



MID-WESTERN U.N.A. YOUTH RALLY

Detroit Affair on May 28 Promises To Attract Large Gathering

The Detroit Rally Committee has been meeting regularly to work out plans for its coming U. N.A. Youth Rally. Its various subsidiary committees are working hard to make the affair of May 28 a successful one.

The committee urges the young people of the youth groups in Detroit to take an active interest in the Rally—to help promote the sale of tickets, to attend the Rally, and to bring one's friends. Bill Cholewka has been working hard to push the sale of tickets.

The program committee, headed by John Evanchuk, has already arranged the program schedule for the day. The talks in the afternoon will include the following topics: sports in relation to the U.N.A., type of youth the U.N.A. needs, and topics dealing with the contributions, offerings, and benefits of the U.N.A.

We intend to secure a speaker from each of the following cities—Chicago, Akron, Cleveland, also Detroit and New York.

Young people from Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and Pennsylvania are urged to attend the Rally, which will be conveniently held during last weekend in May. Those who are interested in coming are asked to write to Mr. Paul Kowalchuk of 3884 Cicotte Avenue, Detroit, who will make arrangements to house the out-of-town visitors. Those who arrive a day or two earlier will be taken care of and properly entertained.

A banquet will be held in the evening during which time a short musical program will be presented by the talented youth of Detroit. This will be followed by a dance.

We plan to make the Rally a worthwhile as well as an enjoyable affair for all.

Secretary of the Detroit U.N.A. Rally Committee.

UKRAINA: EUROPE'S GREATEST PROBLEM

Under the above heading appears an excellent article in the current Spring issue (Vol. 3, No. 1) of "East Europe and Contemporary Russia," published in London, written by Lancelot Lawton, editor of the periodical.

"Within the past few months, Ukraina, a nation unknown to the West, has come into the forefront of the world's attention... In spite of the widespread and forgivable ignorance which exists on the subject, the impression widely prevails that upon the solution of the Ukrainian problem will depend the fate of Europe," writes Mr. Lawton, adding that, "This impression is justified," and setting forth the reasons for it.

Dwelling on the martial qualities of the Ukrainians that have caused them to constantly fight against every form of oppression imposed upon them, he says, "If earlier I dwelt upon the martial qualities of their ancestors, it was because I wished to show that the Ukrainians have a great fighting tradition. I would like to add now that, mingled with all the defects, they have too all the qualities of a peasant people, and not a few great gifts, including a capacity for scholarship, for art, for music, and indeed for all useful activities.

Especially valuable to the student is the second part of this article, entitled "Historical and other Notes," wherein the differences between the Ukrainians and

START BUILDING THEM NOW

A problem to which an increasing number of our young people are beginning to devote their serious attention, is the great need for Ukrainian-American community centers. Although in some localities such centers, or national homes as they are better known, already exist, yet in most others they either do not or they are inadequate to the demands made upon them. What is needed in most places is a community center that is situated in a good neighborhood and not in some slum or factory section; that contains comfortable meeting and recreation rooms; that has a large hall suitable for concerts, plays and dances; that also has, if possible, a gymnasium; and that is easily accessible.

How to get such a community center, however, is the problem. The greatest hindrance to its solution, as everyone knows, has been the lack of sufficient funds. For, as a class, the Ukrainian-Americans are far from wealthy. They have not been here long enough to become that; they are the latest arrivals to these shores. Nor are there any American philanthropists whom they could approach for help. Consequently, the problem of financing a project such as the building or purchasing a community center, is far more difficult for them than for the other nationality groups that made America their new home. Yet whatever stumbling blocks there have been in the past towards the creation of such centers, the fact remains that a resolute effort must now be made to create them, for the point has been reached where our younger generation simply must have them, otherwise its group development will be seriously retarded.

To attain any degree of success, however, such an effort must not only be a resolute one but also a concerted one. Neither the younger nor the older generation alone can accomplish much in this direction. Both must join forces, together initiate and plan the project, and together strive towards its successful completion. Furthermore, all personal differences and ambitions must be submerged for the common good.

We strongly recommend to the young people that need such a center in their midst, to begin devoting all their resources towards creating one now. For aside from the pressing need of it, another very important factor here is that the older generation has not many years of active service left in its life's span. In fact, it has begun to pass the peak of creative power. Yet its cooperation and assistance is still indispensable towards the success of any such project. Therefore such cooperation must be obtained now, when it means a great deal, and not later when its value will be negligible.

Therefore, let nothing prevent such cooperation between the two generations. Young and old should now join hands everywhere and together begin creating in their locality a Ukrainian-American Community Center.

THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION IS THE CHIEF BULWARK OF UKRAINIAN-AMERICAN LIFE. JOIN IT AND THEREBY STRENGTHEN IT. DO IT NOW!

Russians are illustrated, with special references being made to the several names by which Ukrainians and their country have been called in the past, also in regards to their racial origin, language, and natural resources.

Other articles in the current issue are Power Politics in Caucasia and Turkestan, Georgia's Right to Independence, Autonomous Central Europe, Where Labour Rules, Marriage and the Family in Soviet Russia, as well as book reviews.

The publishing offices of the periodical are 92 Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4. Annual subscription is \$1.25.

HEADS BIOLOGICAL SUMMER STATION

The Biological Station Summer Session of the University of Minnesota to be conducted this year at Lake Itasca in Itasca State Park, will be in charge of Alexander Granovsky, Ph. D., Associate Professor at the university and prominent in Ukrainian-American activities.

