

# THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

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## As Others See Him

### An American's View of Taras Shevchenko

In every land and in every literature there is one author who is the outstanding incarnation of the national genius, one man who sums up all the past of his nation and stands up like a guide to the future. Such a man, when he appears, will elevate the language in which he writes and speaks from an archaistic survival of the past centuries into a method of speech which is to last in the future. He is to form the transition from the past glories of the nation to the future that is to come.

Such a man for Ukraine is Taras Shevchenko, one of the great masters of world poetry. It is typical of the movements of the early nineteenth century that the Slavonic world produced three great poets, Pushkin among the Russians, Mickiewicz among the Poles, and Shevchenko among the Ukrainians. It is interesting to realize that while the first two were born of noble and wealthy families, the third, Shevchenko, was a poor serf. Nevertheless he was welcomed during his periods of relative happiness by the most distinguished men of the day both in the capitals of Russia and in his own dearly beloved Ukraine.

It was almost necessary that a man who would express the aspirations of Ukraine should be a serf. The last vestiges of the independence of the Cossacks had been suppressed ruthlessly. The vast majority of the nobles who had survived the debacle had been drawn away from their country and their traditions to join the dominant powers of society. It was only the serfs who in their misery remained loyal to the old dreams of the Cossacks, who remembered the old and glorious Ukraine, and who preserved the village speech and the local traditions.

It is against this background that Shevchenko lived out his hard and unhappy life, for he typified in his own existence the sufferings of his native land and the hardships which all the sons of Ukraine had to undergo. But Shevchenko is not merely a martyr or victim of the powers under whom he lived and suffered. He summarized and embodied the past of Ukraine but also he was living just at that very moment when the ideals of the future were being forged in the fire of adversity. He spoke for the future of his land as well as for the past, for the future liberty and freedom that were to come as well as of that glory which had faded. Yes, Shevchenko became a very embodiment of the ideals and the aspirations and the dreams of every Ukrainian patriot. He believed in his country, and although seventy five years have passed since his untimely death and his ideals have not been realized, there can be no doubt that the Ukrainian spirit which Shevchenko voiced, will continue to struggle for its aspirations until it finally meets with success and Ukraine will appear again among the recognized nations of the world. — (written 1936).

PROFESSOR CLARENCE A. MANNING  
Acting Executive Officer of the Department  
of East European Languages, Columbia  
University.

### An Englishman's View of Him

There is no more tragic and original figure in the whole history of modern poetry than of the Ukrainian peasant-poet Taras Shevchenko. . . He has sometimes been called "the Burns of the Slavonic world," and it is certainly possible to draw an analogy between the two men of rude native genius, whose songs gushed out from their native soil as springs of limpid and living water, and who overcame every obstacle of birth and environment. But here the semblance ceases, for while Burns became the spoilt darling of a free and democratic nation and fell a victim to misfortunes which were largely of his own creation, the unhappy Shevchenko lived under the grinding tyranny of perhaps the most autocratic of all the Tsars, and found himself severely cramped and hampered in all his efforts towards literary expression. I know of no more repulsive incident in the long history of national repression than the deliberate orders of Nicholas I that the luckless poet, in his remote banishment should be deprived of every kind of writing

### CULTURAL DEVELOPMENT OF UKRAINE TRACED AT COLUMBIA LECTURE

A survey of Ukrainian culture from the earliest of times down to the present was the subject of the third lecture in the series currently being given every Friday evening at Columbia University on the subject of Ukraine. It was delivered, in Ukrainian, by Professor Mikola Chubaty of the Ukrainian Catholic College at Stamford, Conn. Despite the blizzard that swept through the city that night and made traveling extremely difficult, well over one hundred persons appeared at the lecture. Dr. Arthur P. Coleman of Columbia's Department of East European Languages presided. Concluding remarks were delivered by Prof. Clarence A. Manning.

