

IN UKRAINE

Notes From a Trip to Odessa

"Since the war started our ships have continued, though on a limited scale, to visit various Black Sea ports. It was on one of these ships that I had the opportunity to visit Odessa, the largest Ukrainian Black Sea port. After unloading in a Rumanian port and taking on a cargo of hides and buckwheat, we set out to Odessa to take on 1,500 tons of wheat.

"The prospect of visiting a Ukrainian city was, of course, welcome to me. When we entered Ukrainian territorial waters we received a radio message ordering us to stop and await representatives of the Soviet Port Control. We were a few miles from shore when they appeared; about a score of officers and men armed from head to foot. The commander ordered that the crew of the ship, including the officers, stay astern until he had finished his inspection, otherwise the ship would not be allowed to enter Odessa.

"After a four-hour delay we were allowed to enter. I had been looking forward to seeing Odessa and I asked the captain to get me and several of my friends permits to go ashore. He informed me that this was absolutely out of the question and that during several visits he had only once been able to obtain a permit for four negroes in his crew.

"I was much impressed by one particular thing in Odessa; in all the other ports that I have been to, and I have been to many, the loading was done by mechanical means with the aid of cranes; in Odessa our ship was loaded by several hundred women who carried the wheat in baskets perched on their shoulders. Each party of four women was accompanied by an armed Red soldier. Much as I tried, I did not hear these women exchange a word between them."

(Above extract is from the diary of a radio officer of the Mercantile Marine.)

Agricultural Whips

Apart from the U.S.S.R. there is no place in the world where there are special State employees to give "pep-talks" to peasants in an effort to get them to do more work. The huge army of these agitators indicates that they are indispensable to the Bolshevik agricultural system.

The Communist, August 21st, reports that in the province of Dniepropetrovsk there are over 10,000 agricultural agitators and propagandists. In the kolhosps of the Kryvy Rih district alone, they number 890 and are distributed among 55 propaganda units known as agitkolektiv. Among them there are 500 Party members and candidates. In addition to these professionals there are 240 zoological technicians, agronomists, teachers and medical workers who do part-time propaganda.

Ukrainian-Russian Dictionary

The Communist of July 10th published a review by Professor Sharowsky of the new Russian-Ukrainian Dictionary recently published in Soviet Ukraine. He began by condemning the dictionary prepared by the Ukrainian Academy of Science. This work was confiscated and its editors were arrested for Ukrainian nationalist leanings.

"The earlier dictionaries," says Professor Sharowsky, "contained rich lexical materials, but the treatment showed many errors of a political nature. This was due to the part played by counter-revolutionary nationalists who sought to drive a wedge between the Ukrain-

THE U. N. A. YOUTH PROBLEM

Without a doubt the coming convention of the Ukrainian National Association, to be held beginning May 12th in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania will have more delegates drawn from the younger generation than any of the previous nineteen regular conventions.

Numbers alone, however, will not make the young delegates of much use on the convention floor. Far more necessary for them will be some understanding of the problems of the U.N.A. and a conception of how to solve them.

Chief among these problems will be how to increase the youth membership in the U.N.A. and how to make the young members less lackadaisical and more active and constructive in U.N.A. affairs. For as the situation stands at present, the younger generation members still constitute only about one-third of the total U.N.A. membership, and, what is worse, they still play an inconsequential role in its affairs, not at all in proportion to their numbers, education and experience.

The core of the trouble, it appears to us, lies in the youth-branches themselves. Where a branch is active and steadily growing, there the U.N.A. is making progress. But such branches are few. Most of them just exist. No attempt is really made by their members to give them some life, to make them really useful to both the youth and the U.N.A. Their meetings are usually poorly attended, few activities are planned and conducted, members become delinquent in the payment of their dues, and soon a general apathy settles upon the branch.

How to revive such lethargic branches and their members, is one of the problems that the delegates at the coming convention should make an effort to solve.

One approach to this problem would be the exercising of greater care by the members of a branch in the election of their officers. Experience has shown that where the officers are conscientious in the discharge of their duties, the branch is usually active and even its laziest members are sometimes stirred into doing something. But where the secretary or some other officer, for example, performs his duties in a slipshod manner, attends the meetings irregularly, is hard to locate at other times, then it is only natural that in such a case the branch, its members, and the U.N.A. suffer as a consequence.

Another approach to this problem of making the branches more active, may perhaps lie in the establishment of closer relations between the Home Office and the branch, for the purpose of enabling the former to guide the latter better than is possible now.

Still another approach would be in form of regional rallies or pep-meetings, which could make the young people more U.N.A. conscious and perhaps bring it new members. Thus far only two or three of such rallies have been held, certainly not enough to be able to judge whether they can be of real benefit to the U.N.A. or not. The experience the youth leagues have had with such regional rallies has been that they usually galvanize youth activity in that particular region. Perhaps they may do the same for the U.N.A., and even more.

Naturally, there will not be much time at the convention to go into all this thoroughly. The place to do that is at the branch meetings, and the time—now. They should be discussed thoroughly and the conclusions reached should be recorded carefully and sent in the name of the branch to this Weekly for publication.

In this manner the young members of the U.N.A. will have a better conception of its vital problems and their representatives at the coming convention will have some concrete ideas on how to solve these problems.

Devote your next few meetings to a thorough discussion of these and related problems.

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

KOLESSA RECITAL

Madame Lubka Kolessa, famed Ukrainian pianist, gave a piano recital at a dinner party given in Ottawa, Canada by the Governor General and the Princess Alice, Thursday evening, January 9th, reports the "Ottawa Journal."