The session was established for the advancement of terrestrial and fresh-water biology in its most fundamental aspects. It is open to all qualified graduate and undergraduate students. More information concerning it can be obtained in the Bulletin of the University of Minnesota.

CHORUS BROADCASTS OVER NBC NATIONAL HOOK-UP

A fine broadcast of Ukrainian songs on the coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting Company was made last Saturday evening, from WEAF, New York, from 5:45 to 6, by the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of New York and New Jersey under the direction of Stephen Marusevich.

The chorus sang three songs: "Shumyt Hudé Dibrovonka," by Michael Hayvoronsky; "Oy Choho Ty Pochornilo Zeleniyé Polé," by Leo Revutsky with words by Taras Shevchenko; and "Zhala Ulanka Showkovu Travu," by Vasile Stupnytsky. In addition, the program was opened and closed by the humming of the theme-song of the chorus, "Letyt Halka Ponad Balku," by Hayvoronsky.

In introducing the chorus, the announcer stated that it is composed of young Americans of Ukrainian descent, non-professional singers, whose interest in Ukrainian songs is prompted not only by their love for them but also by their desire to reveal their beauty to the American public. His explanations of the songs sung, with references to Taras Shevchenko, national poet of Ukraine, and to the national spirit of these songs, helped to make the program clear to those who do not understand Ukrainian. The text of his announcements was furnished him by a member of the chorus.

The chorus received this rare opportunity of broadcasting over a national hook-up of the NBC on the strength of its previous radio broadcasts from Cleveland and Pittsburgh, where it had won first prize at the choral competitions held in conjunction with the Ukrainian youth congresses held there.

WORTH READING!

Timely Booklets Recently Published in English

(1)

UKRAINE AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

by Dr. Luke Myshuha
Price 15 cents

(2)

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL MOVEMENT

by Stephen Shumeyko
Price 25 cents

(3)

IVAN FRANKO'S "MOSES"

Trans. by Waldimir Semenyina

With a biographical sketch of Ivan Franko

by Stephen Shumeyko

Price 50 cents

Read them and thereby increase your knowledge of Ukraine and Ukrainians.

SVOBODA BOOKSTORE

81-83 Grand Street
Jersey City, N. J.

THE BURGLAR

By VASILE STEFANYK

(EXPLANATORY NOTE.—The primitive form of justice administered to the burglar in this story may strike some as being brutal. It must be borne in mind, however, that the crime attempted here was one of the most serious, that of attempting to burglarize the "komora"—a sort of a combination store-room and strong-room, wherein the peasant kept all of the produce that was to sustain his primitive existence in poverty-stricken surroundings. In those days economic conditions were such that if what the peasant had stored away was stolen, he was in great danger of starving to death. Such a crime was therefore even more serious than horse-stealing was on the American frontier, the latter which was usually punished by hanging. Here in this story, the Ukrainian peasant, like the American frontiersman, took justice in his own hands and administered it in the manner he best saw fit.—S. S.)

In the center of the hut stood two powerfully-built peasants. Their shirts were in shreds, and their faces bloody.

"Don't think even for a moment, fellow, that I'll let you go."

Both were exhausted, and their chests heaved as they sought to recover their breath. Against the bed leaned a young woman, overcome with fright.

"Woman, don't stand there doing nothing, but go and wake up Michael and Maxim and tell them to come right over, for I've caught a burglar."

His wife left, leaving the two by themselves.

"Had you caught a weakling, I'll bet you would have killed him right in his own home!"

He stepped over to the bench, picked up a pitcher of water and gulped it down greedily. Then wiping his face with his sleeve he turned towards the burglar and said:

"No need of me ever going to a surgeon for a blood-letting, as you've let enough blood out of me."

He had barely uttered these words when the burglar suddenly lunged and struck him a hard blow between the eyes.

"Ah, so you want to fight." He swung a heavy club, and the burglar fell to the ground. Blood spurted out of his feet.

"Try to run away now if you can."

Both remained silent for quite a while after that. The dim light of the small lamp could barely reach the dark corners. Flies began to buzz timidly.

"Stop that blood, man, or it will all flow out."

"Give me a drink of water."

"Here, drink all you want, for you'll need all your strength for what's coming to you."

A long silence.

"You're a pretty strong man," the burglar spoke up finally.

"You bet I'm strong. I can carry a horse on my back. It was very unlucky for you to try to burglarize me."

"And are you kind-hearted?"

"Sure, but I never let a burglar out of my hands alive."

"You don't mean to say that I'll have to perish here?"

"That depends on whether you're hardy or weak. If you're hardy then maybe you'll last it out..."

Again silence reigned in the low-ceilinged hut.

"Stop the flow of your blood."

"What for, so that it will hurt more when you beat me; blood is pain itself, you know."

"Listen, you, when I start beating you it will have to hurt, even though you let your very soul run out."

"Don't you fear God?"

"And did you fear God when you crawled into my store-room? Did you? Why, all my possessions are there. If you had stolen them you would have crippled me for life! If you had to rob anyone,

why didn't you go after a rich man instead of a poor one?"

"What's the use of talking about it now! Go ahead and beat me, and let me alone!"

By this time a pool of blood had formed itself on the floor.

"Listen," spoke up the burglar, "if you have any conscience then do not kill me slowly, but take that club there and bash me over the head; you'll save yourself a lot of trouble that way, and it will be easier for me."

"You want it over too quickly, but you'll have to wait till the others come."

