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THE RUSSO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP MYTH

In conjunction with our editorial on this page, "Put Soviet Russia In Her Place," we desire to point out here, as we did once before, that the talk one sometimes hears of the "traditional Russo-American friendship" is just so much bosh, having no substance whatsoever in it.

As a matter of historical fact, it should be realized, there has never been any traditional Russo-American friendship.

Russia Last To Recognize United States

During the American Revolution, for example, Russian sympathy was entirely on the side of British. The most autocratic government in the world could scarcely have helped sympathizing with an autocratic monarch in his attempt to suppress freedom and democracy—especially when only a year before (1775) that government had crushed for a long time to come the last vestiges of democracy within its own artificial boundaries, by destroying the Zaporozhian Sitch, the last stronghold of Ukrainian liberties.

It is true, we admit, that Catherine II ("the Great") rejected the British monarch's request for mercenary troops to fight the American colonists—something about which Russian propagandists make much ado—but that was not because she did not want to, but only because she could not spare any of her troops at the time.

It is also a historical fact that Russia refused to recognize American independence until long after it had been recognized elsewhere. Great Britain herself recognized American independence and entered into treaty relations with the United States long before Russia did.

Furthermore, although not generally realized, it is a historical fact, too, that it was primarily against Russia's hostile designs that the Monroe Doctrine was directed, and that America had to warn Russia out of California to prevent her seizure of it.

Real Reason Why Russian Warships Visited New York in 1863

This myth of the "traditional Russo-American Friendship" has its origin also in the visit of several Russian war vessels to New York in 1863 (the year when a Russian minister declared that there never was and never will be a Ukrainian language, and then proceeded to ban the use of that language). That visit gave rise to the legend that the Russian czar, Alexander II, had wanted to help the United States by helping them to blockade the Confederate ports. Actually, however, these vessels were sent there in order to remove them from the possible danger of a blockade or destruction by the British, who a few years ago had helped to trounce Russia in the Crimean war and who now were aggressively intervening in the savage quelling by Russia of the Polish uprising of that year and the unprecedented oppression of other enslaved nationalities, especially the Ukrainians, in that "prison house of nations." The Czar feared then that British intervention might turn into aggression, in which case it would have been an easy matter for the British to blockade or destroy the Russian vessels. By sending them to New York, Alexander hoped to remove them from any such danger, and at the same time create a situation whereby his country appeared to be making a gesture of friendship to the United States, which was at odds then with Britain on account of the latter allowing Confederate blockade-running privateers to be built in her shipyards.

Russia Tells U. S. To Mind Her Own Business

At the turn of this century, too, relations between America and Russia were not those of friendship. When, for example, America appealed to Russia to bring a stop to the brutal pogroms of the Jews, she was told, in effect, to mind her own business. It is worth noting here, too, that during the Russo-Japanese war in 1905, the preponderance of popular sympathy here in America was strongly in favor of Japan.

Thus, as we can see from these few typical illustrations, up to the World War I, Russo-American relations were certainly not those of "traditional friendship." Also, one of the factors that strongly influenced America from joining the Allies until she did, was her disinclination to fight on the side of such a despotic power as Russia; when America finally did join the Allies, it appeared then that Russian despotism was on its way out, for the Provisional Government that arose then under Kerensky seemed to be founded on democratic principles. When shortly afterwards the Bolsheviks came into power and introduced despotism and terrorism worse than that which had existed there before, relations between the two countries once more cooled and remained so until finally in 1933 America recognized the Soviet regime.

Since the last war, however, and the rise of the Axis threat in Europe and the Japanese threat in the Far East, there has gradually appeared, for reasons set forth in our other editorial, a tendency in some circles here to forget that there never has been any traditional Russo-American friendship, and the further fact that America and Russia can never have anything in common, for one has always been a democracy while the other has always been an autocracy—and never the twain shall meet.

What We Wrote Seven Years Ago

In this connection, and to make our stand clearer, we quote an excerpt from what we wrote exactly seven years ago (November 24, 1933) about American recognition of Soviet Russia:

"Needless to say, our protests [against the Soviets] are not intended to hinder the policies and the movements of the United States Government. We, American-Ukrainians, are just as anxious as anyone else to cooperate with our beloved President in his efforts to liquidate the present depression and find new foreign markets for America's surplus wheat, cotton, and other products. Nevertheless we look dubiously upon the value of any benefits which America may obtain from having official relations with a government whose rule is based upon brutal force alone, a government which has shown its inability to provide for its subjects even the most ordinary necessities of life, and which has shown itself capable of the most barbaric cruelty, as evidenced by its reign of terror and the present Bolshevik fostered famine in Ukraine..."

THE UKRAINIAN-CANADIAN FUSION

The union of all leading Ukrainian-Canadian organizations into a "Ukrainian-Canadian Committee," whose purposes are (1) to strengthen the war efforts of Ukrainian-Canadians and (2) to coordinate their work in all matters of common and vital interest to the Ukrainian people, was announced last week in both the English-language and Ukrainian-language press in Canada.