A GREAT LATENT FORCE

Referring to the danger the Ukrainian national movement constitutes for Stalin, "The Tablet," published in London, wrote in its October 19th issue:

"We should never forget the Ukrainians, who are a great latent force in Eastern Europe, a people who emerged into political independence for the few months during which the Germans had triumphed over the Russians and had not been beaten by the Allies: Pundits are inclined to dismiss Ukrainian nationality on historical grounds, but what matters is the myth today. There may never have been a Ukrainian nation by any of the accepted tests, but that does not mean that the national consciousness has not been forming during the present and the last century, transmuted an old sense of being a people into the ambition to be a nation."

ian and the brotherly Russian language . . ."

According to the author, the present dictionary has dealt effectively with former "deviations." "The following considerations," he writes, "guided the work of the editorial college. The degree of universality of use of the given word in the Ukrainian language, the absence of hostile tendencies, and whenever possible, community of the given word with the terminology of the brotherly languages of the Soviet Union . . ."

"Until recently we did not have certain words in our vocabulary and these had to be formulated. In this responsible task the editorial college was guided by these considerations:—

"(1) Words current in other languages of the Soviet Union and in foreign languages were to be used as models.

"(2) If such were not available, Russian words were taken after having been given a Ukrainian form."

In a reference to this dictionary Svoboda wrote:

"At one time the Muscovites tried to Russify, and the Poles tried to Polishize the Ukrainian people. Both have had to admit failure. Instead, the Russians are striving to draw the Ukrainian language closer to Russian which is only a more subtle effort at Russification. Here, too, they will fail, because the Ukrainian language develops subject to its inherent rules and tendencies which are not parallel to those of the Russian language."

"I know of no poet in the literature of the world who made himself so consistently, so hotly, so consciously the defender of the right of a woman to a full human life."

That's what the great Ivan Franko said about Taras Shevchenko, the Bard of Ukraine. Why? Learn the reason in—

SHEVCHENKO AND WOMEN

by Dr. LUKE MYSHUHA
Trans. by Waldimir Semenyina.

Price 50 cents
SVOBODA BOOKSTORE,
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SOVIET NATIONAL POLICY

(Continued from November 29, 1940*)

Use of Ukrainisation

TOWARDS the end of 1927 Moscow realised that the policy of Ukrainisation was producing undesirable results. Ukrainian institutions—the Press, the schools, the co-operatives—were becoming thoroughly nationalist in substance and only Communist in form. The national Ukrainian milieu was rapidly disintegrating the Communist Party in Ukraine, the very agency whose duty it was to utilise Ukrainisation for the entrenchment of Communist, or in reality Muscovite, elements in Ukraine.

Between 1925 and 1926 the opposition group in the Party in Ukraine gained considerable strength under the leadership of Shumsky, Maximovich, Volobuev and Khvylioviy. This group favoured an independent, though a kind of national-communist, Ukraine. In his many books and essays Volobuev showed that by virtue of her connections with Russia, Ukraine was destined for economic exploitation and was slowly being converted into a colony. Moscow's attention was soon drawn to the activity of this faction within the Party in Ukraine and its leaders were severely condemned and penalised.

The failure of Ukrainisation to achieve desirable results for Moscow, brought to the fore in the Russian Communist Party those elements which had persistently opposed any concessions to the non-Russian nationalities and stood for Russification. Its leading figures were Zinoviev, Larin and Vaganian. In his works Vaganian argued that Communism cannot tolerate the presence of several fully developed national cultures in the U.S.S.R., and that those which existed must be replaced by Muscovite culture which, according to Vaganian, is foremost, revolutionary-proletarian and even international. This group strongly attacked European influences which it considered to be foreign and spiritually hostile to Russia. This philosophy, of course, pleased Russian vanity. A special campaign was launched against Ukrainian writers, especially Khvylioviy, who had consistently argued that Mos-

covite culture was the product of Asia, that it was foreign and hostile to the Ukrainian spirit and that Ukraine "must turn away from Moscow and face Europe." He became a victim of refined persecution and was finally driven to suicide in 1933. Upon Stalin's own admission, Khvylioviy was hailed as a martyr in Ukraine.

The De-Ukrainianisation Policy

The 15th Party Congress held in 1927 began what may be called de-Ukrainianisation of Ukraine. The pretext for this was based on the profound discovery that besides Ukrainians there were other nationalities living in Ukraine. (According to the Soviet Census of 1926 the population of Ukraine was as follows: Ukrainians, 80 per cent; Russians, 9 per cent; Jews, 5.4 per cent; others, 5.6 per cent). The Congress then declared that: "Ukrainian chauvinism places impediments in the way of their (i.e., minorities) cultural development, and therefore, objective justice forces the Soviet Government to take these minorities under its care in order to ensure their rights—especially the equality of language."

As a result the Russian language became virtually obligatory in Ukraine only because there are scattered in Ukraine—nowhere in a compact body—some two-and-a-half million Russians. No similar concession was made to the compact mass of three-and-a-half million Ukrainians who are administratively included in the Russian Republic (R.S.F.S.R.). This decree was purposely designed to spread Muscovite influence throughout Ukraine, and notably in the cities where the Russians lived and which Moscow particularly desired to dominate.