"So you want to make a picnic of it for your good neighbors, too?"

"Ah, here they come."

"Praise unto Jesus Christ."

"Forever praise."

"Something happened here, George?"

"Yes, it did, we have a guest here, and we ought to receive him right properly."

"No doubt, we should."

The newcomers, Maxim and Michael, seemed to fill up entire hut, their heads reaching near the ceiling.

"Have a seat, and forgive me for spoiling your night."

"Is that him on the ground?"

"Yes."

"A big brute of a fellow. You must have had your hands full with him."

"Yes, he's certainly strong, but he met up with one who is stronger! But before we start doing anything, let's all sit down by the table, and invite our guest to do the same."

George left the room for a moment and returned with a bottle of whiskey, some pork and bread.

"Why haven't you let him join us at the table?" he inquired.

"Because he says he can't get on his feet."

"Well, then, I'll help him."

George seized hold of the burglar under his armpits and set him down behind the table.

"It looks like you had quite an argument with him."

"Yeah, he wanted to knock me out cold. He punched me so hard between the eyes that, I tell you, I nearly went down. But luckily a club was handy, and I gave him one right across the shins, and he went down like a stricken ox."

"You shouldn't wonder at him, for everyone wants to defend himself."

"I'm not complaining."

The burglar sat behind the table, pale, apathetic. Next to him sat Maxim, and after him Michael.

Near the oven stood the wife, who had returned.

"George, what are you going to do with him? Good people, bring him to his senses, he wants to kill the man!" she exclaimed.

"Woman, I see that you're scared, so you had better go to your mother, stay there overnight, and come back in the morning."

"I won't leave this house."

"Then you'll drink with us; and don't start bawling or else I'll give you a licking. Climb up on the oven-top and go to sleep, or look on if you want to. For that matter you can do anything you like."

She did not even stir from the oven.

"A woman is a woman, George, always afraid of fighting, so don't wonder."

"Eh, what are we bothering with her for. Here's to your health, you thief, I drink to it. I really can't say who's going to sin for who, whether you for me, or I for you. But sin there must be, for it so has happened that it can't be avoided. Go ahead, drink."

"I don't want to."

"When I tell you to drink, you have to! Understand? Whiskey will give you back some of the strength you lost."

"I don't want to drink with you."

The three turned towards him.

Their black eyes glared at him, threatening him with instant death.

"Well, then, I'll drink, but five drinks at once."

"Drink then, and if we run short we'll send for more."

The burglar poured the drinks himself, and drank six of them one after the other. Then Michael and Maxim took a drink. After taking a bite of some pork and bread they drank some more.

"Tell us, man, where are you from, from near or from afar?" asked Michael.

"From the wide world."

"And from what class, the peasantry or the nobility? That's very important you know, for upon it depends how we're going to treat you. When you beat up a peasant you take a cross-bar and hit him three times over the head and several times over the face, so that he'll fall down, for a peasant is hard and you've got to use hard methods to knock him down, but once he's down at your feet it's a simple matter. But with a lord it's entirely different: don't show him a cross-bar for he'll die of fright, just scare him with the butt-end of a whip, and when he starts trembling all over his jelly-like body hit him two times in the jaw, but not too hard either... and he'll be at your feet! Walk over him several times and he's done for, his ribs ground to powder, for they are as delicate as dried-up paper."

The three peasants laughed hard and heavy at this, while Michael stuck his head behind Maxim's back and waited to hear what the burglar would say.

"Well, to what class do you belong?"

"It matters not," replied burglar, "the fact remains that you'll never let me out of your hands alive."

"You certainly spoke the truth then, the holy truth, and for that I admire you!" ejaculated Michael.

"Well, before you kill me, suppose you let me have some more whiskey, so that I won't feel anything when you start working on me."

"Of course, here, take it, and drink all you want. That you should try to burglarize my home is beyond my understanding! Man, I'm hard, hard like a rock, and no one who gets into my clutches ever gets out of them!"

The burglar drank five more glasses of whiskey.

"I'm all set now, so go ahead and beat me as much as you want."

"Whoa, wait a moment, my friend. You're ready but we're not. You've been drinking five to our one, and we've got to catch up with you first."

Michael was in high spirits, Maxim seemed to have something on his mind but afraid to divulge it.

"I can see that we're in for trouble," he finally said, "and I'd like to back out of it, yet something draws me to it... Ah, well, let's have another round."

"Let me have your hand, sir, I want to kiss it," suddenly spoke up the burglar to Maxim.

"Oh, now, man, you're showing fear; oh, that's not nice!"

"I'm not afraid, really I'm not, I'll swear to it."

"Then what?"

"Well, I feel much easier now and I wish to kiss this man's hand; he's an old gray-head, old enough to be my father."

"Let me alone, man, I've got a soft heart."

"Do give me your hand, for you'll have a sin if you don't, as I want to kiss you as I would my father."

Michael and George gaped at this, their drinks forgotten. They could not believe their ears.

"It's a trick, that's what it is. Listen here, you, we're wise to such tricks."

Maxim looked sheepish. He didn't know what to make of all this.

"He guessed that I'm soft-hearted, guessed it right away!"

He said this in order to justify himself before Michael and George.

"Give me your hand, sir, give it to me, but give it to me from your heart, so that when I kiss it I'll feel much better; I know I won't

walk this earth anymore, so let me take farewell of you this way."

"But I don't want you to kiss me, for if you do I'll become soft as putty. And don't worry about my forgiveness, for you can have it."