Hitherto united action toward the attainment of these purposes had been impossible due to the existence of two rival central committees, the Ukrainian-Canadian Representative Committee and the Ukrainian-Canadian Central Committee, each having its following. As a result, however, of a meeting of these two central committees

and their constituent organizations in Winnipeg on November 7th, united Ukrainian-Canadian action is now possible.

Present at this unity meeting was Dr. Tracy Phillips, recently arrived from England and now on a lecture tour through Canada, and Prof. Simpson of Saskatchewan University.

The Ukrainian-Canadian committee is headed by Rev. Dr. V. Kushnir.

Editorial comment concerning the "burying of the hatchet" among Canadian Ukrainians has appeared in several Canadian newspapers, notably in "The Leader-Post" of Regina, Sask. (November 14), which is reprinted elsewhere on these pages.

PUT SOVIET RUSSIA IN HER PLACE

These are very realistic times in which we live, and they call for realistic talk. And so we declare:—

If our government is to remain true to democratic principles, if it is to remain the hope of all the oppressed and the downtrodden throughout the world, and if it is to command the respect of all men of conscience, then it must (1) revise its present policy of condemning one totalitarian power and condoning another, by condemning not only Nazi Germany but Soviet Russia too, and (2) stop playing favorites in its espousal of the cause of foreign-invaded and occupied nations, by recognizing that the 45 million Ukrainian nation is as much entitled, if not more, to freedom and democracy, as Poland, Czechoslovakia, or Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia.

We realize, of course, why our government has been lenient in its attitude towards the Soviets, and why it has ignored the terrible plight of the Ukrainian people under their misrule, including the death of several millions of them in the early 1930's as a result of the famine the Soviet authorities fostered in Ukraine to quell their opposition.

The main reason is that our government, both past and present, has never abandoned the hope that Soviet Russia might yet become our ally against the Japanese, not to mention the Nazis, in the event of a conflict between us and them.

Desirable though such a hoped-for Russo-American alliance may appear to some, yet it certainly would be very disastrous to us Americans from the moral standpoint. For it would reveal that in our international relations we lack ethics, that although we preach democratic principles and do everything short of war to make them triumphant in the present struggle between England and Germany, still for the sake of expediency, for the sake of our own national safety, we are ready to abandon these principles.

If we simply must continue to flirt with Soviet Russia, then let us at least be honest and forthright about it. Let one hand know what the other is doing. Let us drop all pretense of being valiant champions of freedom and democracy, and admit what the Nazis say, that the present European holocaust is essentially a struggle for power, for the survival of the strongest, that freedom, democracy, truth, justice and decency are nothing but claptrap, used to fool the fools and the dreamers, that, furthermore, might makes right and the devil take the hindmost.

But, if the situation is as we believe it is, if the preservation of freedom and democracy on this continent and throughout this world, is truly our main concern, then let us once and for all put Soviet Russia in her place, way down at the bottom, as a very despotic and brutal despoiler of everything which we hold as sacred.

If we do that, then it will be only natural for us to take the next logical step, namely, to recognize that freedom and democracy are not the legacy of certain nations but of all nations, especially of those who have fought and bled in their behalf, and that, therefore, Ukraine, too, is entitled to her national freedom, especially since her entire history is one unceasing struggle for these principles, and especially since it was an American president, Woodrow Wilson, who once held out to the Ukrainians the principle of national self-determination—with well known results.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LUBKA KOLESSA, NOTED UKRAINIAN PIANIST

"I AM not thinking now of the future of music in Europe but of the future of music in Canada. That is more hopeful and encouraging."

The speaker was a European by birth with a brilliant record as a concert pianist, known in the world of music as Lubka Kolessa, who has taken up her residence in Ottawa for the present.

"Who knows of the future of Europe?" she said with a mist in her eyes. "The countries there are very sick. They have been so crowded together. Suspicion and nervousness have developed to paralyze progress. Here there is so much space to move, to breathe, to grow. In the midst of sadness for the world conditions, one has a feeling of future. I am glad my little son, Flor John, who will have his first birthday Sunday, is here and may have a chance to grow up in Canada."

"We had three weeks in the beautiful Gatineau when there were such colors as I never before had seen. The Gatineau is like a combination of Norway and Czechoslovakia. It was an inspiration for any artist. I love Ottawa. Although it is a city one so quickly can be in the great open spaces. Surely that is good for art. I like the atmosphere, the great variety of interests. It gives also the things to which I have been accustomed."

"Were you born in Czechoslovakia?"

"No, in the Ukraine, but spent a number of my student years in Vienna—of the old regime. My father was a member of the Austrian Parliament. Then he was called to Praha where he was a professor of the University as well as the rector. He retired a year ago."

"Is he still there?"

She shrugged her shoulder and the slender artist's hands went out in an expressive gesture. "I think probably, but I do not know. I cannot get news from them."

Lubka Kolessa does not remember the time when she did not play the piano. At two or three she was improvising. At eight she gave her first big concert.

"I loved to hear my grandmother play," she said. "She was a very fine pianist and had studied with Mikuli who was a pupil of Chopin. My mother had a beautiful voice and both would have been fine concert artists but in those days it was not the thing for a woman to go on the concert stage or take up music professionally. They could give their services for charity and frequently did. There was a great deal of opposition from my father at first to the idea of a career as a pianist for me."