In his lecture, Professor Chubaty traced the cultural development of the Ukrainian people from the time when their earliest ancestors appeared on the site of modern Ukraine, 2,500 B. C. This development, as he pointed out, fluctuated with the rise and fall of Ukrainian national fortunes, attaining its peaks during periods of Ukrainian national independence. The role Ukrainian scholars played in Europeanizing Russia was also stressed by the speaker. Concluding he pointed out that Ukrainian culture is Eastern in form but Western in spirit.

### PANZEN Praised For Clean Wrestling

"Steve Papas, two-hundred and ten pounds Greek muscle man, and Juan Roduiques, latest Spanish Champion, were shown the toe-hold in painful style by a super-wrestler Bill Panzen," reports the March, 1941 issue of "Wrestling News." Panzen is a young Ukrainian-American wrestler.

"Bill Panzen," the account continues, "is considered by many sport writers as one of the few wrestlers with a clean record. It is the true confession of your editor who believes that Bill is truly a champion in the mat game. His lone fight for clean wrestling deserves all the praises the sport writers give."

material and closely watched so that he could neither commit his poems to paper nor cultivate his very considerable natural gifts as an artist. This order remained in force for three years, and he never recovered anything that could be called real liberty.

Today Tsarism belongs to the limbo of the past, and the new "totalitarian" tyrannies plague the greater part of our disunited Europe. But though Ukraine is more enslaved than ever, the songs of Shevchenko are known to all her sons in Europe, Asia, and free America, and will continue to play an inspiring part in the movement for national liberty. — (written 1936).

PROFESSOR R. W. SETON-WATSON  
D. Litt. F.B.A.

### A Frenchman's View

The grave of the poet Taras Shevchenko is never solitary. As soon as the first sunbeams in the spring have melted the snow that covers the country, pilgrims of a new fashion, merry lay pilgrims, come from all sides and stop at the foot of the Shevchenko's burial mound. They make their meals in the open air sitting on the grass, recite and sing the poems of the poet according to their free fancy. It would be impossible to find elsewhere a poet to whom the almost illiterate crowd would thus render homage such as is usually reserved for sanctuaries or saints.

(written 1876)

EMILE DURAND  
French scholar and traveler.

### SONG AND DANCE PROGRAM AT COLUMBIA TONIGHT

A "Evening of Ukrainian Melody and Dance" program will be given tonight at Columbia University in the Earl Hall (entrance on Broadway, between 116 and 118 Streets), beginning at 8. The program will consist of (1) choral numbers by the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of New York and New Jersey under the direction of Stephen Marusevich; (2) folk dance numbers by the Ukrainian Folk Dance Circle under Michael Herman, Dance Ukraine under Walter Rybka, and Ukrainian Dancers Club of New York City under Semen Wintoniak; (3) Ukrainian Fashion Show presented by Mrs. Mary Ann Herman with the aid of a number of girls acting as models; and (4) vocal solos by Mary Polyniak and Anne Trocianecky. Prof. Clarence A. Manning will preside. Students and members of the Columbia University faculty are expected to attend.

This program is part of the series of lectures on Ukraine being given Friday evenings at the university.

### TARAS SHEVCHENKO CELEBRATIONS

Among the number of celebrations this Sunday honoring Taras Shevchenko, the great Ukrainian poet, patriot and martyr, (born March 9, 1814; died March 10, 1861), the following have been called to the attention of this weekly:

New Britain, Connecticut, 3:30 P.M., at the Senior High School Auditorium, Bassett Street; Ansonia, Hartford and New Britain choruses to participate; tableau; speakers: Governor Hurley of Connecticut and Stephen Shumeyko, editor of the Ukrainian Weekly. Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut is sponsoring the celebration. Proceeds will go toward its scholarship fund.