"Oh, please do let me, I beg of you. You'll make my death so much easier if you do. I'm not drunk, honest I'm not. Please do!"

"Shut up, man, stop whining, and stop trying to trick us, for I'm liable to take a swing at you," thundered Michael.

"Why do you keep on thinking that I'm trying to trick you. Really I'm not. You see it's this way: when I downed my last drink I suddenly realized that I simply would have to die and that before I do I would have to kiss this man's hand, so that God will sooner forgive my sins. Give me your hand, sir, please. Tell him to give me his hand."

"Why doesn't he let me alone. I'm such a softy, and I simply can't stand this."

Maxim did not know what to do with himself in this dilemma. He was embarrassed as a girl.

"That's always the case with a soft-hearted person, always he's exposed to ridicule. You all know it, just a few drinks and I'm ready to cry. You shouldn't have called me here in the first place, for you know me well enough..."

The burglar sought to seize Maxim's hand and kiss it.

"He's just trying to take advantage of you, Maxim, so you'd better go."

"Let's have some more whiskey, George, and and let's drink three glasses at a time too, so that we'll get good and sore."

"Don't go, Maxim, don't leave me sir, for I'm about to die. I'm not afraid, I swear I'm not, it's just that I want to die peacefully..."

The burglar began to tremble, his teeth chattering. Michael and George kept on drinking, ignoring him completely.

"Why are you afraid, there's nothing to be afraid of. I'll give you my hand, I'll give it, let them beat me up too, I'll give it, here, here, take it and kiss it, just as you want..."

The thief seized hold of his hand and clung to it, while Maxim rapidly winked his eyes, as if someone was slapping him over the face.

"One should never be a soft-hearted person, for he's never good for anything..."

Michael uncurlled his muscular fingers slowly and showed them to George.

"Man! They're strong! They're just itching for a fight, itching so hard that once they grab a hold of anyone they'll tear his very flesh out!"

But George did not reply, he just kept spitting into palms and refilling his glass.

"There, there, that's enough, you poor fellow, let my hand alone, so that I can go. There's no God here, so I can't remain here. Take your hands away from me, let me alone, for I tell you I feel so embarrassed that I don't know what to do with myself."

"I want to kiss the holy picture yet, I want to kiss everyone, everyone in this world," the burglar was shouting frantically.

George's wife jumped off the oven-top and fled. Michael got out from behind the table, drunk and black as a thundercloud. George rose to his feet and seemed to trying to recall to himself that there was something he had to do.

"Maxim, get out of this house, beat it, for I'll wring your neck if you don't; go on, get out!"

"I'm going, George, I'm going. Don't be angry at me, for you know yourself what a soft-hearted man I am. It seems to me that you will sin if you go through with what you are about to do, and so I'm leaving..."

"Go ahead, go, for you're not a man but an old woman!"

"Well, I repeat, it's just that I'm not suited to such things, I..."

Maxim rose from behind the table and went to the door.

"Goodbye, and don't blame me,

VASILE STEFANYK'S OWN STORY

LAST Sunday was the birthday anniversary of Vasile Stefanyk, the finest short story writer Western Ukraine ever produced. Born in 1871 and died December 6, 1936, this man left behind him a legacy of short stories that has greatly enriched Ukrainian literature. Practically all of these stories deal with village life, and they are invaluable to anyone who seeks to learn something about the life and nature of the Ukrainian peasant. On the preceding page we have translated one of these stories, "The Burglar."

About ten years before his death, Stefanyk was asked by a friend, Ivan Lizanivsky, to write a short autobiography, which he did. Its general interest as well as its several engaging qualities have caused us to translate it for our readers below.

Trouble With Prayers

Although I was still a tot then, I was able to gather from the conversation of my parents that I was soon to be sent to school. My father, a well-to-do peasant, lived on close terms with the village squire, Joseph Theodorovich, who was a fine man, a friend of the peasants, and a participant in Garibaldi's revolt as well as in the Polish revolt of 1863. It was he who persuaded my father to send me, his oldest son, to school, his reason being that I showed an unusual aptitude in reciting the Lord's Prayer. This prayer was a source of considerable trouble for both myself and my sister Mary. Every day we pastured cattle and in the evenings drove them home. Usually we would be so tired then that we immediately fell asleep, so that our mother, who all day long had labored in the fields, could barely awake us for supper, yet she had neither the strength nor heart to keep us awake long enough to recite the evening prayers. So my poor mother devised the following scheme. Every Sunday evening she led us in six long prayers, one for each of the succeeding days. Kneeling that long was a painful process, and after a great deal of pleading on our part we were permitted to place our sheepskin jackets beneath our knees. After the praying was done, we were each rewarded with a lump of sugar or piece of cake...

Such then was the trouble we had with God, but a far worse one with the devil. We had many hired men working for us with whom I was on the best of terms, bringing out for them my father's tobacco, and generally doing anything they asked me. In return they told me fairy tales and pointed out the places inhabited by evil spirits, or where dead men had appeared, or where the devil himself dwelt. "You just make believe you're sleeping and carefully watch when your mother is ready to retire for the night. Then you will surely see her preparing a saltless meal for the devils."

Beset By Devils

As it always turned out, however, I could never keep awake long enough to see whether this

for I am, as someone once said, not for such things...

Only the burglar was now left behind the table, somewhat pale, yet cheerful.

"And now, will you get out from behind that table, or do we have to get you out?" — George spoke to him.

