

YOUTH and THE U.N.A.

Prepare for Convention!

Once again we urge all U.N.A. youth branches to prepare for the U.N.A. convention to be held in 1941 at Harrisburg, Pa. The U. N. A. has its conventions once every four years, and only those branches having 25 or more adult members are entitled to send delegates. The U.N.A. would like to have a large youth representation at its 1941 convention, as it is more than likely that a good portion of the program will concern the younger generation.

Many U.N.A. youth branches have more than 25 adult members at this writing, but several and particularly those recently organized, do not have the required number. These small branches have until December 31st, 1940, to obtain the necessary members. All branches having less than 25 members on that date cannot elect a delegate. Remember... a branch must have 25 or more adult members on the last day of this year. Members in the Juvenile Department do not count. A branch having 26 members in November, but only 24 in December, cannot elect a delegate. December alone is considered.

As it is now July it can be readily understood why we urge immediate action. Time is short and all small branches must get the required number of members or lose the privilege of sending a delegate to the important U.N.A. convention. Act now! We want all branches to send delegates.

U.N.A. AUDITING COMMITTEE MEETS THIS WEEK

Beginning Monday and lasting approximately a week, the regular semi-annual audit of U.N.A. books by the Supreme Auditing Committee will be held at the U.N.A. Home Office, 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. This audit is in addition to the regular New Jersey State audits.

The committee is composed of Dmytro Kapitula, of 33 South Hancock Street, McAdoo, Pennsylvania; Dr. Ambrosius Kibzey, 11903 Jos. Campau Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; Omer E. Malitsky, 8214 Snow Road, Cleveland, Ohio; Stephen Kuropas, 4041 W. Kamerling Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Roman Smook, 1515 Esters Avenue, Chicago.

OPENS LAW OFFICE

Michael LeSawyer, Ukrainian, son of Ilko and Anna Lysohir of Hudson, New York, recently opened his law office in Hudson, New York, at 431 Warren Street. He is associated with the District Attorney of Columbia County, and has a branch office in Kinderhook.

Michael graduated from Hudson High School in 1933, then attended the New York University School of Commerce for three years, the N.Y.U. Law School for one year, and graduated from the Albany Law School, in Albany, in June of last year. He passed the N. Y. Bar last October and was admitted in January. At school and college he was active in athletics. He played baseball at N.Y.U.

His brother, Joseph LeSawyer, is in the real estate management business in New York City, where he is also active in Ukrainian-American affairs.

IVAN FRANKO'S "MOSES"

Trans. by Waldmir Semenyina
With a biographical sketch of
Ivan Franko
by Stephen Shumeyko
Price 50 cents
SVOBODA BOOKSTORE
81-83 Grand Street

WHERE IT BELONGS

Recently we received by mail a revealing booklet, entitled "German Atrocities In Poland."

We looked it over then placed it on our bookshelf, in its proper place—next to a thick volume published nine years ago, entitled "Polish Atrocities in Ukraine."

THE PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATION

Ordinarily at about this time of the year we used to hear that an annual convention of the Ukrainian Professional Association was in the offing. This year, however, we have heard nothing about it at all. Come to think of it, we haven't heard anything about the Ukrainian Professional Association itself either. We wonder what has happened to it. Perhaps it's still hibernating. If so, someone should prod it awake. That is, if there be a real need for it to awake. We think there is.

WHO IS YOUTH

Year by year those who are active in our youth league affairs are steadily losing the flush of youth. Already some of them have reached that stage where they refer to those who are very much youth as "those kids." The latter, however, are a decided minority in our youth leagues. Most of the league activities are still being conducted by their older (aging?—perish the thought!) brothers and sisters. No doubt these big brothers and sisters are firm believers in the saying that a person is as old as he feels. Still our youth leagues should decide at their coming annual conventions and congresses who is youth and who is not, who has a right to participate in the youth league activities and who has not.

It's not an easy question to answer. So we'll offer a little help.

The National Youth Administration, for example, regards as youth organizations those whose members range in age from 12 to 30 years, and in a few cases it has included in that category groups where the upper age limit ran as high as 35 or even 40.

However, a more common age grouping, used by many government agencies, is from 16 to 24.

The American Youth Congress, on the other hand, does not attempt to set up very precise age standards. It merely requires that its member organizations, of which it is composed and not of individuals, must have memberships at least 60 per cent of which are under the age of 30. In this manner the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union is a member of the A.Y.C.

Does this answer the question what constitutes youth? Are we of any help here? We think not. Nevertheless our youth leagues should make a real effort to set up some standard for themselves. It's their headache, not ours.

DEMOCRACY AND "WE"

We read in the papers that Marshall Petain in his addresses to France uses the royal "we."

That's just another reason why we prefer living in a democracy. For in a democracy the word "we" has been the exclusive property of editors.

UKRAINE AND THE FOREIGN RELATIONS PLANKS

A delegation of the Ukrainian-American Congress Committee visited the committee on resolutions of the Republican convention at Philadelphia and a similar committee of the Democratic convention at Chicago. At both places the delegation asked to have included on the foreign relations plank a declaration on behalf the right of the Ukrainian people to national self-determination.

The Ukrainian-American delegation was cordially received by both the Republicans and Democrats. Neither the Republican nor Democratic foreign relations planks, however, mentioned the Ukrainians in the least.