New York City, 7:30 P.M., at Carpathia Hall on East 8th Street. St. George's Ukrainian Catholic Choir; Speakers: Professor Mikola Chubaty of Stamford, and Roman Lapica, editor of the Trident Magazine. Sponsored by the Central Committee of Ukrainian Organizations of New York City.

## Selections From Taras Shevchenko's "Kobzar"

### UKRAINE TODAY

... The people die—  
Within their prisons they are  
slaughtered;  
Children without a God or friend—  
The Kozak children—and the  
daughters,  
The beauty of the native land,  
Are held in bondage...

Ukraine is flaming to the sky;  
Through villages the naked children  
Weep for their fathers.  
Faded leaves

Are rustling o'er the lifeless  
meadows,

The clouds are drowsing, sun's  
asleep,

And villages draw howling shadows  
Which scent the corpse...

(Trans. by W. Semenyina)

### LONGING FOR UKRAINE

The light is dim and darkness  
creeps up hill,

The birds are drowsing and fields  
are still,

The people greet the night of rest  
with joy—

And I, while gazing from afar,  
would feign

Be in some shady orchard in  
Ukraine.

The moon was smiling at the stars,  
And on a tree a nightingale  
Was sending out a sweet refrain  
Of thanks to God, across a vale—  
And all this happened in Ukraine.

(Trans. by W. Semenyina)

### BUT I CARE!

I care not, shall I see my dear  
Own land before I die, or no,  
Nor who forgets, buried here  
In desert wastes of alien snow;  
Though all forget me,—better so.  
A slave from my first bitter years,  
Most surely I shall die a slave  
Ungraced by any kinsmen's tears;  
And carry with me to the grave  
Everything; and leave no trace,  
No little mark to keep my place  
In the dear lost Ukraina  
Which is not ours, although our  
land.

And none shall ever understand;  
No father to his son shall say:  
—Kneel down, and fold your hands  
and pray;

He died for our Ukraina.  
I care no longer if the child  
Shall pray for me, or pass me by.  
One only thing I cannot bear:  
To know my land, that was be-  
guled

Into a death-trap with a lie,  
Trampled and ruined and defiled...  
Ah, but I care, dear God; I care!

(Trans. by E. L. Voynich)

### AT THE ROADSIDE

... At the roadside  
Not far from where I stood  
A girl was picking hemp.  
She heard my sighs and sobs  
And came the cause to seek,  
Then wiped my rolling tears  
And kissed me on the cheek.

It seemed as if the sun shone forth,  
As if the world and all there was,  
The fields and woods, were mine  
to keep...

And we, with merriment, went forth  
To water someone else's sheep.

(Trans. by W. Semenyina)

### THE REAPER

Through the fields the reaper goes  
Piling sheaves on sheaves in row;  
Hills, not sheaves, are these.  
Where he passes howls the earth,  
Howl the echoing seas.

All the night the reaper reaps,  
Never stays his hand nor sleeps  
Reaping endlessly;  
Whets his blade and passes on...  
Hush, and let him be.

Hush, he cares not how men writhe  
With naked hands against the  
scythe.

Wouldst thou hide in field or town?  
Where thou art, there he will come;  
He will reap thee down.

Serf and landlord  
Great and small;  
Friendless wandering singer,—all,  
All shall swell the sheaves that  
grow to mountains;

Even the Tsar shall go.

And me too the scythe shall find  
Cowering alone behind  
Bars of iron; swift and blind,  
Strike, and pass, and leave me,  
stark

And forgotten in the dark.

(Trans. by E. L. Voynich)

### CONSCRIPTION

All the boys that are rejected—  
Children of the wealthy:  
This one is a cripple and can't go,  
This one is not healthy,  
This one's lame and that one's  
cross-eyed.

Same with many others;  
All lack something, all not wanted,  
All rejoin their mothers—  
But the widow has one son  
And he's fitted for the gun.

