The course is called "Marriage and Family Life," and it includes such subjects as "Biological Aspects of Marriage," "Courtship and Choosing a Husband," and "Philosophy of the Budget."

The main success of the course is described by one of the students, who attended it. "There is less chitter-chatter about sex among the students. When you talk such things over frankly in the open and know what's true, you can stop 'worrying' the subject and go on to something else."

THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL REPUBLIC

(Concluded)

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"So Vigorous a Resurrection . . ."

T. P. Conwell-Evans, in the previously cited "Political Quarterly," continues in this vein:

"Deserted in the past by rich Ukrainian landowners who became Polish aristocrats, the Ukrainian peasants, aided by their hard-working priests, themselves of their stock, developed capacity and talent for responsible action. Their political leaders are nearly all the sons or grandsons of peasants; many of them trained in the Universities of Prague and Vienna; the growing-number of their professional class—doctors, lawyers, architects—marks their rapid rise. The spacious railway station at Lviw is the work of a Ukrainian architect.

"A visitor to Poland making a tour of some of the Ukrainian villages will be agreeably surprised at the character of the activities carried on by the peasants, which betrays not only a deep seated national consciousness, but a readiness and ability to work together and a sense of citizenship . . . These qualities are nowhere better shown than in their cooperative institutions which are exceedingly well organized . . . So vigorous a resurrection, starting at zero after the devastation of the Great War, is all the more remarkable as the Ukrainians have achieved it by their own unaided efforts, without credits from the state or from Polish banks . . .

"Who Are Impatient of Constitutional Redress . . ."

"The Ukrainians are too well consolidated to be ignored; they cannot be assimilated, they are too numerous and too determined. Oppression will serve only to drive them into illegal and violent methods of protest. Up to now the vast majority tenaciously cling to constitutional methods . . . It would be disastrous if they began to swell that band of hot-blooded young men, members of a secret military organization (U. W. O.) who are impatient of constitutional redress . . ."

UKRAINE UNDER THE SOVIETS

By the Treaty of Riga concluded between Poland and the Soviets on March 18th, 1921, the latter received about 450.000 square kilometers of Ukrainian territory, containing approximately 32 million people. Two years later this territory was incorporated as an integral part of the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics; the strong national feelings of it preventing the Bolsheviki from robbing it of its national identity.

Despite the unceasing use of terrorism as a weapon of rule, the earlier years under the Soviets were characterized by certain cultural concessions granted the Ukrainians, as a partial offset to the violent political repression and economic exploitation of them. That this cultural sop to the Ukrainians failed in its purpose was evidenced by the fact that Ukrainian peasantry's opposition to the government's requisition of foodstuffs forced it to give it up and introduce for awhile the "Nep," or New Economic Policy, with its security of individual farming and freedom of private trade.

Cultural Concessions

With the passage of time and growth of the Soviets in power, however, even these cultural concessions began to be taken away, and the governmental policy aimed directly and systematically at the complete political, economical and cultural subjugation and denationalization of the Ukrainian nation. Although some Ukrainian cultural institutions were permitted to continue their existence, yet they found themselves emasculated of any real progress, because of their being forced to proceed only along channels of Communistic ideology. The same is true of Ukrainian writers in the Soviet Union.

Those who rebelled against this policy or showed even the slightest trace of nationalistic sentiment were branded as "traitors to the Russian revolution," summarily tried and executed, or sent to the notorious prison camps in the north.

Terrorism and Provocation

Concerning one such trial the London "Saturday Review" (January 18th, 1930) correctly pointed out that "the real reason for bringing a charge against Jefremov, Chechiwsky and the others is the desire to destroy the Ukrainian intelligentsia by getting rid of its chief representatives. . . . The Soviet policy in Ukraine, carried on since 1923 and called Ukrainianization, aimed at obtaining a hold on the national culture of Ukraine and changing it into a culture of the working classes dependent on Moscow. After five years this policy failed entirely. The Ukrainian intelligentsia themselves made use of the Ukrainianization in all branches of life for its own purposes, deepening the national culture and winning the ideological fight with the Communists by their strong resistance. Realizing its failure, Bolshevism has taken to its alternative weapons—terrorism and provocation. By this means it seeks to kill the creative efforts of Ukrainian culture and that is the real significance of the present trial."

Opposition

Even these weapons, terrorism and provocation, failed to subdue the Ukrainian resistance, especially to the Soviet economic policy. In 1931, for example, the Soviet authorities succeeded in collecting only 53% of the grain due from Ukraine, as compared with the average 86% they managed to receive from the other parts of the Soviet Union. Such opposition was usually followed by mass reprisals on the part of the authorities, which included the forcible shifting of millions of the Ukrainian population from its native habitat in order to artificially populate the vacated area with alien peoples.