"Although I loved playing, I am afraid that I was lazy. I did not care much for practising. My grandmother or mother used to stay beside me to see that I practised well and gave the full time to it. When I was small, my grandmother made up a story of practice about building a man from the skeleton. The first time I played my Czerny study, for example, was putting the bones together. Finally I had to put on seven skins, one at a time! That was rather tedious but oh! so valuable. I worked very hard from nine to fifteen. Those are wonderful years, such important years for development. Then is the time to lay the sound foundation. If that period were lost, it seems to me it could not be made up after in study. Even the hands seem to be different after. I may say that to this day there is nothing I find more helpful than Czerny for technique."

"I really started to study the piano seriously in Vienna when I was nine. At twelve I was awarded a scholarship and prize, the prize a grand piano. Emil Sauer accepted me at once as a pupil at his master's school. While a member of class, I received a special permit to do concert work. Great encourage-



LUBKA KOLESSA

ment was given to music in Austria then and when I was fifteen I was awarded the state prize, an honor apart from the money value.

Discovered by Furtwangler

"It really was Furtwangler who discovered me, though. One day after my lesson, I went to get tickets for a concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra of which Furtwangler was conductor. I had two long braids of hair hanging down my back. I was talking to the secretary about the seats when the great conductor came in. I did not know who it was and did not turn my head. He noticed the braids, took hold of them and turned me round to see who it was. "Who is this?" he said. I told him. "What do you do?" he asked. "Play the piano," I answered, "I have just had my lesson." "There is a piano in the next room," he said, "Come in and let me see if you can play."

"It was so sudden and I was so surprised, I didn't have time to feel afraid. I sat down and played the piece I had been playing at my lesson, the Liszt arrangement of the nuptial music from The Midsummer Night's Dream. It wasn't just the thing to play on such an occasion but he was pleased with me. To my amazement he said, "You must play for me with my orchestra." Before I was sixteen I played the Chopin concerto with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Furtwangler conducting.

"After that I had many concerts, in Europe and in South America. I was to have come to America when I was eighteen. Furtwangler then was conducting the New York Philharmonic Symphony and arranged for me to play with the symphony. My manager, however, had made other arrangements in America which conflicted so I had to give up both."

In South America

"I loved South America where I have played in Brazil, the Argentine, Chile, Uruguay. The audiences are very enthusiastic over music and serious in their understanding and appreciation. In Buenos Aires, especially, it was Bach, Mozart, Scarlatti that were wanted for encores and not the more florid type of music."

In England

"Have you played in the British Isles?"

"Yes, for the first time during the coronation, on May 13, 1937, at a reception. I remember it very well. The following year I played in the International Celebrity Course in Wigmore Hall and also toured England, playing amongst other places in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham and Bristol. I also have done a good deal of broadcasting and making of records. In my last season of 38-39, I had 178 concerts. And then the war. I also have been very much occupied with my small son and it was as a mother, not as an artist, that I came to Canada. For the first time almost since I can remember, in this period I have been without my work as a student and artist. Recently I have begun practising again, at night when my baby is asleep. I always have received inspiration from an audience and as I practice, I imagine an audience. It helps me to be objective and self-critical. I need that. For the first time really I am on my own. In the past as a student and also on professional tours I had my mother with me and she is a very exacting if kind critic. I owed everything to her. It is dangerous not to be self-critical and not to have criticism."

"What about broadcasting. Are you inspired by your 'unseen audience'?"

"That is the very opposite to a concert. No, I feel that I am alone and playing to myself and concentrate completely upon what I am doing. No, I have no microphone fright."

"When I begin practicing in the evening, all the very different occupations of the day seem to slip away and I am in the midst of my concert career again. I realized this suddenly the other night and laughed to myself. I recalled the old fairy tales of change of personality, Cinderella one minute, the princess the next and vice versa. Which was my real self, the mother, absorbed in the welfare of her child as Slav mothers are, or the artist, or something of both? Under any circumstances, I am glad to be in Ottawa where there is interest in the arts and a brightness of life, even in present conditions."

ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG
(The Evening Citizen, Ottawa, Ont.
Saturday, November 9, 1940)

Regina Mass Meeting Hails Ukrainian-Canadian Unity

Lauding the recent fusion of Ukrainian-Canadian organizations into a "Ukrainian-Canadian Committee," whose purpose is to coordinate and further Canadian and Ukrainian national interests, speakers at a mass meeting held in Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, on Sunday, November 10th, stressed that this unity is the beginning of a new and more productive era in Ukrainian-Canadian life.

Among the speakers was Premier W. J. Patterson, and Tracy Philipps, M. C., D. C. L., soldier, scholar and authority on Near Eastern Affairs.

Mr. Philipps spoke on "The Situation in the European Near East With Special Reference to the Ukrainian Areas." He was introduced by Premier Patterson, who praised the Ukrainian people in Canada and said he was happy to learn that "Ukrainian-Canadians throughout Canada have been able to accomplish a unity of design, unity of purpose and a unity of war-effort behind the government."

"Ukrainian-Canadians are showing a real appreciation of their liberties here and a notable eagerness to cooperate in maintaining Canadian unity in a time of great national stress," said Premier Patterson.