The Republicans said: "We favor the extension to all peoples fighting for liberty, or whose liberty is threatened, of such aid as shall not be in violation of international law or inconsistent with the requirements of our own national defense."

The Democrats said: "We pledge to extend to these (liberty-loving people wantonly attacked) all the material aid at our command, consistent with law and not inconsistent with the interests of our own national defense."

These declarations put the Ukrainians in the same boat as the Poles, for as can be seen, neither they nor any other subjugated peoples were mentioned either. As if that is any consolation to us.

TENTATIVE PROGRAM FOR YOUTH DAY AT WORLD'S FAIR

Plans for the Ukrainian-American Youth Day program at the New York World's Fair on Sunday, September 1st, are rapidly assuming shape, the UYL-NA committee in charge reports.

The program will start in mid-afternoon and will last into the evening. It will consist of a Ukrainian fashion show, choral concerts and dance exhibitions, followed by community folk dancing open to performers and audience, which will continue until the Fair's lagoon show nearby begins. A folk art exhibit is also being planned for the day.

Any Ukrainian youth choral or dance group that desires to participate in the Ukrainian-American Youth Day program is requested to immediately notify Stephen Shumeyko, chairman of the committee in charge of the program, at 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City.

The UYL-NA Eighth Ukrainian Youth's Congress

The Ukrainian-American Youth Day is being sponsored by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, in conjunction with its 8th annual Ukrainian Youth Congress of America, to be held in York City over the coming Labor Day weekend.

The sessions of the congress and its banquet and ball will be held at Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd Street and 7th Avenue. Michael Piznak, the league president, announced last week. The hotel is situated just outside the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. World's Fair trains operate from the station every ten minutes.

Yearbook to be Issued

A UYL-NA 1940 Yearbook will be issued for the Congress. It will contain material pertaining to the league and its congresses, as well as advertising matter. Its business manager is Joseph LeSawyer, 357 West 23rd Street, New York City.

For Further Information

Further information concerning the Eighth Annual Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America can be obtained from John Kosbin, chairman of the general congress committee, 25-24 41st Street, Astoria, Long Island, N. Y. or from John Roberts, chairman of the congress publicity committee, 232 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

N.Y.A. GIVES \$26,240,281 FOR STUDENT AID

The National Youth Administration at Washington made public last Wednesday its allocation of \$26,240,281 for student aid during the 1940-41 school year, and \$100,000 for a special program of aid for Negro college and graduate students.

Of the sum allocated to provide part-time work for needy students between the ages of 16 and 24, inclusive, to enable them to complete their education, \$12,509,161 will be used for secondary school and \$13,731,130 for college students in the forty-eight States, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico.

The student work allotment for New York totals \$2,518,130, of which New York City will get \$1,482,768 and the rest of the State the balance. In New York City, \$694,368 will go for school work and \$788,400 to the college and graduate program.

New Jersey's allotment is \$569,165, including \$389,615 for the school and \$179,550 for the collegiate aid program.

Connecticut's allotment is \$259,559, of which \$129,554 will be used to provide for the school and \$130,005 for the college aid program.

1940 Crop of Ukrainian-American College Graduates

(1)

Marie Kaskiw, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Volodimir A. Kaskiw of Boston, Massachusetts, and a member of the U.N.A., graduated last month from the Rhode Island College of Pharmacy and Allied Sciences with a Bachelor of Science degree.



During her college years, Miss Kaskiw won several scholarships and prizes. In her freshman year she received the O'Hare Scholarship for having the highest general average in her studies. In the sophomore year she was awarded a prize in Operative Pharmacy; in her junior year the George L. Clafin Scholarship; and in her senior year the William C. Blanding Prize for having the highest general average, 94.

She served as the secretary of her class in the freshman year and vice-president of her class during the remaining three years. She is a member of the Lambda Kappa Sigma Sorority.

Next September Miss Kaskiw will probably enter the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy to obtain a Master's degree in Chemistry.

Zenovia Ethel Skoratko, daughter of Andrew and Barbara Skoratko, of 2485 Tremont Street, Cleveland, Ohio, and a member of U.N.A. Branch 358, graduated last month from the University of Michigan with a Bachelor of Arts degree. She majored in history and minored in economics and foreign languages.



Besides receiving the Cleveland Alumnae Scholarship she has also been the recipient of two student aid awards from the Ukrainian National Association.

At school she was a member of the business staff of the "Michigan Daily," and during her senior year she was the Women's Business Manager of the publication. She was also a member for four years of the Assembly of Independent Women's Organization; the champion intramural debater in her junior year; member of the Orientation Committee; chairman of the

All-Campus Tea Dances in her sophomore year; and member of various league, social, merit system, and publicity committees. In addition she has been a member of the Mortarboard, a national honorary society, based on scholarship, service, and activities; and a member of the Senior Society, similar to the Mortarboard Society.

Miss Skoratko is planning to enter either the personnel or advertising fields.

Michael Mitsak of Ambridge, Pennsylvania graduated from the University of Pittsburgh last week with a Bachelor of Science degree in chemical engineering. He received the Harrison Collen Bashoum Merit Award, which is given each year to the senior chemical



engineering student held in highest esteem by his classmates and who stands high in his class in scholastic attainment. He was also initiated into the Phi Lambda Upsilon, a national honorary chemistry fraternity, and the Sigma Tau, national honorary engineering fraternity. He will begin his career of chemical engineering with the Kopper company in Pittsburgh.