At the same time Ukraine was deprived of financial freedom through the centralisation of the budget. In 1929 the constitution itself was "corrected," but the fiction of "independent Ukraine" was preserved and even a new paragraph to that effect was added to the constitution. Various other measures were passed in 1929 which centralised almost every Commissariat, thus depriving the national republics of any freedom of action. The Ukrainian industrial trusts

were liquidated in favour of the "All-Union" or Muscovite centre. The Ukrainian Commissariat of Agriculture was made into a subservient branch of the Muscovite Commissariat as the first step toward collectivisation on a large scale. In 1930, finance and credit were centralised; in 1931, the Muscovite Commissariat of Internal Affairs; and finally, in 1933, the administration of Ukrainian heavy industry was usurped by Moscow.

Rise of Revolutionary Activity in Ukraine

These changes roused deep resentment in Ukraine. Revolutionary activity began to spread since it became increasingly evident that the legal privileges which Ukraine was supposed to enjoy, were only chimerical because Moscow could and would revoke them when it suited her. In 1930 the G.P.U. uncovered the conspiratory organisation known as the "Union for the Liberation of Ukraine." The youth section of this organisation had adopted terrorism as one of its weapons. In 1931 the G.P.U. uncovered the "National Centre," a nationalist group which included members of the Communist Party among its followers. Next year the victim was the "Ukrainian Military Organisation," among whose members were Red Army commanders and numerous intellectual workers. In 1933 the G.P.U. arrested at least 4,000 members of the "Organisation of Ukrainian Revolutionaries," an organisation which had been in existence since 1929. These were only signs of what was underneath. According to Postyshev, Stalin's personal emissary in Ukraine, the nationalists had permeated every institution, including the Party and the Komsomol, and were rallying forces for an uprising in Ukraine.

The Moscow-fostered Famine

At about the same time the policy of collectivisation was begun in earnest. In Ukraine it was accompanied by peasant risings and numerous acts of sabotage. Government representatives were murdered, property was burned, livestock was killed and crops were destroyed. The peasants argued that they might as well destroy their property themselves as be deprived of it by others. One of the results was a drastic fall in planted acreage. According to Kossior, then secretary of the Ukrainian Central Council, now irrevocably purged, Ukraine lost 300 million poods of grain in 1932. This figure repre-

sented almost one-third of Ukraine's normal pre-war crop and about three-eighths of an average N.E.P. crop. Starvation seized Ukraine. There is every reason to believe that the Kremlin countenanced this mass starvation of some four or five million Ukrainian people. Thus during the most acute period of hunger Moscow dispatched into Ukraine so-called "udarniy brygady," or shock brigades, to requisition grain from the peasants. Some of the facts connected with this famine are set out in a special resolution—H. Res. 399, 73rd Congress, 2nd Session—of the House of Representatives of the United States.

The struggle which ensued was national-political as well as economic. The Central Committee of the Party in Ukraine decided (November 18, 1932) that "the collaboration between groups of communists, leaders of Party Centres and the kulaks and nationalist followers of Petliura, has made the Party organisation an instrument in the hands of the enemy." It issued the following recommendation: "We must destroy the resistance of those communists who became the actual directors of sabotage and we must liquidate the passive attitude toward sabotage, on the part of various Party organisations."

The Great Purges

Disturbances reached a climax in 1933. Units of "specialists in problems of counter-revolution" were sent to Ukraine. Their methods consisted of advanced forms of physical and moral terror. The great purge of 1933 followed in their wake. According to official figures given by Postyshev, 27,000 out of a total membership of 125,000 were thrown out of the Party in Ukraine. The purge took in 1,300 members of the Komsomol, 240 regional secretaries of the Party, 250 heads of Ispolkoms or Executive Committees, 150 heads of Controlling Committees, 1,000 officials in the Department of Education, 200 leaders of the cooperative organisations and 300 professors and members of the Ukrainian Academy of Science. All were accused of nationalist sympathies.

(To be concluded)

*) Ukrainian National Information Service, London.

The Jay's Wing

By IVAN FRANKO

(Sixteenth in Series of Translated Select Ukrainian Stories)

(Continued)

THE letter is open . . .

It is a letter and not a correspondence. Who could have written it? It left Port Arthur in September, just three months ago. But who writes? It is signed "Your little Jay." What does it mean? My God! And there is a jay's wing in the letter . . . Is it possible? . . . Could it be she, whom I have counted among the dead for the last three years? She, whose mysterious and impudent disappearance brought her father to his grave and threw me from the dashing stream of social life into this quiet, isolated landing . . . During the last days of our friendship she used to call herself "Little Jay" and tease me about the jay, which made a nest above my window. Then she killed the bird . . . Could it be the wing of that jay? . . .

My hand trembles, my heart beats and my head is dizzy. Be still, foolish heart! Have you not buried her and mourned over her grave? Can a few words scribbled by her hand and a dried wing of a bird killed years ago, disturb your peace?

There is a remedy:—I shall throw this letter into the fire! I want no correspondence with the dead. Poor fool! You blabber of things you shall never do! Could you burn this letter, written by her, without having read it? Fate! I shall read this letter even if my heart bursts from anger, excitement, or grief!

The Letter

"Do you remember me? Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Do you remember my laughter? You loved to listen to it. You would come to me from afar, drawn by the sound of it. Can you

hear it now, over the ocean, steppes, and mountains? Does it tremble in your ear together with the wind? Does it mingle with the rays of the setting-sun? Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Do you remember me? Do you remember that Spring with its purple sunrise, its warmth and blue skies? The storms, which were like the quarrels of lovers, and the thunder, which sounded like shouts of jolly children in an empty house?—It was I . . .

Do you remember me?