The Regina meeting was extensively reported in the "The Leader-Post" of that city (November 12th issue), which two days later featured an editorial on Ukrainian-Canadian unity (reprinted here on page three).

The Leader-Post report declared that Saskatchewan's Ukrainian population numbers 75,987 and that their numbers were well represented at the meeting at which Mr. Julius Krause was chairman and Katherine Pukess the secretary.

In his introductory talk, as reported by "The Leader-Post," Mr. Krause declared:

"It is for me an especial pleasure to speak on an occasion of such happy augury for Canadians of Ukrainian origin in this great country of ours. Among Canadians of non-Anglo-Saxon origin, after the French-Canadians, we Ukrainian-Canadians are numerically the next most important community of Canadians. During the many years since the Ukrainian people began to offer their quota to the building-up of our great Canadian nation, those of us of Ukrainian origin have been unhappily divided by many internal divisions, subdivisions and parties whose roots have had their source not so much in Canada as in the dissensions of our old home country or origin."

Hindered in Task

"By reason of these differences among us we have been hindered in the new and common task to which we all without exception subscribe with joy and pride, the task of contributing of our best towards the building-up in Canada of a new and noble nation of the British way of life..."

"Today it is, by a happy chance, my privilege to be the first Ukrainian-Canadian here to announce in public the happy issue out of our Ukrainian affliction of internal dissensions. During the past week a representative conference has been able to assemble and to arrive at an agreement by which at last all our divergent parties are henceforward fused and centralized for the whole of Canada. At last we are proud to be able to tell you, our fellow Canadians, that by the statesmanship and goodwill of all our delegates, Ukrainian-Canadians are at last freed from partisanship..."

"All our new unity and our new strength will be exerted to win this war in order to retain our rights and liberties which we appreciate. By this means we have the right to hope and pray that by these united efforts we shall also regain for our brethren in Europe and for all those peoples who sit in the darkness of tyranny the right once more to be independent and to be free," Mr. Krause said.

Ukrainian-Canadian Unity

(Editorial, THE LEADER-POST, Regina, Sask., Canada, Nov. 14, 1940)

Ukrainian-Canadians are heartily to be commended for their decision to "bury the hatchet" of difference and dissension which for years has kept them divided into rival groups. Following a series of conferences and meetings they have agreed among themselves to fuse their various factions and parties into a single united front, dedicated to furthering Canada's war effort and co-operating to their utmost in the maintenance of Canadian unity.

Next to French-Canadians, the Ukrainian-Canadians form the largest and most important group in Canada of non-Anglo-Saxon origin. Census figures are misleading because of classification confusion but it is estimated that there are now approximately 400,000 persons of Ukrainian extraction in this country and a million in the United States.

They have been good citizens from an individual standpoint but their effectiveness as a group has been impaired by sharp internal cleavages springing for the most part from historical homeland differences.

In making the first public announcement of the agreement in Regina, Julius Krause emphasized the appreciation by the Ukrainian people of the advantages of Canadian citizenship which they enjoy and their determination to contribute their utmost toward "the building up in Canada of a new and noble" British nation. The British heritage of freedom was all the more appreciated, he said, because "it is here combined with a crisp and modernizing spirit inspired by the precious and equal liberties of North America."

The significance of the fusion achievement was inspiringly set forth by Mr. Krause when he said:

"All our new unity and our new strength will be exerted to win this war in order to retain our rights and liberties which we appreciate. By this means we have the right to hope and pray that by these united efforts we shall also regain for our brethren in Europe and for all those peoples who sit in the darkness of tyranny the right once more to be independent and to be free."

Premier Patterson, who attended the meeting at which the announcement was made, did right in praising the Ukrainian people for their "noble eagerness to co-operate in maintaining Canadian unity in a time of great national stress." The Premier introduced Dr. Tracy Philipps, who was credited by Mr. Krause as having been largely responsible for the inception and success of the union movement.

How The Kozaks Defeated The Turks At Khotyn

Being an account of the Battle of Khotyn (1621) taken from the same old Ukrainian story for young boys and girls from which was drawn the description of "A Kozak Black Sea Raid," which ran serially on these pages during the past several weeks.

SEVEN years had passed since Sahaydachny's triumphal return to Kiev, following the series of victorious Kozak forays upon the Turkish coastwise towns and cities. During those seven years Sahaydachny won undying fame as a great Ukrainian Kozak leader by his exploits in beating back the invasions of the Turks and Tartars.

Naturally enough these Kozak victories became a source of worry and annoyance even to the almighty Sultan himself. Imagine the insolence of the Kozaks in actually threatening even that great Mohammedan stronghold, Tsarhorod (Constantinople) itself! Seeing that his troops and janissaries were incapable of checking the Kozaks, the Sultan threatened the King of Poland that if the latter would not use his influence (?) over the Ukrainian Kozaks, he would invade Poland and punish her. The Polish monarch made frantic attempts to comply, but to no avail. Seizing this opportunity of regaining some of the prestige he lost at the hands of the Kozaks the Sultan vented his wrath against the luckless Polish king by inflicting a terrible defeat to the latter's army in 1620. The following year he returned with a great horde and bid fair to repeat his victory of the previous year.