(To be continued)

UKRAINIANS UNITED

One of the most interesting aspects of Stalin's grab in Rumania is the Ukrainian angle.

The peoples of Bessarabia (former Russian territory) and Northern Bucovina are Ukrainians. When Stalin has joined them to the Russian Ukraine he will have united most all the Ukrainians in that part of the world, save a few in the Carpatho-Ukraine which belonged to the now dismembered Czechoslovakia.

You will recall that after Hitler smashed Czechoslovakia it was reported he was fostering a movement to join into one nation all the Ukrainians, including those in Russia. In this way he might acquire the rich Russian Ukraine which he always has wanted.

Recently it has been reported that the Fuehrer was reviving this idea. Whether this be so or not, if Stalin has Bessarabia and Northern Bucovina he will have eliminated the chance of Hitler getting a toe-hold on the Russian Ukraine through these territories.

Before ever he came to power Hitler laid it down that Germany must possess the Ukraine in order to feed her people. Nothing has happened in any of his conquests to change the needs of the Reich for food supplies. She still is dependent on many imports.

The Ukraine is one of the rich spots of the world. It is among the greatest granaries, provides some 70 per cent of Russia's pig iron, 80 per cent of her coal, 85 per cent of her sugar and virtually all of the manganese used in her industries. The Ukraine itself has huge industrial areas.

Hitler's reasons for wanting the Ukraine are quite apparent. And Stalin has equal reasons for protecting this gold mine.

(Editorial, "Times-Leader,"

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.)

LIFE AND WORKS OF IVAN FRANKO

(Continued)

"Narod"

(9)

THE early 90's of the last century marked the definite entrance of the Ukrainian peasantry into the political arena of Eastern Galicia. Awakened to a realization of their backwardness and plight, spurred on by such men as Franko at home and Drahomaniw abroad, they began to gather more often in mass meetings, listening to their own kind urging them to demand their rights of the ruling Polish-Austrian authorities, discussing their common problems and the possible methods of their solution, and, generally speaking, taking a greater interest in their national and social life than they had done ever before.

Into this charged atmosphere of rebellion against the oppressive conditions there appeared the semi-monthly "Narod," (The People) published and edited by Ivan Franko and Pavlyk. Immediately it became the mouthpiece of the progressive elements among the Ukrainians, attracting towards itself not only a large number of the intelligentsia but many of the peasantry as well. It was very well edited, and its contents were extensive in scope and exhaustive in treatment, making it a publication quite above the average of that period. Among its contributors and supporters was Drahomaniw himself, who at that time was in St. Sophia, Bulgaria, a professor of history at the university there.

And yet, no matter how influential an organ can be in political matters it cannot take the place of a well organized party. This fact was quickly realized by the supporters of "Narod," and in the autumn of 1890 the more radical elements among them formed the Ukrainian Radical Party, based upon a clearcut economic-political platform advocating the improvement of the status of peasantry,

and with "Narod" as its official organ. The party regarded itself as socialistic and sought to introduce into the fabric of Ukrainian national, political, economic and cultural life the so-called "minimum program" (drawn up by Franko and Dr. Severen Danilovich) of the other European socialist parties, with special provision being made for the particular needs and psychology of the Ukrainian peasant in Galicia.

Although founded without the assistance of the peasantry the new party helped to bestir the peasantry to even greater activity in their demands for a more universal suffrage, freedom of the press, reforms in the system of taxation, and more progressive agrarian policies. Villages began to seethe with mass meetings. New leaders began to appear, many of them peasants themselves. But looming above them all was Franko, who through his writings and activities became the guiding spirit of this new movement.

Franko—guiding spirit of the new movement

Upon Franko rested the confidence and hopes of the Ukrainian progressives and radicals, and upon him too fell the burden of attack from all quarters, from the conservative populists, from the reactionary muscophiles, and from all the other elements who saw in him a danger to themselves. Despite all such attacks, however, he did not deviate in the least from his course, but continued to boldly advocate those measures which he believed would inure to the benefit of the Ukrainian peasantry and to lash out against anything he considered harmful to them. Especially did he attack the so-called "new era" in Ukrainian-Polish relations, brought about when some of the extreme rightists of the populists agreed to cease their fight against the Polish system of

land tenure, which in backwardness and oppressiveness was reminiscent of the Dark Ages, in return of a few minor and illusory privileges. It was a great deal because of his efforts that this "new era" was soon abandoned among the Ukrainians, especially when they saw that the Poles were the sole gainers of it.

"By the Sweat of Their Brow"

The same year, 1890, when Franko was the guiding spirit of the newly-arisen and unprecedented agitation among the Galician Ukrainians for economic, social, political and cultural reforms, there appeared in L'viv a famous collection of his short stories, "V poty chola" (By the Sweat of Their Brow), with a foreword by Drahomaniw, the latter containing Franko's autobiography in the form of an "excerpt of a letter from Ivan Franko to Michael Drahomaniw."