Do you remember the dwelling in that forest? All the paths led to it, as arteries lead to the heart. From that dwelling a strong will issued orders to all parts of the woods. In that house flowed the quiet, secluded life of an old father and his adolescent daughter. A loud voice, coming from the golden heart of a man, was often heard there; and still louder, ringing songs and laughter of a pampered girl. Do you remember her? It was I . . .

Do you remember me? Do you remember the Meadow, where we first met? I wore a green hunter's coat, had a game-pouch with a fresh-killed grouse in it over my shoulder, and a whistle in my lips. Do you recollect how surprised you looked? I laughed at your astonishment. You wore a blouse with a leather belt and a straw hat. Your emaciated face still bore the marks of prison life. You took off your hat and begged to be forgiven for walking in the woods without permission, but the doctors told you to . . . and you had only arrived yesterday . . . You really intended to introduce yourself to my father . . . You knew my mother and remembered me when I was a child . . . And begged pardon for looking at me with astonishment, but you never expected to find me looking as I did . . . I gave you my hand. You kissed it, and I felt how your lips trembled under your dark mustache. I asked you to take me home . . . You wondered that there were grouse in this forest, for you had spent your entire youth here and had never heard or seen one. I answered laughingly that they are here only for my sake, that I conjure them with my whistle and laugh-

ter, that I am a conjurer, a witch, and you better take care . . . Ha, ha, ha! Do you remember? It was I . . .

Do you remember me? Oh, I know that you remember me! You must remember! You could not forget me! I concentrated by entire will, the fire of my passion, all the charms of my body and soul in order to imprint myself in your memory forever. I called everything to my aid:—the sun and forest, the purple sunrise, the enchantment of midday, and the melancholy of night; the tales of my father and the sounds of the woods; the raging of the storms and the quiet whispers of friends. All that was only the scenery for my part which I wanted to play before you, in order to leave in your soul an eternal powerful impression, where illusion would not differ from reality. Ha, ha, ha! My artist, are you thankful to me for my part?

Enough! What is this ravenlike repetition?—"Do you remember? Do you remember?" You know well that I do. But, probably, you do not know what memories those are. I collected all memories of you, as one gathers the bones of cremated corpse, put them into an artistic urn which I hid away in a far corner of my heart, let it stay there as a stimulant, not a hindrance to life.

You stretch your hand of a demon from a distant land, you raise your voice of a raven and drag that urn out of the depths of my soul. You picked the bones one after another, wrapping them in flesh and blood, skin and nerves; you breathed your fiery, hellish spirit into them and laugh and tease me now with them: "Do you remember me? It was I . . ."

Woman! Demon! What do you want of me? Why do you torture me? Have I ever done you any harm to you? I gave you all, all that was beautiful and pure in my soul, while you played with my feelings. My entire life, my heart and soul were in every word I spoke to you, while you only aimed to leave an "artistic impression" upon me! False woman! May the Devil take you!!! All your words, laughter and tears are but a comedy, a part!

Christmas Comes to Flushing

MOM and Pop were terribly upset when we told them we weren't going to spend "Sviaty Wechir" with them. In fact, Pop was so upset, that he failed to answer us with his usual threat "yak ya tobi pomu," when we called him "Pop." You see, Michael and I had decided to desert the traditional family circle, at its Christmas Eve party, and give one of our own for our American friends. Not only were Mom and Pop disappointed because we were to be absent on this holiest of eves, but they were wholly sceptical about the whole idea. They didn't think we remembered enough of the traditions to make it a real Ukrainian Christmas, and they didn't think our American friends would be interested in our customs. Mom said, that they "wouldn't eat the strange foods. Undaunted we went ahead with out plans.

First we invited our guests... John T. Vogel, from the N. Y. Times, Gjon Mili, who does pictures for Life, Hope Hawthorne, a young painter, Aino Väre, Finnish Folk Dance leader, Kathleen Heeney, a Duncan dancer and teacher, Ethel Beam, a dramatic teacher at Greenwich House, Phoebe Adams, an artist and dress designer, Al Sorenson, President of the Danish Folk Dance Society and his wife Helen, Chester Junek, progressive educator and his wife Norma, Leonard Yoder, an engineer, Marjorie Hoyt, who is just Marjorie, and a Ukrainian couple thrown in for good measure.

Then came Monday, January 6th, and we both scurried home from our respective jobs to get everything ready. Our party room had been painted white, even as the walls of the homes in Ukraine were newly whitewashed for the holidays. Our guests began arriving early and so we made them help in the traditional preparations. The table was set up first of all. Then the sweet basil we had grown in our garden during the summer, and dried in the sun, and saved for this special occasion was spread under the white tablecloth. Straw and hay to represent the manger were spread under the table. And then we set up an honest-to-goodness bunch of wheat in the "honorary" corner. We explained it was called the "Did" or old man in Ukraine. We had picked the wheat with our hands, in a lot some blocks away where wheat had

grown all summer, until the FHA decided some new homes were more practical than the wheat field.

Everyone enjoyed the garlic we placed on each corner of the table, to keep away the evil spirits of course. Our guests took the cloves of garlic home with them to make sure they would continue to be protected from the evil spirits. The food was met with expressions of delight and awe. The awe was quickly dispelled as explanations about what each dish contained poured forth. First we placed the bread with a candle set in its center on the table. Then we explained that there were to be 12 courses, the figure 12 being chosen in honor of the 12 apostles. We had the boiled fish, borscht, holubtsi, pyrohy, mushroom soup, kapustsa and kutya and all the other Ukrainian traditional Christmas foods.