A great fear fell upon Poland. One more defeat like the previous one and that would be the end of her. In desperation Poland appealed to Sahaydachny for aid. Sahaydachny agreed, but only on the condition that Poland would guarantee the liberties of the Kozaks. Poland made haste to make these guarantees, and promptly received the Kozak aid. This aid was in the nick of time. It saved her from extinction; for the Kozaks helped to inflict a crushing defeat upon the Turks and Tartars at Khotyn (1621). But did Poland keep her pledges? Certainly not! But that is getting ahead of our story. Let us return to the time when Sahaydachny took the field against the Sultan's horde.

The Kozak force under Sahaydachny was encamped not far from Khotyn, while facing it, quite some distance away, was the vengeful Sultan with his tremendous army. Save for a few skirmishes no battle had been fought as yet, for both sides were trying to ascertain each other's strength.

It was a pitch dark night. A cold north wind, the "moscal," was blowing, sending chills through the Kozaks huddled around their campfires, and causing still greater discomfort to the sentinels stationed at the outskirts of the encampment. Far out in the impenetrable darkness could be seen the faintly flickering lights of the Turkish and Tartar hordes' campfires.

Seated around one of the Kozak fires, at one of the outposts of the camp, were a group of our old friends, Karpo, "mighty" Khoma, Nebaba, and Hrytsko. The seven years had hardly wrought any change in them. They were still that courageous, happy-go-lucky band of Kozak warriors. Only Hrytsko seemed to be more mature than when we last saw him; the wars during the seven years had left their imprint upon him, as well as upon his companions, old and experienced campaigners. A warm friendship had sprung up within this group and they always managed to stick together, whether in time of peace or in battle.

The little group sat around the fire, with heavy "zhupans" over their shoulders to protect them from biting wind, and munched hot baked potatoes. From where they sat could be seen, when the moon peeped out from above the scudding black clouds, the glistening length of the Dniester River.

There was little talk among them. All were lost in their ruminations. Only Hrytsko seemed a trifle restless. Seeing that Khoma was more deeply immersed in thought than the others he was about to jolly him up a bit, when suddenly a warning hand was laid upon his arm. It was Karpo. The latter was gazing intently into the darkness, in direction of the enemy's encampment.

"Hush!"... he whispered, "I think I saw something white moving yonder."

The group stopped eating their potatoes and gazed searchingly to where Karpo pointed.

"What is it?" someone guardedly asked.

"I can't make it out," replied Karpo. "Here, boys," turning to two Kozak recruits seated in the shadows, "steal quietly to that clump of bushes over there, and if anybody is there, grab him."

Two silent forms sidled out of the circle and vanished in the darkness. The remainder resumed their former relaxed positions, not wishing to alarm the one who was perhaps watching them. Minute passed after minute...

Suddenly a sharp crackling of the bushes was heard, and then a woman's scream pierced the air.

"Help, Oh, help!"

The group sprang to their feet, and a few ran to where they could perceive the two Kozaks leading between them a struggling figure, dressed in white.

"Don't scare her, boys," Karpo cautioned, "but bring her here to the fire so that we can see who she is."

In a moment the white clad figure was led into the dim light of the campfire. Somebody threw a few dry sticks on the fire. The flames flared up, revealing to the Kozak eyes the comely figure of a young woman, dressed in flowing Turkish garments, even to the extent of a veil over her face. Only a pair of dark, frightened eyes were visible. Her fear, however, seemed to be compounded with a trace of relief upon seeing that she was among Kozaks.

"Who are you?" asked Karpo in a Turkish dialect.

"I was a Turkish captive girl, and I've just escaped from them," the girl replied in clear Ukrainian, dropping at the same time her veil and disclosing the typical Ukrainian features of a beautiful girl. At that moment, however, her features were pallor ridden and her lips blue from the cold. It was apparent that it was with great difficulty that she kept her teeth from chattering from the cold.

Just when she was about to add something else, Nebaba, who was staring at her fixedly all the while, suddenly broke in a joyous cry.

"Why!—she's our Hetman's long lost god-daughter—Khvesia!"

And indeed she was Khvesia, she who had disappeared so mysteriously during the burning of Kaffa. Everyone had given up hope for her, even her grief-stricken god-father, Sahaydachny. And now she was back again!

The Kozaks made haste to seat her by the fire so that she would get warm, and while others busied themselves in getting her something to eat Hrytsko solitiously made her comfortable. Taking off his "zhupan" he threw it over her shoulders.

The sight of warm friendly faces around her and the sound of her native tongue completely unnerved the poor girl. Covering her face with her hands she started to weep softly.

At the sight of her tears the Kozaks redoubled their awkward efforts to make her comfortable and warm.

"Cry, cry, child," an old Kozak advised her, "you'll feel far better if you do."

At the sound of his voice Khvesia started in surprise, uncovering her tear stained face.

"Father, is that you?" she cried, half rising to her feet.

"No, child, I am not your god-father; but I knew you when you were that high," indicating a height to that about his knee. "Many times I gave you rides on my shoulder."

Then where is my 'father,' she implored, gazing from face to face.