(Trans. by W. Semenyina)

### THE TESTAMENT

Dig my grave raise my barrow  
By the Dnieper-side  
In Ukraina, my land,  
A fair land and wide.  
I will lie and watch the cornfields,  
Listen through the years  
To the river voices roaring,  
Roaring in my ears.

When I hear the call  
Of the racing flood,  
Loud with hated blood  
I will leave them all,  
Fields and hills; and force my way  
Right up to the Throne  
Where God sits alone;  
Clasp His feet and pray...  
But till that day  
What is God to me?

Bury me, be done with me,  
Rise and break your chain,  
Water your new liberty  
With blood for rain.

Then, in the mighty family  
Of all men that are free,  
Maybe sometimes, very softly  
You will speak of me?

(Trans. by E. L. Voynich)

### THE MAIDEN'S PLIGHT

Oh, Fates! I might as well go  
drown

And finish in the sea  
Since love, the thing I always need,  
You have denied to me.

When girls embrace with boys, and  
kiss

And whispers charm the ear,  
And what they live through at the  
time—

I'll never know, I fear.

And never know. Oh, mother!  
It's frightful even to think  
That one must spend her life alone  
Upon a loveless brink.

(Trans. by W. Semenyina)

## ORISIA

By PANTALEON A. KULISH

Translated by Helen Kinash Sigler

(Nineteenth in the Series of Select Translated  
Ukrainian Stories)

(Concluded)

THE girls are listening and become sad: Orisia  
listens, and is afraid to look at the stones,  
which have spread out in a heap across the  
river. Already it seems to her that it is not  
really stones, and that the water murmurs  
somehow, not quite like water...

Old Hriva made the girls entirely sad. They  
do not know whether to wash the clothes or re-  
turn home: only they are ashamed of old Hriva:  
for he glances at them and smiles. They used  
to like to wash in deep waters, placing a board  
across from stone to stone, but now, they moved  
away from the cliff to where the water has not  
quite reached the stones and is calm and clear  
like the surface of a mirror. And, indeed, just  
like in the mirror, one sees in the water, the  
sky and the cliff with the gnarly roots in-  
terwined with hops, and curly hawthorne, which  
grows over the very edge and spreads out its  
green paws over the river.

Orisia looks into the water; and it seems  
that something appeared in the water; as if  
someone rode over the thicket on a grey steed  
and stood amidst the hawthorne. She is afraid  
to look up for fear that someone might really  
be there; she is afraid to look at the stones too,  
—it seems to her that in the twinkling of an eye,  
the enchanted bisons will roar and push on  
across the river. She pulled at the sleeve of  
another girl and pointed to the water. The  
girls look down and lo, a prince on a grey  
steed stands on top of Tur's Cliff. They be-  
came speechless. For who could say that it  
was it was not prince, all in crimson, and gold  
even drips from his sash?

It seemed that the Kozak was not less  
surprised. He sat on his horse, motionless. For  
who wouldn't be stupefied, having landed on  
such a cliff? Down below, water flows over the  
stones, and by it sits, motionless, on a stone,  
an old greyhaired man, and there stand mo-  
tionless girls with washing-paddles and wet  
clothes in their hands. Are they girls, or per-  
haps mermaids who have swam out to wash  
shirts for their under-water king, who lives in  
a crystal palace under the water? Is it perhaps,  
he himself, who came out of the water to warm  
up his old bones in the sun? Once again the  
Kozak looks at the grey-haired old man, once  
again he looks at the girls; their sleeves are  
rolled up to the elbows, their skirts and red-  
and-blue embroidered aprons are tucked in at

the waist-line... Gold does not shine so in  
costly rings, as their white feet shine in the  
water and the water. The Kozak stares,  
and himself stands motionless; when old Hriva  
shouts at him: "Hey! Hey, Kozak! What has  
ever brought you to this cliff? Perhaps you  
want to rinse out your crimsons in the Tru-  
bailo?"