The collection was 300 pages long and contained twenty stories drawn from the life of those who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows. Practically all the stories in it, as Franko himself points out, "picture real people whom I knew, real facts that I saw or heard about, and deal with those sections of our country which I, as they say, measured with my own feet; in this sense—they are all parts of my autobiography." And yet the collection does contain some stories that are truly autobiographical in character, such as "Maliy Myron" (Little Myron), "Hrytzeva shkilna naooka" (The Education of Hrytz), "Olovets" (Pencil), "Schoen-Schreiben" and "Na dni" (On the Bottom). (The first two of this series appeared in their translated form in the "Ukrainian Weekly.")

After them come, as if in kaleidoscopic order, stories of the peasants who suffer as a result of an unjust and oppressive social and political order. ["Dobry zarobok" (Good earnings), "Lisy i pasovyska" (Forests and Meadows), "Sam sobi vynen" (Alone to blame)],—and further, a story about unfor-

tunate workers ("Mular" [Mason]), one about the Jews ("Slymak" [Snail]), one about thieves ("Khlopska komisya" [The Peasants' Commission]), one about gypsies ("Tsihani [Gypsies]), and several about homeless girls ("Manipulantka" [A Girl Clerk] "Mezhi dobrimi ludmi [Among Good People], "Lisishina chelyad" [Lisishin's Household]),—all of them forming a complete and vivid picture of suffering and oppression, relieved only by the biting humor and satire ("Dowbaniuk," "Istoriya moyeyi sichkarni" [History of My Straw-Cutter], "Dva priyateli" [Two Friends]), satire whose source lies in the various shortcomings of the people portrayed by Franko.

The appearance of these stories in this one collection was met with quite a warmer reception than that which greeted them when they were appearing individually prior to that time (as early as 1880), for the collection presented a complete and an understandable picture of the struggles and strivings of those Ukrainians who earn their daily bread by heavy toil, a picture whose significance could not be missed, whereas the single stories presented but segments of this picture, segments which by reason of their isolated character often appeared distorted. All of the stories are markedly realistic in tone, and the strain of the warm sympathy for the oppressed and downtrodden that runs through them all the more engaging.

Poems for the children

In the same year, 1890, Franko began to release his poems for the children. Among the very first of them was the famous "Lys Mykyta" (Mykyta the Fox), so popular among Ukrainian school children, which is based on that famous medieval popular epic of Flemish or Low German origin, "Reynard the Fox," in which all characters are animals. The next year, 1891, came his version of Cervante's Don Quixote, and the following year, 1892, "Abu Kassim's Slippers."

(To be continued)

DREAMS FORGOTTEN

By NANCY F. STADNER

(1)

IT was always worse when night fell. When deep impenetrable darkness enveloped the world in long slender fingers and seemed to squeeze it so that its breath came in short, sharp gasps. She always crept to the small window overlooking the street, when she felt like this. Then she would press her hot cheek close to the windowpane, and look out into the world. She liked to think at times like this that out there, in that vast nothingness there was somewhere something great waiting for her. She would push her longish honey hair back from her face nervously, and dream. It was always like this. Sometimes during the day but mostly at night, when Nate and Harold had been tucked into their beds. Sometimes she was a princess in a great castle overlooking a glorious country. And great ladies from the world over came to call. And handsome gentlemen with smooth black hair kissed her hands. Once she was a Queen, and once later a great lady lawyer, and people came from the ends of the world and poured into her willing ears, stories of intrigue and lust and greed. And she would rise to a stately height and assure them in her cool calm way that there was nothing to fear. She had the situation in hand. Then once she was a missionary and she was in the wilds of an African jungle, but she was unafraid. For she was bringing into the darkness of these native minds great lanterns of imaginary light.

And then into the glorious fantasy of her mind would creep the grim realities of the world. The sharp, rancid stench of Whitney Street with its teeming crowds caught in an unwilling game of pretending to be human beings. From the river drifted slimy rats. Those with shifty eyes and twitching fingers, and those with slimy coats of fur, each ready to pounce on unsuspecting victims. And Hilda's slow, dead voice coming to her from a great distance like the soft muffled wheeze of a train whistle many miles away.

"At it again? It's a wonder you don't snap out of it. You know that sort of thing never boded no good. Yet, I know what it's all about. Sure, that's me again. Five years ago. Look at me now. Go on look at me. I was the one with golden hair for whom that brilliant career was predicted." Her eyes were far away. "Gee," her voice was softly reminiscent. "I can remember it so well. And for Hilda Terril we predict a future in which there is light and laughter and glamour. Yeh, well here I am. All the glamour in the world. All out there. Look. Take a good look at it. All this filth and squalor. And me of the golden hair and gentian eyes, that's what they called them, gentian eyes, here I am. Isn't that a laugh. Go on laugh! Scream!" And Hilda's voice gradually rose to a high pitch, bordering on hysteria.

Cory dragged herself away from the window, and to the side of her sister. She stroked her soft white brow and damp pale hair. Poor Hilda. Poor Hilda. Poor me. "Please don't Hilda. Please. Can I get you something? Isn't there something?"—her voice wavered. She knew these moments so well. These moments when the world seemed wrapped in a highly explosive film, waiting for a right flame to set it off. Moments like these were bad for them. They must try to avoid them.

"I'm sorry, Hilda. Really. It's my fault. I—I guess I was moody. It won't happen again. Believe me Hilda, it won't happen again."