"No I won't come out, no I won't, for here I have to sit beneath these holy pictures..."

"Oh, yes you will, most certainly you will, for we're inviting you to."

And they threw themselves upon him like a pair of famished wolves.

END.

(A revised translation by Stephen Shumeyko.)

was true. I felt rather aggrieved that my mother should engage in any such questionable practice. At the same time, I found it hard to understand her piety which caused us to kneel in prayer so long. Yet my troubles did not really begin until my father brought into the barn a threshing machine that he had bought. From that time on the barn fairly swarmed with devils. Passerbys skirted it widely. I even found it difficult to play, for these devils seemed to impede my movements.

Finally I could stand it no longer, and with much weeping I asked my mother to stop feeding the devils for my fear of them kept me from going outside to play. Mother told father about this and he questioned me and then severely scolded the hired-men for "frightening the little child" with their tales. In school, too, which I soon began to attend, I found plenty traces of the presence of devils. Eventually my mother had to ask the teacher to explain to his pupils that there were no devils nor evil spirits of any kind in school.

About ten years later I was traveling with Lesh Martovich [who later became a short story writer] to the railroad station in Zaluchi to take a train to Kolomiya, where we attended high school. The driver of our wagon was Prots, an elderly hired-man. It was evening, and, as usual, Martovich wanted to have some fun. So he began telling Prots that my father had as his close friend the very devil himself, and that he had prevailed upon the latter to assign to me a little devil, who was to take good care of me, help me with my lessons, and make it hot for my teachers. With great detail Martovich recounted to Prots the nature and appearance of this little devil, what he occupied himself with during the daytime and what pranks he played on people at night. Martovich and I were enjoying ourselves hugely, although we were careful not to let Prots see it. Finally, about midnight, we reached the Prut river and prepared to ford it. To our surprise, Prots stopped the horses and in resolute tones informed us that he would not cross the river until each one of us had devoutly crossed himself three times—to ward off the devil. Martovich roared with laughter, but, we had to cross ourselves nevertheless. The story of our fording of the Prut soon became known to our classmates at Kolomiya, to their vast amusements.

Difficult Days At School

Previous to this, I had attended the village school in Rusov. From here I transferred over to the academy in Sniatyn, about eight kilometers distant. It was here that I first felt the effects of the general haughtiness with which teachers treated me and everyone else whose people were peasants.

Here, too, I received my first beatings—from my teachers, a treatment to which I was never subjected at home. When I finished the fourth grade at Sniatyn, I journeyed with my father to Kolomiya to take my high school entrance examinations. It was then that my mother secretly counseled me to drop my studies and return home. I am sorry even now that I did not take her advice. Together with several other village boys, I entered the large classroom of the first grade in this Polish high school at Kolomiya and took my seat with them in the last bench. Our classmates, who wore lacquered boots, made a lot of fun of our rusticity. They laughed in unrestrained glee when the teacher in German advised me to quit school and go out to pasture the pigs. Later I received a good caning over my hands from the teacher in natural history, Weigel, because I could not reach a picture

of a hyenna hanging on the wall; I was too small to reach it. Noticing that my shirt hung outside my pants, he lifted it with his rod and exposed to the class my bare skin. The class roared with laughter. I walked out of the classroom and went to my living quarters. In front of the house I found a blind beggar-woman, Pauline, who daily begged at this spot and in the evening was permitted by my landlady to sleep in the kitchen. To her alone I recounted my troubles, and to cheer me up she pulled out of her bag several apples and small coins and gave them to me.

In the evening, she told my landlady of what had happened to me in school, and the latter immediately wrote to my father about it. When he arrived he lodged a complaint with the principal of the school, and then bought me my first suit of city clothes. Evidently the cloth from which it was made was not of the best quality, for a strong odor exuded from it, so that for quite some time I walked about with my nose held very high. And when I entered the classroom wearing it a gale of laughter greeted me, so that I barely managed to reach my seat in the last bench. I was never so humiliated in my whole life as then, and it seems to me that today I would have been quite a different person if that humiliation had not poisoned me.

From the old woman Pauline I learned that nearby there lived a young seamstress, who did not believe in God, refused to recognize the authority of the lords, and only desired to see that all people live in equality.

My curiosity aroused I went to the home of this terrible woman, became acquainted with her but remained a little afraid of her. She was the sister of Michael Pavlyk [Ukrainian socialist leader]...

Early Readings

For several months I received some help in my studies from Ivan Pleshkan, an older high school student from a neighboring village. He gave me to read Kvitka's "Mariusia"; except for the first few pages, I never read this book, although this omission earned for me a good slap. It was not until the third grade that I read the novel by Myrny and Bylik, "Do Oxen Bellow, When Their Troughs Are Full." During my second year my father quartered me at the home of a certain Mr. Homash. Together with my hosts I lived in the kitchen, while the adjoining two rooms were occupied by several young ladies. I used to bring them beer and whiskey, for which they gave me candy. Several months later, however, when Theodorovich visited me, he made haste to remove me to the hotel where he was staying, but before we left he gave Mrs. Homash a sharp tongue-lashing. Later I learned that I had been living in a house of ill fame. Nevertheless those unfortunate girls treated me far better than all my teachers combined.