As soon as he spoke, he seemed, at once, to  
have broken some magic spell. The girls,  
ashamed of themselves, began to beat clothes  
with their paddles.

The Kozak answers the old man: "Thank  
God for that, that I have come as far as the  
cliff. Tell me, kindly, grandpa, how will I reach  
Witovtsi from here?"

"What takes you to Witovtsi?"

"Through Witovtsi," he says, "lies my des-  
tination."

"My road—to someone's doorstep, my path  
—to someone's heart."

"I see," says old Hriva, "may God help you  
in your good deed. Here is the way you should  
go. Take the lower course along the bank,  
and there, a bit lower will be your road; by that  
little road you will reach a small river. There  
is even a little foot-bridge over that river, you  
cannot cross it in a wagon, but with a horse,  
a skilled Kozak will fly through."

The Kozak thanked him for the directions,  
turned his horse and disappeared among the  
trees.

When he was out of sight, then and only  
then, did the girls become alive; they drew the  
Kozak as on a piece of paper: what eyes, and  
what eye-brows, and how he talks, and how he  
smiles. One says: "That's your fated-one," and  
the other: "That's yours." And another one  
added: "Do not quarrel girls, in vain; is such  
a handsome prince your equal? He is fated to  
our miss."

Orisia blushed. "You must be out of your  
mind, Paraska," she says. "Did you not hear  
what he said to grandpa?"

She felt sorry, and does not know herself  
that he is going a-courting. The maiden's heart  
is softer than wax; it melts under the Kozak's  
eyes, like under the sun...

"What of it," says Paraska, "that he is going  
a-courting? You cannot ride around your fated-  
one even with a horse!"

### VI

The girls washed the shirts, put them on the  
wagon, covered them with green, fresh smelling  
grass, got in themselves, and rode home, fresh  
and jolly; they twittered like swallows. The  
wagon had not yet reached "sotnik's" homestead,  
when it was already known that they were re-  
turning.

"Orisia, our mistress!" shouted the girls as  
soon as the gates were opened. "Whose grey  
horse is standing in the grounds? He belongs to  
that Kozak that we saw, to your prince, to  
your fated-one!"

Orisia looks and her heart burns like fire.  
Whether she was frightened or glad, she did  
not know herself.

The young kozak looked out of the window  
of the main-room: a wagon drawn by old horses  
with an old grey-haired driver rolls into the  
grounds; green grass is slipping down at the  
sides and is whipped by the wheels; and be-  
yond the grey beard of old Hriva, beyond white  
winter, summer blushes—a wagon, full of girls  
in flowers and beads—Orisia like the sun among  
them! He looked out and clapped his hands.  
"It is she, it is she!" Then he began directly to  
speak forth to "sotnik," who he is, and why  
he came. Who he is, that "sotnik" knew long  
ago, a young commander of Kozaks from Mir-  
horpd, a scion of a fine and wealthy family.  
Why had he come? To see for himself what  
the famed Orisia looked like, what sort of a  
daughter "sotnik" Taviha had, who was  
known through the whole Zaporozhe (Ko-  
zak's State) for her beauty; and having seen  
and shown himself, to find out whether she has  
stored away embroidered towels in the chest...  
Whatever the "sotnik" had wished for, and what  
he had worried about, had come to him out of  
a clear sky. Without much further thought, he  
called Orisia to himself. She entered, red as a  
cherry.

"Here, Orisia, is a suitor for you! Is he  
acceptable to you or will you wait for a hand-  
somer one?"

Would she say at least a word, or even raise  
her eyes? No, she stands still, the poor one,  
with her head lowered.

Her sire-father sees that he cannot expect  
an answer from her—for where in the world  
would a girl tell what is in her thoughts? Her  
eyes perhaps, will tell, but she herself... Sire-  
father took that in consideration, and says:  
"How is it possible not to fancy such a Kozak?  
Embrace and kiss each other, and may God  
bless you!"