"Don't, Cory. Please don't" Hilda caught her sister's slim, white hands between hers. She stroked each finger separately. "Listen to me, Cory. You must go away from here. No, please let me go on," when Cory would have interrupted her. "You've got to go. You must. Because if you don't, you'll be caught by whatever it is which keeps us all down here. Maybe it's the Fates. I don't know. Call it

whatever you like. But it's still here with us. And you're not going to be one of us, Cory. Not if I can help it. You'll go tonight, Cory." And again Cory would have interrupted but her sister went on quickly "Cory, believe me, dear. If you don't go now, it may be too late. Too late. I know a little place where you could stay. It's your life I'm fighting for, Cory. Your life!"

Her life. The years spread before Cory like an endless road. Bumpy with rough cracks and dents. Her life and Hilda's. A shabby little walk-up on Whitney Street. Mom. Pop. Perhaps it would have been different for them if Mom and Pop had stayed with them a little longer. Then Hilda with her golden fluff of hair. She was the oldest. She had to look out for the rest. And finally Jeff Hendricks. Oh, he was handsome enough in those first days. Always just the right slant to his hat. The right amount of hair tonic on his stiff black hair. That was Jeff. And that was Hilda. Was that the end of the road for Hilda? Was it? Oh no, no! It couldn't be. She wouldn't let it be. She'd stop it. But when you were pressed into the tight hole that was Whitney Street, you couldn't breathe well. And you couldn't see well, nor feel well. And you felt sometimes that perhaps it was just as well that you never plunged ahead on that sharp white road. If you must be caught in one of the scars of the road you might just as well be swallowed without a struggle. You'd be swallowed anyway. You'd be swallowed. Swallowed, Swallo... Oh no God. Please.

And Cory's nails dug deep into the palm of her sister's hand. The heat of the moment poured down her young cheeks and mixed with the scalding tears and lost its identity in the saltiness of those tears.

"I'll go, Hilda, I must go."

"Here, help me up." Hilda stretched a pale hand and Cory placed her strong arms about her.

"Hilda," Cory said, "If I go, you understand, I shall not rest until you're out of here with me. You know that, Hilda. Don't you?"

"Yes. Yes of course." Hilda couldn't say very much more. Her lips trembled in her faded face. "But we musn't delay, Cory, let me help you pack."

There was always that same feeling of unreality when Cory awoke. The broad shaft of bright sunlight sifting through the slightly parted curtains. The smell of clean, washed air, as if the world, too, had just been brought back from the arms of deep slumber. And always there was the busy murmur of life about. The bathroom door slamming at the end of the hall. That would be Miss Lanning. She was always first. Then Mr. Grayson's door would open and he would be carrying a heavy turkish towel, and his shaving things. Then it would be Cory's turn. And she would sweep up her toilet kit and hurry for her cold shower.

Someone would knock urgently on the bathroom door a little later, and she would call out gaily, "Coming. One minute." And they would laugh. And by the laughter she would recognize Dennis Hilary.

The Manor House was a happy place inhabited by happy people. Beginning with the broad cheerful face of Mrs. Canfield through the slight gray pallor of Mr. Grayson and down to Etta's black shininess there was light and laughter. You couldn't live for a very long time at the Manor and not laugh too. They wouldn't let you. You had to laugh. Sometimes, say when you had just come there, you smiled with difficulty. But gradually you learned to laugh out loud at the subtle jokes of Mr. Grayson and the stories of Mrs. Canfield. And Miss Lanning's tales of her fourth

husband. "He was a bad one, that one. Never let me know he wore a false wig before we were married. —Oh Cory. Come sit by me, dear. Some coffee? That's good. Just the thing for you. I always think that coffee is the best tonic for a person, if taken with plenty of cream." And she poured Cory's coffee and Cory remembered that first night when she had come to the Manor. Mr. Grayson was sitting just where he was sitting now. His gray hair shone in the rosy light. They were all there, enjoying a late evening snack. They didn't question her. Merely accepted her as she was. And Miss Lanning had said, "Some coffee? Just the thing for you." And the amber liquid was clear and transparent as she poured it into the cup. Then there was Mrs. Canfield passing scones and nut bread with raspberry jelly. She drank and nibbled. And as she sat with them her troubles slowly melted into nothingness like beads of crystal ice in the heat of the sun.

Now Cory swallowed her coffee rapidly. "I must fly. I'm late already, and I promised Mr. Dutton that I would be early today."

"You tell old Dutton that he's an old slave driver!" chided Mr. Grayson. "Go on tell him," he repeated when Cory hesitated. And then his bright old eyes crinkled at the corner and everybody laughed. Dear Mr. Grayson. Cory dropped a kiss on his gray head as she skipped out of the door. He and Dutton were devoted to each other.

"And—and Cory girl, tell that old rhinoceros I'll be here for a game of checkers," Grayson called to her.

Cory called back, "A game of checkers it is, then."