Famine

In 1932 and 1933 the Bolsheviks by their economic policy, and especially by their enforcement of rural collectivization, brought about an acute state of famine in Ukraine, which took a terrible toll conservatively estimated at 4 million lives. And although the Soviet Government was "fully aware of the famine in Ukraine and although having full and complete control of the entire food supplies within its borders, (it) nevertheless failed to take relief measures designed to check the famine or alleviate the terrible conditions arising from it, but on the contrary used the famine as a means of reducing the Ukrainian population and destroying the Ukrainian political, cultural and national rights . . ."[1]

Stalin Alarmed

Despite all such mass reprisals and terrorism of the authorities, the national spirit in Soviet Ukraine burns as brightly as ever, a fact which Dictator Stalin as well as some of his underlings have themselves admitted. At the seventeenth Congress of the Communist Party, for example, held in January, 1934, Stalin declared that: "Only very recently in the Ukraine the deviation towards Ukrainian Nationalism did not represent the major danger; but when we ceased to fight against it and enabled it to grow to the extent that it joined up with the interventionists this deviation became the major danger." Today this national spirit of the Ukrainians is one of the chief worries of the rulers in Kremlin.

Neither Lasting Peace Nor Justice

"For six hundred years . . ." writes H. Hessel Tiltman in his book on "Peasant Europe," they (the Ukrainians) have fought to remain Ukrainian. They have preserved their own distinctive language, their own Church, their own clothes, their high state of husbandry. And, at the end of that fight of centuries, as at the beginning, they face the world undaunted alike by poverty, persecution, and repression—demanding the right of 43 millions of people having a common stock and a common life to rule themselves. That demand may be resisted for a year, a generation, or a hundred generations. But at the end of that time the Ukrainian people will still be asking for their freedom. And there will be neither lasting peace nor the reign of justice in Eastern Europe until that right is granted, and the alien troops withdrawn, leaving the Ukraine to control its own destinies and enrich all the peasant lands by its example."

[1] An excert from a resolution about the famine in Ukraine, submitted in the House of Representatives of the United States Congress by Mr. Hamilton Fish, Jr., which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and ordered to be printed.

Stephen Shumeyko.

IN THE BLACKSMITH SHOP

By IVAN FRANKO

(1)

Translated by John Panchuk

The dawn of my memory is aglow with fire. A dim but a steady flame from a small forge illuminates the shapes and contours from the film of childhood memories. It is the fire in my father's forge.

I have a vivid recollection of father scooping charcoal with an iron spade out of the bin (charcoal which he had made in a pit beyond the village, and though not a trace of the pit remains, the place is still well known as the charcoal pit) and throwing it on the blazing coals brought in a basin from the house, and addressing the apprentice with his customary abruptness:

"Now, now, Andrew, blow on it. Slowly, slowly, until the charcoal catches fire."

Andrew, who had just carried me in from the house on his shoulders and placed me on the charcoal bin beside the forge, seized the handle of the bellows and began to pump. The draft of air in the bag was short and irregular; the bag was filling slowly and fuctioning improperly. The draft scattered the charcoals about without improving the fire.

"Slowly, Andrew! Now, now, fellow, not so fast!"

"The wild Hag is still chafing," remarked Andrew in jest, while putting his whole weight on the lever to inflate the bag to its full capacity.

His remark about the wild Hag gave me a creepy sensation.

"Where is the wild Hag?" I asked.

Andrew smiled, "In the bag, don't you hear her puffing?"

I listened and actually seemed to hear a puffing, snoring sound.

"Wait, I will blow her up full," continued Andrew, "and then you'll hear her moan."

"I don't want to. Don't squeeze her!" I cried. Tears were rising in my eyes. I did not know that Andrew was joking. My imagination was peopled with magic ghosts, and hobgoblins, for I had heard our maidservants, the big and the small one, tell stories about them every evening while spinning. They had often mentioned the wild Hag who dwelt in the gorge and blew up smoke. Andrew was the first to assign her a place in the bellows, and from that time on the bag filled me with consternation.

"No, no, fellow! Don't tell the child such nonsense. Don't listen to him, Johnny; there is no wild Hag in the bellows."

"What breathes so heavily in there then?"

"That's air, sonny. See, the bellows take air and when you press them together they blow out air. Watch me, I can blow like that too!"

And father blew on the fire several times. I was placated. The fire increased. At first it blazed timidly through the charcoals in bluish tongues of flame. The wild Hag breathed harder: the blue tongues now flared in reddish hues from the depths of the charcoals. Gradually the dark coals assumed a red tinge; the flames hissed and streamed up, like a blazing bundle of arrows. At last the wild Hag had puffed its leather belly almost to the ceiling. Andrew pressed with his hands and his body to bring the lever down. The flames emitted white heat; the coals turned from red to golden evanescent glow. I was spell-bound by the small fire which scarcely dispelled the gloom of the small frame shop, yet emitted large sparks that flew up to the ceiling of the mud-plastered and soot-covered interior, and concealed within it great heat and an abundance of active energy.