The Kozak embraced Orisia, and kissed those  
lips which were as sweet as honey, and they  
both bowed low to the sire-father.

Whether many guests came to the wedding,  
whether they were lavishly entertained, whether  
they danced to the wee hours, that is not our  
tale to tell.

I saw Orisia just before the wedding; she  
was as beautiful as a flower. I saw her again  
in a year's time, in Mirhorod—she became even  
more beautiful after marriage, and she has a  
baby like a God's star! Many times have I  
thought, looking at her: "She is God's glory  
and not a woman! What if some genius would  
paint her just as she is, with a tiny baby in  
her arms! What a picture it would be!"

## THREE YEARS OF U.N.A. SPORTS

In another two or three weeks the basketball season will come to a close, marking the end of the third year of sports in the U.N.A. The time is therefore ripe for a brief survey of what has been done to promote this new type of benefit, among the young members of the U.N.A. The approaching convention will surely bring about a discussion of this subject, and it is well to have the pertinent facts serve as basis for such discussion.

The last convention of U.N.A. authorized an annual expenditure of up to five thousand dollars for the purpose of sponsoring athletic teams wherever the young U.N.A. members show interest in sports. As there were several objectives to be attained through sports, the executive committee was unwilling to distribute funds indiscriminately, but established control through the Athletic Director and certain requirements for the teams.

Playing under the name of U. N. A. and membership in the U. N. A. League were the primary requirements imposed upon the teams. The new teams accepted these conditions as a matter of course. The old teams, with an established reputation and name, were permitted to combine their old names with that of "U.N.A." Membership in the U.N.A. League was not forced upon teams that were located far from other teams, but there were teams that could and should have played in the U.N.A. League, but refused to do so after they had

received financial help. Such teams could very well be dispensed with as they do not sufficiently identify themselves with our organization unless they play in the U.N.A. League.

A natural shyness on the part of the players seemed to be an obstacle in the organization of new baseball teams in 1938. Good players usually found a berth on local teams and would not risk their reputation by joining a new and untried team. Poor players felt sensitive about donning a uniform and performing not so well on the diamond. To bolster the morale of new teams and prevent the old from breaking up, permission was granted to admit three non-members to a team. Initially this was a help, but the abuses were soon to follow. Scouting for new players before important games led to frequent replacements in the lineup among the non-member players. When this practise brought in non Ukrainians the extreme had been reached. After the first season in baseball only U.N.A. members were permitted to play on any U. N. A. team. This did not prevent teams from taking out an insurance policy for a non-Ukrainian who was handy with a ball. But by doing this, the teams were preparing for eventual breaking up. More than one team is now convinced that a reliable player is one who is a loyal member of the U.N.A.

(To be continued)

## Ukrainian Women Prove Loyalty to Canada

THE elaborate geometric and floral cross-stitch patterns of Ukrainian handicrafts have been exhibited at many a Canadian fair and yet few who admired their traditional designs and vivid color combinations knew of the successful effort being made to preserve this characteristic national handicraft. They praised the peasant motif, exclaimed over its originality and took it for granted that it was work brought to this country from the Ukraine. Too few realized that Ukrainian embroidery with its fanciful designs, is being fostered and maintained by a national organization—the Ukrainian Women's Association of Canada with headquarters in Saskatoon and with Mrs. P. Tkachuk as national president.

This society was organized in 1926 for the main purpose of furthering educational and cultural work among Ukrainian women of Canada, and of directing their interests to all matters pertaining to the constructive building of their adopted country—Canada. It was felt that Ukrainian women, who had always fulfilled an outstanding role in the development and fostering of Ukrainian culture, had this contribution of colorful mosaic to make to Canadian national life.