She rode the subway to the bookshop. And somehow today she didn't mind the jostling crowd nor the fact that she had to stand hanging onto a leather strap. Somehow the world was good and kind and bright. She thought about Hilda and Nate and Harold. Sunday would be Nate's birthday. Four years old. And wasn't it only yesterday that he was a tiny ball of cotton among his pillows. Natey, four! Already. There had been a letter from Hilda yesterday. She had met new people. Nice people. Not from Whitney. Martha Ballester. There was a husband too. Ken Ballester. Fine people. Hilda had written, "At last I think I'm beginning to make connections whereby I can develop friends of my own calibre, if you know what I mean, Cory." Cory did. And she was glad for Hilda. And for Jeff.

Mr. Dutton was browsing among the dusty books at the rear of the shop when Cory appeared. He glanced over the top of his glasses and scowled.

"I'm horribly sorry, Mr. Dutton. I—I"

"I suppose it was the fault of the old renegade, Grayson, telling them jokes and tomfoolery. It's a wonder that whole house ain't in an uproar."

"Uh—" Cory regarded him coyly, "Uh, a game of checkers tonight, Mr. Dutton? It's ten to one that Mr. Grayson trims you!"

Dutton's right eyebrow shot up into his wrinkled forehead. "Oh, it is, is it! Well you just tell that good for nothing bu—"

"Uh—uh—uh—Mr. Dutton. Your blood pressure."

They both laughed. And then Cory hurried to the counter as the doorbell jangled.

Late that afternoon when Cory was busy unpacking a new shipment of books, Dennis came into the store. Cory looked up from her work. "Why Dennis Hilary! What are you doing here. And its only three o'clock."

He picked up a leather bound volume. "Essays of Merlin," he read. "Um, pretty good stuff. Just the kind of thing I'm looking for." He looked at Cory with raised brows as though just now realizing that she had spoken to him. "What was that you just said, Miss Terrill."

"Oh Denny," Cory's voice was exasperated. "Denny, why must you act like this."

"Like what?"

"Well like—well you know."

"No, I don't know."

"Denny, why must you say things like that. Sometimes I—I could almost hate you." She threw her hands up in disgust.

"Wait a minute," laughed Denny. "Let's not have any of that." He put his hands beneath her arms and sat her on the counter. "There now Cory. I'm sorry. Really I am. I've been acting like a mule. I admit I've been stubborn and boorish and—"

She stopped him. "No Denny. It's my fault. I can't take a joke."

She looked into his eyes. His face was very close to hers. He took her hand between both his own. Cory," he began. The telephone rang shrilly. When she returned, he was standing at the window.

"I've tickets for the theatre tonight, Cory. I'd be honored with your company."

She was vitally touched by his humbleness.

The night was cool and still. Cory wore her white crepe dress, and leghorn hat under which her honey colored hair curled like that of a child. The play was good. All about a princess who had been kidnapped by a commoner with whom she later fell in love. Dennis held her small hand in his large one and curled his fingers tightly around hers. Cory whispered to him, "My fingers are snug as bugs."

Denny whispered for the first time, "Darling."

After the theater they walked through the park and Dennis said. "I know just the place where we can eat." So they walked through the park and down several streets, Cory never remembered which ones they were, and so past brightly lighted shops and theaters and down a narrow street. And there was Armando's, wedged among the tall buildings and looking like a colored picture from a story book. Armando's Cafe. With box hedges around the little flagstone walk and tiny blue lanterns on either side of the grilled doorway.

Cory was charmed. "How perfectly lovely! Denny," she whispered rapturously. "How did you ever find this charming place?"

Denny ushered her into a cosy chintz covered booth with soft orange lights on the center of the table. "Well. It was nothing. Instinct, I suppose. You know how I appreciate beauty, and so I suppose it was predestined that I should come across this spot, some day." But when he saw Cory's face folding into bewilderment, he relented. "Aw no, Cory. I—well, I—sorta went out looking for it. I knew you'd come to the theater with me—"

Cory interrupted "Oh, so it was as easy as that."

The waiter interrupted just then and Dennis ordered for them. Spaghetti, meat sauce, rich red wine, hard crusted bread...

He resumed where he had left off. He looked at her hard. His clear young eyes steady and tender. "No Cory. It wasn't as easy as that. Not as you think. But I—Cory, I've thought about this thing a long time. It was bound to come sooner or later. I reasoned that where two people like you and me are concerned and one learns to like the other an awful lot,—well the other one has got to return that love," he spoke the word softly. "Such love as I feel for you. Cory, it is love you know, cannot go unanswered. It just can't, Cory. And then I had these tickets. Yeh, I bought them purposely. And I thought—"

His eyes searched her face. She was deathly still. Her eyes sparkled unnaturally, there in the dim light.

"Say something, Cory. Won't you say something?"

She reached out and pressed her hands into his. "Dennis," her voice choked. But her eyes spoke that which he was waiting to hear.

(To be concluded)

FUNNY SIDE UP

RETORTS ON RESORTS: Howdy folks and brave readers... You must be brave to put up with this column these past few months. Well, if you can see this one through, we're going to give a speel on our Summer vacation... outside of the fact that it rained the first two weeks. Yep, we just returned from a Summer resort where we almost died of thirst. The hotel didn't have any saucers! We vacationed in the Alps (Catskill Mts.)... you know, the Borscht circuit. We stayed at a hotel called "Transfusion in the Pines." We forgot to bring our own needles, but we were stuck anyway! What a hotel! The rooms were unique, the food was different, the silverware on the table was beautiful... remind us to show it to you sometime! Without doubt this was a very unusual place. When we first entered, a prize fighter was registering with a knockout... so the house dick threw them both out!