"Hush, child," Karpo said. "Don't excite yourself. Your 'father' is nearby. And you will soon see him."

At this assurance the girl reluctantly sank back to the ground. Taking a glass of warmed milk which Hrytsko offered her, and nodding gratefully to him, she began to sip it slowly.

After she had drunk her fill she explained to the Kozaks how she had escaped from the Turkish camp by drugging her guards, and of the difficulties she had in reaching the Kozak encampment. To the great relief of the Kozaks she told them that at no time had she permitted herself to become Mohammedized.

"But tell us," Karpo asked, "what happened to you in Kaffa, when you bade us wait for you by the door of your house?"

"Oh!" the girl cried, covering her eyes as if to shut the memory of that horrible night. "When I went inside to get my belongings I was seized by my slaves, whom the pasha had put at my disposal, and was led out by them through a secret back entrance into the mountains nearby. There I was held for two days, until things quieted down, and then I was returned to the pasha."

With these words Khvesia passed her hand wearily over her wan face. She was very tired and distraught from her experiences. Seeing her weariness Karpo made haste to fix up a bed for her. Gratefully she thanked him and with a sigh she lay down to sleep. Karpo covered her up, and in a few minutes she was sound asleep. The Kozaks, following her example, threw themselves on the ground to get a few winks of sleep before the expected Turkish attack on the following day.

Soon silence reigned once more, undisturbed save for the steady breathing of the sleeping men. The flickering flames of the campfire grew fainter and fainter. Up above the silvery moon had come out, casting its soft radiance upon the recumbent forms. Only Karpo sat hunched up against the tree, listening to the soft sighing of the wind, and watching the clouds go sailing by. Soon even his form became indistinct as the fire slowly died out, leaving but a few glowing charcoals, winking cheerily in the soft mantle of darkness.

In the early, dark morning hours, when just the faintest of a glow lightened up the distant horizon, Karpo awoke Khvesia from her deep slumber and bade her to follow him. He knew that the expected Turkish-Tartar attack would be launched some time during the day, and therefore wanted to take Khvesia to her god-father, Sahaydachny, before it was too late.

The Kozak encampment was already astir as the pair wended its way carefully among the tents and campfires. Curious glances were cast in their direction, but no one attempted to stop or question them, for Karpo was well known among the Kozaks.

Khvesia walked as one in a dream. The abrupt, early awakening and the still vivid memory of her recent captivity made it difficult for her to see things in their true light. Everything seemed so unreal and vague. Even the Kozaks, busying themselves in preparations for the impending battle, seemed to her to be some strange beings. Every moment she half-expected to wake up and find herself once more a slave in the household of her Turkish master.

The clear, bracing morning air, however, coupled with the rapid walking brought a flush to her cheeks, and with it a sense of reality to her surroundings.

The sun had already risen in all of its morning glory, casting its warm bright rays on the grassy, dew-laden grass, when Karpo with his fair charge approached Sahaydachny's tent, set on a slight rise of ground in the center of the huge camp.

A few more moments, Khvesia joyfully thought to herself, and she would see her beloved "father"! And yet, in spite of her cheerfulness, she felt something impending in the air, something which boded no good.

(To be concluded)

FUNNY SIDE UP.

PIGSKIN PARODY

Hello folks! Pull up a chair and join the monotony! This seems to be an appropriate time to talk about football because last week we saw a unique football game with lady football players. Imagine that! Lady football players! We kept our eyes on one player and honest, it's the first time we ever wanted to kiss a quarterback! These gals had the latest things in football equipment... helmets, shoulder pads, knee guards, wedges, and girdles! And speaking of gal players, we just thought of the perfect football team. They're all mother's-in-laws, and oh, boy, what interference! Anyhow the game was so exciting that thruout we kept yelling, "Hold that line! Hold that line!" After the game the lady sitting next to us said, "Is it all right if I finish knitting this sweater now?"

You know, we used to play football too! In our first game we were sensational. The coach said, "Bromo, put on your helmet and get out on the field." How did we know he wanted us to put on our uniform too? Another time we got the ball and ran 50, 60, 70, 80 yards for a touchdown... and then the ref blew the whistle to start the game!

We see by the papers that our one-time room-mate is playing football now at Alcatraz. When he first tried out the team he played so dirty, they stuck him on the scrub team. They have two teams at Alcatraz, the Kidnappers and the Counterfeiters. This guy's on the Counterfeiters. He's the team's best passer; in fact, he originated the fake buck. In last week's game, the Kidnappers were penalized for holding... they were holding the ball for ransom! Everytime he gets the ball he runs in a sitting-down position. There's no hurry with him. You see, he's on a government project! Well, after the game was over the crowd started to file out. My one-time room-mate filed the hardest! Did you ever hear the Scotch football yell? "Get that quarterback!"

Dear Alka,

We had a swell Thanksgiving dinner yesterday. It featured a Gypsy Rose Lee turkey... you know, very little dressing! However, we should be thankful for what we got... minus the taxes!