From a modest beginning, this organization has grown to national importance and today embraces more than 140 branches in all parts of Canada with a membership of over 4,000. Besides being a member of the National Council of Women, it is affiliated with the Canadian Welfare Council and is a federate member of the World's Union of Ukrainian Women. Its main committees are Health and Child Welfare, Educational and Cultural Committee, Organization, Handicraft and since the war, the War Service committee. Officers point out that while handicrafts are a major part of the work, they are not the main object of the organization.

### Pride in Work of Hands

Handicrafts merely aimed to aid the women of Ukrainian descent to find their places in the varied activities of Canadian life. No man or woman, they said, could develop in the right direction if he was lacking in loyalty and respect for the cultural background of his forefathers. His feeling of self-worth was the consequent develop-

ment of his pride in background and ancestry. If he felt that the values precious to him were prized by his fellows, he was encouraged. If he knew that he had something besides the work his hand had to offer, he would feel truly a part of this country and be stimulated to become more firmly identified with it.

The organization had a dual purpose then of not only keeping awake these crafts but also of planning an educational program to help maintain a high standard in all traditional forms of handicraft. It prepared helpful information to assist members, and arranged exhibits and displays of old and new handicraft.

### Association Advocates One Typical National Dress

It was pointed out that while the Ukrainian costume was fairly well known in Canada yet the costume that was often seen on stage and concert stage was not truly characteristic. The Ukrainian Women's Association has endeavored to remedy this by advocating the acceptance of one typical national dress, and has suggested that of Poltava. Suitable material on this subject has been prepared and sent to all branches.

One of the officers of the U.W.A. in reporting on the wonderful work of the national society concluded her report by saying:

"Our main effort now is turned to directing our branches to various ways in which they can assist Canada and the British Empire in their fight for democracy and all that democracy stands for. We are showing our members how they can best use their time, energies and money to bring about a victorious conclusion to this crisis. We are striving, along with other nation-wide organizations, to keep up the morale of our people and in holding the home front. We are conscious of our duties and responsibilities as citizens of this country and we fully appreciate and value the liberty and freedom of Canada because we belong to one of those down-trodden races which has suffered long under despotism and brute force. When this war is won and the British Empire emerges stronger and finer for this trial, we know that all freedom-loving peoples and nations will be

## Youth Convention in Detroit

The Ukrainian-American Youth clubs of metropolitan Detroit have solidly proclaimed their unity of purpose in adequately preparing to greet the delegates to the ninth annual convention of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, to be held next Labor Day week-end.

Immediately upon being informed that Detroit received the honor of being the convention city, our young Detroiters sounded the opening guns of their campaign and formed a detailed plan of action.

The news was dispatched to every suburban community post haste. It became the inevitable topic of discussion whenever two or more members of the younger set found themselves together. Its significance and importance to Detroit youth was justly appraised. In no time at all, interest in the matter attained wide proportions.

Reports to the Central Committee of Ukrainian Youth Clubs of Detroit bespoke of the widespread interest in the convention news manifested by the many and diverse clubs in the metropolitan area.

Conscientious supporters of the convention actually took to the stump and with elegant, albeit extemporaneous, oratory presented the complete facts to seemingly interested and willing audiences.

The net result of such action on the part of several youth leaders was gratifying, to say the least. An urgent demand for formulated organized action, was voiced by many responsible organizations.

In response to the clamor for action, the Central Committee sponsored two convention rallies in January, extending to all clubs in the metropolitan area an invitation to participate.

Both rallies were marked by large attendances. The discussions were always animated and interesting.

The aroused, alert participants discussed thoroughly and rationally the obstacles to be overcome. After the lengthy debates characteristic of the second rally, the assembly was prepared to elect a convention committee to which was delegated the full responsibility for the convention.

Genial, popular Mr. Peter Kasey erstwhile graduate of the Detroit College of Law, received the singular distinction of the chairmanship of the convention committee.

Aiding Chairman Peter Kasey in his arduous task are the following able assistant chairmen:

Theodore Rcvak, pre-law student at Wayne University and president of St. John's Youth club. Andrew Kruk, prominent attorney and active in youth circles.