Now according to the tradition, supper is started as soon as the first star appears in the sky. Well, the first star had long since appeared in the Flushing skies, and had been joined by hundreds of its shining neighbors, so we solved the problem by pasting a paper star on our ceiling and making believe it was our first star. Then with the warning that no one could depart from the table without tasting at least a little of each dish served, Michael gave the blessing and gave the word to dig in. Small portions of the food were gingerly placed on plates, dissected, analyzed, hesitatingly tasted and then, glory be, eaten with great gusto. In fact, I began to worry about there not being any pyrohy left for the next day, and pyrohy, especially kapustsiany pyrohy, are my one great weakness! When it came to the kutya, we explained the tradition of casting spoonfuls of kutya to the ceiling and making wishes about the number of the kernels that remained sticking to the ceiling. (In some parts of Ukraine we explained, the kutya was cast at the walls instead of the ceiling). "Ceiling or walls, it makes no difference," said Michael, "they've just been painted, so we'll dispense with that custom." But, in the nick of time, I remembered that some folks in Ukraine passed spoonfuls of kutya to each other making wishes at the same time. And so we observed this tradition. Some of the wishes were funny and some

were serious. The one in which the wish was expressed that we have as many children as there were kernels of wheat in the kutya, so that all the guests could be assured of being god mothers and god fathers, drew the most laughter. But the wish that we have as many years of Peace on this earth as there were kernels in the kutya expressed most sincerely what all of us really were thinking that night.

Then, I showed them our shears, the blades of which I had tied together. It seems that in Ukraine, this custom was believed to keep the men of the house from being drafted into the army. Never did I think that I would be using this custom to keep the men from our house from being drafted, although they themselves are all set to go.

We told our friends that on Christmas Eve, animals were supposed to be endowed with the power of speech, but that we didn't have a barn with animals, to prove if it were true. At midnight, we did eavesdrop on the dog, "locked up in the furnace room, but he didn't talk. I understand that if we did hear him talk, we wouldn't have lived long, for he could prophesize the future of Christmas Eve, and if we had heard him, why it is said that no one who knows too much about the future can live long. So it is just as well that our dog decided he had nothing to say.

Then we told the girls to tie a bunch of spoons together and go out on the porch and rattle them. If a dog barked, that would be the direction from which their future husband would arrive. No dog barked, just a neighbor's query as to "what was going on down there," was the reply, but we judged that we'd just have to substitute that for the dog's bark.

The only things we missed were the carolers coming to sing carols outside our door. We know they still do it in the city proper, but perhaps Flushing was considered too far away and so we had no carolers outside our door. Maybe they will come next year. We did play a couple of records of carols to give our guest some idea.

It was fun having the party. It was the best Christmas we've ever had, because no tinsel and gifts were necessary to give us the true feeling of the Christmas Spirit. For in sharing these ancient traditions, we shared with our friends something of the same spirit that our Ukrainian ancestors felt on Christmas Eve. Our friends learned something about the Ukrainian

YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

The Get Acquainted Club

U.N.A. members are invited to submit information about themselves for publication in this column so that other interested members can write to them and thus gain new friends and promote the spirit of fraternalism.

Young men who have been drafted into Army service should be the first to take advantage of this new club. Addresses of club members will not be published, but will be given to the U.N.A. member-readers who write in for them. This is done in order to restrict the club to U.N.A. members. All persons writing in for addresses and for the publication of letters are asked to mention the number of the branch in which they are members.

Mary Kodick of Carnegie, Pa., is the 20th person to join the Get Acquainted Club. She writes that she is 15 years old, is 5 feet 2½ inches tall, and has brown hair and eyes. Mary is a member of U.N.A. Branch 136. She attends high school and likes all sports, her favorite being baseball. Her favorite teams are the Pirates and the St. Louis Cardinals. Because of her active interest in the national pastime, Mary's friends call her "Slugger," from which we surmise that she is quite proficient with the bat. Mary's other pastimes are playing the violin, painting, collecting baseball pictures, pictures, and reading detective stories.

Communications should be addressed to Theodore Lutwiniak, P. O. Box 88, Jersey City, N. J.

way of observing Christmas, and something about Ukrainian food, which we think will help them understand Ukrainian much better. We pen these few words as a suggestion to other young Ukrainian Americans. We don't think the idea of having people come and watch us observe our customs in some hall or meeting room as if we were some strange and perhaps interesting bug under a microscope, is such a good idea. Getting them to share in the actual preparations in the home and thereby making them feel the same way you do will make them remember Ukrainian Christmas much longer and with a better spirit. That's all for today.

MARY

Enough!! I am now "expertus robertus." In vain are your efforts to play a role before me now.—I have learned its value and price. I am strongly shielded against your arrows. I wear a visor which repels all bullets or false words, tears, and laughter like cut steel. Speak and write what you may! I look at everything with the eye of an aesthet, who sees everything false in a play. And when you will laugh I shall indifferently shrug my shoulders; when you will weep, I shall laugh and say: "No, my child! You miss such and such points to make the illusion look like reality." And if you shall fall into pathos, I shall frown and say: "It is bad taste!"

However, I shall read further.

"Do not be angry with me, my Massimo! Do you remember how I changed your Ukrainian name Toma into the Italian Tomasso, then transformed it into Tomassino, which I shortened into Massimo. Oh, how you scolded me then, when among three series of kisses I christened you thrice.