While yet in the lower high school grades I became well acquainted with Lesh Martovich and Lev Bachynsky... Although less talented than they, I kept company with them and belonged to the secret student society that met in the suburbs, where we read addresses on sundry subjects and raised money to buy new books and newspapers. In time this society accumulated a library of 400 volumes, most of them Ukrainian, with a few Polish and Russian works among them. In the fourth grade we managed to buy two thick volumes of the writings of Hlib Uspensky in Russian. I do not know whether any of my companions read Uspensky, but for two solid years I did not part company with him... he influenced me a great deal in my high school days.

From the high school itself we received very little, just a formal education and hostility on account of our Ukrainian nationality.

As members of the secret student society, it was our custom on Sundays and holidays to go to

libraries in neighboring localities and there deliver prepared addresses on various subjects, and where there was no library to help found one. For such activities, I together with a number of others was expelled from the Kolomiya high school, with the result that I had to continue my studies, from the 7th grade, at the Drohobich high school. Its director was Alexander Borkovsky, prominent Ukrainian during the 80's of the last century. He often visited us at our quarters and perceiving the writings of Franko and Drahomaniv and the various foreign socialist newspapers that were scattered about our room, he spent much time in trying to drive out of our heads any radical ideas that may have been there.

Meets Ivan Franko

The mother of one of my school chums, Mrs. Hiberman, used to tell me a great deal about Ivan Franko. Among the things she said was that he had the best head in all Austria, and that he would long have been a minister of state if it had not been for his radical connections. At that time Franko was living with his family in the village of Nahuyevichi, near Drohobich. The first time I ever saw him was at the Drohobich marketplace. He was carrying a satchel beneath his arm. Several days later I had occasion to go to Nahuyevichi and from the shepherds there I learned that "Yasho [Ivan] is catching fish in the brook." I went to the brook and found him wading about. When I introduced myself, he asked me to hold his fish basket. He caught the fish by swiftly scooping them out of the water with his bare hands. When he had caught enough to fill the basket, he climbed out on the bank and together we went to his home, a large white house situated in beautiful surroundings, with large out-buildings surrounding it. At supper we ate a good deal of the fish that he had caught. After supper he played with his children and then did some proof-reading of his collection of short stories—"By the Sweat of Their Brows." In such manner, then, I first met and became acquainted with Ivan Franko, with whom I had the friendliest relations throughout my life and whom of all Ukrainian writers I liked most of all.

In the autumn of 1892 I left for Cracow to study medicine. Nothing ever came from my medical studies, for I neither cared for them nor did I ever have the heart to abuse the helpless sick with chest-thumpings or excessive fees.

At Cracow I became acquainted with Wacław Moraczewski and his wife Sophia, nee Okunevsky [a prominent Ukrainian family]. Both were highly educated and from them I received a broad European outlook upon things. In Cracow, too, I met our poet, Bohdan Lepky—who is probably the most sensitive person I have ever met...

From Cracow and my incomplete medical studies, I returned to Rusov where I live.

In 1904, when I married the daughter of my friend Cyril Hamorok, I moved to his home and lived there until 1910.

From 1908 to 1918 I served in the Austrian Parliament, where I delivered no speeches, for with few exceptions the speeches of my colleagues were so scandalous that I preferred to remain silent and thereby hide my shame of them and myself.

I visited Greater Ukraine twice. The first time was in 1903, when I attended Kotlyarevsky commemorative exercises at Poltava, and there I met some of our younger writers. The second visit was early in 1919, during the rule of the Ukrainian Republic by the Directory. Somehow I feel a greater kinship for the Ukrainians of Greater Ukraine than of Galicia.

As for my writing, I began it while still at high school. But the great talent of my companion, Martovich, well-nigh paralyzed my creative faculties, and it was long before I realized that I too was a writer...

YOUTH and THE U.N.A.

The Ukrainian National Association is undoubtedly the most outstanding Ukrainian fraternal order in the United States and Canada. It has a membership of 33,000... it has 425 branches... and it has \$5,500,000. It publishes the largest Ukrainian daily newspaper, which enjoys a circulation of 16,000. It publishes an English weekly supplement for its youth. It publishes books, magazines, and other periodicals for members and non-members alike. It is supporting and has supported a considerable number of baseball, softball, and basketball teams composed of its younger members. It gives stipends to those of its members who are attending colleges or universities. It gives dividends to practically all of its members. It gives financial aid to those of its members who are suffering from incurable sickness. It has paid out millions of dollars in death benefits during its 45 years of service to the Ukrainian people.

The U.N.A. rewards those who organize new members for it. It aided Ukrainians when floods threatened their homes during recent years, in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. It has consistently endeavored to help the Ukrainian cause in Europe, and was instrumental in obtaining financial help for worthwhile Ukrainian institutions.

The U.N.A. employs a considerable number of men and women at its home office in Jersey City. Its officers are elected at conventions held every four years. It is not owned or controlled by any individual or group of individuals, as its branches are represented by delegates at conventions who have the power to vote, present plans, amend the By-Laws, and voice the wishes of the members that sent them. Its executive committee meets frequently to make plans for its future, and to discuss important matters. Everything is accomplished at or through the home office, which handles tens of thousands of pieces of mail monthly... both incoming and outgoing.

The U.N.A. is classed among the most financially sound fraternal orders in the country, having established a certificate valuation of 156%... a surplus of \$90 per each \$1,000 insurance in force. It issues the most modern forms of certificates, both adult and juvenile, with cash surrender, paid up and extended insurance privileges.