During dinner the orchestra played a special arrangement of "Tea For Two"... with lemon. Many of the diners there began to complain of eye trouble. Seems they all got snow-blind from looking at so much sour cream! The prices for meals were very reasonable... in fact, it was dirt cheap! They had a sick chef up there... the poor guy had one foot in the gravy! Our first meal there was the first Leopard dinner we ever ate... two courses and we saw spots before our eyes! The sausages were so thin we thought they were cracks in the plate. And the floor show—why, the soloist sings so badly that the food tastes wonderful in comparison!

The rooms were priced at \$3 and \$4. With the \$3 room, you get hot and cold water, and with the \$4 room, they turn the water on! We had the duckiest room. The view was marvelous. On a clear day you could see the dresser! The room overlooked a large lake, in fact, it overlooked it completely! Our room faced the dumping grounds. The rate varied. On windy days, we were charged less. The ceiling was full of holes, and when it rains, water falls into the room... But that was all taken care of. When we took the room, we got a raincheck! This was supposed to be a high class hotel. So ritz, that they changed the bed linen every day... from room to room! Anyhow, we had a feather bed up there. My friend and I took shifts sleeping. At 3 A. M. he would wake me up. It would be his turn to sleep on the feather. We discovered a marvelous point in evolution. The Summer resort mattresses of today are the ironing boards of tomorrow! The hotel was even air-conditioned... every hour the bellboy would come up and blow through the keyhole. And incidently, all the hotel doors had two keyholes. Seems the bellboy was two-faced!

If you folks remember, it rained a lot recently, so business up at the Resort wasn't so good. When a bellhop went through the lobby paging, "Mr. Goldberg," only five men got up! Business was so bad that the termites were taking in boarders... and we bet the cats were picketing the garbage cans. However, that wasn't the reason we left the hotel. After staying there three weeks, we found out they had no bathtub or showers!

SELTZER POPPIN: A dumb girl is a dope. A dope is a drug. Doctors usually give drugs to relieve pain. Therefore, a dumb girl is just what the doctor ordered!

BROMO SELTZER

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., AND VICINITY! ATTENTION!

SUMMER DANCE and PICNIC sponsored by the Ukrainian Youth Auxiliary of the Ukr. Cath. Church of Perth Amboy at the Ukrainian Hall and Park, 766 State St., Perth Amboy, N. J., SUNDAY, JULY 28th, 1940. Dancing 5—(ill??) Music by a Popular American Ukrainian Orchestra. Games and sports and a program of other events will be underway all day. Refreshments of all kinds, as well as a Ukrainian home cooked dinner will be available! Benefit for the Building Fund of a New Church. 168,74

N. Y. CITY AND VICINITY

A regular meeting of the Ukrainian Professional Association of the New York Metropolitan Area will be held this Monday at Carpathia Hall, 217 E. 6th Street, beginning at 8:00 P. M. Prospective members are invited. The program includes showing of colored slides of scenes taken by Nick Britsky, college art instructor, during his trip abroad; also a quiz conducted by John Roberts, president of the organization.



Three couples of the Ukrainian Dancers Club of Elizabeth, N. J. performing at the Morristown program. Reported below. Those pictured are Alice Polewchak and Daniel Slobodian; Stella Stec and Edward Polewchak; Helen Ficula and John Ficula. The Ukrainian Youth Chorus of New York and New Jersey participated in this program also.

THE ELIZABETH, N. J. DANCERS

LAST year, a group of young Ukrainians in Elizabeth, N. J., took a course in Ukrainian Folk Dances, in preparation for Ukrainian Day at the New York World's Fair. After the big event was over, they kept meeting and rehearsing by themselves so as not to forget the dances. Realizing that much progress could not be made without the aid of a capable instructor, they asked Michael Herman of New York City to come out and work with them. Since that time the group has improved and expanded in its work until now it stands as one of the leading groups in this part of the country.

Michael Herman, their director, is known as one of the leading folk dance exponents in this country. As he does not believe that a person or group should limit their knowledge to the culture of just their own nationality, he has taught this group the folk dances of other countries as well. This has brought better understanding and tolerance of other people and their cultures to these young people. It has taught them to appreciate their own Ukrainian culture even more. Because of their additional knowledge, they have received many requests for exhibitions of their dancing.

In February of this year, they performed at a Finnish Relief Ball at the Hotel Pennsylvania in N. Y. City, where they not only thrilled the public with their Ukrainian dances, but surprised the Finns with their excellent rendition of Finnish Folk Dances. The surprised and pleased Finns were so overwhelmed that they forgot their formal attire and burst into hearty songs as they lustily accompanied the orchestra while the Ukrainians pranced away at the Finnish Dances... "Pirunpojan" (Imp of Satan), "Potku Mazurka" and "The Old Maid's Dance".

That night, there was no doubt that this group earned many friends for the Ukrainians.

Later in the season, they gave a program at the Casa Italiana of Columbia University. Local newspapers gave much publicity to their performances at the International Day held at Warinanco Park in Elizabeth as well as at the Esso Show of 1939, held in the Masonic Temple. An Open House party sponsored by the Folk Festival Council at New York University featured a performance by this group. Finally they were filmed specially for the moving picture "God Bless America."