Father stood beside the anvil, and with his small mallet struck the anvil several light, rapid blows, like a drummer beating a drum. The sound echoed through the whole neighborhood. It was a signal that work had commenced in the blacksmith shop.

Next he pulled out from under the bag several kinds of tools

(Continued on Next Page)

A MOTHER ASKS

Alone
In a grey mist
On a rocky hill
A Mother questioned
The Lean Reaper.

A scythe
In his bony fist
"Twas not my will,"
Grimly answered,
The Grey Leveler.

"You mortals, ever seek
As friends, not the weak
And false, but the best.

The most lovely flower
In Nature's tower
Is plucked before the rest.

I know—your son was young and kind
I am, but an arm of an Infinite Mind.
I had to take him West.

The Master is most human of all
And for His Joyous Hall
Also needs the best."

Walter Michaelson.

NEW CLUB IN MILLVILLE

A group of us have organized ourselves here in Millville, N. J. into the Ukrainian National Youth Club. At present our membership is 23 in number.

In planning our program of activities, we find that we shall soon need a teacher of Ukrainian folk dancing to instruct us. Anyone who is interested should write to:

MARY KLUCZKO,
Carmel Road,
Millville, N. J.

PEASANTS FLEE FROM U. S. S. R.

At Christmas, two peasant families tried to cross the Dniester river—which was not yet frozen—to the Roumanian side. The Soviet Guard opened fire, and when the raft was driven to the other side it was found that two men, two women and three children, had been killed; and only one girl of ten years old was alive but severely wounded. She was rushed to the hospital.

("Dilo", Lviw, January 1st, 1937.)

BRAMERUKS LOSE TO ANSONIA; BEAT PERTH AMBOY

On March 21st the Brameruks (Brooklyn American Ukrainians) went to Ansonia, Conn., to play the Ukrainian Cossacks of that city. Both teams are recognized as being exceptionally good... but Ansonia proved to be the better by beating the Brameruks 55 to 41. The game was played at Gandza's Hall on Broad Street.

Ansonia: S. Korotash, 8; W. Harasyko, 0; J. Stadnick, 14; W. Korotash, 1; J. Gaegary, 14; S. Shingara, 8. (One point is unaccounted for.)

Brameruks: J. Kudlak, 9; W. Turchan, 14; P. Braginetz, 4; M. Ripka, 0; P. Ripka, 1; W. Rybeck, 0; M. Pirozek, 9; W. Muzyka, 4.

On March 22nd the Brameruks played the Ukrainian Social Club of Perth Amboy, N. J., at the Brooklyn Navy Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn, N. Y. This was a close game and Perth Amboy gained the lead two or three times. The Brameruks gained an 8-point lead in the last quarter, however, but this was reduced to 6 due to a long shot basket made by a Perth Amboy man. The score was 44 to 38 in the Brameruks' favor.

Brameruks: J. Kudlak, 5; W. Turchan, 18; P. Braginetz, 11; P. Ripka, 4; S. Haliy, 2; W. Rybeck, 4; W. Muzyka, 0.

Perth Amboy: Pazula, 3; Kuziw, 3; Otlowski, 6; Kopi, 0; Evanello, 1; Waznee, 6; Gadek, 19.

(Reported by Paul Ripka and Joseph Brochinsky)

THEODORE LUTWINIAK.

DETROIT TIGER ROOKIE A UKRAINIAN

Much has been written about rookies in base ball training camps but what do the families of these rookies do while the young man is seeking to prove himself another star in the firmament of base ball?

You can get one answer to that question at the home of Michael Tresh at 2289 Lemay avenue, Detroit. Mike Tresh, Jr., is at present in Lakeland, Fla., where he is a candidate for a catching position with Detroit.

If the Tresh household is typical, the spring activities of a rookie's family can be described in one sentence! They keep scrap-books.

There are pictures of Mike covering every phase of his base ball career. The pictorial record begins seven years ago when Mike was a catcher of the Pittenger Post base ball team. The camera follows him to Moline in the Mississippi Valley League, in the Beaumont, Toledo and to his present estate as an actual candidate for a position with the Tigers.

Augmenting the photographs are letters from Mike himself. They are brief, and largely confined to generalities, rather like the letters of a college boy home except that they omit the usual request for a check.

Mike's closest associates in the camp are Don French and Dizzy Trout, his letters reveal.

The base ball atmosphere that pervades the Tresh household is faintly incongruous in one respect. The parents are natives of the Ukraine and Tresh, Sr., still speaks with an accent, but while he never played the game he became a fan before Mike was born and gave every encouragement to his son's ambition.