The "Weekly Vacuum" is the title of a new column we have in mind... because it picks up all the "dirt"! Say, did you know Mary Melnyk (Wilkes-Barre) is the tops as a femme bowler? That "300" pin she's been sporting means she bowled a perfect game... something many men have been trying to achieve for years and years. John Ribek and Vladimir Makohon (N.Y.C.) tenors in the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of NY-NJ, drew 158 in the Draft Lottery. And by the way, Anne Troclanecky (Irvington, N. J.) is back again with the Youth Chorus now that the N. Y. World's Fair is closed. "Trucky" appeared as a chorister in the "American Jubilee" show for several weeks. The Piccadilly Bar in N.Y.C. has dedicated a new cocktail to linotypers called the Shrdlu (the keys in the 2nd column on a linotype machine are shrdlu. When he notices an error, the operator runs a finger down the whole column and starts the line anew.) It seems to be a legend that when a new administration takes over in the Ukrainian Youth League, most of the officers marry within the year. In keeping with that tradition, John Roberts, attorney from Brooklyn, N. Y., and prexy of the UYL-NA, last Saturday went and took for himself a bride. Guess we'll have to consult our Ougi Board to learn who's next! Recently several guys and gals we know, practical jokers all, had the Japanese Embassy in NYC at their wits end, as they kept calling up and asking the Niponese to reserve tickets for the opening of the "Burma Road." You should have heard the answers... in English! Well, gotta' go now!

BROMO SELTZER

YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

The Get Acquainted Club

Having already published the names and descriptions of 13 members of the Ukrainian National Associations who wanted to hear from other members of the organization, we feel that the Get Acquainted Club is a success... at least so far, anyway. We have two new club members for this week's column, and their letters are as follows:

"I am a member of U.N.A. Branch 414 in New Haven, Conn., and my name is Helen Stolar. I am 16 years old, 5 feet 4 inches tall, have light brown hair and green eyes. I am interested in Ukrainian activities throughout the United States and would like to hear from young Ukrainians in Virginia, Rhode Island, and New York, but will welcome with equal happiness letters from other States."

Anne Kucak of New Brunswick, N. J., is 5 feet 9 inches tall and is 17 years old. Anne is a senior in the New Brunswick Senior High School and will graduate in June, 1941. Her pastimes are dancing, skating and singing. She is a member of U.N.A. Branch 353. Anne would like to receive letters and snapshots from Ukrainian fellows and girls between the ages of 17 and 21.

AMBRIDGE CHURCH CHOIR OBSERVES ANNIVERSARY

The 25th anniversary of the founding of the Ukrainian Catholic Choir of Ambridge, Pennsylvania was celebrated by the members of the choir and the local Ukrainian community on October 20th in form of a concert and a banquet and ball.

The chorus, under the direction of L. Kukhtyn, was in rare form that day and its offerings, especially "Ohni Horiat," were received with much enthusiasm by the large audience.

In his introductory talk, M. Mytsak reviewed some of the accomplishments of the choir during the twenty-five years of its existence and stressed that at all times it had taken a very active part in Ukrainian-American affairs and had helped to popularize Ukrainian songs among native Americans.

Concluding his talk, Mr. Mytsak presented Mrs. Anna Izhak, American-born, who has been singing in the chorus for the past twenty-four years, and who, in addition, has her two daughters singing in the chorus too.

Rev. P. Oleksiw of Pittsburgh delivered an address at the close of the concert in which he pointed out the great work young people can do and cited the cases of several new nations that had attained their independence at the close of the last war with the help of young Americans who did not know the language of the land from which came their immigrant parents but who loved that land and revered its past and traditions.

The banquet that followed the concert was attended by 350 persons. It was formally opened with an invocation delivered by Rev. J. Shmondiuk. John Sawchyshyn, head of the anniversary celebration committee, called upon J. Druzhitsky, president of the Ambridge Board of Education, to act as toastmaster.

Among the principal speakers at the banquet were E. H. Markey, country commissioner, J. J. Bozle, member of the Board of Education, Vincent Borcia, president of the City Council, P. Reising, candidate for Congress, and R. Hamilton, candidate to the State Legislature.

Other principal speakers were A. Mytsak, president of the choir, Rev. A. Theodorovich, Rev. Stephen Knapp, Rev. J. Shmondiuk, Rev. P. Oleksiw, Rev. A. Krokmalniy, Rev. M. Kindiy, and Rev. H. Moneta. The talks were interspersed with songs by the chorus.

A beauty contest conducted during the banquet was won by Miss Eva Watslo, a member of the chorus.

"PM" and Ukrainians

Editor's note:—Following its several articles late last summer maligning Ukrainian-Americans, against which we protested editorially and exposed in the act the large number of Communists on its staff, "PM," the New York daily newspaper, remained completely silent on the subject of Ukrainians. Last Friday, however, "PM" published under the heading "Ukrainians Move To Fight Nazism" the following:

"Formation of 'Ukrainian-American Committee to Aid the Allies' was announced in the Trident, English language organ of the Organization for the Rebirth of the Ukraine (ODWU).