This year, they have danced twice at the N. Y. World's Fair and are looking forward to another performance there, at the UYL-NA Labor Day program. There were many other programs, at local Ukrainian picnics, holidays, balls, and Unified Hospital Charities.

One of the most interesting programs held by this group was given for their parents at the National Home, where they took their folks on an imaginary trip around the world, with an announcer describing the country they were to visit, the group presented a series of dances from twelve different countries, climaxing the trip with a visit to Ukraine. Refreshments served by the young people were enjoyed by the parents. The N. Y. Dance group was entertained at a special party so that the two groups could ascertain each other's progress. At numerous occasions they have cooperated with the Jersey City Dance Group in giving programs.

In addition to their talents as folk dancers, their members are versatile in other fields. They have a club newspaper, the "Blue and Gold," which not only carries news events, but has cartoons and actual photographs, taken and developed by the boys and utilized in the newspaper. The editor is Harry Kasha. Michel Kasha has made a public address system, which plays records and incorporates a microphone which has proven useful

to the group on many occasions.

During the Christmas season, Daniel Slobodian made a typical "Star of Bethlehem" as used by the Ukrainians in Europe, and the group went caroling to collect a substantial sum which was turned over for Ukrainian relief.

Their most recent accomplishment was a benefit performance for the American Red Cross held at the grounds of Mr. and Mrs. A. Evasko of Morristown, N. J., where they not only presented a program of Ukrainian dances, but did some American dances and cajoled the American audience into joining them in "Shoo, Fly" and "The Old Brass Wagon." "The Morristown Daily Record" in its report of the event, praised this group highly.

The Ukrainian Dancers Club of Elizabeth, N. J., deserves commendation for its earnest and sincere work, as well as the wishes that it continue to carry on in the same spirit. Because the members seldom have their names appear in the programs, leaving just the group name to be published, we think it only fair that their names appear here for the record:

Members of the Club

Edward Polewchak, William Gereta, Daniel Alexa, Julia Kuzio, Stella Stec, Daniel Slobodian, John Ficula, Anne Hrynishak, Olga Leszczak, Dorothy Herila, Mary Herila, Henry Hrynishak, Harry Kasha, Alice Polewchak, Helen Broda, Helen Ficula, Eugene Gereta, Elizabeth Leszczak, Nicholas Lysy, Harry Slobodian, Kathryn Stasko, George Suchorsky, Kathryn Broda, Alex Markowitz, Olga Alexa, Mary Broda, John Stec, Anne Shary, Mary Raychal, William Suchorsky, Mary Genega, Michael Kowalczyk, Stephanie Mohyla, Mary Labunsky, Dorothy Mohyla, Irene Hnatiuk, William Polewchak, Nicholas Leszczak, Eugene Polewchak, Peter Skarecki, Mildred Shary, Peter Yarema, Rosa Elko, Michael Shubick, Julia Butner, Michael Kasha, Mary Fedish, Ann Shyka, Ann Worobel, Mary Fedirko.

THE U.N.A. SPOTLIGHT

WILKES-BARRE TAKES 2 FROM ST. CLAIR BR. 9

Playing at its Scouton-Lee Park, the Wilkes-Barre U.N.A. baseball team ended its winning streak by taking control of games from St. Clair Branch a pair scores of 16 to 7 and 10 to 1, by John Zwarycz. Both games, played on July 14th, were 7-inning affairs.

Narbecky, Swokla and Kozemka led the attack for the winners, each getting 3 hits out of 4 trips to the plate. J. Salak starred for the visitors with 2 hits, a triple and a homer. Narbecky, Ojhowsky and Sluzar hit homers for Wilkes-Barre; Kozemka and Swok-

la donated triples; Swokla, Narbecky and Lucas accounted for doubles. F. Lessick, St. Clair's losing pitcher, hit a triple. Lucas did the pitching for Wilkes-Barre, striking out 14 and walking 2.

Wilkes-Barre scored 7 runs in the 2nd inning and 5 more in the 3rd. St. Clair threatened in the 6th by pushing 6 men across the plate, but Lucas recovered in the 7th and prevented any further scoring.

The score by innings:

	R	H	E
St. Clair 9:	000	106	0—7 7 2
Wilkes-Barre:	075	220	x—16 16 1

In the 2nd game, Wilkes-Barre, playing error-less ball, scored 10 times on 11 hits, 5 being of the extra-base

variety. Narbecky hit 2 triples, Swokla hit 2 doubles, and Lucas also hit a 2-bagger. Sluzar did Wilkes-Barre's pitching and allowed but 1 hit, a double to left field by C. Lessick in the 7th and last inning which resulted in St. Clair's lone tally. Sluzar struck out 9 and walked 1, while P. Naradko, pitching for St. Clair, struck out 8 and issued 3 bases on balls. Wilkes-Barre scored in every inning.

The score by innings:

	R	H	E
Wilkes-Barre:	131	112	1—10 11 0
St. Clair 9:	000	000	1—1 1 3

In a recent Spotlight it was reported that Berwick forfeited to Wilkes-Barre on July 6th. The forfeit was based on Article III, Section B and C of the 1940 U.N.A. Baseball Rules, reports John Zwarycz.