Mike at 23 is the oldest child. He is followed by two sisters and a brother Joseph, 14. Joseph pitches on a sandlot team and the senior Tresh is already entertaining hopes of a brother battery.

(Excerpts from a report in the **Detroit News.**)

YOU TOO, L. DYCZKH

(Without Apology)

I admire that picturesque, bold 'Kozak"
Who was so courageous and, indeed, brave,
What he wanted and how to behave.
Gosh! I'm not such a "Kozak," I know,
And to be sure! I must be at fault
To be born of such grand ancestry,
And not to be worth my salt.

But really, you know, times have changed,
Got swell car, have no need of a steed,
Where I lack moustache, fire, dash,
I try to make up with courtesy and deed.
Away he could go, enjoying his trips,
She would plow, bake, cook and weave,
He'd return, of that bortsch and kapusta partake
And contentedly wipe his moustache on his sleeve.

He was boss, he took orders from none,
Enjoyed a good snore when he did sleep,
No tie, no shave, no hair-cut, no shine on his boots,
Yet at his commands she would fairly leap.
She waited on him both hand and foot,
Made him comfortable, took care of his horse,
He had to fight, however, not contending with,
Court battles, breach of promise, alimony and divorce.

Then, too, she wasn't a bit artificial,
Her hair was natural, she didn't paint,
She thought of only keeping her man,
She wasn't known to register a complaint.
Her cheek was clear, there wasn't any rouge,
Her kiss was refreshing, her lips weren't sticky,
From that lipstick of six delicious flavors,
Of lime, lemon, "razzberry" and "gin rickey."

Now we have the "True Confessions" and "Love Secrets,"
And on every subject she has most to say,
And of course there's a difference in the styles,
Between them as between night and day.
Though girls rave about my incompetencies,
I place nothing above them,
With all their modern ways and "hot-cha,"
Dog-gone their hides, I love them!

Steven Gregory Danielson.

IN THE BLACKSMITH SHOP

filled with assorted hardware. Here were dented axes requiring new blades; there was one with a cracked head which must be remolded; and there lay a colter with a blade all worn out. In the shed adjoining the shop were two wagon wheels beside a grindstone, waiting for iron tires to be put on them, and nearby lay a couple of new iron tires on the rack.

My father's reputation as a blacksmith was a byword in all the neighboring villages. A special fame attached to the quality of the axes that he forged. Some thirty years after his death, an old man from a nearby village alluded to my father in the course of our conversation, and remarked: "There isn't a blacksmith like him now. I still use an ax made by him. It's a masterpiece."

When the beat of my father's hammer resounded on the anvil, the neighbors began to congregate. Most of the work in the shop was done in the winter time, there being only two short summer seasons, the plowing and the reaping season. The only other time that father operated the forge in the summer time, was when some especially large or very urgent work had to be done. But in winter, household cares were few. Here and there one could hear the beat of flails in the granary, the buzzing of saws in the woodsheds, or the creaking of the rope—making machines. There was no rush work and the blacksmith shop offered a cheerful place to while away the time. Persons who had some major work to be done, like putting on tires or forging an ax, always came with a flask of brandy. People went to the blacksmith as they would to a neighbor, and treated him like a host rather than an artisan—combining business with pleasure as it were. Father had no standard charges for his work. "What you pay to others is good enough for me." And if cash was wanting, no man's credit was bad with him. He desired that his shop should be cheerful, and the presence of a group of neighbors, the hum of conversation, and a glass of brandy enhanced his skill and efficiency. Often he required the assistance of several men, as when fitting the tires on the wagon wheels; three or four men would each pick up grappling bars, while father, assisted by two men, would carry out a hot tire by means of long tongs and place it on the rim. The others would then take hold of the rack with the hooks, and after adjusting them against the rack, press down as hard as they could. Meanwhile father went around with a mallet and struck the rack wherever he thought it necessary. As the rim came in contact with the heated tire, small tongues of flame blazed up and disappeared instantly.

"Now, now," echoed father's voice, accompanied by the beating of the mallets against the rack or the rim, and the rattle of the grappling chains pulling in all directions. Then three or four men would seize the large mallets and beat rhythmically on the tire as it fitted over the rim. Bang, bang, bang; bang, bang, bang, echoed over the whole neighborhood until the tire was snug on the rim. The older peasants then inspected the wheel with a critical eye, to see whether the tire drew the fellies in together evenly, whether the spokes were properly fitted, and how firmly the hub stood. Now one, now the other lifted the wheel and gently dropped it to the ground, listening to the sound it made. "Rings like a bell!" they repeated one after another. That was the highest praise a blacksmith could merit.

(To be Continued)