You were always angry with me. Your love always found outcome in anger, as though this love was an unwanted, forced concession for your prophetic, apostolic dignity. Ha ha, ha! Do you remember what an apostole and prophet you have been? You did not speak,—you preached; you did not bow,—you condescended. It provoked me, and I decided to drag you off your pedestal with irony, laughter, and jest. It did not work, for your soul was shielded by patience. Then I employed other methods: heartiness and generosity; and finally the strongest, the last—my love. This you could not withstand,—and I conquered! You felt your weakness against me, and all that was masculine in your nature revolted, and you were vexed and peeved. You scolded me, but drifted on with the tide.

Do you remember all this, my Massimo?

But do not be angry with me now, after three years of separation. Do not accuse me of falsity, do not blame me for playing a part. Could I have done otherwise?

You love flowers, don't you? But did you ever try conceive their psychology? You are an intelligent thoughtful man, and you should have done so. Do you not know that blossoms are the conquery of vegetation? That all roses, chrysanthemums, and tuberoses, show off and play a part with just one aim,—you know it... They attract our vision with their rich colors; their tender petals are caressing, their fragrance, which is above description and classification, produces a pleasing effect. They penetrate to our very souls and touch our aesthetic feelings with the richest and variety of contour, grace and mysteriousness of their movements. Heliotropes always turn in the direction of the sun. Other flowers timidly close in the day-time, lest the sun should drink of their fragrance. Study their psychology, Massimo, and accuse them of playing a role, showing off in a false light. Can they be otherwise?

Can a woman act differently? What to men, who are harder and less keen, seem mere coquetry, display, that forms the most intimate manifestation of woman's nature. It is to them as simple and inevitable as breathing with their lungs and walking with their legs.

Do not be angry with me my Massimo! It is not my fault that you came into my life like the hot sun, which forces the flowers to open into full bloom and pour forth their precious fragrance. Confess to yourself,—were you not happy then? Was I not a colorful oasis in your life? Was not the summer in the woods the most beautiful time in your life? You told me so then. But, now after three years of separation,—what do you say?

Do you have courage to resent that summer, merely because it has passed? What would you have? That your happiness should be the only exception in this life, where nothing lasts forever? Do you have the courage to throw stones at me because I left you? My dear Massimo, in that case those stones would strike only you. I did not leave you,—you did not know how to hold me. You had six months during which you did nothing to bind me to you. Is it my

fault that somebody else became master over me in less than six weeks? Really, Massimo, you are to blame. Admit it to yourself. You did not trust me, you had no faith in the sincerity of my love. You accepted my caresses, all the tokens of my young, awakened feeling with the passivity of a sybarite,—tenderly, appreciatively, but remaining within the limits of your egoism. I felt it. No one knows how that hurt me. You did not know it either, nor shall you ever know and understand. But I took revenge! And if you have a fragment of human heart left, you must have felt that revenge, and you shall feel it more acutely! But with all that, Massimo, do not scorn me! Having punished you, I suffered much more, a thousand times more than you, and for suffering...

The end of this sentence is blurred. Was it water or tears? Perhaps forced by her temperament, her blood, she acted as she did, and could not do otherwise?

Ha, ha, ha! I a civilized man, materialist and determinist—ask such a question! I believe that every atom is moved by an eternal power. Then how can I doubt that a human being can act not as it is forced to? We are too foolish and stupid to understand this complicated parallelogram; too blind to see its power. Hence,—our idle talk about free will and selfwill of the individual. She claims to have suffered much... She blames me for not being able to bind her to me. She says I wrapped her in a cradle of sybaritism and egoism, while she showered upon me the priceless fragrance of her first love...

This,—h-m, this is... something, I should not think of today. This could poison not only a celebration of New Years Eve, but even the heavenly luxuries of Paradise. No, I shall not think of it anymore. Let us read further, perhaps, we shall not think of it anymore. Let us read further, perhaps, we shall find something more cheerful.

(To be continued)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE UKRAINIAN ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM

Mr. Dietric Slobogin boast that in his "1940 Ukrainian All-American Football Team" he has "the largest squad (26) ever assembled by any compiler of Ukrainian All-American Football teams" and that it "represents eighteen of the nation's leading colleges," should be taken with several grains of salt...

As the originator of such compilations, dating back to 1935, it is quite apparent that my initiator, by his claims, endeavors to discredit my Sixth Annual All-Ukrainian team by exaggerating on his compilation.

And so, as we look at Mr. Slobogin's compilation we find four non-Ukrainians listed in his first-team line-up and two in his list of Reserves that haven't even played football this past season!

In his "furious fore-some" backfield we note that he gives two placements to non-Ukrainians while overlooking the two Ukrainians stars from mighty Duquesne and Patchel which you will find on my 1940 All-Ukrainian team. His other back was only a sub on a weak Manhattan team while he completely ignores such good backfield men as Suschena of F. & M., and Zeravica of Susquehanna which went undefeated.

I don't know what Mr. Slobogin considers as the "nation's leading colleges," but anyone who doesn't even follow football can instantly tell you that schools like Youngstown, Waynesburg, Moravian, Niagara, Case, Kent State and the East Stroudsburg Teachers' College are certainly not among the first 400. And as Mr. Slobogin names five players for his All-American team from the obscure E. S. Teachers' College, he sets a precedent for in no All-Star compilation will you find anyone going to such low ranks for a qualitative team.

Understand, it is not my intent to criticize merely for the sake of criticism, but when one makes claims on false pretenses and I know that something is rotten in Denmark, I won't hesitate to point out the misrepresentations. Compiling of All-Ukrainian teams must be done with greater care, with a primary objective of accuracy, completeness and discretion. May this word of caution be heeded in succeeding years by all such compilers.