Joseph Gurski, engineer and technician and president of the Ukrainian Graduate Club of Detroit.

John Mudreyko, talented commercial artist.

Stephen Dobryden, state civil service employe and active youth leader in west Detroit districts.

That the elected committee met with the approval of the Detroit youth organizations was proved beyond a doubt by the exuberant, but nevertheless, sincere congratulations that came in from all sides the moment that the results were announced.

On its part, the committee demonstrated its calibre and ability by pursuing a course of immediate action regarding the convention. With a passion for precision the committee has formed sub-committees, chosen additional auxiliary officers, and proceeded with other important matters.

Information from a reliable source, not yet officially proclaimed, however, has it that the dashing Stephen Lupinetsky has been drafted to head a youth chorus. Evidence seems to indicate, if the report be true, that the gifted

able to enjoy these cultural treasures that are the soul and spirit of any nation."

(Family Herald and Weekly Star, February 12, 1941)

## YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

### Lorain Youth Club Activities

On February 16th, the members of the Ukrainian Youth Club of Lorain, Ohio, Branch 233 of the Ukrainian National Association, held their yearly meeting at the Ukrainian Church Hall. The following officers were elected for 1941: Wasyi Nazarkiewicz, president; Leslie Engle, vice president; Helen Mager, financial secretary; Stella Mendak, recording secretary; John Sawczyn, treasurer; Peter Butrey, assistant treasurer; Mrs. Kuzan, Steve Pirnack, trustees. Plans were made for future social functions. The next meeting will be held at the church hall, 31st and Charlestown Ave., on March 16th.

Of interest to many young members of the U.N.A. will be the news that the former Miss Helen Zadorony of Lorain, secretary of Br. 233 for the fifth consecutive year, has recently been married to John Mager of Lorain. The wedding took place at the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church. Later in the evening, a typical Ukrainian wedding-reception was held.

### GET ACQUAINTED CLUB

Peter Charney, a member of Branch 58 of the Ukrainian National Association, located in Utica, N. Y., is member number 21 of The Get Acquainted Club. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. Peter's hobby is photography, and his pastimes are reading, dancing, and hiking. He also goes in for swimming when the weather permits, and takes interest in all sports. "Since my hobby is photography," writes Peter, "I will be glad to exchange snapshots with other members of the club."

Peter's address will be given to all who write in for it. Readers are requested to mention their U.N.A. branch numbers when writing in for addresses. The addresses of all 21 club members will be supplied on request. U.N.A. members desiring to join the club are urged to submit their letters for publication. Letters are published minus the writers' addresses, and interested readers should write to us for same. The purpose of this arrangement is to restrict the club to U.N.A. members. All communications pertaining to The Get Acquainted Club should be addressed to Theodore Lutwiniak, P. O. Box 88, Jersey City, N. J.

director will at least equal, if not exceed, the success that he attained with a similar organization in the East in the distant past.

Plans for a nation-wide publicity campaign are also being energetically pushed forward. Detroit intends to make every Ukrainian community convention-conscious long before Labor Day rolls around.

Active measures have already been formulated regarding the procedure of events, the facilities, accommodations, and other related problems arising from the congress itself. As is obvious, nothing escapes the scrutinizing attention of the appointed officers.

The committee confidently predicts that this year's convention will eclipse all previous ones in the annals of Ukrainian-American Youth history.

Furthermore, the committee is convinced that the schedule of activities will be of so great an interest and originality, that departing delegates will take leave of Detroit with never-to-be forgotten impressions of this truly historic event.

Summing up briefly the consensus of opinion "around the town," it can be said of the Detroit youth organizations that they are fully aware of the responsibilities entrusted to them. They are even more confident of the complete and masterly execution of their obligations.

It is not without cause that for their slogan they employ the descriptive phrase: "In forty-one, we'll get things done."

THEODORE GUFREY