"A statement by the committee calls upon all Ukrainians in the U. S. A., to support the Allied cause, giving among other reasons the fact that 'Nazi and Fascist press, radio and even official circles gave expression to pro-Ukrainian views, falsely championing the democratic cause of Ukrainian independence based on self-determination, faithlessly holding out baseless promises to those Ukrainians who were desperately in need of aid, seeking to use the Ukrainian problem as a weapon in diplomatic negotiations with Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and above all, Russia. As a result the world saw only the unscrupulous hand of Nazism and Fascism behind the Ukrainian movement and refused to believe in that movement's own merits and intrinsic strength.'

"PM, in an article published last Sept. 1, called attention to the fact that some federal authorities were concerned with misuse of Ukrainians in this country by Hitler's agents, under false promises of assistance in a nationalist movement, although the same authorities paid tribute to the high standing of the Ukrainian-American group generally as good citizens and efficient workers.

"The following names of committee members were signed to the appeal: Dr. Alexander A. Granovsky of St. Paul, chairman, and head of the ODWU; Theodore Swystun, of Philadelphia; Basil Onyshkow, an attorney of Pittsburgh; Albert Dachuk, an attorney of New York, and Roman Lapica, editor of the Trident.

"The ODWU is an activist organization working for Ukrainian nationalism, and is numerically small among Ukrainian-American organizations having a membership of about 2000. It has frequently been in dispute with other Ukrainian-American organizations relative to methods adopted.

"Mr. Lapica is also the head of an affiliated youth movement, seeking to arouse the sympathies of native-born American youth for the Ukrainian independence movement."

READ YOUR INSURANCE POLICY

Many a joke has been made concerning the long provisions, usually printed in small type, in life insurance policies.

Those provisions aren't put there to bewilder you. They are, instead, put there to protect you, and most of them are specified by law. Their purpose is to make the life insurance contract absolutely definite and specific. There's no guess-work involved, no vagueness.

Read your policy, and understand exactly what it provides. If you have difficulty interpreting the legal phraseology, ask your agent to explain it to you—that's one of his jobs.

Only if you understand your policy perfectly, can you be sure you're getting precisely what you want and need.

NEW YORK CITY

SNOW DANCE sponsored by Ukrainian Choir of St. George to be held at the Carpathia Hall, 217 E. 6th St., New York City, SATURDAY evening, NOVEMBER 23, 1940. Continuous dancing to the music of John King and Marcel Wagner. Commencing at nine o'clock. Subscription (Excl. Tax) 50¢.

LISTEN to the Ukrainian Youth Radio Program sponsored by Surma Book & Music Co., 325 E. 14th St., New York City every Saturday from 3:45 to 4:00 P.M., from station W.B.N.X., 1400 kc, New York City. Special youth features, guest stars, music, etc. Thanksgiving Day Program this week. Michael Herman, Announcer.

LAST CALL FOR U.N.A. WINTER SPORTS

As has been previously announced, the Ukrainian National Association will sponsor basketball and bowling teams during the approaching winter season. The financial assistance given to teams is regarded as one of the benefits accruing to the young U.N.A. members who wish to participate in sports.

To obtain assistance, teams are asked to submit the signatures of their players on a registration blank furnished by the U.N.A. Athletic Director. The last day for filing registrations is November 30, 1940, after which all applications for aid will be rejected.

The U.N.A. Basketball League will begin functioning early in December, when teams are assigned to districts and District Athletic Directors are appointed. Teams that intend to play in the U.N.A. League are urged to prepare dates for their home games, so that schedules may be completed during the first week in December.

As this is the last call, the teams are once more reminded that November 30th is the last day to register a basketball or bowling team.

GREGORY HERMAN
U.N.A. Athletic Director
261 Madison Street,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

You're Never Too Old To Dance

For years now, I've been watching the increasing interest in folk dancing for the laymen. Secretly I've always wanted to do some folk dancing myself, but I've always felt it was restricted to the very young, that is school children and adolescents. I saw, however, Michael Herman teaching folk dancing at International House on Riverside Drive the other week, and his group consisted of adult students from all over the world who have come to study in this country... and they were having a swell time. Then I remembered seeing every Friday night hundreds of people at the American Common of the N. Y. World's Fair this past year, doing folk dancing to Michael Herman's instructions. And they were young and old, big and small, fat and skinny.

It seems, now, that these people enjoyed folk dancing so much that they wanted to continue with the same program after the fair closed. So Michael Herman has opened up his course at the Carpathia Hall, 217 East 6th Street, New York City, where every Friday evening from 8:30 to 11:30, you can learn how to do dances from different lands. Coming into the auditorium for the first session I was rather surprised to see the people who were there. There were doctors, lawyers, engineers, newspaper men, elderly gentlemen with their wives, students with their girls, businessmen and business girls, and just plain ordinary people... all of whom came to enjoy themselves and learn something about other peoples. During the first evening they learned the American, "Shoo, Fly," the Finnish, "Potku Mazurka," the Swedish "Varsoviene," the Armenian "Hooshig Mooshig" the Swiss "Weggis" the Ukrainian "Wasylykha," and many, many others. I noticed there were no Ukrainian-Americans in the group, which rather surprised me, for Ukrainians are supposed to be naturally interested in dancing. Maybe they, too, felt that folk dancing was not for them. We had a good time and learned something about other nationalities, and so pass on the suggestion that others take up this interest too. "You're never too old for folk dancing," says Michael Herman.

A. S.