-Al Yarr

I was delighted to have my 1940 Ukrainian All-American selections challenged by Mr. Alexander Yaremko. I take this opportunity to answer him.

That I had the largest squad of players (26) in the history of mentioned compilations is a fact that cannot be disputed. It is also a precise fact that many of the schools represented in my line-up are "leading"—Washington (Pacific Coast), Fordham, Alabama, Penn State, Notre Dame, Pittsburgh, etc. Can this be denied?

It was several decades ago that one Walter Camp conceived the idea of giving prominent college gridirers national recognition in the form of an All-American team. Since that time, however, this conception has been modified to include All-State, All-Conference, All (nationality) etc. Therefore, Mr. Yaremko was not the originator of All-American teams "dating back to 1935." And if I am to be classed as an imitator, then so are United Press, Associated Press, International News Service, Mr. Yaremko, and thousands of others.

Every one of the twenty-six players comprising my 1940 selections are Ukrainian upon authoritative information from the institution or the player himself. This, I have on file, and open for examination to anyone upon request. Furthermore, no only did every one on my team play during 1940, but the majority of them were stars.

Mr. Yaremko's "first team choice" had three non-Ukrainians—George Sirochman, John Patchel, and George Gonda—all of "mighty" Duquesne. Reliable information to this effect in the form of the official Duquesne football roster for 1940 is also in my files and open to anyone for inspection. (Mr. Yaremko personally saw this information several weeks ago).

Mr. Yaremko's apparent claim that the East Stroudsburg Teachers College is the most obscure in the world must be taken with several tons of grains of salt. That institution is on at least a par with any of fifty Pennsylvania colleges. And I can name them for you.

In all the time that Mr. Yaremko devotes to emphasizing the use of "low-ranking" institutions in my

THE U. N. A. SPOTLIGHT

CHICAGO U.N.A. SPORT NEWS

The standings of the teams participating in the Chicago U.N.A. Bowling League, as of Jan. 5th, are as follows:

Branch	Name of Team	Won	Lost	Pct.	Total Pins	Average	High Game	High Series
221	Dr. Al Krivy	22	2	.913	4079	101	824	2482
220	Kowal's	21	9	.700	3928	98	921	2540
259	Leon's	17	13	.566	3670	93	527	2333
393	Pilot's	15	16	.484	3647	91	561	2484
398	Oleszko's	12	18	.400	3608	92	531	2358
22	Petrow's	12	18	.400	1973	65	723	2189
301	Lochansky's	12	18	.400	1953	62	529	2366
252	Olenec's	10	20	.333	19948	68	833	2373

The averages of the 1st 5 players are as follows:

Players' Names	Team Name	Games Played	Total Pins	Average	High Game
T. Huladek	Kowal's	27	4284	159	194
J. Kowal	Krivy's	30	4099	137	158
J. Evasiuk	Oleszko's	30	3524	118	146
T. Kolesnyk	Leon's	30	3497	117	148
S. Demko	Pilot's	27	3608	134	162

A (single's) badminton tournament will be held for male and female U.N.A. members. In order to conduct the tournament, 16 players are necessary. The requirements are that every player have his own badminton racket and shuttlecocks, and 50¢ entry fee. The date, time, and place of the tournament will be published later. Mail in your entry fee and state your sex, or contact Joseph Wojc, 2237 W. Iowa St. in Chicago.

Fellows, start practicing for the annual pool tournament, for the date for this affair is not far off. This time it will be snooker. Let's make it a banner year and have over 100 participating. See you at the tables.

JOSEPH WOJCE

BASKETBALL IN NEW YORK

New York U.N.A. Branch 361 will play New York Branch #23 on Sunday, Jan. 19th, at Stuyvesant High School Gym. The game, which will start at 2:30 P. M., is one of a possible doubleheader, as a second game is being arranged with the Philadelphia U.N.A. team.

The players of the Branch 361 team regret the loss of their president and bowling manager, Emile Husar, who accepted an engineering position in Panama.

Michael Husar.

selections in a vain attempt to belittle yours truly's team, he fails to check back on his own selection which reveals the following in this connection: (1) That his first team outnumbers mine 3-1 in the representation of "lesser colleges." (2) That both squads as a whole list an equal number of these institutions.

While we are examining the two squads, it might be well to advise Mr. Yaremko that a complete football team, as we know it here in America, consists of eleven men, or six men, but never ten, men as he has on his second team. And we doubt seriously whether a team of football players would function smoothly with seven coaches at the helm.

I am convinced that now Mr. Alexander Yaremko will realize that what he thought was rotten in Denmark was really rotten in his own back yard.

Aside to Mr. Yaremko—"Compiling of All-Ukrainian teams must be done with greater care, with a primary objective of accuracy, completeness and discretion." May you heed this warning come Fall of 1941 when you probably will again attempt to imitate the immortal Walter Camp. Should there be any other points that are not quite clear, I shall be glad to enlighten anyone on them, either privately or publicly, upon written request.

Dietric Slobogin.

ROCHESTER WINS 2, LOSES 2

The St. Josephats' Frosh U.N.A. Basketball Team of Rochester, N. Y., played 4 games so far this season, winning 2 and losing 2, for an even percentage of .500. In their initial encounter on Nov. 17th the Rochester boys easily defeated the Elmira Ukrainian 5 by the score of 13 to 31. In the 2nd game, which was played on Dec. 8th, the Saints dropped a 4-point decision to the Rochester Celtic quintet, the score being 42 to 38.