The U.N.A. is recognized as being the very basis of Ukrainian life here in America. Its 425 branches are located in 20 States and Canada... from New Hampshire to as far West as Oregon. These branches have done much in the way of organizational work, particularly where Ukrainian National Homes and the like are concerned. The branches have meetings, affairs, and the like... and also have elections of officers. Thirty-three branches are youth clubs, and these, too, are represented at U.N.A. conventions.

A person under 16 years of age can be a U.N.A. member for as little as 25 cents a month. A person 16 years of age can be a member in the Adult Department for as little as 83 cents a month.

In view of all this, how can anyone hesitate to join the Ukrainian National Association? Who can be indifferent to an organization that is as worthwhile as the U.N.A.?

The U.N.A. has proven consistently that it has the interests of its members foremost in mind. It shall always strive to be of service to the Ukrainian people.

If you desire information concerning the U.N.A. or any of its branches, please write to the undersigned in care of Post Office Box 88, Jersey City, N. J. You will not be under any obligation at any time. All questions will be answered completely and promptly. Don't hesitate to write, but do so while this is still fresh in your mind.

THEODORE LUTWINTAK.

POW-WOW IN CONNECTICUT on Memorial Day

We are pleased to announce that the Third Annual Convention of the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut will be held Memorial Day, Tuesday, May 30, 1939 at the Ukrainian Hall, 54 Wyllys St., Hartford. The United clubs of Hartford will play host to the youth. In announcing this convention, the Executive Board extends to all Connecticut Ukrainian Youth Clubs and individuals a cordial invitation to attend and to participate in the sessions and social activities.

The convention will be a one-day affair instead of the customary three-day, due to the holiday not being in the weekend. And because of this, the conferences will commence promptly at 9:30 a. m. with a series of discussions, reports and elections. The latter part of the afternoon will be devoted to the outlining of the future program, so bring along some brilliant suggestions. A gigantic Sport Dance with Connecticut's best band will be the evening's entertainment.

In conclusion, we ask again, that youth clubs in the following cities—Ansonia, Bridgeport, Bristol, Colchester, Glastonbury, Hartford, New Britain, New Haven, Norwich, Southport, Stamford, Stratford, Thomaston, Terryville, Wallingford, Willemantic, etc., send two delegates and alternates with proper credentials to the convention. Each delegate has the power to vote and hold office.

Let's make this the largest youth gathering in the history of Connecticut Ukrainian Youth! May we have on that day the pleasure of your friendship.

Whoops! We almost forgot! Out-of-State Ukrainians are welcome too—and we hope we'll see lot of you.

Convention Committee.

CLAIMS ALLENTOWN IS REAL CHAMPION

Despite a printed report, Allentown and not Chester, officially won the UYL-NA basketball championship of Area III. Chester was eliminated and later disqualified for using an ineligible player.

The advertised "Eastern Finals" had but one of the four areas represented and was not conducted in accordance with tradition or sportsmanlike spirit.

Alexander Yaremko,
Area III UYL-NA
Basketball Director

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Bramerus Club cordially invites you and your friends to attend its ANNUAL SPRING DANCE on SAT., MAY 27, 1939, at the St. Nicholas Hall, 256 — 19th St. (bet. 5th & 6th Ave's). Music by Johnny King and his Cavaliers. Subscription 40 c. 8:00 P. M.

BAYONNE, N. J.

FIFTH ANNUAL DANCE sponsored by the Ukrainian Athletic Club SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 27, 1939, at Mt. Carmel Auditorium, East 22nd Street, Bayonne, N. J. Frank Mane and his 10 piece Orchestra featuring Irene Collins of W.A.A.T. John Stancko and his Golden Bell Orch. Subscription Fifty Cents. 10, 22

PHILADELPHIA and VICINITY.

ELEVENTH REGIONAL RALLY of the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League of North America sponsored by United Ukrainian Catholic Clubs of Greater Philadelphia, SUNDAY, MAY 28th. Rally at Ukrainian Church Hall, 820 N. Franklin St., 2 P. M.; Banquet and Ball at Broadwood Hotel, Broad & Wood Sts., Phila., 7 P. M. Dress Optional. Rally—Free. Banquet-Ball \$1.75. 116, 22

NEW YORK CITY:

TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1939 at the International Institute the Ukrainian Civic Center has arranged to have a lecture and discussion on HOUSING. Miss Sheba Ziprin of the Citizens Housing Council will be the speaker of the evening. Commencement at 8:00 P. M. Admission free. Many Ukrainian people live in slum areas. Therefore this subject should be of special interest to them.

THE U. N. A. SPORTLIGHT

Attention, U.N.A. Team Managers

The registrations of U.N.A. baseball and softball teams have been coming in slowly during the past week. Rochester was the first to meet all requirements, and Jersey City, Centralia, Chicago, Wilkes-Barre, and Cleveland registered in that order.

Managers are urged not to purchase any balls. In response to frequent requests that some of the necessary equipment be purchased by the U.N.A. for distribution among the teams, arrangements have been made to furnish each team with a dozen balls at a reduced price. The balls will have official "U.N.A. League" labels and are guaranteed to give the service of high-priced balls. The cost of the balls will be deducted from the check that each team receives... \$11.50 for a dozen baseballs, and \$10.90 for a dozen softballs.

To facilitate matters, every manager should see to it that registrations are properly filled out. It is not necessary to have 18 men on the team, but all entries must be filled in or the registrations will be returned. Parents' signatures for players under 21 years of age are important as the signatures of the players themselves.

Newark Lions Win Two Games

According to Frederick Wm. Seltz, business manager of the Newark U.N.A. Lions, Sunday, May 7th, marked the opening of the team's baseball season. The U.N.A. boys trounced the Newark Slovaks by a 13-3 score in their first regular game this year. Stephen Stutsky, U.N.A. pitcher, allowed but 3 hits while striking out 8 batsmen, and Tony Harzula, also pitching for the Lions, permitted 2 hits while fanning 2.

The score by innings:
Newark Slovaks: 000 200 010—3
Newark Lions: 350 003 02x—13

The Newark U.N.A. Lions defeated the Irvington Pollic, 8 to 0, at Olympic Park Stadium on May 14th, before 400 spectators. The entire Newark lineup cooperated with pitcher Tony Harzula in garnering the win. Harzula allowed 2 hits and struck out 16 men, a meritorious record for a young ball player.

The score by innings:

Irvington: 000 000 000—0
Newark: 041 210 000—8

The Newark club elected officers as follows: Andrew Karmazyn, manager; Henry Mason, coach; William Wysochansky, treasurer; Peter Jacenty, secretary; Frederick Wm. Seltz, business manager.

Philadelphians in 4th Win

According to Dietric Slobogin, the Philadelphia U.N.A. Youth Club members celebrated the first anniversary of the club on May 11th. The preceding day, they defeated the St. Columba C. C., 8 to 3, thus winning the opening game of the Fairmount Park League. The win gives the U.N.A. lads a record of 4 victories against no losses.

Walt Kurko starred for the Ukrainians by lining out a single, double, and a home run in 4 trips to the plate. Joe Rudolph, U.N.A. hurler, struck out 18 batsmen and allowed but 5 hits during the 7-

RALLY IN PHILADELPHIA

Sunday afternoon, May 28, 1939, at two o'clock, the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League of North America will sponsor its third annual Greater Philadelphia Rally at the Ukrainian Church Hall, 820 North Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following speakers will address the audience at the afternoon session: J. M. Kislacia of Harrisburgh, Pa., President of the U.C. Y. L. of North America; Michael Elko of Philadelphia, publicity director of the league; Dietric Slobogin of Philadelphia, assistant editor of "Ukrainian Youth"; Frank Wochok of Philadelphia; Eva Piddubcheshen of Jersey City, N. J. editor of "Ukrainian Youth."

The evening will feature a Dinner-Dance at the Broadwood Hotel, Philadelphia. Guests and delegates are expected from all parts of this country as well as Canada.

U.C.Y.Y. Rally Committee

Dietric Slobogin,
Publicity Department.

DISCOURSE ON RELIGION

Following its planned club program which included a series of lectures intended to give its members and their friends a variety of instructive as well as controversial subjects, the Ukrainian University Society of New York presented the Reverend Wladimir T. Kupchynski, minister of the Ukrainian Evangelical Church in New York, on Thursday, April 20th in its clubroom in the International Institute. The speaker devoted his talk to the subject of religion and its bearing on the Ukrainian people.

That the audience, which was composed mainly of Catholics, among whom were several Americans, was intensely interested in the lecture was evident by the undivided attention given the speaker. "Religion," said Rev. Kupchynski, "is best expressed in our actions, our desires, and our urges toward our fellow men. God, in the spirit of an intelligent man is a source of the higher ideals that have nothing to do with the physical part of man. Religion controls our actions in relation to another human being."

In the lengthy discussion which followed the address, that part of the audience which expressed differences of opinion was conspicuous by its number. Both sides, however, stated their viewpoints logically and without any show of prejudice, which was unusual in a discussion of a subject as many-sided as religion. Apparently the remarks of the speaker had been accepted with an open mind, and at no time was it assumed that the opinions expressed were those of the sponsoring group.

STEPHEN KURLAK.

inning fray, an outstanding performance in itself.

The score by innings:

Philadelphia: 000 421 1—8-6-1
St. Columba: 100 002 0—3-5-3

The Philadelphians will engage in 2 Fairmount Park League games—opposing the Abanell A.A. on Wednesday, May 24th, and the Ryan Aces the following evening. Both games will be played at Dairy Field, 33rd St. and Columbia Ave., beginning at 6 P. M.

DETROIT and VICINITY FIRST MID-WESTERN UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION YOUTH RALLY

Ukrainian National Temple, Martin & Michigan Aves., Detroit, Michigan, SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1939. PROGRAM: 1. Registration: 1:00 P. M. 2. Session: 2:00 to 5:00 P. M. Principal Speaker: Mr. Stephen Shumeyko, Editor of the Ukrainian Weekly. 3. Banquet: 6:00 P. M. Program by talented youth of Detroit. 4. Dance: 9:00 P. M.—? Orchestra: Peter Martynuck and his Orchestra. Fee: \$1.00 covers entire day. 5. Dance only 35 c. All Ukrainian Youth is cordially invited to attend this RALLY.

CONNECTICUT YOUTH!!!

Its only 10 DAYS Away. Are you planning to spend MEMORIAL DAY in HARTFORD. Take our advice and don't miss the 3rd ANNUAL CONVENTION of the U. Y. O. C. 9:30—12 Invocation, Reports, Old Business. 1—3 Address—S. Seleman, New Business. 3—5:30 Address—W. Bukata, Election of Officers, Future Program. Don't miss the GALA SPORT DANCE. Music by Noblers 9-piece band. Miss U.Y.O.C. to be chosen at Dance. Remember—Place: 54 Wyllys St., Hartford. When: MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 30th. Dance Admission only 35 c.