The next game resulted in a victory over the Hilo aggregation on Dec. 15th, the score being 37-28. A fast cut-in, which was good for 2 points, during the last 20 seconds of play, spelled doom to St. Joe's Frosh when the Manchester Railroaders scored a 49-47 triumph on Dec. 22nd.

The Saints play every Sunday night at St. Josephats' Auditorium, 303 Hudson Ave. in Rochester.

Michael Danylyshyn.

NOTICE

To Mildred Yaworsky of St. Joseph Sodality of our Lady in some city of Pennsylvania. Kindly give us your address so that we can send you the books you ordered.

Book store of "Svoboda"

(Sport news is concluded in Svoboda)

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Eighteenth Annual BANQUET DANCE sponsored by Ukrainian Democratic Club, Inc., and Women's Auxiliary at the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St., New York City, SUNDAY, JANUARY 26, 1941. Commencement 9 o'clock. Subscription \$1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A CONCERT of Ukrainian Christmas and New Year Carols will be presented SUNDAY, JANUARY 19th at the Ukrainian Hall, 849 N. Franklin St., beginning at 7 P. M. by the combined Ukrainian Youth Chorus of Phila., M. Shashkevich Choir of Frankford, Pa., and the M. Lysenko Choir of Phila. The program will also feature a string ensemble, vocal solos and recitations. Dancing after the concert.

TRENTON, N. J.

ANNUAL JANUARY DANCE held by the Ukrainian Youth Club of Trenton, N. J., SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1941, 8:30 P. M., Magyar Home, Hudson and Genesee Streets, Trenton. Music by Chip Halcko's Stardusters. Admission 35 cents. A good time for all.

NEW YORK CITY

"Surma" these days you need to miss your Honey (girl friend), if you don't take her to the SURMA "HONEY DANCE", so you better make a date with her now for SUNDAY, JANUARY 26, 1941, at Webster Hall, 119 E. 11 St. N. Y. C. The Ukrainian Youth Radio Program, sponsored by Surma Book & Music Co., is holding this dance to give you, first of all, a grand and glorious good time, secondly, to have you meet personally, the stars that have appeared on our programs, and thirdly, to give you the opportunity to show by your presence, that you want the Youth Radio Programs continued. Don't forget 6 P. M., Sunday, January 26th at Webster Hall, for the Honey Dance.

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., 1350 kc., New York City. Special youth features, guest stars. Guest Star this week: Prof. Alexander Koshetz.

Michael Herman, Announcer.

FUNNY SIDE UP

Two Pints Make One Cavort

On New Year's Day morning, a guy was walking down Fifth Avenue followed by a pink dragon which persisted in stopping occasionally to nip playfully the silken ankles of passing ladies. This annoyed the guy for he turned and thrust an admonishing finger in the dragon's face, shouting, "You'd better behave 'yself, or I'll take a Bromo-Seltzer and you'll go away!"

Boy, oh boy! What a rip-snorting-bang-up time we had New Year's Eve! We made the rounds of the night clubs... and then wondered if they were going to come around again! They did! Early in the evening when we were crossing Times Square and Broadway some guy blew a big horn in our face... at the other end was a Greyhound Bus! How we got across the street, we don't know. What a mob! People were closer together than a Scotchman and his wallet at a Pickpockets' Convention! One thing about New Year's Eve... it's the only night of the year on which a New Yorker can look into the face of another New Yorker and smile, without having the second man reach to see if he still has his wallet!

Our first port of call was "Sloppy Joe's Shangri Lala"... a high class place. What swank! (That's French for slink and slunk in mink and skunk!) The place was expensive as it was highbrow. In fact, on each table it had cards which read, "When reading check, kindly refrain from whistling!" Also on the table was a bottle of seltzer. (A free drink and a noisemaker!) After a couple of rounds we asked the waiter for the check. "It's \$18, including the tip," he stated. "What is it without the tip?" we asked. "About four days in the hospital," he replied with a menacing look. P. S. We paid the tip! As we stepped out into fresh air again, there was a drunk swaying behind two posts. "Wheeee!" he wheeled as he blinked at one post and then at the other. "What wonderfull legs... now shtep back so I can shtee yer facesh!"

Well, we ambled on to the next hot spot, a place called, "El Chihico."

"Wow! was this place crowded... under the tables! And what a Floor Show they had. It was terrible... just like the number one act on a totem pole! They had a female singer there... direct from a sensational two-year layoff in Hollywood. She came out and sang the termites' nightmare song, "I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls." Her singing was so bad that the food tasted twice as good.

But nobody seemed to mind it... they were too busy drinking and celebrating. At my table we pored the drinks and asked "When!" No one has answered yet! At the table next to us, one drunk wouldn't accept a seat offered by a pal. "I always drink standing up" explained the stew. "Because it's much easier to sit down when I get drunk standing up than it is to get up when I get drunk sitting down." Er... you figure it out.

Gosh, and the names they had for those concoctions (drinks to you) There was the Carico "Zombie," "The Plumber & His Helper," "The Missionary's Downfall," "The Owl's Breakfast," "The Neutrality Cocktail"... keep you out of trouble! Our favorite was the "Crosby cocktail"... one drink and Bing! We noticed that these night spots like to boast about the potency of their drinks. Any day now one of them will advertise, "Have a drink at the bar on your way in and pass out." However, we have a suggestion to end all this competition for potent drinks with one called the "Cyclone" which won't be served to anybody... just put on display behind the bar where customers may look at it twice weekly, on Wednesday and Friday evenings. As the Voice of Inn-Experience, we speak with some authority when we say, "Get the best of liquor or it will get the best of you!"

BROMO SELTZER